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To prepare to answer these questions let us consider just what is the present Army nucleus, on which the great Army of the future is to be built. We can get a rough idea from the following statistical picture (approximate and incomplete figures) as of September 1, 1940.

MAN POWER

	<i>Officers</i>	<i>Men</i>
Regular Army	14,000	300,000
National Guard . . .	15,000	225,000
	<hr/> 29,000	<hr/> 525,000
<i>Total</i>		554,000

ORGANIZATION

Regular Army	{ 9 Infantry Divisions 1 Cavalry Division 2 Armored Divisions
National Guard	18 Infantry Divisions
Plus artillery, signal corps, engineers, medical corps, commissary, headquarters, etc.	

EQUIPMENT

Artillery:	
75's	3,000
105 mm. howitzers	1,000
3" anti-aircraft guns	450
Small Arms:	
Semi-automatic rifles	40,000
Other rifles	3,000,000
Machine guns	75,000
Anti-tank guns	250
Tanks	450
Planes*	2,500

By 1945, the Army will probably have, according to present plans: 4,000,000 men and 200,000 officers; hundreds of thousands of new small arms, thousands more of artillery; from 4,000 to 6,000 tanks; about 25,000 planes.

Now, obviously, these figures, as of today, give only the faintest idea of the strength of the American Army. The American Army is neither so picturesquely inglorious as critics believe nor so invincible as the boy scouts affirm. It is a waste of time to compare its strength with that of the Polish or the Rumanian armies. The trouble with such comparisons is that the American Army is not a European army, built to fight in one or another of several well-defined situations. The American Army is the child of our confused foreign policy, a strange hybrid born of isolationism and interventionism. In accordance with isolation-

ist ideas, it has been kept at a low numerical strength, sufficient only to garrison our outworn Indian War forts and the relics of Manifest Destiny imperialism. In accordance with interventionism, it contains in its procurement division and in its grandiose M-Day plans the blueprints of a mass army on the World War scale, to fight in Europe or Asia. Like some products of its arsenals, which experiment and produce a few guns and tanks, the Army often seems a "pilot-model" army. But great air and tank fleets can spring from a few prototypes, if the prototypes are good. Therefore, to determine the strength of the Army let us disregard the statistics of men and equipment "on hand or on order" and examine the quality of these items—under the headings of equipment, training, and tactics.

II

The American Army in respect to weapons is far from despicable. American mechanical genius has produced a number of instruments which rank alongside the best in European armies. Thus we have the Boeing Flying Fortress, a truly first-class instrument of speed, range, and fire-power. Our marvelous bomb-sight has perhaps no equal anywhere. Both American and foreign military experts proclaim the excellence of the Garand rifle, with its rapid-fire mechanism, tough on targets, easy on the human frame. The Engineers have devised the H-10 bridge, a sort of "meccano" structure which compares favorably with the best in European armies. American tanks on the average stand very high among the tanks of foreign nations. The American Army has good intra-tank communication facilities and has made great progress with inter-tank radio communication. All in all, this constitutes an impressive list.

Next, in training the Army shows up well as compared with the Army in 1917. Even so merciless a critic as Oswald Garrison Villard grants that the officer personnel is better, has broader vision,

*All types: combat and non-combat, first-line and reserve.

is more in touch with what is happening abroad, and works harder. He says that politics has little to do with the appointment of generals, and that the proportion of West Pointers is less. And he admits that the quality, mental and physical, of the enlisted men is better. One may supplement Mr. Villard's estimate. The old squad formations have been modernized. Less attention is wasted on the stultifying close-order drill of the last war. The standard of American rifle marksmanship, always the best in the world, has been well maintained. Maneuvers held in recent years have given the High Command much needed experience in handling large bodies of men. The maneuvers this year have resulted in corrections in divisional make-up and fire-power. In short, the Army's tendons are not unprepared for the strains of preparedness.

Finally—tactics. Army circles admit that the United States Army hasn't contributed much to world experience in this field. They hasten to add that after all there's nothing much new in tactics as such since the time of Cæsar, although they concede that there is much that is new in the adaptation of new weapons to tactics. In this respect all our Army can claim is that it has not been asleep. In military literature, in the classroom, and in the service schools it has indeed shown much evidence of alertness. In 1930 Colonel J. K. Parsons rashly recommended a program of six armored divisions and was turned down for his pains. Army officers claim that as long ago as 1933 they originated the basic tank and motorized reconnaissance tactics used by the Germans in their *Blitzkrieg*. General Lynch, Chief of the Infantry, two years ago wrote an article showing that the French Army had missed the lessons of mechanized warfare of the Spanish Civil War, and had therefore failed to provide adequate anti-tank defense. His judgment was sustained in Flanders. Tactically considered, the training of American soldiers to deal with low-flying aircraft by small-arms fire is per-

haps the best in the world. The new "triangular" division is speedier than the old "square" division. While most of this sapience has been confined to the classroom, the service school, and the military journal, it does show that the American Army possesses individuals who at least know what is going on in the world.

So much for the good points of the Army. A similar survey of its shortcomings, however, makes less encouraging reading. While the Army is beginning to go forward, its feet are still badly entangled in underbrush dating from the time of the Civil War. The post-World-War era marked perhaps the nadir of the Army. Army units were split up in scores of absurd little posts scattered uselessly over the country. This antiquated post system was retained because of local lobbying interests. A Congressman could not allow the burial of one of these military corpses for fear some constituent who sold hay to the post commissary might show righteous profit-making wrath.

In such posts the officers could do little more than vegetate. The general spent most of his time signing departmental orders, riding his horse, and attending to ceremonial matters. His subordinates inspected the forlorn equipment, looked after the prisoners, and kept the 1880 barracks in repair. No wonder then that the energy of officers found little outlet save in spit-and-polish activities. It is related that one officer spent his time establishing by personal count the number of leaves of letter paper in the headquarters stationery room. One high commander in recent maneuvers wasted valuable time inspecting tent pegs and the alignment of privates' underclothing in their lockers.

The twenties and early thirties were the heyday of the mounted services. Horse cavalry officers and horse-drawn artillery officers rode supreme over individual, progressive officers who believed in motorization, mechanization, and airplanes. Those were the days

when such books as *Polo Ponies: Their Training and Schooling, Position and Team Play, Training Hunters, Jumpers and Hacks* graced officers' shelves. Officers who did absorb new ideas at one of the service schools (the Infantry School at Benning, etc.) found their newly-acquired wisdom useless when assigned to one of these remote posts. They could only ruminate on mechanization while attending to the commissary or the lawns.

Naturally under such conditions, initiative and originality atrophied. A Reserve officer in the *Forum* for April, 1938, described this unhealthy atmosphere: "He [the officer] has had no experience of civilian affairs; he has never really had to stand up against the competition of life; he hasn't the faintest idea what it means to a young man to be on his own, to fight a tough daily battle for existence. . . . He has no domestic problems, no competition against other men to get a job, and little competition in holding the job his government has handed him. His job is good for life, or at least until he reaches the age of sixty-four, when he is retired on three-fourths of his pay."

But has the "West Point caste"—as this Reserve officer goes on to claim—really a good deal to do with this situation? So many liberal and forward-looking officers, both graduates and non-graduates of "the Point," deny the existence of a "West Point caste" that I am bound to believe them. They have indeed the support of statistics which show that about half the Army officers are not West Pointers. General Marshall, Chief of Staff, and numerous other high officers are not West Pointers. Army circles claim that not a "West Point caste" but the "Leavenworth system" has been the real deterrent to the ambitious. The "Command and General Staff School" is located at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Unless he graduated from this School no officer could hope to go to the War College in Washington, to get on the General Staff, or to become a General. But the Leavenworth School, because of its size, could admit only a very small proportion

of officers. Consequently many efficient and energetic young officers were never able to climb the steps on the ladder necessary to reach high command. The Leavenworth system has left its mark on the Army.

The mounted services for their part have left their mark not only on the Leavenworth School, which they long dominated, but on the whole Army system. Strongly resistant to mechanization and motorization, and ludicrously faithful to the horse, these services for many years kept down the rate of columns in motion to twelve miles per hour. Only after 1934 was the rate stepped up to twenty-five miles per hour. This dead hand of a Civil War tradition still lies heavily on the Army. In 1939 General Herr, Chief of the Cavalry, in the course of an extended defense of horse cavalry before a Congressional committee asserted that four cavalymen, mounted on horses and spaced one hundred yards apart, could charge from a distance of six hundred to eight hundred yards across an open plain and overcome a machine-gun post without suffering harm. This statement is regarded by infantrymen as laughable. At the present time the horse cavalry is stoutly holding its ground. According to a Washington dispatch on September 10th to the *Baltimore Sun* by that paper's military editor, Mark S. Watson, the Army plans to expand the horse cavalry: "The horse cavalry is to be materially enlarged and greatly strengthened under a program which is not yet officially announced but is already approved by high authority. . . . Far from being outdated by the motor, the horse remains a valued and, in some emergencies, an irreplaceable element of the modern army, the Army believes."

In Army circles critics of this tendency frequently assert that the High Command still does not realize the full importance of the gasoline motor. Some worthy progress in motorized vehicles has been made, but the numbers and employment of them leave much to be desired. Only

one infantry division is being fully motorized (that is, for transportation of all infantrymen), with perhaps one other fully motorized division in prospect. (This does not include the two new armored divisions, which of course in a real sense are fully "motorized.") All Regular Army divisions have been partially motorized, *i.e.*, the various trains (quartermaster, ordnance, signal corps, medical, etc.) which used to be drawn by mule or horse are now carried in trucks. But the handling of all these motorized units has been clumsy and backward, and maneuvers in recent years have shown that the Army High Command has had no understanding of the problems of traffic control. Three years ago one military writer, after an intensive study of traffic-control methods, consulting Dr. Miller McClintock of the Yale School of Traffic Control and other experts, published his findings in a military journal, suggesting these methods be employed to move armies rapidly in maneuvers or war. But the High Command took no action in this respect. Only as this article is going to press comes the news that the War Department has finally called in Dr. McClintock and other experts for consultation.

At the top of this pyramid of errors lies the biggest block of inefficiency—the War Department itself. Most officers who are conversant with the Department will agree with General Hagood who said, "The present organization of the War Department . . . is so involved that no Secretary of War has ever been able to understand it, and no Chief of Staff, however well qualified, has ever been able to keep it under control or to know just what was going on among his subordinates. . . . The chiefs of (supply) services are directly and entirely responsible to the Assistant Secretary of War in some matters.* In others, they are independent of him and responsible to the General Staff. Here at once we see a

conflict. . . . In certain undefined routine matters, the chiefs of services are responsible directly to the Chief of Staff. . . . In still other matters, the determination of policy lies, in effect, with the chiefs of the branches, that is, the chiefs of infantry, cavalry, etc." General Hagood's summary judgment is ominous: "No archangel of heaven could operate a machine as badly constructed and as complicated as the War Department is under the existing law . . . it would fall down immediately upon the outbreak of war."

III

Now it is evident from this survey that other things besides lack of funds have contributed to Army backwardness. The victims of civilian neglect haven't exactly gone to heroic graves fighting for improvements. There was only one Billy Mitchell. But there are lots of Army officers in active service who are well aware that reforms are necessary and who express their criticisms in private conversations. Because they cannot do so freely in print or on the public platform, for fear of antagonizing their superiors or inviting disciplinary action, it may prove valuable to set down some of these off-the-record suggestions for reform.

For one thing, it is proposed that officers be given full opportunity to examine their efficiency reports when submitted. This would disclose to them wherein their superior officers consider them wanting and would enable them to improve their work. Also they might discover whether there were any false or misleading charges against them, or any favoritism working against their advancement. In a reverse direction, the institution of Inspector General might improve the zeal and ideas of commanding officers. At present the Inspector General deals only with disciplinary matters, and while any private may make complaints on this score to the Inspector General with perfect freedom from retaliation, the scope of his work is

*A bill to transfer the procurement functions from the Assistant Secretary of War to the Secretary of War has been introduced. This change would not alter General Hagood's criticism.

necessarily limited. It is proposed that both privates and officers should have the right to make suggestions and criticisms to the Inspector General for improving tactics, training, and equipment.

One officer in conversation with me urged establishment of a Congressional committee for improvement of Army methods, empowered to call officers who could testify freely without their identity being disclosed. That many officers believe that the present system stifles new ideas is evident from several recent articles and editorials in the *Infantry Journal* (incidentally a lively, readable, and progressive publication). One of these advocates selecting experts whose sole task will be to "examine every possible development of science to determine its possible adaptation to the national defense of the future."

As for the War Department, General Hagood's ideas for reform meet with general approval among officers. He demands the abolition of the office of Assistant Secretary of War, and the control of the Army by the Secretary of War, in direct line through the Chief of Staff alone. Hagood outlines a plan of reconstruction of the Department based on the principle that the Army should be divided into three main divisions: fighting, administration, and supply. His plan, he says, would simplify the organization and erase the conflicts which now exist. Unfortunately any real reform of the War Department today will come rather late. The Chief of Staff, well aware of the need for reorganization, faces a cruel dilemma, a fact of which the country remains in ignorance. If he reorganizes now he will seriously delay the preparedness program. If he delays, outbreak of war will bring the breakdown which General Hagood predicted.

Officers entertain other ideas on reorganization. Some demand that the Infantry, the Cavalry, and the tanks be combined into one branch, that the Field and Coast Artillery be combined into another. Others go farther and

urge that these four, together with minor branches (engineers, signal corps, etc.), be combined into one branch, under one head, the Chief of the Line. Wiping out such divisions would serve efficiency in various ways. A rather collegiate pride and "stick together" spirit within the various branches has worked against real progress. Thus a Field Artillery officer in some division of the War Department will fill up his office with his own colleagues, with little regard for their real qualifications for their tasks.

One of the most debated proposals, that of the creation of a separate Air Department co-equal with Navy and Army departments, under one Secretary of Defense, has a rather mixed reception among Army officers. There is considerable resistance to this proposal among non Air-Corps officers in the Army, although perhaps less than in the Navy. But there are many retired Army officers who have publicly signified their approval of this proposal. They are Major General George B. Duncan, Major General W. H. Hay, Brigadier General Robert E. Wood, Major General William C. Rivers, and Major General Hagood (a recent convert).

But these are piecemeal reforms. Is there no short-cut? Almost any off-the-record discussion with Army officers—particularly if they are junior officers—winds up with the conclusion that the biggest obstacle to renovation of the Army is age. The higher officers of the American Army, it is generally agreed, are too old. The panacea for all military ills by retiring all the older officers is by no means new. But it is rarely mentioned in print by the active officers, and not often by the retired officers. General J. F. C. Fuller of the British Army has gained fame as its most vocal exponent. He points out that the average age of twenty outstanding generals in the American Civil War was 41, and he claims that the best age for a general is between 35 and 45. General Hagood is in substantial agreement with General Fuller, and relates how in France Gen-

erals Pershing and Liggett both told him that they were too old for active service. But these writers confine themselves to the proposal that all the older officers (Fuller puts the top limit at 45) be retired on the outbreak of war. Some junior officers, however, and some military experts, talk of reducing the retirement age in peacetime (recently lowered to 60) so that the Army can enjoy the renovation which only youth can give. These advocates admit that this would unfortunately eliminate some invaluable older officers. They mention Generals Marshall and Lynch as examples. But they claim that the over-all effect would prove wholesome, particularly if the best of the older officers could be retained in an advisory capacity.

In any case, a young spirit, whether the body is youthful or aged, certainly constitutes the best rejuvenator. The *Infantry Journal* apparently realizes this. In the current number is an editorial note entitled "Old Stuff." It's worth quoting to show that a typically American spirit does persist in the Army:

Another fine example of a forward-looking mind is that of a recent visitor to the *Journal* offices. This officer was one of the best battlefield leaders we had in France. Ten or twelve years ago, he got into some minor difficulties because, as a reserve instructor, he insisted on giving some lectures and problems which showed motorized and mechanized units in action as well as parachute infantry. His stuff wasn't in the book, and so he was not allowed to continue showing his students what the next war would really be like. [This officer, the author happens to know, suffered much more severely from his superiors for this awful mistake than the *Infantry Journal* says.] And now, with good reason, he is carrying a sizeable chip on his shoulder.

But he is more worried by far about the future than the past. "Panzer divisions! Parachute troops!" he snorts, "Old stuff! Already old stuff! Are we going to start in copying them? Or are we going to find something better—something that will make those outfits look like amateurs? I'm working on it. But I've only got one head and it takes a lot of brains working to find the best there is. Every one of us ought to be thinking along those same lines—working his head off to get a big jump on the rest of the world. Let's not do any copying of something that's already old stuff!"

IV

Civilian critics of the Army who are liberals will bravely say that such a progressive spirit can be widened only if the Army is made truly "democratic" (while entertaining some bleak doubts that any Army can be really democratized). They are obviously thinking of the snobbery charges against West Pointers, of the absurd, heel-clicking spirit which had such devastating results in the last war, of the privates who suffered under the tortures of the "Hard-Boiled" Smiths. They want every enlisted man to have a chance to rise to the rank of general. Also, as liberals, they hope that the Army will truly reflect the social drift of the country which has started since the New Deal.

Now it may come as a surprise to these liberals to learn that the officer corps of the United States Army is perhaps the most democratic in the world from the standpoint of social origin. It is certainly far more so than the German and British officer corps, and probably somewhat more democratic than the French. Congressmen can and often do make appointments for West Point examinations from the lowest social classes, and in general West Pointers come rather from the *petite bourgeoisie* than from the wealthy. About ten per cent of the appointments for West Point examinations are open to enlisted men, and a large number of enlisted men are officers in the Reserve Corps. While the R.O.T.C. graduates are college men, the C.M.T.C. are not necessarily so. This system may need some alteration, for instance, to allow more enlisted men to rise from the ranks by establishing a special school for them, like the St. Maixent school in France. But at present it is fair to say that the officer corps does not depart very widely from the general social complexion of the country.

Not social origin, but acquired social ideology, is the real problem. A Congressman who has taken a great interest in the Army told me that he had once

experimented with his appointments to West Point examinations on a social basis. For some time he appointed only the sons of laborers and mechanics. Some years later he discovered that these *ci-devant* proletarians after graduation had become no more, no less snobbish and hidebound than other appointees. They had, in short, become absorbed by a higher social class.

The fact is that the Army officer class has become an adjunct to the businessman class. Suffering from an inferiority complex as a result of their very minor position in the social set-up of the country since the last war, they inevitably took shelter with the dominant civilian class. In the communities where they live their contacts are naturally with this class. They intermarry with the daughters of business men and adopt their social and political attitudes. Hence the almost universally reactionary prejudices in Army circles toward organized labor, and their detestation of the work of the Nye munitions committee, the social implications of which were quite beyond their understanding. Hence the well-known fact that, despite the comparative financial liberality with which President Roosevelt has treated the Army, Army officers rarely express any gratitude toward him personally. They say, "The Democratic party (or the Administration) has been pretty good to us."

While there is a not inconsiderable minority of officers who look with favor on the New Deal and Roosevelt, and while one even hears rumors that one of the generals on the staff votes Socialist, the majority of the officers are very conservative in politics. This conservatism in some cases becomes violently reactionary—or "fascist," as sometimes the phrase is used to-day. Most Army officers would probably repudiate such anti-democratic and praetorian sentiments as Major General George Van Horn Moseley expressed to the Dies Committee when he demanded that the President take his hand off the Army

and give it free rein for forty-eight hours to do away with those groups in the national life which the Army does not like. Yet it remains a mystery why the High Command did not at least openly discipline if not court-martial this officer.

Another remarkable example. Not many Americans realize that from 1928 to 1932, Army *Training Manual* No. 2000-25 ran this interesting definition:

DEMOCRACY: A Government of the masses. Authority derived through mass meeting or any other form of "direct" expression. Results in mobocracy. Attitude towards property is Communistic—negating property rights. Attitude towards law is that the will of the majority shall regulate, whether it be based upon deliberation or governed by passion, prejudice, and impulse, without restraint or regard for consequences. Results in demagogism, license, agitation, discontent, anarchy.

While this may have been written by some uniformed crackpot, the fact that it remained in print and in use for four years requires some extensive explaining.

Both civilians and military would do well to ponder the implications of these facts. An officer corps out of tune with the social trends of the times might in case of crisis do considerable harm. The creation of a large conscript army brings this even more to the fore. It is quite possible that the General Staff will begin to figure in councils of state. The history of the Third Republic in France offers an ominous example. Even in that democratic country, even after the eclipse of the Army following its defeat in the Dreyfus case, the General Staff still exercised political influence. For instance, the General Staff had a part in the ousting of Premier Daladier after the famous riots of 1934, and the installation of the pro-fascist Doumergue in his place. Moreover, the role which the Staff played in the situation leading to the recent grand débâcle needs to be examined. In this country we have a long and splendid record of complete subordination of the military to the civilian authorities. Long may it stand.

Another ponderable is the relation be-

tween officers and men in the Army. There has been improvement since the last war. Much of the heel-clicking spirit has disappeared. Saluting has receded from the preposterous heights attained then. Officers and enlisted men address one another in a more natural and informal way. The third-person form of address on the part of privates toward officers is falling into disuse. The Staff has shown a more realistic spirit toward such matters than have some civilians. Thus it was the Army which opposed the low rate of pay of five dollars a month for conscripts—demanded by Senators—on the ground that it would harm morale. Nevertheless, at present, officers still dislike the idea of more relaxed social relations or fraternization with enlisted men. One never sees in this country, as one often did in France, an officer stop on the street and shake hands with privates. Nor does one perceive any signs in this country of the social fraternization, a truly revolutionary development, which has appeared in the British Army since the present war started.

One may legitimately wonder if any army can be really democratized. If it can then the new morale branch set up in the Adjutant General's office in September faces a big task. To date it has gone no farther than to organize service clubs (to replace the Y.M.C.A. canteens of the last war), recreational and athletic facilities; and to establish hostels for visiting members of families of hospitalized men. It is also understood that the whole subject of saluting is under reconsideration. The morale branch might take a leaf from experiences both at home and abroad. The CCC officers, for instance, knew what they were doing when they sent regular news releases concerning the boys to the latter's home-town papers. Abroad, the Hore-Belisha reforms, designed to better the lot of rankers in the British Army, provide interesting lessons. Manifestations of the German social revolution in the German Army also may supply hints. There

privates sit in reviewing stands with high officers at the Nuremberg Congress; and at regimental dances the colonel's daughter has to dance with privates. In view of the new social conditions in this country since the last war, and also in view of the creation of a conscript army in peacetime (a likely cause for discontent), the morale branch may have to display considerable resourcefulness.

V

The above survey gives a notion of the strength and weakness of the Army, its promise, and its steps toward a new life. On the basis of this survey, one might well ask what is the one best solution which can lead the Army upward and onward. The best solution for the whole Army problem, in my opinion, emerges inexorably from a comparison of two expert points of view. One of these is that of the Chief of Staff, perhaps the most forward-looking Chief of Staff in many years; the other is that of a civilian who is impetuously eager to recreate the Army along really modern lines.

Congressman Ross Collins, who is the outstanding military expert in Congress, has given me permission to make public for the first time a letter written to him in June by Major General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff. General Marshall has publicly backed conscription and a mass army. This letter, then, may constitute an historic document, embodying as it does the views of the principal shaper of Army policy in a time of swift transition.

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF STAFF
WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 21, 1940.

Honorable Ross A. Collins
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. COLLINS:

As I told you over the phone a few days ago, I read with interest your statement in the House during the debate over the conference report on the military appropriation bill. I have followed closely your statements in years past before the Sub-committee on Military

Appropriations, so I am quite familiar with your views. However, from what you said the other day with reference to personnel, I am not certain whether you were referring principally to the past attitude of the War Department or to our present program.

I believe we are substantially in agreement as to the need for a great increase in the mechanized elements of our Army, both on the ground and in the air. Our air expansion is well under way, and we are preparing to increase in mechanized divisions under the proposed augmentation of the Regular Army to 400,000 men, proposed in H. R. 10010. The only apparent difference of consequence in our views has to do with personnel. This difference may be less real than apparent if you consider that only 13 per cent of the proposed 1941 military appropriations is for military personnel, in contrast to 59 per cent of total appropriations for this purpose in 1935; whereas the proportion of funds for material in Fiscal Year 1941 is 58 per cent, compared to 11 per cent of total military appropriations in 1935.

During the lean years, dating back to 1921, the Army's fight for personnel was a fight for its very life. You will recall that within a year of the passage of the amendments to the National Defense Act in 1920 appropriations for the Regular Army had reduced its strength from the authorized figure of 280,000 to 150,000. Yet the 280,000 figure had been arrived at after weeks of the most exhaustive hearings. By successive stages the strength of the Army was cut and cut until in 1935 it had declined to 118,750.

Let me give you a specific impression of the effect of these reductions upon the efficiency of the Army. During this period I commanded a post which had for its garrison a battalion of infantry, the basic fight unit of every army. It was a battalion only in name, for it could muster barely 200 men in ranks when every available man, including cooks, clerks, and kitchen police, were present for the little field training that could be accomplished with available funds. The normal strength of a battalion in most armies of the world varies from 800 to 1,000 men.

One of the fundamental requisites in combat is effective communications between units. Each battalion must maintain communications with its subordinate elements and adjacent units, and the regiment must connect with its battalions. In the battalion under my command we did not have a communications detachment, the authorized strength of our units having been so depleted that the dribblets of men remaining for communications duty in the regiment—twelve in all, as I remember—had to be removed from the battalions and concentrated at regimental headquarters, at another post, in order to keep alive in the regiment some

knowledge of the technique of signal communications. But, in so doing, one of the basic means of combat control was removed from the hands of the battalion commander. A similar condition applied to the other phases of battalion combat. The result was that it was well-nigh impossible to conduct training except on the basis of small units in relatively isolated operations, usually highly theoretical in character. The knowledge of battalion management, technique, and leadership was being lost to the infantry. Only our splendid service schools and the few larger garrisons, principally in foreign stations, saved this vital knowledge from extinction.

Part of the reason for this deplorable condition was that, while the new air arm had developed in the latter stages of the World War, no provision for its essential expansion in our Army was made except by emasculation of the basic ground forces. The Air Corps was obtaining the necessary personnel to man and maintain its growing number of planes by stripping the infantry, artillery, engineers, and signal troops. Important headquarters units, essential for battlefield control, were being dropped from the rolls. The Army as a team was gradually being starved into a condition almost comparable to its pre-Spanish-American-War condition.

It was inevitable that under such conditions there should be a struggle for existence between the branch arms and services, not purely from selfish jealousy, as is usually claimed, but from the natural conviction of the necessity for keeping alive the vital knowledge and capacity of each branch to play its role in the scheme of defense established by the National Defense Act.

To-day, this anemic condition of the ground Army is being relieved, yet many important troop elements during the recent maneuvers in Louisiana had to be assumed or extemporized. Teamwork and field technique cannot be developed on paper. We will be seriously handicapped in our problem of developing skill in handling large units, and keeping them properly supplied in the field, until we are able to organize again at least a limited number of the essential control, supply, and communications units of corps and army troops. Furthermore, and of equal or greater importance, is the pressing necessity for a certain minimum of seasoned, trained units immediately available for service.

These needs, plus the personnel for the new mechanized divisions, and the expanding Air Force, create a positive demand for personnel increases that must keep pace with our increase in material.

Turning now to the requirements for mechanized units, I am in thorough accord with you as to the desirability of using machines to save

man power to the maximum practicable extent. However, in comparing our status with that of the German army of some two hundred and forty divisions now in action in France, we find that only twelve of these German divisions are armored divisions, and eight others are fully motorized. With a natural tendency to emphasize the dramatic aspects of the fighting, war correspondents have created in the popular mind the impression that the bulk of the German army is made up of bombing planes and armored divisions, and have thereby obscured the essential clue to its remarkable success—the fact that it is a balanced force of all arms, with the proper proportion of infantry, artillery, planes, tanks, mortars, engineer, signal and service units, with a thoroughly equipped service of supply, all designed with complete unity of purpose and command. Probably the most impressive aspect of that army, aside from unity of command at the critical point, has been the ability of the infantry-artillery teams to follow up the penetration raids of the mechanized forces, covered by the air forces, and consolidate every gain of ground. The logistical feat of supplying these rapidly-moving forces has been another impressive, and little understood, evidence of efficiency—which means teamwork at its best. The German army had the great advantage, in planning the necessary balance and teamwork between its component elements, of definitely knowing in advance who was to be the principal enemy and exactly what terrain would have to be fought over.

Here in America, with no definite knowledge of where or when we may be called upon to fight, it will always be difficult for us to clear away the perfectly legitimate, but often conflicting demands of rival advocates for this or that system of organization, or this or that new weapon. Arbitrary decision or action on such questions is, for us, rarely possible in times of peace, especially when funds are limited for development of new equipment, and for experiments with new tactical ideas in large-scale maneuvers. We must depend very largely on our trained industrial and military observers to keep us posted as to the real developments in foreign armies, and to develop our program accordingly, with the Western Hemisphere as our probable theater of operations.

Some of our difficulties cannot be avoided under our form of government—and certainly none of us would wish to live under any other type of government—so I have proceeded on the basis that the most effective method for meeting the situation was to secure the confidence and sympathetic understanding of Congress in the War Department, by going confidentially very freely into all the details of our problems, our hopes, and our plans, before the committees and in individual contacts with members of Congress. Of course, I realize

that much, if not all, of what we have succeeded in obtaining in the past six months would have been impossible of accomplishment without the constantly increasing threat of European events. My problem has been to determine on a sound course of action, to balance our needs of both men and material to fit our own responsibilities, which have grown and changed in complexity along with the lightning-like changes in the world situation.

Faithfully yours,
G. C. MARSHALL (signed)
Chief of Staff

Mr. Collins chose to answer the Chief of Staff in a speech which he delivered in the House of Representatives on September 5, 1940. Mr. Collins, readers should know, has been the exponent of modernization of the American Army along lines of speed, fire-power, and armor, expressed in a small highly trained army, as distinct from a mass army. Mr. Collins stands to-day as the prophet vindicated. Many years ago he began to urge mechanization, motorization, creation of *Panzer* divisions, utilization of "air artillery," and the *Blitzkrieg*. His views, therefore, are important. In his speech he said:

The present war has thoroughly proven that the German successes have been the result of three things—modern air and land weapons, soldiers highly trained to use them, and commanders of imagination and with wide experience in the problems that confront officers in commanding a highly mechanized and industrialized army—and all three of these fully co-ordinated. Added to these is the total elimination of men too old, too weary, and too outmoded to pursue and comprehend warfare of the 1940 type.

I do not intend to convey the thought that modern infantry and field artillery training should be neglected, but let it be remembered that old-fashioned infantry in the modern set-up has been abandoned. It is a noteworthy fact that mechanized divisions in the Germany army are organized on the basis of about one to four or five of its modern infantry. Its successes on the continent have been the direct result of the use of airplanes as artillery followed by ground forces in large, medium, and small tanks—even the flanks of these fingers of steel have been protected from flank assaults by airplanes co-operating with these mechanized troops.

. . . We are all too familiar with the fact that it was a comparatively small force operating airplanes and tanks that laid Europe pros-

trate. The other German troops merely followed. There was little left for the so-called infantryman with the rifle to do except police duty. The airplane held the ground that the infantry occupied by making it un-usable for the adversary in their feeble attempts to occupy it.

Notwithstanding these facts it is now proposed to draft millions of men, place them on old fields, and give them a type of military training that we have recently seen is an utter failure. This cannot be justified on a basis of Hemisphere defense, for no such mass of men, if conscripted, can be used effectively to combat the weapons that would be used by an enemy in an attack against this Hemisphere.

Likewise these men cannot be used in offensive warfare, for the man with a rifle is utterly and pitifully helpless in battle against the tank and the airplane. Only airplanes and tanks, carrying officers and men highly trained to use them, can successfully combat these same instruments in the hands of an intelligent adversary. A 1940 army that has not a large portion of its strength tied to the motor and protected by armor is an outmoded military organization. The training given a man to handle these engines of destruction must be that of a football player, trained through the years to handle them. The soldiering that will be given to draftees will not be of this type and such is not contemplated. If we pin our hopes upon men thus trained and equipped, this country, like the fallen countries of Europe, will pay for it in blood when the next war comes.

. . . In the face of the successes by the Germans in the use of the airplane and mechanized weapons, I cannot see the sense of returning to the theory of mere numbers, and that is the reason I shall not vote to put into the field an army of two or three million men with khaki as their armor protection, and equipped, as they are bound to be, with weapons that will be useless in combat against an industrialized army.

The War Department, if the information that I have is correct, and it has come to me from the newspapers and from other sources, is now planning to use but two divisions of mechanized ground force—18,000 men. Aside from those in the Air Corps, about 47,804 out of a total authorization of 94,443, the rest of them will belong to the other branches, largely to the infantry, and if millions of men are to be drafted, they, too, in the main will be infantrymen. And so we go preparing not for the next war but for past ones.

Here stand two opposing concepts. General Marshall wants a mass army. Congressman Collins wants a small, highly trained, mechanized and motorized force—the “mechanic-sergeant” army demanded by some newspapers.

Were it not for the fact that Mr. Collins in his twenty years of Congressional battles concerning military affairs has been so often right and ahead of his time, and the Generals wrong and backward, one might be inclined to follow the customary course of puzzled legislators—to accept professional and discard civilian advice. But is it as categorical as that? Is there not a bridge between the opinions of these two advocates?

There is. Because Mr. Collins has greater freedom to speak his mind than General Marshall, the debate is not fairly joined. Mark, therefore, General Marshall's statement, “Here in America, with no definite knowledge of where or when we may be called upon to fight, it will always be difficult for us to clear away the perfectly legitimate, but often conflicting demands of rival advocates for this or that system of organization.” The Chief of Staff, in short, “with no definite knowledge” of just exactly what our foreign policy is (and naturally no power to comment on it) has to design his plan on a very large scale. More enemies, more soldiers.

Now we are beginning to get at the real issue—the real solution of the Army problem. During the past summer, at a time when the conscription debate was raging, I heard a high ranking officer express his ideas freely. Like many high officers, he did not approve of the present conscription law. (The public remains unaware of the fact that many of the High Command did not want the present conscription plan, were reluctantly drawn to support it, and to-day keenly fear the military effects of it.) This officer said, “Don't place the responsibility for the Burke-Wadsworth bill on the Army. We can act only in accordance with the Government's foreign policy. If the Government's foreign policy is strict isolation and defense of our shores only, then we can produce the proper military plan to implement that policy. If it's Caribbean defense, then we have another plan. Or if it's Hemisphere defense or intervention beyond the seas, we have

still other plans to fit those policies. But you can hardly blame the Staff for demanding large quantities of men and material under the existing foreign policy. This policy puts us at odds with almost all the great powers of the world. Hence we have to plan for almost any eventuality." Here we get down to the roots of the Army problem—foreign policy.

It is not that General Marshall is right and Congressman Collins is wrong, or vice versa, about their respective ideas on the size of the Army. When civilians dictate foreign policy, the Army must plan accordingly. Therefore it is up to the civilians to outline a clear, practical, and realistic foreign policy as a starting point.

It is the civilians' task to lay down a definite program along the following chronological lines: (1) first of all, to answer the question, "What shall we defend?" (with due regard to what the American people are willing to defend); (2) next to define, "How shall we defend it?" (at this point, with the first question realistically disposed of, we may find the revolutionary Mr. Collins and the classic General Marshall reaching surprising agreement); and (3) finally, only after determining these questions, to perform the act which has been virtually the only exertion Congress has ever displayed with respect to the Army—to vote the appropriations.

Hence the need for a new civilian commission to establish and delimit such a program. The present Congressional Army and Navy committees—there are at present eight—have so far found it impossible to execute this task. Such a commission, protected from executive influence, with an authoritative composition and the necessary powers, could establish a real blueprint of foreign policy and defense. This idea is by no means novel. It has been voiced, in various forms, by Generals Hagood and Hugh Johnson and others. Some want an

exclusively Congressional organization. Others want a purely civilian and non-political commission, composed of business and labor leaders, scientists, civilian military experts, etc. Still others believe a combination of the two would prove the answer.

Whatever the exact composition, the commission should have strong powers. It should be able to call for testimony from any bureaucrats, members of the defense services (Army and Navy), or civilians it may think necessary. To insure candid testimony from these individuals it should have the option of making this testimony confidential. It should have the power of examining freely the files of the State, Navy, and War Departments (except perhaps certain details of normally secret war plans). On the basis of such data, it could lay down the principles of foreign, Army, and Navy policies. From there it could proceed to a solution of such thorny technical problems as the demand for a separate air force, collaboration between Army and Navy, the necessity of conscription, the battle between the motor and the old gray mare, etc.

Finally, such a commission could perform the most necessary of missions. It could conduct the vital current of America's social and economic life to an institution that at times seems to be living not in the era of Franklin D. Roosevelt, but of Rutherford B. Hayes. In the Civil War, under the impact of a vast industrial and social revolution, the American people put the products of the young machine age to the uses of war: railroads, telegraph, breech-loaders, Gatling gun, ironclads, steam, and, yes, the then young and dynamic capitalistic democracy. To-day we have an opportunity to make the gears of our mechanistic culture mesh by the adaptation of our advanced scientific technique and the social lessons learned in the New Deal to something which is rapidly becoming the symbol of a new era—Defense.



EUROPE'S REVOLT AGAINST CIVILIZATION

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

WITHIN the short span of a single generation, between the beginning of the first World War and the present time, Europe has experienced the most formidable breakdown of civilization since the collapse of the Roman Empire in the fifth century A.D. The Roman Empire fell into dissolution partly because of internal weaknesses, partly because of the increasing pressure from the barbarians beyond its frontiers.

What has happened in Europe is something still more formidable and still more sinister. It is a revolt against civilization from within, a systematic destruction of cultural and humanist values first through revolution, then through war and conquest.

Europe, cradle of so many civilizations, is becoming uninhabitable for civilized men. During the last days of the French collapse I was lunching in one of the incredibly overcrowded restaurants of chaotic Bordeaux. My neighbor at the same table, with whom I got into conversation, proved to be a highly cultured official of the Belgian Ministry of Colonies.

For weeks he had been leading the wretched existence of a refugee in filthy quarters in Bordeaux. Now, with France on the eve of surrender, he was panic-stricken at the idea that he might fall into the hands of the invading Germans. Interlarding his conversation with quotations from the Greek and Latin classics, from Plato and Homer, Cicero and Seneca, he ended on a note of deeply

symbolic tragic irony, all the more striking because it was quite unconscious:

"I must get away from Bordeaux at once, to-day. If I can reach a Spanish or Portuguese port perhaps I can catch a boat for the Belgian Congo. There I can lead a civilized life again."

The Congo, the heart of the Dark Continent, the hoped-for refuge of a civilized European!

From the Atlantic to the Urals Europe has changed beyond recognition. It would be almost impossible physically to make the trip from Madrid to Moscow at the present time, and this in itself is an indication of the breakdown which has overtaken Europe. But if one were able to complete the journey, with the standards of 1913 Europe in mind, the picture of decline, intellectual and material, would be nothing short of appalling. One would scarcely find a single country where there was not an acute shortage of food and of other necessities of life and where the people were not cold as well as hungry. One would not find a newspaper where the editor was free to write as he pleased. Of the universities that existed in 1913 some would be closed; there would be few others where professors and research students would not be obliged to hew to the line of some unscientific class or race dogmatism.

There was a time when the balance of cultural exchange between Europe and America was favorable to the older continent, when the number of Americans who went to Europe for study or perma-

ment residence in a more congenial intellectual and artistic atmosphere far exceeded the number of Europeans who came to America for the same reasons. This situation has now been entirely reversed. There has been a mass exodus of Americans from Europe.

At the same time there has been a flight to America of European writers, scholars, scientists, artists, and publicists that suggests the scattering of Greek scholars among the countries of the West after the fall of Constantinople to the Turks. This movement began after the Russian Revolution, the first great act in Europe's revolt against civilization. There was a new if smaller crop of intellectual exiles after the triumph of fascism in Italy. The flight of intellectuals from the Old World to the New was greatly accelerated by the Nazi revolution, with its program of race proscription and intolerance for all political dissenters.

And the present war, in which Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini marched to the conquest, direct or indirect, of practically the whole continent, was a further stimulus to this migration. Jules Romains, André Maurois, "Pertinax," Genevieve Tabouis are only a few of the well-known figures in French literature and journalism who have found asylum in America. There has been a flight not only from France, but also from some of the smaller conquered countries, from Belgium, the Netherlands, and Norway. What will follow if England should fall can only be imagined.

II

In order to grasp the full portent of what has happened to Europe one must stand back and view the scene in a time perspective. Europe has experienced a fundamental revolution during the past twenty-three years. The entire continent is now under the domination of three regimes which emerged after the first World War, each of which is a challenge to and a negation of the traditional European civilization. There has been

no such upheaval since Napoleon's legions swept across Europe, bringing with them a mixture of French imperialism and revolutionary democracy, while old crowns fell and frontier lines shifted as if they were written in sand.

The Russian Revolution, led in the beginning by fanatical intellectuals, assumed the form of a vast rebellion of the largely Asiatic Russian masses against the thin layer of Russians whose cultural contacts were with the West. The German upheaval deliberately renounced the rationalism and cosmopolitanism of Germany's cultural golden age, the age of Goethe and Schiller and Lessing, and harked back to primitive tribal gods of blood and race. Italian fascism was also a throwback from the generous radicalism of Garibaldi and Mazzini to the gangster despots of the Italian Middle Ages. All these revolutions were significantly directed more against the intelligentsia than against any other class. All were completely and avowedly amoral, all were implacably hostile to any categorical moral imperatives, to any conception of the unity of European civilization.

Civilization of course is a broad term. But before 1914 there would have been fairly wide agreement among educated Europeans of all nationalities that freedom of speech and press and conscience and research, legal security of persons and property against arbitrary state action, some form of popular participation in government, freedom of travel, limitation of the death penalty to extremely grave offenses, if not its total abolition, would have been the distinctive characteristics of a civilized, as against a barbarous state. With all due allowance for exceptions and setbacks, liberalism was the strongest trend in the civilization of the nineteenth century; and a definition of civilization in liberal terms would have commanded more general agreement than any other definition.

Now, measured by any of these standards, the record of the Communists in Russia, of the Nazis in Germany, of the

Fascists in Italy is one of profound retrogression. Consider first Russia, because there have been far more favorable illusions about communism than about nazism and fascism. An American intellectual who champions fascism as a desirable scheme of social reconstruction is a museum curiosity.

On the other hand, as recently as August, 1939, some four hundred American intellectuals signed their names to an uncritical endorsement of almost every aspect of Soviet foreign and domestic policy, especially stressing the role of the Soviet Union as "a bulwark against war and aggression." Ironically and appropriately enough the publication of this manifesto was almost immediately followed by the signature of a considerably more important document, the German-Soviet Pact of August 23, 1939. This pact and the Soviet invasion of Finland doubtless diminished the number of Soviet sympathizers in America, although there are still, among the educated classes, more wishful dreamers about Moscow than about Berlin and Rome.

But facts, as Lenin liked to say, are stubborn things. Here are a few historically indisputable comparative facts about the Soviet regime and about the Tzarist autocracy which it succeeded and which was certainly never suspected of undue liberalism.

Both the Tzarist and the Soviet systems were challenged at times, the former more often than the latter, by assassination and insurrection. The reprisals after such acts, however, were markedly different. When the Decabristi, a group of army officers who had been affected by the ideas of the French Revolution, rebelled in 1825 five of the leaders of the movement were put to death. When a Soviet official in Petrograd, Moses Uritzky, was killed by a Socialist Revolutionary in 1918 over five hundred persons, none of whom had any connection with the death of Uritzky, were shot. When Tzar Alexander II was killed by revolutionary terrorists in 1881 five per-

sons, all unquestionably participants in the assassination, were executed. When the Communist Party leader in Lenin-grad, Sergei Kirov, was killed by another Communist in 1934 one hundred and thirty-four persons, according to Soviet official statements, were shot. Of these only thirteen were even accused (there was no public trial) of having taken part in the killing of Kirov.

These are only two striking illustrations of the general fact that the Soviet dictatorship is far more terroristic than its Imperial predecessor. The number of recorded executions (and many are unrecorded), the number of persons in prison and in exile for political reasons is far greater to-day than was the case in pre-war Russia.

Under the Tzars after 1905 there was a Russian national legislative body, the Duma. It possessed little power and it was elected on a limited and unfair franchise; but it did provide a forum for the expression of grievances. Representatives of opposition groups, including Bolsheviki, could be and were elected as members. There has never been even a single case when an avowed critic or opponent of Stalin has been chosen as a member of the Congress of Soviets. The pale flicker of independent political thought that existed under the Tzars has been entirely extinguished.

The press in pre-war Russia was censored, but it was not, like the Soviet press, a mere agency for communicating government propaganda. And a writer possesses far more chance of self-expression when he is merely told what he may not say than when he is told what he must say. The former was the position of the author under the Tzars, the latter the position under the Soviets.

Russia was always a Eurasian state. One might have argued before the Bolshevik Revolution as to whether it should be considered the most advanced of Asiatic or the most backward of European powers. The effect of the Revolution and of the Stalinite dictatorship has been to weight the scales heavily in favor

of Asia. The small but influential educated class that was gradually bringing European culture into Russia has been terrifically decimated by the revolution and the subsequent regime of constant terrorism and periodic "purges."

Stalin is himself an Asiatic by race and, what is more important, by background and temperament. He has always surrounded himself by preference with men who have no background of European education or culture. By a score of tokens, by its absolute personal autocracy, by its mysterious individual and mass executions, by the secrecy which envelops every step of its policy, by the suspicion and espionage which are visited on the few foreigners who are permitted to live within its frontiers, the Soviet Union may be recognized as a typical Asiatic state.

Russia has been lost to European civilization. And this observation holds good also for the extensive area which it has swallowed up by agreement with Germany, for Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Bessarabia, Bukovina, Eastern Poland. In the past, while there was no visible line of demarcation, no large river or range of mountains, between the Soviet Union and the Baltic States, there was a clearly discernible frontier of relative plenty and cleanliness on the non-Soviet side of the border. Diplomats in Moscow and Leningrad habitually sent to Riga and other Baltic towns for fresh food of good quality. Now this distinction will disappear and the frontier of Soviet squalor and want will be pushed further to the west.

Russia offers the most vivid illustration of Europe's revolt against civilization. But there has been an equally significant revolt in Germany, although the outer shell of the old culture and traditions has been better preserved there. Quite typical is the contrasted attitude of the two regimes toward religion. The Soviet Government, pursuing a policy of militant atheism, backed up by all the state resources of propaganda and repression, has almost obliterated the pub-

lic practice of all forms of religion, Orthodoxy, the sectarian cults, Mohammedanism, and Judaism alike. The great majority of places of worship have been destroyed or converted to secular uses.

In Germany, although there have been arrests both of Protestant clergymen and of Catholic priests, the outward observance of religion goes on with little change. But neither ministers of religion nor their parishioners are permitted without swift and severe punishment to profess and practice Christian ethical ideals in such matters as aggressive war, anti-Semitism, maltreatment of prisoners in concentration camps.

More of the shell of pre-war civilization has been left standing in Germany; but it is a shell that has been largely emptied of content. The universities, so eminent in every field of research and scholarship, have felt the blighting hand of totalitarian control. The typical representative of historical research in Nazi Germany is not a Mommsen or a Ranke, but some vociferous illiterate like Julius Streicher, who finds that the Jews destroyed the Roman Empire, or like R. Walther Darré, who embodies a theory that the consumption of pork proves the superiority of the Aryan race in a work solemnly entitled *Das Schwein als Kriterium für nordische Völker und Semiten*.

The German courts have lost their pre-war independence and integrity. While there were harsh military aspects of life in Imperial Germany, there was never any suggestion of the obscene brutalities that have taken place in so many Nazi concentration camps. And there is perhaps no better way to measure the revolt against civilization that has taken place in Germany than to recall the fact that under the Weimar Republic, in the year 1928, there was not a single execution in Germany, even for criminal offenses.

Creative literature in the Third Reich is dead, killed by too much state attention. The establishment of regimented Chambers of Culture, to which all writ-

ers and artists must belong, the figurative putting of authors into uniform, the insistence on the maintenance of a propagandist character in literature and art have had precisely the same effects as the very similar measures which have been adopted in the Soviet Union. The output of German literature dealing with contemporary subjects, long on quantity, is sadly short on quality. The best that can be offered—and this observation applies to Russia as well as to Germany—is conservation of the creative thought of the ages when the individual was free and the totalitarian formula had not been invented.

Before the first World War Europe possessed cultural and spiritual unity. This was sustained by many international associations of authors, scientists, explorers, parliamentarians, scholars. With all the differences between countries, participants in the meetings of such associations could understand one another, could develop a certain international consciousness. Knowledge was general. There was scarcely any corner of Europe that could not be freely visited and described. To-day there is no longer the semblance of an international language and the sheer blackout of knowledge and information about many parts of the world suggests the night that descended on the broken fragments of the Roman Empire after the barbarian invasions.

The ruling classes of pre-war Europe, while they naturally represented the national interests of their respective countries, possessed some community of habits, tastes, standards, even vices. But if it were possible to bring together a conference of Soviet Communists, German Nazis, Italian Fascists, Japanese young officers, and British and American diplomats the result would be something very much like a Tower of Babel. There would be no common ground, no agreed basis for mutual discussion. It is this lack of a common basis of discussion that makes the very idea of a negotiated peace so unreal, that seems to leave only the

alternatives, neither of them very attractive, of a peace of subjugation or a peace of exhaustion.

Equally significant of the present stage of revolt against civilization is the blackout of essential information about many parts of the world. This is by no means merely a matter of war censorship. The Soviet Union is not at war. But it would be impossible, I believe, for the best-informed student of Russian affairs to describe with any confidence the present state of collective farming in the Soviet Union or to estimate with any accuracy the real wages of the workers or to calculate the profit-and-loss account of the state industries. On all such subjects there is a complete absence of independent reliable information. The last American individual newspaper correspondent recently quit Russia with a dossier of stories which had failed to pass the censor. In the great majority of cases these were based on material extracted from the controlled Soviet press. Russia has become darker for the outside world than it has been since the time of Ivan the Terrible.

III

How did the revolt against civilization gain such momentum as to sweep over the whole European continent? To a large extent it is a consequence of the infernal cycle of war and revolution in which Europe has been involved since 1914. The formula of this cycle is quite simple.

Modern war, with its total demand on manpower and natural resources, with its profound dislocation of normal economic life, with the immense psychological strain which it imposes on entire populations, is a sure forerunner of revolution, at least in the defeated countries. Sometimes it brings revolution in the victorious countries also if the sufferings of the war outweigh the post-war gains. And revolutions which are born of defeat, despair, insoluble crisis inevitably assume violent dictatorial patterns which are a negation of ordered civilization.

The cycle continues when the revolutionary regimes, incapable by their nature of achieving stability, proceed to incite new revolutions and new wars by propaganda and by organized armed force.

To put the matter more concretely, the World War is the parent of Russian bolshevism, of German national socialism, of Italian fascism. These regimes in turn bear overwhelmingly the greater share of responsibility for the second World War. And the results of this conflict up to the present time have been the subjugation of the European continent to the three revolutionary dictatorships and the sowing of the seeds of new social upheaval through the widespread misery, destitution, unemployment, and hunger which the war has brought. One does not see when or how this truly infernal cycle of war-generated revolution and revolution-fathered war will end. That civilization, as that word was understood before the first World War, can survive this ordeal in any recognizable form seems highly doubtful.

The evidence is overwhelming for the intimate causal connection between the war of 1914-1918 and the three revolutions of destruction. There was a revolutionary movement in Russia before 1914; but it had declined rather than increased in intensity since the unsuccessful revolt of 1905, a product, incidentally, of the Russo-Japanese War. The prosperity of the country was growing and a new class of small peasant owners was being created by Stolypin's land reform.

Had it not been for the first World War Tzarism would doubtless have been modified and might have been overthrown. But the chances would have been overwhelmingly against such a drastic upheaval as bolshevism. It was the war that completely undermined the foundations of the Russian political and social order, that created such a vast amount of misery and disruption as to provide the appropriate background for a complete, thoroughgoing social revolution.

Equally decisive was the influence of the War in promoting the triumph of fascism and of national socialism, although this influence made itself felt in a different way. Fascism in Italy was at once a symptom of post-war unrest and a successful reaction to the unrest of the Socialists and the Communists. And the two basic elements in Hitler's rise to power in Germany were national resentment against the Treaty of despair and national despair over the great economic crisis which began in 1929. This crisis hit Germany especially hard because the country, stripped of its economic and financial resources after the unsuccessful war, could do much less than Great Britain and America to cushion the lot of the unemployed.

The aftermath of 1914-1918 proved that war is infinitely the most potent revolutionary agency in the world, a thousand times more effective than the pre-war Socialists, already grown soft because of a rising standard of working-class living that contradicted the dogmas of Karl Marx, or the romantic Anarchists, with their occasional assassinations of kings and presidents, or the Russian revolutionary terrorists. And war indelibly implanted its own character, brutal, authoritarian, anti-individualistic, anti-rational, on the revolutions which it spawned.

One does not solve the problem of Europe's revolt against civilization by tracing it to its immediate source of origin, the World War. One must still ask what caused the World War and why all the efforts at post-war reconciliation ended in complete fiasco.

The first World War could and probably would have been averted by mutual concessions if the men in the seats of power in 1914 had foreseen the revolutionary implications of the conflict and its ultimately fatal consequences for the common European civilization. But it was only an obscure revolutionary exile named Lenin who grasped immediately the socially explosive forces inherent in the war. The rulers had no vision and

blundered into a conflict in which there would be some ten million dead but no real victors.

Competing imperialisms, a trade rivalry that was becoming sharper in a protectionist world, the race in armaments, exaggerated nationality consciousness, all played their part in the suicidal drama. But perhaps the greatest cause of the World War was a negative one: lack of foresight as to its consequences. If the Kaiser could have foreseen Doorn, if the old Emperor of Austria could have envisaged the later splitting up of his polyglot realm, if the Tzar could have seen the cellar in Ekaterinburg where he would perish with his family, if Poincaré could have imagined the tragic, broken France of 1940, one of the greatest disasters in human history would probably not have taken place.

The efforts at reconciliation and pacification after the end of the World War were undertaken in such an unfavorable atmosphere of mutual hatred and suspicion that they were almost condemned to failure in advance. Russia was completely eliminated as a factor of European stability. It had become a revolutionary freelance, intent on upsetting the social and economic systems of the "capitalist" states first by inciting revolts, then by the method, which proved more effective, of provoking wars from which it would remain aloof.

The World War did not, as Lenin hoped, prove the springboard for a proletarian revolution that would engulf the whole world, or at least the leading European powers. The Russian Revolution, largely a product of specifically Russian conditions, stopped at Russia's frontiers.

But the War and its economic aftermath stimulated a new kind of class struggle, not between the rich and poor within the same nation, but between rich and poor nations. It aggravated the difference in national well-being between victorious France and England and defeated Germany. The question of physical ownership of colonies, both as mar-

kets and as sources of raw material, became more urgent because of the universal post-war trend toward restriction of the free movement of people, of goods, and of capital. Europe lost two of its important safety valves in the nineteenth century: emigration to America and the opening up of new areas of trade and colonization in the remote parts of the world.

The Versailles settlement proved both unwise and unworkable. It was unwise because it was too harsh and unjust to conciliate Germany and not ruthless enough to destroy Germany beyond any possibility of resurrection. It was unwise because of the fantastic Mississippi Bubble of reparations and because it multiplied economic barriers in a Europe where the sole alternative to poverty and perpetual unrest was more, not less economic unity. And it was unworkable because England and France lacked the heart and the will to defend their own handiwork when it was challenged.

One by one the safeguards against the resurgence of a militarized Germany were permitted to fall without a struggle. The new order of comparatively small and weak states which Versailles had established on Germany's eastern borders was imperiled from the moment when Germany re-established conscription. It was rendered quite untenable when Hitler was permitted to refortify the Rhineland. And it was doomed beyond any possibility of salvation before the first shot had been fired or the first bomb had been dropped by the conclusion of the Soviet-German Pact.

And this whole sequence of events was the result quite as much of the fumbling irresolution of England and France as of the positive achievements of Hitler. There is no mistaking the fact that the Western democracies, confronted with the Third Reich, behaved alarmingly like regimes intent on committing harakiri. They could not make up their minds either to resist or to acquiesce in a German domination of eastern Europe. As a result they got the worst of both

these policies. They "appeased" at the wrong time; they defied at the wrong time; they were weak when they could have been firm with little risk, in 1935 and 1936; they were foolhardy in 1939 when the balance of force was no longer in their favor, when they should have made every effort to canalize Hitler's expansion eastward against the Soviet Union.

This Anglo-French lack of clear grasp and decision in vital problems of foreign policy is symptomatic, I think, of one of the gravest maladies of the European civilization that has perished in the infernal cycle of war and revolution: absence of a self-justifying sense of purpose and direction. Had the democracies, America included, worked for right ends with a fraction of the energy which the totalitarian states have displayed in pursuing wrong ends the catastrophe of European civilization would not have occurred.

The most unfailing characteristic of a regime that is in danger of revolutionary

overthrow is not hard-boiled brutality, but a kind of perplexed softness, the fruit of a lack of inner confidence. This was true of the French "old regime" in 1789, of Russian liberalism in 1917. It was equally true of Europe's liberal civilization after the devastating cataclysm of the World War.

Nearly all the values that had given drive and significance to human life during the nineteenth century emerged from the World War shaken, if not shattered. Religious faith and the agnostic cult of science, belief in the inevitability of progress, in the supremacy of reason, in the curative virtues of universal suffrage and general education—all were in eclipse. What wonder, in such an atmosphere, that fanatical cults of violence, based on dogmatism, found it easy to strike root, that revolt spread rapidly and successfully against a civilization that had already been sapped and mined in its most important spiritual and psychological defenses?





EPITAPH FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR

BY SIDNEY M. SHALETT

IT's over now—gone forever. On October the 27th, after the three-hundred and fifty-five giddy nights of its active existence, the New York World's Fair of 1939 and 1940 finally scuttled itself and sank into history. The lights have gone out on that fantastic fairyland of Futurama and flame-dancers, Aquabelles and American Industry, Old Masters and Elsie the Cow. Only the mournful bondholder remains to watch sadly as Trylon and Perisphere are melted into scrap iron.

Now it is going to be open season for the I-coulda-told-you-so's—wiseacres who coulda-told-you that the Big Town never would go for anything in the way of a World's Fair.

But, though all the facts and figures are not yet assembled and the financial score has not been added down to the last precise decimal point of deficit, one clear fact already emerges: the New York World's Fair, as originally planned and organized and set in motion in its early days, was a foolproof venture. It was absolutely certain *not* to be a success. Because of the magnificent, top-heavy prodigality of that original set-up nobody could have done anything to alter that certainty.

This, however, is by no means the whole of the Fair's financial story. For the real wonder of the one hundred and fifty-five million dollar exposition is that after starting off under such a staggering load, being kicked in the teeth by bad publicity breaks, and, when it was down and gasping, being struck by the crushing

competition of a World War, the Fair managed to come out as well as it did.

There is one significant fact that the Fair probably proved. It is altogether likely that the mammoth show on Flushing Meadow has demonstrated that the day of big expositions is over—at least for a long while—and the New York World's Fair may go down in history as the last of its tribe.

A barbershop—a dinky little three-chair barbershop at that—is an odd place in which to start off the financial story of the greatest exposition gamble in history. But an incident that took place last spring down in the basement of the Fair's Administration Building, where employees used to go for their haircuts, provides the perfect key to this tale of two fairs—the spendthrift, ultra-perfect, slightly regal Fair of Grover Aloysius Whalen, and the cannily budgeted, less-perfect, determinedly “folksy” Fair of Harvey Dow Gibson.

A short, stocky, white-haired man, whose eyes behind their silver-rimmed spectacles were sharp as a mother-in-law's tongue, had come into the barbershop for a shave and, after waiting his turn, had taken a seat in the head barber's chair. The head barber seemed perturbed.

“Why,” he wailed, “don't you let me come to your office and shave you in the private chair that Mr. Whalen used to use? I used to come in and shave Mr. Whalen every day!”

The white-haired man—he was Har-

vey Gibson, the banker who had become Chairman of the Board of the Fair Corporation and undisputed boss of the Fair mid-season in 1939, when the exposition was in serious financial trouble—grinned in his tight-lipped, reserved New Hampshire manner.

"Why, I've never sat in a private barber chair in my life," he replied. "You'll never catch me using that thing! Besides, I like to come in here and pick up a little barbershop conversation."

The barber shrugged his shoulders and slapped on the lather. You could tell he thought Mr. Gibson pretty hopeless. But the banker just leaned back, ready for his twenty-five-cent shave and an earful of barbershop gossip.

A volume could be written about the differences in background and business policies of the two key men of the 1939 and 1940 fairs, contrasting the sartorial splendor and personal magnificence of the Great Salesman with the how-much-does-it-cost? and can-we-do-without-it? attitude of the banker. But it is all summed up in the story of Gibson in the barber's chair.

Mind you, even after the Gibson regime, the financial outcome of the Flushing Follies is no investor's delight. The reckoning is not complete yet, and won't be until the gigantic job of demolition is finished, the last bit of litigation settled, and the last lawyer and accountant discharged. In the waning weeks of the Fair, however, financial officers were privately estimating that, under very liberal figuring, there would be a deficit of over \$20,000,000—and quite possibly more—remaining of the \$26,862,800 bonds originally purchased by 3,263 separate individuals and corporations, the latter category including many of the leading New York City banks and business houses and some of the largest industries and utilities in the country.

But, in all justice to the Fair, it did tighten up its belt and pare expenses under the Gibson stewardship in a manner that would have been regarded with contempt in the earlier, more grandiose

days. The banker overlooked no bets. If he had to he would spend hundreds of dollars—provided he thought they would bring back thousands. The midway men came to call him "Uncle Harvey," and loved him for the lavish way he hired human cannon balls and such to lure crowds to their area. On the other hand, "Uncle Harvey" also was a man who could hire bicycle riders to patrol the lonesome corners of the Fair to prevent small fry from digging holes under the fence and getting in for nothing.

So before 1940 was over Gibson got things down to where the vast enterprise was running on a "nut" of approximately \$28,000 a day and could make a little money on as small a crowd as 50,000. Thus the bondholders stood to get back some 20 cents on the dollar—perhaps a bit more—toward the principal of their "investments." And, if they should be magnanimous enough to count the average of 19.62 per cent interest paid them by the Fair (the percentage varies, depending on when the bonds were purchased), the total return might exceed 39.62 per cent.

Aside from all this talk of mere money—which, though it may be mundane, in this case is certainly not drab—there never was such a place before as the Whalensian Wonderland, and there probably never will be again. Indeed, though rigor mortis hardly has had time to set in, it's already hard to believe that such a place really existed.

II

It was the paradox of all paradoxes: It was good, it was bad; it was the acme of all crazy vulgarity, it was the pinnacle of all inspiration. It had elements of nobility, features so breathtakingly beautiful you hardly could believe they were real. It also had elements of depravity and stupidity, features that were downright ugly. It proved that Man was a noble, forthright creature, and that there was nothing his ingenuity and intelli-

gence could not devise; then it turned right round and proved that Man could also be a simpleton who, in the midst of the age's finest technological wonders, could display incorrigible preferences for such low pastimes as peep shows and tipping.

It was no wonder that Meyer Berger, the *New York Times* columnist and outstanding day-to-day historian of the Fair, heaped such names upon it as Awry Acres, Mad Meadow, Hapless Heath, Fanciful Fen, and Beetlehead Bog, for here was a place where anything could happen—and usually did. "Flushing Feet" was the occupational disease of the pilgrims who came to the Meadow and walked too many miles in the hot sun, but "Flushing Jitters" was the far more serious occupational disease of the employees and newspapermen who had to toil there day after day.

On that beautiful heath that once was the foulest refuse dump in the Borough of Queens, newspapermen on the lobster trick have been known to fling open the windows of their offices in Working Press and howl like wolves into the night air. Ricksha boys, despairing of ever getting a customer in the lean week-days of the 1940 summer, have been known to run up and mock at prospective patrons. Program boys have been known to stand in the hot sun or in the rain (there were weeks the past summer when it always was either too hot or too rainy) and bawl out: "*Don't* buy these programs, folks! Absolutely nothing going on anyway!"

Journalists learned to expect daily calls from feverish press agents who would babble of tree snails at the Florida pavilion and of Yolande the egg-laying canary. Wayfarers would become hopelessly confused with the names in the Fair's own glossary and would ask for the "Pyorrhæa" when they meant Perisphere, and for the "Calvary of Senators" when they meant Cavalcade of Centaurs. Dear old ladies confused "Streets of Paris" (Gypsy Rose Lee's) with the tragic French pavilion; bibulous pilgrims scrambled up the papier-mâché Monkey

Mountain in Jungleland; publicity men persuaded hapless strip-teasers to let parrots undress them in the midway streets.

Borden's Elsie had a public birthday party, and three singing telegram boys came round to carol, "Mooney Birthday to You." The Fair Corporation gave its solemn blessing to observances of Charlie McCarthy Day, Donald Duck Day, and Superman Day. And a drunk took a peek at the uncanny night lighting for the first time and said: "I could stay cockeyed another week and still couldn't think up anything like this!"

One of the most curious items of Fair memorabilia for both 1939 and 1940 was the Case of the Curiously Recurring Phenomenon of Carnival Spirit. During the course of its frantic existence the Fair found it necessary to employ three separate generalissimos of publicity and, whenever things got too bad, the publicity boys were supposed to produce some panacea to cure the pernicious anemia of the box office. Unfailingly they would hit upon the idea of instilling some "carnival spirit" into the Fair. It was new when Press Agent No. 1 announced to newspapermen, "Well, boys, we're going to put some carnival spirit into the Fair." The reporters didn't hoot too loudly when Press Agent No. 2 announced that *he* was going to put some carnival spirit into it. But when Press Agent No. 3 came along, toward the tail-end of the final season, and disclosed that he had a brand-new scheme for popularizing the Fair—"carnival spirit"—it was too much! From then on, whenever there was a dull day and two newspapermen got together, it became ritual for one to ask the other, "What are you going to write about?" The other would reply gravely, "I think I'll put my lead on carnival spirit at the Fair." Whereupon both would cackle insanely, rush out into the hot sun, and head for the nearest air-conditioned bar.

Despite the pretty patter about the Fair being dedicated to pointing the way toward a better "World of To-morrow,"

the great exposition really had its genesis in the combined minds of a group of New York civic and business leaders, who were worried because the Port of New York tonnage figures were skidding and the tourist business wasn't what it used to be. They decided on a fair, and began dreaming beautiful dreams about the millions of visitors who were going to pour in from all parts of the country and the globe, and the lovely dollars—oh, millions upon millions of lovely dollars!—that these same visitors, grateful for the opportunity of visiting such a wonderful fair and wonderful metropolis, were going to distribute in every concrete block of the marts of Manhattan. They envisioned the avalanche of good will that was going to engulf the town after the out-of-town folks discovered what swell people New Yorkers really were and what a swell place New York really was.

To be sure, the records showed only too clearly what colossal failures some of the past big fairs of history had been. But the New York leaders were dazzled by the more contemporary success of the Century of Progress fair at Chicago in 1933-34. Chicago drew 36,626,546 visitors, was paying off a \$10,000,000 gold-note issue, and was going to turn over a profit to charity. With typical New York modesty, Whalen, who had become president of the Fair Corporation, and his associates reasoned that whatever Chicago could do, New York could do—only better.

It took money to do all this, however, so the business men sat down to see what could be done. It was not surprising that they hit upon the idea of a bond issue, and then of course it was only natural that they should put forth a prospectus to advertise the \$27,829,500 worth of 4 per cent bonds that they were going to allow the public to purchase.

It seems almost mean now, in the light of all that has happened, to resurrect some of the statements contained in that prospectus. It is like digging up some

of the Miami literature of the Florida boom years. For there, in cool black-and-white, the prospectus told how the Fair Corporation "expects to repay its obligations out of revenues during the fair period from gate admissions, from its share of receipts from concessionaires and exhibitors, and from miscellaneous sources," and how "private industry in New York . . . will gain in increased business, aside from other benefits, values many times in excess of the cost of the fair." (Any sepulchral laughter you may hear at this point is emanating from some of the bond-buyers, the merchants, hotel-keepers, and night-club and theatrical impresarios who learned better!)

Then, after printing a list of the various officers of the Fair that read like a combined social, political, and Wall Street register, the prospectus hit its stride. It told how "careful estimates by engineering experts" indicated a "minimum attendance of 40,000,000," with "reasonable hope" of 50,000,000, and how "*an even larger attendance is not an impossibility.*"

It was talking about the first season, the season of 1939. The paid attendance that year was actually 25,817,265.

Then the prospectus tossed in a few sample budgets to show just how things were going to come out. It would be too painful now to dissect the rosy figures in any great detail. But the prospectus had it all figured out how, even with a measly 40,000,000 attendance the first year, and another 24,000,000 the second year (when 1940's figures are audited, the total should be in the neighborhood of 17,000,000), the New York World's Fair was going to wind up with a grand profit of not less than \$8,269,555!

There was, however, one prophetic note in the same prospectus, though it is doubtful if the planners knew then what good prophets they were. It warned that "the debentures and the fair enterprise may not be considered free from risk as a financial investment," but declared that "*barring contingencies not now*

foreseen" the principal and interest on the debentures "will be paid in full."

III

Grandly and cockily, the New York World's Fair opened on April 30, 1939, with President Roosevelt himself on hand to help dish out the honors. Right beside the President was Grover Whalen, who babbled exultantly to reporters of the opening day crowd of "600,000" (though the Fair later had to eat crow and admit the opening day's paid attendance was only 198,791). Those were the days when Grover had his honor guard of twenty-four mounted American Indians, dressed in rainbow-hued uniforms that would have put a Ziegfeld designer to shame, and his information corps of "gentlemen cadets," trained to march with military precision and to salute whenever President Whalen went by. One day a "gentleman cadet" was caught standing stiffly at attention and saluting as Whalen's official automobile passed; he was taking no chances, for, propped up on the tonneau backrest, was a silk hat, and Grover might have been under it!

Anyhow, those "contingencies not now foreseen" had been raising their ugly heads even before the grand opening. One "contingency" perhaps was brought on by the fact that the Fair had sold \$100,000 or more of its bonds to members and the organization itself of Local No. 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, an American Federation of Labor affiliate. The A. F. of L. Building and Construction Trades Council had wangled a rather extraordinary closed-shop construction contract out of Whalen, and the unions in general were playing hob with the building budget. By what an irate Belgian commentator denounced as "gangster methods"—sabotage of electrical equipment, furniture-slashing, strikes, fantastic demands for over-time wages—they added costs estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 to

budgets of foreign exhibitors alone, and drove at least one exhibitor from the Fair. The Fair Corporation itself, when it struck financial difficulties in mid-season, admitted that "heavy and unanticipated labor costs, due in large part to the necessity of paying extra wages for over-time work," had added approximately \$1,450,000 to its construction budget.

In the opening flurry a great many things were done that further disturbed the financial picture. Things swept along at such a mad pace that it is doubtful if anyone really had any too clear an idea of just what was going on. The Fair, being a private corporation, never made a habit of telling the public much about its business. It was not until last January that a really comprehensive report on operating expenses during the pre-fair period was prepared—and that was a private document, supplied only to directors and to executive and finance committee members.

This extremely hush-hush document revealed that the Fair originally had planned to start off the 1939 season with a \$26,242,446 deficit, but that the actual pre-fair deficit was \$6,235,600.87 *bigger* than this. Pre-fair revenues had fallen \$1,098,000 short of expectations, and the Fair had managed to spend \$5,138,000 more than it had planned before it even got the doors open!

Then, as if this extra \$6,000,000 handicap were not bad enough, the budget went even more hopelessly haywire during the actual period of 1939 operations. The anticipated "take" from admissions alone sagged \$9,704,000, while expenditures soared above all estimates; so, instead of finishing the season with the expected "operating surplus" of \$23,301,001, the actual "operating surplus" on paper was only \$9,490,112.86, a staggering difference of \$13,810,888.14 that loomed large as a Persisphere on the balance sheet.

As late as the middle of July, 1939, the Fair still was clinging to its grand manner—and also to its original 75-cent adult

admission rate. By July 18th, however, the economy axe began to fall. On that date several hundred "Grover Boys"—the smartly uniformed "gentleman cadets"—were dropped. (Some of them protested by pulling out their shirttails and jumping into the pool on stately Constitution Mall.) On July 19th Whalen himself took a salary cut from \$100,000 to \$75,000 a year. Soon the Fair directors began juggling the admission rates, experimenting first with bargain combination tickets, then with 40-cent evening and 50-cent week-end rates. In the last month of the '39 season a straight cut to a 50-cent adult admission was made.

Meanwhile, unknown to the public, a real revolution was brewing in the copper-sheeted sanctum of the board room. There was an ironclad rule that all expenditures or obligations undertaken must first be approved by the Executive Committee. Yet in the excited early days of the Fair it seems that a great many expenditures had been made without going through this formal channel. Hence the Fair Corporation, according to men on the inside, found itself saddled with an alarmingly large amount of unexpected debts.

Grover Whalen, according to his defenders on the board, made an effort to economize. But he had put so much of himself into the birth of the Fair that he was psychologically incapable of strangling his own baby. So, in mid-August, the storm broke.

The Fair found itself owing amounts variously estimated at from \$4,200,000 to \$5,819,024 to contractors and other debtors. The contractors, who were pressing claims for at least \$2,800,000, banded together and employed counsel. Some of these facts leaked out to the papers, but what didn't leak out—and this is on authority of a high Fair official—was that the contractors were threatening to try to close up the Fair if they weren't paid immediately.

In this desperate hour the Fair turned to Harvey D. Gibson, president and

chairman of the board of the Manufacturers Trust Company of New York, who was chairman of the Fair's Finance Committee. Gibson had had much to do with promoting bond sales. He had been quoted in the papers during the bond drive as stating, "No one will be asked to buy on the basis of aiding a community enterprise. . . . The Fair is designed to stand on its own feet as a business enterprise." Understandably, a banker of his standing felt a rather keen responsibility over the way things were going.

Gibson was on vacation in his native New Hampshire when he received a call that was virtually an S.O.S. He hurried back to New York, called a meeting of the Finance Committee, and organized the Fair's scheme for saving itself through the aid of its own bondholders.

The scheme was simply this: In selling the bonds the Fair had pledged itself to put aside 40 per cent of the daily gate receipts toward eventual redemption of the debentures. This earmarked money had piled up and would go a long way toward saving the Fair—if the Fair could get its hands on it legally. Gibson proposed that the bondholders consent to lend the Fair this money. He turned to the Executive Committee, composed of some of America's top-flight business men and bankers, and asked them to go out "like traveling salesmen" to "sell" the bondholders. In practically no time a large majority of the debenture-holders gave their consent and the Fair "borrowed" \$1,222,018.84 from their interest fund. Then, on the strength of this new deal, it got an additional \$750,000 from the banks and managed to stave off the contractors and other creditors. The house now was heavily mortgaged but it was in order. And Harvey Gibson went back to New Hampshire.

But not for long. One week later the Executive Committee unanimously voted to ask the banker to take over the Fair. Gibson was notified and he promised a

reply within forty-eight hours. At the end of this time he sent the committee a telegram— "a very long telegram," one of the committeemen described it. The text of that wire never was made public, but one committeeman who saw it said that it was "very clear." Banker Gibson would take the job, but he must have complete charge. Grover Whalen must be out of the picture.

On August 31, 1939, the boys in Working Press got word there would be a story for them. Late that afternoon a conservatively dressed man, whom none of the regular Fair correspondents knew by sight, walked over Canoe Bridge from the Administration Building beside the impeccably attired Grover Whalen, whom they all knew well. Grover brought the stranger upstairs and introduced him as the new chairman of the board of the Fair Corporation, Harvey D. Gibson, who was to have full financial and executive powers. He was to serve without salary and would devote full time to the affairs of the exposition. Gibson stated at once that Whalen was remaining as president, and smilingly denied that anything of an "emergency" nature had brought about the change.

"The World's Fair is a pretty big job," he explained. "I want to do everything I can to help Grover."

There was no open friction between the two men in those days. In fact, on occasions Gibson went out of his way to let Whalen down easily. Gibson adhered to his rule of no newspaper interviews or comments on personal matters relating to himself or Whalen, but in private conversation he once told a story that illustrated the attitude he was willing to assume. During the first World War Gibson had been prominent in American Red Cross work. By 1919 he was commissioner for all Europe and had built up an organization that was disbursing millions of dollars.

"When the brunt of the work was over and the Red Cross wanted to start retrenching it got another commissioner,"

he said. "I couldn't do the job, for I had built up the organization and wasn't the man to start tearing it down."

Two weeks later Whalen sailed to persuade the war-troubled nations of Europe, some of which already had left the exposition or were threatening to do so, to continue their participation through 1940. To his credit it must be said that the Great Salesman did an excellent job under difficult circumstances, though it was impossible, because of the war and what some of the nations had learned about American labor and the shortcomings of expositions in general, to repeat his pre-fair triumphs.

In the meantime, Gibson had moved into Whalen's luxurious office in the Administration Building and was trying to blot up the red ink. That Whalen office, an oval-shaped room, reminiscent of the President's White House study, was a sort of hair-shirt to the New England banker. He would gaze at the lush appointments, mentally calculate how much money had been wasted on fancy trimmings, and thereupon knock another couple of thousand dollars off the budget.

The new financial boss was a budget-director's dream come true. Gibson slapped the Fair on the operating table, performed a few major amputations of the payroll, then bled the patient and placed it on a strict diet. By the end of the 1939 season, though the Fair still owed \$24,042,204 on its bonds, it had wiped out the \$750,000 borrowed from the banks in August, and was able to pay off all but \$533,173.33 of the amount owed contractors and others, including the interest "borrowed" from the obliging investors. That \$533,173.33 was cleared up early the following June out of 1940 receipts.

Not only did Gibson plug the leaks in the cash box, but he had the Fair's ballyhoo department subject the country to a withering publicity campaign in an effort to spike the 1939 stories about high costs and wholesale "gypping" in New York and at the Fair. The exposition strove desperately to convince the popu-

lace that it was just a "folksy, super-county fair" and that the high-hat and stuffed-shirt trimmings of '39 were in the ash can. It had even talked the hotels of New York into sponsoring a scheme called the Golden Key contest, for giving away an automobile free each night to the holder of a lucky key; it gave away other automobiles too in limerick contests—so many cars in all that a sort of standing joke developed about the mythical guy who went to the Fair one day and *didn't* win an automobile.

It had been interesting to watch the change in Harvey Gibson's personality. From the rather stiff, extremely wary banker, he unfolded into a man who could wax enthusiastic as any press agent over midway concessions. His particular joy, next to the "American Jubilee," the Fair's big (and financially costly) patriotic musical spectacle, was a little stand where you could buy three wooden balls for a dime and try to smash assorted crockery, including one large pot of an almost vanished utilitarian type. On opening night in 1940 Gibson stood in the downpour in the amusement area, which he had rechristened "The Great White Way," waving to a good-natured, noisy crowd; he was as uninhibited as any master-of-ceremonies that night as he tossed his expensive hat into a puddle, bared his silvery head to the rain, and performed an exhibition waltz with Mary Pickford while the band played "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

Yet the 1940 Fair was not a success. Just before the season opened on May 11th Gibson told a group of business and professional men at a Wall Street Club luncheon that it would take a gate of 40,000,000 to pay off the bondholders in full—and at that they would have to regard interest as payment toward the principal. "Those of you who are bondholders have two things to pray for," he said. "One is good weather and the other is the success of the Golden Key." But the early weather was terrible and by the time more pleasant days set in the damage was done. And the Golden

Key contest turned out to be so complicated that it would almost take a mathematical genius, armed with charts and maps and a convoy from the Explorers' Club, to discover what to do to win one of the cars; consequently, it was not the life-saver that had been expected.

The Fair really never had hoped seriously for a 40,000,000 second-year attendance, but it had expected a minimum of 20,000,000—even Chicago had stayed within 6,000,000 of the first-year total during its second season. It fell short even of that minimum.

IV

Not yet can all the facts be sorted out for the benefit of posterity's fair promoters. There are a lot of chapters to which historians may devote themselves. Lighter-minded fellows among them, for instance, may be titillated by the lively history of the Fair's amusement area. In pre-fair days there were noble pronunciamientos from the management to the effect that there would be no "low" (*i.e.*, nude or semi-nude) performers in the midway, that this Fair was too high-class for such business. Whalen even gave Sally Rand, the dancer who helped fan the Chicago fair into fame, a cold shoulder when she tried to talk business with him.

Yet the truth of the matter is that both the '39 and '40 fairs were teeming with dove-dancers, flame-dancers, devil-dancers, wine-bathers, sun-worshippers, "art" models, Salomes, and even one young woman who did a dance with a rubber creature known as Oscar the Obscene Octopus (later modified to Oscar the Ominous Octopus), all of whom performed in some degree of nudity. In 1940 the disrobing infection spread even to the transportation area, when the staid railroads industry engaged a young woman to do a highly diverting striptease in a compartment of a sliced-off Pullman in "Railroads on Parade." Flesh was a dime a dozen at New York's high-toned fair; the curious thing is

that there was so much of it that no single little stripper was able to emerge as a dominant personality, like Miss Rand or her spiritual grandmother, Little Egypt, of many years ago.

More serious historians may be captivated by the recollections of the high-sounding preachments that were sounded off as the great Fair got under way—beautiful, resonant statements about a World of To-morrow, peace, freedom, democracy, and fellowship among nations. Before the exposition even opened little nations such as Albania and Czechoslovakia, both exhibitors, were snuffed out, and, before it closed, this “fellowship among nations” had claimed the independence of more than a half-dozen others. The real “World of To-morrow” became such an ugly place that the Fair changed its second-year slogan to “For Peace and Freedom”—but there wasn’t too much of that either by the time the exposition finally closed.

Before the first season was over there was very little that European exhibitors could hope for in trade or tourism from Americans. A number of countries—even some of the assiduously courted Latin-Americans—got out, making no secret of their belief that it simply wasn’t worth while. Soviet Russia was the most conspicuous example of a visitor that pulled up roots and went back where it came from—the Communists, apparently, hadn’t found their sojourn at the Fair very fruitful. Yet many of the foreign nations that did continue their exhibits professed to be highly pleased with the good will and expressions of interest that their pavilions had aroused.

Spokesmen for the major American commercial exhibitors, who originally had poured an estimated \$30,000,000 into the Fair and had spent untold millions on upkeep, seemed unanimous in their agreement that, to them, the Fair had been worth the effort. Toward the end of the 1940 season Colonel Sherman R. Snapp, president of the Exhibitors’ Association, said exhibitors were “practically one hundred per cent satisfied.”

Even though the Fair itself may not have drawn the throngs it had expected, the commercial exhibits, which after all had a limited capacity, usually were reasonably busy, and so the exhibitors felt they were reaching a sufficiently large audience of potential consumers, he explained.

The leading entertainment success of the Fair of course was Mr. Billy Rose’s Aquacade; it was estimated to have drawn more than 8,000,000 paying customers over the two years. In the exhibit areas practically all of the major exhibitors—Ford, Chrysler, Borden’s, Railroads, the utilities, and so on down the list—piled up impressive attendance totals, but the most publicized attraction of the entire Fair was General Motors’ Futurama, which caused nearly 10,000,000 persons to stand in line for countless hours during 1939 and ’40.

What did New York City get in hard cash for its pains? Chicago civic organizations estimated that the two years of the Chicago exposition brought \$700,000,000 to \$770,000,000 into their city. The Flushing planners, therefore, modestly decided that their Fair ought to leave a round \$1,000,000,000 of visitors’ money scattered about town. Enthusiasts even added another half-billion—but that was unofficial.

It is doubtful if any accurate figures on this score ever will be compiled, but it is safe to say, on information obtained from certain Fair officials and key figures in the hotel and entertainment industries, that in this respect the Fair was a fiasco. Though 1939 was a bad year in general and the Fair undoubtedly prevented Manhattan business ledgers from fully reflecting the slump, the Broadway and Fifth Avenue boys soon came to the melancholy realization that all America wasn’t just dying to rush up and deposit gold at their feet. The Fair helped the New York hotels somewhat in 1939, less in 1940; it helped the transit service a great deal; it disbursed nearly \$57,000,000 in wages (a big benefit to New York); but as for night clubs, theaters, and such,

most of them made no secret of the fact that as far as they were concerned Flushing Meadow could have remained a city dump.

So now it is all over. For years—even before the exposition opened—New York's dynamic and highly articulate Parks Commissioner, Robert Moses, has lived for the day when he could get his hands on the 1,216½ acres of Fair grounds and convert them into a permanent public park. Toward the sunset of the Fair's life span a blistering controversy developed when Chairman Gibson attempted to persuade the War and Navy Departments to take over the grounds for a military training camp, and Commissioner Moses, who had fought every proposal, screwball or serious, to delay his park, violently denounced it as an attempt to sabotage the park project in order to save an extra batch of dollars for the bondholders.

The park-versus-barracks controversy seemed to simmer down—though there was no telling whether conscription demands suddenly might revive it again—and, in the closing weeks of the Fair, it appeared as if Trylon and Perisphere and all the acres of "Mad Meadow" were going to be plowed under to make way for a new people's playground. If the demolition plans are not interrupted by any national emergency all but a few of the odd-shaped, be-muraled

buildings should be cleared away within one hundred and twenty days. Then the Fair will have a series of assorted major and minor worries to dissipate—legal and insurance matters to wind up and 1,001 items of trivia to settle.

The customs men too are going to have a problem in disposing of approximately \$60,000,000 worth of foreign goods, brought in either under bond or under guarantee. They must see to it that duty is paid on some 16,000 tons of assorted art treasures, jewels, carved elephant tusks, microscopically engraved grains of rice, railroad trains, prehistoric relics, bolts of woollens, and practically everything else imaginable under the sun, or else that they are sent back to the far corners of the globe whence they came, or that they are destroyed, or put in a bonded warehouse, or abandoned to the United States Government.

But eventually it all will be settled, and only the memories and the figures in red ink, and the records of bonds written off as bad investments on income tax returns will remain. One thing though is certain: the next man who pops up with the suggestion that Manhattan solve its financial and propaganda problems by putting on a World's Fair had better have a good, fast automobile waiting for him with the motor running, ready to take him to a safe hideaway.



SAVORA'S

A STORY

BY SYLVIA THOMPSON

WHEN you wanted to dine exquisitely in a muffled and luxurious quiet you went to Savora's.

There is no gourmet, no expensive woman who does not know that olive-green door a few steps off Piccadilly. At Savora's there was the first asparagus, the earliest mimosa, oysters just out of bed, the comice pear in its second of perfection. If Savora gave you a rose from the vase on your table it lasted three weeks. An indiscreet couple, lunching in that hushed atmosphere (always very faintly fragrant of pineapple and gardenias), were spun into a kind of cocoon of discretion whose invisible substance emanated, I think, from Savora himself; so that the most flagrant love affair in the shaded light of those silver sconces became a delicious diplomacy.

Savora himself had the face of a domesticated bandit. He was a little man in the sense that Bonaparte was a little man. That is to say he had a bow stomach and a heavy brow and indefatigable little legs. (There never was a good restaurateur who could not traverse miles of carpet in a day.) But here the Corsican resemblance stops except for the complexion. For Savora's black eyes were not brooding; they were bright, clever, and quick-moving and greedy; and, when one got to know him, they could be gay or excited or deeply sentimental. And his sense of his own greatness was ebulliently extrovert.

Savora first observed me when I

dined there with what I was later to hear him categorize as "a courtesy-title Lorré." Next time I was with Elgar Shane, who has painted every woman that Savora has fed. Savora came springing over to talk to Elgar. At first I had the impression they were exchanging inside information about duchesses, movie actors, business magnates; then I realized that Savora was only receiving information and giving little thoughtful nods with those exclamations that Latins make, some inhaled and some exhaled. "She's gone to Antibes now—" said Elgar; and that glossy black estuary that divided the baldness on Savora's head shone as he nodded, his brown chunky left hand resting on his hip, his right thumb tucked behind the right lapel of his coat just below the red carnation.

The next time I went he came over to my table, giving my name distinction as he spoke it, and hazarded a passing "miladi" to my companion. (He was to check her up later; "that lady in naveeblue who was with you in Aprile last year, who was she?") He recommended a wine to us and told me he had seen a photograph "in the noospaper" of my children. He added that they were "beautiful children!"

Next time he asked me at once if the children were well, with a warmth of interest which I tried vainly to believe was just professional. I asked him if he was fond of children. He told me that he had some of his own and came back

from a vivacious greeting of a Personage, to inform me that his eldest boy, Alberto, was now at London University, and that his youngest was a little girl of four—"Graziella," he said, the radiance of a young mother on his smooth bandit's face. He moved away again with a skating walk. But our waiter placated my interest by the timidly offered information that the children of the patron were "verree nice indeed."

I had noticed this waiter before because of his likeness to a little monkey. His eyes seemed dark with the unshed tears of exile, and he was as clearly stamped with a sad little destiny as Savora's resilient astute personality was marked for satisfactions and rewards. In fact, this little grizzle-headed man would have seemed usual in a cheap restaurant in Soho; and was so unlike Savora's other waiters, all sleek, young, acrobatic, that I wondered at his being there.

Savora returned later during my luncheon, to respond to a murmured inquiry from my companion by whisking out a piece of card and scribbling "His Excellency the German Ambassador"—and as he slipped the card back in his pocket he gave a little jerk-up of his head, suave in its discretion, yet in its restrained vigor implying that he let the quality of his clientèle demonstrate that there was nowhere better than Savora's.

The short cut to my friendship for Savora was of course the subject of children. Not that he ever thought of it as "friendship." Perhaps friendliness is the better description; he called it "my kind interest" and, I think, explained it by my being a writer. He said to me on the day when he invited me to visit his family, "Naturally a writer must see all sorts of peoples"—his manner a mixture of deference and cordiality. He told me he had discussed the invitation with his wife, and what an honor she would find it! And at last—here pride expanded his face until the shrewder lines vanished—at last he would be able to show me the children.

I asked him if his wife was pretty.

"My wife?" His face and then hands mimed indecision like a showing-off child. He twisted a corner of his lips. "She isn't too bad, I must say it if I shouldn't, Signorina." He always used "Signorina" to me, assuming that I liked to be addressed by my pen name. If I telephoned for a table and he himself came to the telephone, it was always, "A table for the Signorina. . . ."

It was arranged that he should drive me to his home at Putney for tea. He added, to the obvious reason of this being his free time, the remark that his wife liked best to have a tea-party.

Next day as he drove me to Putney I thought that in his black Homburg and black jacket and pin-striped trousers and gray spats he looked surprisingly like any Italian commercial traveler. I had been lunching at the restaurant and watched him, when the last client had left, retire through the swing door still in his grandiose manner and re-emerge, oddly vulgarized, tan gloves in hand, snapping back orders over his shoulder. As we were getting into his car, a Fiat, for whose shabbiness he made excuses, my little monkey waiter appeared and got into the back. I think it was on that drive that Savora talked about his childhood in Florence. His father had a retail glove shop; "We lived over a little square, off the *Via* —" (I forget which street.)

We entered a semi-circular drive before a gray-granite villa of unusual height, its front door painted glossy olive-green. A wire basket of pink geraniums hung below the portico and every window was bridally festooned with thick white lace. Savora sprang on to the flight of white steps, black Homburg in hand, making little bows while he repeated boastfully that here was his humble home. The little waiter had climbed out after us and I saw him efface himself into a side entrance of the house.

I will not catalogue the contents of Savora's home. The majolica umbrella stand, the false Watteaus, purple-velvet

portières, exquisite Aubusson carpets, French sofas and Oriental brass tables. All these were only a background for the family Savora—that smiling rigidly posed album group, entirely dressed in white.

Mrs. Savora rose from a sofa to welcome me. She was in a white serge costume, her blouse had a white satin jabot, her shoes were white. She looked like an opera singer dressed for yachting; it seemed as if at any moment her smile might change to the richest contralto singing. Savora presented, rather than introduced, them all; his satisfaction spotlighting in turn Graziella, a Correggio angel vulgarized by a big white-silk hair bow; Carmen, aged eight, with a curranty stare and brilliantined ringlets; Angelo and Benedetto in white sailor blouses, one curly, one glossy-haired, and both with brown velvet eyes; Vittoria, a beauty aged twelve in an Irish-lace blouse and a white pleated skirt; Andreana, a thin fifteen-year-old in similar clothes with a fuzzy head and spectacles; and Alberto, aged eighteen. Alberto's black trousers and Andreana's black patent shoes were the only dark notes. Alberto resembled his mother; he had her glowing skin, and looked contented and pleasure-loving.

After the first moments of introduction the stiffness was gone—as if the photograph had been taken. And with "Thetis, look after the Signorina," Savora vanished muttering the phrase "Washandbrushup."

Mrs. Savora urged me to sit down and handed me a plate with a folded lace napkin and a gilt teaknife and fork, and told me that she was "ever so pleased" to see me. She spoke a suburban English enriched by her Mediterranean accent. While I ate my first sandwich she told me, with smiling contented glances, about the injustice of Alberto's examination papers, Andreana's constipation, the bargain she had made yesterday for an ermine scarf, about her mother's recent death in Athens, and the details of her last confinement,

when Graziella was born. Everything she said was filtered through her smile.

The tea was of the kind caterers produce for weddings, plates of fragile sandwiches, cream-filled cakes, éclairs, pastry flans. The children all sat round, their lace serviettes tucked in below their chins, their plates on their knees, holding their gilt knives and forks. One of them, I think it was Angelo, fetched a tray and Mrs. Savora put on it a kitchen cup of tea, and cakes and sandwiches. As the little boy went out of the room, she explained that it was for the "*povero Enrichino*," and I learned that my little waiter inhabited an attic room. She told me, with an affectionate placidity, of his troubles: how his wife had died last year, and it was Mr. Savora's idea that Enrichino should live with them. She said, "Mr. Savora is very charitable." I wondered if they had deducted his rent from his wages, and tried to imagine him, upstairs, eating those gala cakes before returning to Mayfair to serve an incomparable dinner to the French diplomat, who, Savora had hinted during our drive, had ordered a table for to-night.

Before the child returned Savora himself came in. He wore a pair of white flannel trousers and a hyacinth-blue shirt unzipped at the neck to expose a plump brown bosom garnished with tendrils of black hair. Round his waist was a belt of emerald and violet stripes. He sat down, clapping his hands genially, his knees apart, his stomach comfortably bowed out, smiling with that flashing automatic sweetness of the Italian in a good humor. He asked, "The Signorina is enjoying her tea?" While his expression demanded with superb complacency, "What does the Signorina think of my family?" (His inquiry as to my pleasure in my tea had inevitably the cadence of "Miladi likes? Your Excellency is enjoying?")

Mrs. Savora sent another child to ask "Meesesclarrk" for more hot water, and turned to me to complain archly, her red lips drawn back over her teeth,

that Mr. Savora would not allow her "to have a parrlorrmaid." Then she gave him a rolling, flirting glance from under her eyelids, and he, stretching out his capable hairy arm to take several sandwiches, shook his head indulgently, threw her back a humorous lustful glance, and remarked,

"Parrlorrmaids are damnnonsense."

This was evidently his habitual ruling in the matter and caused a perfunctory "Notty Boy!" while the children turned their toffy-brown munching faces to one another, and their white teeth shone. Mrs. Clarke herself came in with the hot water; a bony woman in a stained high-necked apron, bringing an aroma of mutton that contrasted with the perfume of *Quelques Fleurs* emanating from Savora since his washandbrushup. When she had gone again Mrs. Savora said, "He won't pay" (she pronounced it "pie") "for a uniform. *You* know"; she patted my hand confidentially, "you know, Signorina, a nice afternnoon black and cap an' aprron, eh? But he don't mind to spend twenty-five pounds on a sofa, eh?" She patted the sofa on which we sat; it was covered in deep-rose brocade.

"Upholstery must be first-class," pronounced Savora. "Eh, Graziella, isn't it so?" He drew the child into the crook of his arm, "Eh, Graziella?" As he gazed on her swarthy cherub face his shrewd eyelids had the tenderness of a Madonna. Then he began a lazy amorous bickering with his wife, the question of upholstering giving rise to other instances of spending and saving. I remember that she asserted that it was she who had first had the idea of Savora's; the early Savora's in Dean Street, Soho—"a cheap place, but with a cachet,—*you* know, Signorina!"

From wartime, looking back, the years of peace seem to lose perspective, telescope up, and then widen out into a glowing commemorative fresco. When I recall that tea-party in Putney I see the hyacinth-blue shirt, Graziella's cherub

profile, the opulent whiteness of Mrs. Savora on her rose-pink sofa.

I wasn't in London during the first eight months of the war; during that winter of dull, queer suspense, and that spring of serene loveliness.

It was late May when I dined at Savora's. I had expected a change of atmosphere there; that some way the war must have infiltrated and tarnished.

There was a change. I saw and felt it the minute I got in; the minute that deep carpet was under my feet, and the warm fragrance of gardenias and pineapple in my senses. But the change was in kind not in degree. The peace smartness had become a war smartness. Mascaraed eyes were shadowed by peaks, masculine shoulders were exquisite in khaki, well-known gourmets' stomachs were zoned by Sam Brownes, air-force uniforms were steel-dark under the glow of the silver sconces; Admiral X was dining in a corner with his son, a boy in battle-dress; Savora's most faithful duchess was there with one of the few men in mufti, a rosy star of the Ministry of Information. I noticed a couple of French officers in stained uniforms (Dunkirk was twenty-four hours ago).

Savora led us to our table. (I was with a journalist back from Paris that morning.) I had a talk with Savora. He mentioned the obvious difficulties of wartime catering. But he was in high spirits. I don't mean gay spirits; high-grave spirits. He spoke of the "miracle of Dunkirk" with reverence, and tears in his eyes, and I remembered that he was a Catholic. He said, his look brooding and defiant, his chin thrust forward in his Bonaparte manner, "But we shall win, Signorina! We shall *win*"; and I saw that he had forgotten his own nationality.

I watched him go from one table to another, his vivacious murmur to a girl and boy, a couple (I recognized them, just married and both in khaki); I saw his quick passage of humor with two staff officers, and his response to the grunt of cordiality from Admiral X in

the corner. And as I watched I realized a new aspect of Savora's, and of Savora himself. I realized that what he was giving and getting was not just an exchange of obsequiousness and patronage, service and payment. There was something else, for which I can't find a better word than affection. It was mixed up of course with all those specious motives that make restaurateurs over-courteous and their patrons lavish. But the affection was there. He was giving and getting it, and with it, the sort of lift of loyalty that gets into ordinary peacetime associations in wartime. To his clientèle that night Savora's was part of London; their London that they were quite ready, after dinner to-night if necessary, to die for. And Savora himself, whom they had known in all the good easy years, was here with them now, in this bad time, so that they felt to-night, sipping his cognac, that his black-padded shoulder, red carnation in the lapel, was lined up next to theirs.

As I was going Savora came up to me at the door. I asked him about his children. He told me he had wanted to take a house for them in a safety area, but Thetis had refused to go. He said, "She like Putney best." He added, "They don't like to leave *me*," beaming a momentary conceit and tenderness. Enrichino hurried to whisper something; a lady was displeased. I recognized her, a full-bosomed caryatid of the A.T.S. "Excuse me, Signorina." As I went out Savora was bending over her, his fingertips pressed together in concern, his features shadowed in attention.

Two days after Italy came into the war, I read Savora's name in the list of well-known restaurateurs interned. I felt a jolt of dismay and sympathy. There was nothing I could do. But I kept being haunted by the thought of Savora, wrenched away from his family and their beloved bedizened Putney home.

I seemed to see all their smiles switched off, like footlights. And I wondered also about Enrichino.

The torpedoing of the *Arandora Star* was announced on the nine o'clock radio news. No names of course; just the summary, and in its few hideous indications the brutality of that stampede of Germans and Italians fighting one another for survival. "Among the victims several well-known Italian restaurant proprietors."

Savora's name was in the list of victims published ten days later.

I wrote to Mrs. Savora. After a delay I had a note from her, thick black borders round envelope and paper. She thanked me for my "very kind sympathy"; she would be so pleased if I would visit her any time.

The façade of the gray Putney villa had the sardonic unchangedness of the inanimate things in tragedy. The windows displayed a bridal freshness; the geranium basket hung below the portico. I pressed a bell button in its polished brass plate, and the door was opened by—I realized it was "Meesesclarrk" transfigured in a black dress and white cap and apron. She said "Madam's in the drawin'-room."

I am inaccurate in saying the windows were unchanged. As I entered the drawing-room I realized that all the blinds—ivory yellow blinds with wide bands of filet lace across the bottom, were half-down, so that the room was shadowed like a museum on a summer afternoon. And in this amber light was Mrs. Savora in black, as completely in black as she had formerly been remarkably in white. Black-serge dress, high to the throat, black widow's veil cascading from a hat of black straw, black stockings, black patent shoes and black kid gloves—a solid monument of Latin, or Levantine, widowhood, that would have struck me as caricature if her grief hadn't been so striking also, her eyelids so swollen and stained, her mouth so piteous.

"Ah . . . Signorina! . . . Signorina! . . ."

We sat together on the rose brocade

sofa, and her black kid-bound fingers kept gripping mine while she told me, the thickened contralto notes tumbling into the museum stillness of the room, how she had heard the news. "It was the 9 o'clock news . . . I sit here, with the children . . . only not Alberto, Alberto is in Italy. Did you know, Signorina, Savora sent Alberto before the war and I have *no* news of him. He must be in the army." . . . When she had pushed the handkerchief back into the black crocodile bag on her knee she told me how, suddenly, she had realized the words "torpedoed"—Germans and Italians. At once she knew! But the children only understood when they heard her scream out. She said, "I knew that there was no hope . . . I see him *drowning!*" She repeated these phrases and others, her tears flowing, her underlip shaking. "When the children understood they begin also to scream. Graziella, she is like me, she had hysterics, no one could quiet her, she scream and scream and I was the same, and Andreana, she telephone for the doctor."

At this point she broke off to get up and go to the door and out into the hall and shout up to the children to come downstairs, and I could hear her raucous honeyed scolding, "Didn't I tell you to come and say how-dy-do to the Signorina?"

They came: the negative of their former photograph; in black, even to the pleating of Andreana's and Vittoria's skirts. The little boys' black sailor blouses had white stripes on the collars; Graziella's hair bow was black. They came each in turn across the parquet to shake hands and offer me their muted smiles.

Their mother had returned to her place beside me. When they had gone out she once more let her grief have its way with her, expressing it with more tears and more narration, telling me, without chronology, the whole story of Savora's internment: "the police coming that night, it was the Wednesday night

and they come right in here into the drawing-room, imagine it! Savora he keep saying he will come back soon and warr will be over soon. He kiss us all so many times. He is so upset. But upset! You should have *seen* him, Signorina! And the children!"

I saw them . . . I saw him going. [The alien corn . . . St. Helena.] I asked her if they had taken Enrichino at the same time. "*Si, si.*" I envisaged his sad, lined little face as he followed his patron down the white steps, his last look over his shoulder at the patron's wife and beautiful children.

Mrs. Savora opened her bag and took out a folded sheet of thin paper. "The letter of Enrichino," she said. She handed it to me, and I asked if he had been on the *Arandora Star* also. She nodded, staring in front of her. "Yes, yes, read, Signorina."

The writing was spidery, the description brief from evident lack of the power or habit of description. It was in English. It began "*I am so sorry.*" There are two passages that I remember. "*A German gentleman pushed over Mr. Savora when he was entering a boat. I call out to him but there was very big noise. I am in a boat.*" The other phrase: "*Last thing I see his face in the waves. He is crying terrible.*"

I gave her back the letter. Perhaps she had read it so many times that the horror concentrated in its inexpert words had been assimilated in her general grief. Or, in spite of her personal loss, she may have been able to feel, as from an arena, the drama of that scene that, to me, was only sickening horror. Horror unredeemed by courage. Enrichino, cowering in a boat, staring in agony at the awful seething waters, the unresting wreckage, the wrenching, fighting figures in the water, and those other figures, rising and falling with the rise and fall of the wreckage; and that distorted face in the waves, "crying terrible."

I thought of that proverbial last moment when a drowning man sees his whole life. Was there for Savora, be-

tween those last beats of doomed terror, a timeless second when he saw . . . the "little square" in the Florentine sunshine. . . . A room, high up in a London boarding house, and his own twenty-year-old face smooth in the stained bit of mirror on the window-sill: and London itself a challenge of lamp-mooned fogs and elegant summers spread out like crimson carpets before the feet of Society. . . . Crimson carpets. Society. . . . The earnest deft apprenticeship to and fro through baize service doors, tail-coat at noon, the flicked napkin, the names, the faces; the manners of then famous *maîtres d'hôtel* observed and practiced. . . . The girl, a Greek, is pretty, plump; sensible too. She knows how to do accounts. . . . Two rooms. She laughs but knows how to cook. And "round the corner in Dean Street," she says, "there are premises to let." . . . Dean Street, Savora's. . . . Savora's, Mayfair. . . . "*Bon jour, Comtesse!*" . . . "Good-morning, Lord ——" . . . "Good-morning, Miss ——" . . . The flushed salmon trout; the comice pear in its moment of perfection. . . . The blackout has made no difference. "Good-morning, General!" "*Bon soir, Monsieur le Capitain.*" . . . "We shall *win*, Signorina!" . . . We shall win—in Mayfair, in Putney too. . . . Thetis she like Putney best. . . . Grazi-

ella's cherub face, dark eyes, in our splendid drawing-room on the sun-gold parquet. . . . Or is it Graziella? or is it . . . just one of the other children in the sunshine on the little square?

I asked Mrs. Savora, perfunctorily, if Enrichino was back in England.

"In a camp, yes . . . *il poverino!*" She added, "But we keep his room here just as he leave it and, do you know, Signorina, only yesterday"—her voice thickened again—"Graziella she put a red carnation just as he liked to wear it for a buttonhole in the vase in his room, that he had always on the glass shelf above the basin." Her thought had slid from Enrichino's attic to Savora's dressing room.

"But after the warr he will come back!"

My look must have shown uncertainty of her meaning; and as she realized this, her response was so trenchantly common sense as to sound like humor (which it wasn't).

"I am referring to Enrichino, Signorina."

It was in this connection that she mentioned her idea that after the war Enrichino might start a little restaurant, in Putney—it might be possible for her to find perhaps a little capital—"Quite a little restaurant, *you* know, Signorina, cheap, but with a cachet!"





EXPORTS AND APPEASEMENT

BY MILO PERKINS

ONE of the ironies of the great depression that hit us ten years ago was the overabundance of food on our farms and the growing amount of hunger in our cities. Looking back, we can see that there were three fundamental causes for farm surpluses: unemployment, scientific advance in farming, and decline of foreign trade.

All three of these causes are with us to-day in some measure. There is still unemployment. Men without jobs aren't very good customers for our farmers.

Through science we have learned how to grow two blades of grass where one grew before, but we haven't learned how to sell the extra blade at a profit. That has added to our farm surpluses.

The decade of the '30's was a tough one for farmers who depended upon export markets. One nation after another entered the frantic race to have its cake and eat it too by trying to sell all it could abroad and buy as little from other nations as possible. We were in the race from the beginning and part of the time we were out in front. Tariffs were raised; food was produced under government subsidies in certain countries at twice the cost of producing it elsewhere; imports and exports were licensed, and foreign exchange was blocked.

Rather than face the fact that foreign trade must run on a two-way street, we took gold instead of goods for our excess of exports over imports. The country's sense of horse-trading apparently was

not affronted when we swapped a ton and a half of corn for an ounce of gold. Even so, world trade in farm products declined. That added to farm surpluses.

Yet for all the restrictions in world trade the American farmer managed to hold on to a foreign market that during the '30's averaged eight hundred million dollars a year. Then came the present war. Exports held up fairly well immediately after the 1939 harvest, but by winter it became apparent that there had been tremendous changes since the first World War. The problem in that war was how we could produce enough to meet the demand; now our problem is how we can market our surpluses, even from restricted acreages. The invasion of Norway, the collapse of the Low Countries, and the closing of the Mediterranean shut off important markets. The fall of France cut us off entirely from the Continent. England reduced her food purchases from us substantially by summer. She was saving her dollar exchange for industrial goods and buying food as far as possible from within her Empire.

And the 1940 harvest came on. The seasons pay no attention to lost foreign outlets. Had we not been prepared through our comprehensive and varied agricultural programs for dealing with such an overnight crisis an utter collapse of farm prices would have taken place. It didn't. Actually, the prevention of such a collapse was more difficult than it was to lift farm prices from their low point in 1933. It was less bold and dramatic, however, and for that reason

it failed to capture the imagination of the public.

Normally, we export 45 per cent of our prunes and 30 per cent of our raisins. The Scandinavians like dried fruits. They still need them, but not a pound can get through to these Hitler-dominated countries now. Twelve per cent of our fresh apples and 45 per cent of our winter pears used to go into export, largely to Great Britain and the Continent. They won't be eating them this year. Maybe when you're ducking bombs you forget about fresh fruits, oranges and walnuts and pecans and canned peaches; but the farmers over here can't forget about their surpluses. Maybe you use whale oil instead of lard; but the farmers of the Corn Belt can't forget about that 300 million pound surplus in storage.

We had some 300 million bushels of wheat as a carry-over on July 1, 1940, then came a crop that ran 100 million bushels above domestic requirements. We'd like to export at least 150 million bushels. Canada alone, however, has 500 million bushels to sell. Even if there were no war going on, that would be enough to take care of the full needs of all the importing nations of the world. British bread this winter will be made largely from Canadian wheat.

We had over 8 million bales of cotton under government loan before the 1940 crop was picked. Last cotton year we sold $6\frac{1}{2}$ million bales for export, nearly a third of which was to Continental Europe. Total foreign sales for this year probably will run a little under 2 million bales.

Some 14 million persons in the United States are dependent directly or indirectly on the production of cotton. If overnight we were to stop producing it for a foreign market the number of persons thrown out of work would be greater than the total relief load now being carried by WPA.

There are troubles ahead for farmers who have been producing for an overseas market and they are likely to continue for several years. The only lasting cure

is to get more of the land now in export crops into crops for domestic consumption. It's a long-time job, and it means finding other work for displaced farmers; but it means solid security for the long pull.

The immediate marketing problems were met for the 1940 harvest by commodity loans of several hundred million dollars, by the heaviest seasonal purchases of surplus commodities ever made by our government, by marketing agreements, and by various other programs for expanding domestic consumption. Farm prices were maintained. The emergency was met and we cleared the first hurdle.

Our next job is to find bigger and better customers for all the food and cotton we now have in storage. This might be done, in a measure, by feeding and clothing the destitute peoples of continental Europe. Before we make up our minds that these goods should be sent through the British blockade, however, we need to do some straight and some rather uncomfortable thinking.

We need to remember some of the ugly things that happened after the last World War. For instance, thousands of underfed and half-starved German boys were brought back to health in Dutch and Scandinavian homes after the Armistice. Under a Nazi leadership that gave them no alternative, they returned in less than twenty years to conquer the very countries that had given them life itself when they were helpless children. We mustn't forget that. The Hitler regime can't be trusted.

This is a new and an utterly different kind of world and parts of it are unbelievably brutal. Horrible as it is, some starvation in Europe now, under the British blockade, may be necessary to break the Hitler stranglehold on free men. It may be the alternative to slavery for a thousand years under the Nazis. It's something to think about.

But the real test for us will come if Hitler wins abruptly. That's when he's going to need the food and the other raw

materials of the New World to underwrite his military conquest and make it stick. Just what he will use for money no one seems to know, but Nazi agents in New York already have suggested that we put up five billion dollars in gold or other credits as our contribution toward being able to "sell" our own goods.

Naturally we shall not be asked to make loans to Germany. On the contrary, we shall be asked to provide billions of dollars to rehabilitate France, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and Poland. Every effort will be made to persuade us that such countries are not ruled by puppet governments. Our hearts will tell us that we ought to do all we can to aid these suffering peoples.

We did something of that sort on a large scale after the last World War, but that was before any totalitarian threat to our own institutions appeared. Most of the loans were not repaid of course. The "sales" that added so much to the fictitious prosperity of the '20's turned out, as everyone knows, to be gifts. At last we got tired of giving away our surpluses abroad through this stupid device of letting foreigners "buy" them with our own money, and the stocks that thereupon piled up did much to bring on the crash of 1929.

That's going to be pointed out to us if we balk at playing Santa Claus to the Nazis. While there's still time to be calm about it we ought to explore what they would do if we refused to be suckers. The German pattern of conquest is known; we don't have to guess about it.

Hitler would threaten us with economic collapse if we didn't trade with him on his own terms. Cotton farmers and automobile manufacturers and tobacco farmers and our oil companies would be told that they were facing ruin in foreign markets, unless our government "co-operated" in the extension of credits. Corporations with foreign investments would be easy prey for this kind of propaganda. The Nazis would make some heavy purchases from other

nations just to prove their point. Countries in South America would be played off against us.

Becoming frightened and giving in to such threats is just what economic appeasement means. It always comes first; political control and territorial appeasement and military domination come afterward. It's part of the Nazi "divide and conquer" technic to undermine democracies. It bewilders a free and individualistic people. This strategy has been successful elsewhere, and it's going to be tried on us if Hitler wins.

We need to put internal strength above external generosity now, as a matter of self-protection against possible military attack in the future. It's a case of building up a country strong enough to defend itself on every front before we build up a continental Europe strong enough to attack us. If Britain falls this is where democracy will be making its last stand.

In the event of a Hitler victory the United States can take either of two courses. We can follow the road of economic appeasement and make loans to puppet governments abroad so that they can "buy" our industrial and agricultural surpluses with our own money, or we can make the internal adjustments necessary to use most of our surpluses at home.

If we are wise enough to choose this latter course it will not mean abandoning trade with a Nazi-dominated Europe. Quite the contrary. Some trade with the totalitarians makes sense. We must conduct it on our own terms, however, and be good enough business men to make a profit out of it.

But our very democracy hinges upon getting ourselves in a position to tell Hitler that we look upon trade outside this hemisphere as so much velvet anyway and that we are not dependent upon it.

II

If we want to preserve our democracy it's going to take more than guns to defend it. Among other things it will

take a healthy people. In August I received a rather alarming letter from an Army colonel in charge of recruiting in one of our larger cities.

Three-fourths of the applicants for military service in this particular city were rejected for health reasons during a given test period. Over half of those thus rejected were underweight, which is a pretty good sign of malnutrition during the years these boys were growing up. The first thing to do with our farm surpluses is to give the underfed in our own country a chance to eat them as a matter of national health defense. Later, if the Nazi grip on human liberty is broken, we can help to feed the whole world. It's physically possible, and we can find ways to make it fiscally possible.

If we have tears to shed for the hungry we'd better shed them first in our own backyard. Heretofore one look at hunger abroad through a telescope has filled us with compassion; maybe if enough of us discover the same thing here at home through a microscope it will fill us with a rising indignation. That's been the reaction among the people who have learned the facts.

There are simple facts known about this problem of under-consumption here at home. They are based on a study made in 1935-36 by the Bureau of Labor Statistics and the Bureau of Home Economics with the collaboration of the National Resources Committee.

Two-thirds of our people—80 million persons—live on an average cash income of only \$69 a month for a whole family. That's the story of under-consumption in one sentence. Some 20 million persons getting public assistance spend an average of five cents a meal for food. In areas where the Food Stamp Plan is operating this is increased to an average of seven and one-half cents a meal. When a man goes off relief and gets a job at about \$100 a month, however, expenditures run from ten to twelve cents a meal. Every time an unemployed man gets a job therefore every farmer in America ought to shout hallelujah.

Now for the third figure. If all the families making less than \$100 a month ate as much as those which do make \$100 a month, nearly two billion dollars a year would be added to the national food bill. We'd actually have to produce *more* dairy products, *more* poultry products, *more* meats, and *more* of most of the fruits and vegetables to meet the demand. Over and above the land now in cultivation, an area about the size of the State of Iowa would be required to produce the additional food for that two-billion-dollar market.

We ought to produce more of these foods on part of the lands that are now in cotton and wheat and tobacco. Our nation needs them for a minimum diet. It's one way to avoid the pressure for economic appeasement later on if Hitler wins. It will take time and it won't be easy, but it will give agriculture a lasting stability.

The undeveloped market for foods among our low-income families is tremendous. Families making \$500 a year or less, for example, buy only 28 per cent as much fluid milk as families making \$1200 a year; only 33 per cent as many tomatoes; only 46 per cent as much beef and 13 per cent as much lamb; only 44 per cent as much poultry and 57 per cent as many eggs; only 47 per cent as much butter and 39 per cent as many dried fruits like the prunes and raisins which used to go to Europe; only 23 per cent as many oranges and 21 per cent as many apples. When we look at things from this minimum dietary point of view it becomes apparent that the term "surpluses," as applied to most foods, is simply a smug, polite name for a shocking amount of under-consumption.

The nation has ways to use its surpluses at home to-day that it didn't have in the decade of the '20's. During this school year, for example, some six million youngsters will be getting their noonday lunches free, made in whole or in part from vitamin-rich, surplus foods.

Five million people will be using food stamps by Christmas. The Cotton

Stamp Plan is growing. In a few of our larger cities an experimental program is under way which makes it possible for low-income families to get milk at five cents a quart. Plans are now in the early stages for a penny-a-glass milk program in schools in low-income areas. If they are completed, fluid milk consumption can be increased by five hundred million quarts a year. Many of our less fortunate farm families will be making their own mattresses this year. This program will use nearly half a million bales of surplus cotton and 50 million yards of cotton ticking. One of the ironies of the rural South has been a lack of cotton mattresses in the very cabins where those who raise the cotton spend their lives.

Funds for this work are limited and less than half of our neediest families are being reached. A good start has been made, however, toward giving the underprivileged a chance to use our surpluses, pending the time they can get work and buy more of them. Full employment is the real answer to all of our problems of course. The farm problem can't be solved without it.

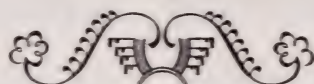
What we need is a much greater volume of capital investment. Our private investment in new durable goods during 1929, for example, exceeded 23 billion dollars. By 1932 it had fallen to 6 billion. Even by 1938 it had risen to only 13 billion dollars, and obviously a couple of billion a year for WPA wasn't enough to take up the 10 billion dollar slack in private investment. This has been the chief cause of continuing unemployment. It can be cured by businesslike action if government and industry will tackle the problem together. It should be done before we become too dependent upon armaments as a substitute. It isn't a matter of taking a liberal or a conservative approach. It's a matter of knowing that this is a new and an utterly different kind of world and that some of the old automatic mechanisms won't work any more. Only those who know that have the competence to develop new ones that will.

For centuries the world lived in an age of scarcity. Now for the first time in history there is enough to go round. Science has taken care of that. Men no longer have to grab from one another in order to have enough for themselves. The years ahead will no more permit us to hoard goods in the face of want than they will permit us to hoard money in the face of poverty. A civilization that is commodity-rich but consumption-poor cannot survive. The world of tomorrow is a world that must use its surpluses.

None of us chooses to live in this transition period of hate and brutal confusion. We didn't choose to be cut off from all our friends in Europe who fought a reign of iron and blood—too late. We didn't choose it but it happened. Now that it has happened, however, we can use this time of semi-isolation to grow in strength ourselves. It will take the strong to give the world the leadership it's going to need to-morrow.

Meanwhile there isn't any easy magic by which we can wipe out this nightmare of under-consumption over night. No single genius is going to arise and light a torch in the darkness and lead us into the promised land. That isn't the way America works. That isn't the way the West was conquered and that isn't the way we built our technological civilization.

There's a job of internal pioneering ahead of us. We must learn to make intelligent use of our industrial as well as our agricultural surpluses. Those surpluses can lead us into economic appeasement later on if Hitler wins the war, or they can be used to build up the health and the well-being of our own country now. The choice we make depends upon how well we understand the implications of each alternative. Everything we treasure is at stake. The answer lies with those throughout the country who believe in to-morrow, and are willing to fight for their convictions—to-day.



MY FATHER WAS A SOIL-BUILDER

BY ANGUS McDONALD

MY FATHER, James Angus McDonald, was an Oklahoma preacher. He was also a fanatic—on soil conservation. He was always telling his neighbors how they should plow their crops, and they were always laughing at him. They laughed at him because he, a preacher, was telling them how to farm. He had queer ideas about the way to plow in dry weather, about hillside plowing, about building dams in the gullies and draws, and about conserving the soil in other ways.

Our farm in Sequoyah County was one of the poorest and hilliest in eastern Oklahoma. The old man called it his rock-and-air farm. Part of the land wasn't so rocky. On the east side it was almost level. It had been farmed a long time and the soil was almost yellow. The old man said it was an example of what sheet wash would do.

The first year after we moved there (this was the year 1912, when I was nine years old) we got a good stand of oats on this side of the field, but the May dry spell cut them short. They wouldn't have been much account anyway, the land was so thin. We cut the oats though in June and in some places they were so short the mower just cut the heads off. But the old man wasn't much disappointed. "I didn't expect much of a crop, that land has got to be built up." When we had got the oats cut and raked them into shocks and hauled them into the barn we turned the stock in to clean up the waste grain.

That was the driest summer I can

remember. The drought stunted the oats and it made the ground so hard you couldn't stick a plow in it. It had just enough clay in it to harden it like cement. I remember we had a hired hand named Charley working for us who sure hated hard work. Charley tried to argue the old man out of breaking that ground until it rained—"Better wait until it rains; you can't plow that ground."

But the old man wouldn't pay any attention. He seemed happy that the ground got so hard. "We'll break that land and when it does rain it'll soak up the water and store up moisture. The main thing is to get your land in condition for the rain."

We had only two small turning plows and it took some time to break the eight acres that had been in oats. You couldn't cut a very wide swath because the team couldn't pull the plow through such hard ground. Sometimes the plow would jump out of the ground and you would have to stand it on its point to get it back in. Then the ground would break up in great lumps.

Charley cursed and said he was going to quit but he stuck it out. "You know," he said to me one time, "if the old man wasn't so stubborn he wouldn't work so hard. He preaches the same ideas. He believes the Lord wants everybody to work all the time." Charley was telling me that as if I hadn't heard it. That's the way he was, all right.

The eight-acre field got harder and harder. We had to go to the blacksmith shop two or three times to get the

plow points sharpened. By this time it was July and it was plenty hot. When the plow broke up the ground into great clods a great cloud of dust followed the horses across the field. My brother and I were too little to plow but we carried water to the old man and Charley. Most of the land was broken when Charley gave out. He had been pretty quiet all day and he usually talked a blue streak. My mother said later, "I thought he wasn't well because he only ate nine biscuits for breakfast." Well, I took Charley some water along in the shank of the afternoon and I thought he looked a little pale. I told him so.

Charley looked angry and said, "No old man can work me down," and took a big swig of water. The old man came over in the shade of the persimmon tree and took one look at Charley and told him to go home and go to bed.

Charley started for the house but he got sick at his stomach and vomited before he got there.

The old man went right ahead with the plowing alone. "The soil will be in fine condition. The rain will come and the loose soil will absorb it. There won't be much run-off."

We had to use the A harrow to break up some of the clods after the old man finished the breaking. Sure enough, two or three days after that land was broken there came a gully washer. It started in raining hard one afternoon about two o'clock. That afternoon some people came to get married and we couldn't find the old man anywhere. My mother said, "The last time I saw him he was headed toward the eight-acre piece. Put on a coat and your overshoes and go and find him if you can."

The rain was coming down in sheets and the water was running everywhere. I noticed on the way to the field that one of the ditches the old man had dug was nearly full of water. Well, I looked and looked and at last I heard somebody holler down on the lower side of the field.

The old man was standing by the fence

that divided his land from Cassidy's. "Come here," he said, "I want to show you something. Look at that water coming off of Cassidy's land." His field had about the same slope as ours. It had cotton on it that year and the rows were run up and down the hill. Between the rows there were little streams of water. You could see them all the way up the hill when the lightning flashed. Lower down the hill, and near the fence where we were, some of these little streams had joined together to form bigger streams of water. I noticed the little streams ran around the rows, but when they had joined to form a brook they cut across and washed out the whole row. Some of the stalks of cotton, though they were knee-high, were washed out completely. All of these little combinations headed for the lower side where there was a gully. "Now let's follow this water," said the old man. We were soaked but the old man didn't seem to know it was raining at all. We climbed the fence and followed the biggest stream that flowed from the Cassidy land. We followed the gully a few hundred yards and it got bigger all the time. There was a slope this far but the land began to flatten out and a little farther was almost level.

The gully got shallow and the water was spreading out all over the flat place. "To-morrow if this keeps up there will be a layer of sand and clay over the flat. You are seeing poor land being made poorer and good land being ruined. Now let's get back and look at our field."

There was a good deal of water coming through the gully which ran up the draw. But there were dams to slow it down and by the time it reached the lower side only a little trickled through the rock wall by the fence. There was little or no water running off the broken ground. It seemed to soak in instead of running off.

Well, the old man stood there several minutes looking at those two fields. When he looked at our field he seemed pleased, but when he looked at the deep-

ening little gullies in between Cassidy's stunted cotton rows he seemed to get angry.

"These improvident farmers are ruining the land. Yes, ruining it world without end. The whole country is going to rack and ruin. The foundation of civilization is being undermined. There will come a time when conservation will be popular but it will be too late. When the farmers are pauperized this nation will face ruin."

And he went on in that vein for some time. It seemed sort of silly to see him standing out in the rain preaching a sermon, but I wouldn't have dared to say what I thought.

II

Old man Cassidy had ten acres adjoining our eight-acre piece, and they were being washed all to pieces. The ten acres were originally pretty good land, particularly the lower end of it. But every year our land got better and his got worse. Anybody could see that.

One day the old man walked Cassidy all over our farm and showed him his dams and his rock walls and his good crops. When they got to the lower side of our eight-acre piece, the old man stopped and pointed up the hill.

There were two long slopes that ran together and formed a draw in between. About thirty feet apart all the way up the draw were rock dams and on the lower side was a rock wall three feet or so wide clear across the field. You could see the land rising all the way up the draw because the dirt had filled in behind each dam until it was six inches to a foot higher than the land behind it. The rows ran on the contours of the hill, and the pea vines were dark green. In front of the rock wall the wash had filled in until our land was a foot and a half higher than Cassidy's.

"Look at that land," said the old man. "Four years ago you said it wasn't worth cultivating. I got a good crop of oats off it and the peas will be ready to pick

in a few weeks. We'll pick what we need and then we'll make hay of the vines. I may not need all the vines. I'll turn the hogs and stock in on what we don't need."

Cassidy looked up the long hill at the draw with the dams and then he turned and looked at his field. "Brother Mac, you are the damndest dam builder in the whole damn country. But I ain't got time to be hauling so much rock. You see that gully? Why, it would take a thousand loads of rock to fill it up. I ain't stout. I can't be lifting them big rocks anyway."

"It wouldn't take a thousand loads of rock," said the old man. "Let's see. I'd put about eight dams in that deepest gully. Of course with the gully that deep, it would take about a wagonload to each dam. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll put in those dams I'll furnish you a hand to help you lift the big rocks."

I could see the old man was getting enthusiastic. "Then you could put a ditch here by the fence to take care of the surplus water. You could build little dams in the small gullies and you could run your rows on the contour of the hill to take care of the sheet wash. You shouldn't ever put cotton on that land. It is hard on the land. Cotton has been the ruin of the South. The American farmer is digging his economic grave by wasting his land."

The old man went on for some time like this, but I could see Cassidy wasn't much interested. "Brother Mac," he said, and he wiped the amber off his lip, "your ideas are good but not for the likes of me. I couldn't do all that extry work. I am rather poorly with my asthma, and I have to raise cotton. I got to have money to raise a crop and live on till I sell my cotton. You are well fixed. You can make all these improvements, but I ain't got the money."

"Well, why don't you run your rows with the lay of the land and not up and down the hill?" asked the old man.

"I don't like point rows. I can't be turning my cultivator round every twenty

feet. Why, if you was to run rows across the hill here you wouldn't get no work done at all—you would be turning round all the time."

"Well," said the old man, getting a little vexed, "you could build those dams. I told you I'd furnish a hand to help you."

"Brother Mac," said Cassidy, "that air water has got to go somewhere. Why not in that gully?"

The old man snorted. As he turned and stamped off toward the house I heard him mutter, "Stupid fool!"

In his walks over the farm the old man got so he'd stop and look at the Cassidy ten more and more. Every time he looked at that big gully he seemed to get angry. It *was* a big gully. It just seemed to spring up out of the ground from nowhere right below our land. It ran about twenty-five yards from the fence almost straight down through old man Cassidy's land. Where the land flattened out it got shallower, and you could see the sand that had been washed down on the good land in the lower end of the ten acres.

The lower end of the ten acres was flat and poorly drained and had a lot of swamp grass in it. In a wet year any crop that was planted there drowned out.

Cassidy raised cotton every year in the land west of the gully. He never broke his land. In May he would take his lister and throw up ridges, using last year's cotton rows for a furrow. He dragged the ridges down and then planted the cotton. The cotton was never much good though. He never made over a bale and a half on the whole field. The part of the field between the gully and the fence he let lie out.

More and more the old man walked down to the lower side of the eight-acre piece and looked at Cassidy's land. One day he climbed over the fence and walked up and down between the stunted rows of cotton, talking to himself. I heard him mutter something about the foundation of civilization being undermined. Then he turned to me. "Son,"

he said, "we'll buy this land. We need more land anyway."

"But this land is poor and thin," I said. "Besides, Cassidy is so contrary he probably won't sell it."

"He'll sell," said the old man, and his lips set in a firm line and the muscles in his jaws showed as they did when he gritted his teeth. I knew then that the old man would have that land, because when he once made up his mind about something he never changed it.

The next day Cassidy came over to borrow a hame-string and he got to talking about his land and crops. "My land ain't good like yours, Brother Mac. It washes so bad. And my crops is so poor. That last big rain washed out a lot of cotton on the north side of my field."

"You're right," said the old man. "Your land is awful sorry. Some of it is not worth paying taxes on. It'd pay you to let that north ten go back for taxes."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said Cassidy. "I wouldn't let it go for taxes. I might sell it though."

The old man laughed. "Who'd buy it?"

"Why don't you buy it, Brother Mac? You said the other day you needed more land."

"I need some good land. Well, we've got to get back to the field and finish pulling fodder. My daddy always saved his fodder. It is fine for horses in hot weather. A good bundle of fodder will keep a horse from getting the thumps in hot weather."

The old man never let his work horses have much green stuff when he was plowing, especially when they were plowing in corn that was waist high or over. The old man plowed his corn a month after the neighbors had laid theirs by. I've seen the neighbors lay their corn by when it was hip high, with straight shovels or solid sweeps. "Corn," the old man would say, "has an extensive root system. It has to have lots of moisture. Look at the plow of a farmer

who socks his plow in to the beam next to the corn. You'll see thousands of corn roots hanging on the plow. The farmer who does that will lose his corn in a drought."

The neighbors couldn't understand why the old man's corn stood the drought. Almost every June in eastern Oklahoma there was a drought, and I've known it to last almost into August. The corn would twist and burn, and the hill farmer was lucky if he got even a few nubbins. But the old man always made corn, drought or no drought.

In the first place, he turned his land deep so it would hold the moisture longer. Then he prepared a fine bed and after the corn was up he plowed it every eight days. The other farmers waited for a rain before they plowed, but not the old man. He was a fanatic on raising corn. When it got up about knee-high he quit using shovels and started in with solid sweeps, and later with open sweeps, and later with big buzzard sweeps that barely scratched the surface. He had a theory about holding the moisture in time of drought that took him about an hour to explain. But nobody listened. The other farmers went on plowing their corn in the same old way. We didn't listen to him either. What was the use when we had heard it so many times?

He said that if you kept the surface of the ground stirred it would break the capillary continuity and hold the moisture. He kept stirring the ground in time of drought until the corn was in silk and tassel.

One reason the old man's ideas didn't go over so well was because it took so much work to put them in practice. The neighbors thought it was foolish to pull fodder. It was a lot of trouble. We had to pull it in the hottest weather and tie it in hands and then about dusk when the dew had begun to fall go out and tie four hands into one bundle. If you tried to tie it before dusk the blades were so brittle that they would tear all to pieces.

"Brother Mac, you shore do like work.

Why, you can get hay a lot easier than that."

"Cassidy, I heard you had been buying some hay," said the old man. "I have never bought a bale of hay and I never expect to."

"Seems like my medder didn't turn out so good on account of the drouth," said Cassidy. "Brother Mac, if you hear of anybody that wants to buy that land let me know. I'd sell cheap."

"Any price would be high for that land," said the old man. "Come, boys, it's burning daylight; we've got to get that fodder pulled before night."

Weeks went by, and Cassidy kept bringing up the subject and the old man kept discouraging him. But one night at supper the old man was beaming. "Well, boys, I just bought the Cassidy ten."

III

The old man was a hard worker, but I have never seen him work so hard as he did that year on the Cassidy land. It was August when he bought the land, and we hoped that he would wait until the worst hot weather was over before he started to work on it.

First of all he started on the thickets along the gully. He hired two extra hands and they started cleaning the place up. He had all the blackberry bushes and second-growth stuff cut out. He started one hand digging a ditch along by the fence down the hill and he and two others, after the brush was cleared out, started hauling. Of course my brother and I worked too. He said we were big enough to make full hands now, and we worked from daylight till dark. When the brush was out we piled it in the deepest part of the gully. Then we built eight big dams about twenty-five yards apart. I have never seen the old man take such pains with his dams. For the major wall he got the biggest rocks he could find and placed them all carefully. Sometimes he would show his hands how to build the dams and go round to superintend the other work.

When he returned he would look at the dam, find something wrong with it, and tear it out and build it himself. He carried a sledgehammer in the wagon to break the rocks so they would all fit into place. The approaches to these dams extended back twenty feet from the major wall. Some of them had ten or fifteen loads of rock in them. When he had finally completed the dam and had got it just as he wanted it he would "hist" his foot on the wagon hub and give a lecture on the soil.

"The Scotch," he said, "have contributed a great deal to conservation of the soil. There is no doubt in my mind that Jefferson got a lot of his ideas from them. It is natural of course that the Scotch should have been conservationists since they had a very poor country and since they were foremost in everything else."

The hands didn't pay any attention to his lectures but they enjoyed the rest anyway. Although the old man was getting along toward seventy at the time, he could work any hand down I ever saw. After four or five days the new hands quit. They couldn't stand the work. Even Charley threatened to leave. He said he wasn't going to kill himself for no dollar a day.

After the big dams were built the old man built a lot of little ones in the smaller gullies. He got some new hands and they finished digging the ditch which ran along the fence through the ten acres and divided it in half. Three acres of the ten were pretty good land and the old man planned to raise corn there. He built another fence, dividing the east five acres. On the remaining two acres he decided to set out Bermuda grass. He built a gate between this field and our Bermuda grass pasture.

In the spring we got Uncle Josh Choate to help us set out the Bermuda. The first year we lived on the hill the old man had sodded the back yard with Bermuda and he dug this up when he wanted to set out more grass.

We took an old ax and chopped the

Bermuda in blocks about four inches square, then slipped a straight spade under them to break loose the bottom roots. Then we threw them on to the wagon.

The old man prepared his ground very carefully for Bermuda. He turned the ground and harrowed it three or four times so it would be finely pulverized. Then he laid off rows with a Georgia stock and a bull tongue. We walked behind the plow, dropping the sods and mashing them down with our feet.

Uncle Josh was the slowest worker I ever saw. When he came dragging out to the field with the sun two hours high the old man would say, "Look at Uncle Josh. Sight behind this post to see if he's moving."

Uncle Josh thought people were all wrong for working so hard. "I would rather sit in the shade and eat strawberries. Work, work, work, I'm sick and tired of hearing about work. Brother Mac is working himself into an early grave. What's the use? Rome wasn't built in a day."

"Uncle Josh," said the old man, who had walked over to where we were, "if you'd work more and talk less you might get more Bermuda set out. I've set three rows to your one."

"Rome wasn't built in a day," was all Josh answered, but he didn't have much to say the rest of the day.

After we got the Bermuda set the old man had a lane built down to the spring between the two fields. He made his fences out of good, stout hog wire and three or four barbed wires. There was an old hog wallow down at the lower end of the field where water stayed most of the year. The old man cleared this hole, dug down about six feet, and walled it up. Then he enclosed about a fourth of an acre that he called the playground and put a big trough by the spring and ran a spout from where the spring was through the fence. In that way he kept plenty of water for the stock at all times. I used to go down about daylight every morning and fill the trough.

Ben Trimble lived right across the road from the spring and he could holler louder than any man I ever heard. Ben was a good worker and a good man, the old man said, but he could cuss louder and longer than any man in the county.

"Pity about Ben being so wicked," said the old man, but I noticed he liked him fine, anyway—a lot better than a lot of people who went to church and were so lazy they let their families starve.

"Ben is a good provider," said the old man. "A man who won't work, who'll lie around and let his family go hungry, ought to be taken to the woods and be bucked down over a log, have his pants lowered and a big board applied to his setter. Lots more people will go to hell for not working during the week than for cussing or working on Sunday."

There were several gullies that ran down through the good land that the old man wanted to put corn in. He built several dams to stop the wash and dug a ditch alongside the fence where part of the gully ran. The water came from Cassidy's land on the east side. Just before it got to our land it spread out over the field and ran through the fence and on to our land. Part of the land was washed clear down to the subsoil, leaving the surface hard and slick.

"I'll get old man Cassidy to build a dam along the dividing fence and turn the water into the ditch so it'll stop that water," said the old man.

The next time Cassidy came over to borrow something the old man took him down in the field and explained his plan.

"Brother Mac," said Cassidy, "that air water has got to go somewhere."

"But that water is ruining my land and yours too."

"Well, I ain't going to build no dam for you," said Cassidy. "You build all the dams you want to. Dams is all you think about. You got the dam fever. But I'll be damned if I build any."

The old man's face got grim. His steel-gray eyes got small and sort of three-cornered. He gritted his teeth and I

could see the muscles standing out like cords on his jaws.

"Very well," he said, "you ignorant, illiterate, churn-headed fool! But it's you and farmers like you that are ruining this country. Now you get off my place and stay off."

IV

To begin with our farm was one of the poorest and hilliest in the county, and the farmers laughed at the old man. But now they didn't laugh at him any more. They had to admit that his crops were better than theirs. One of the neighbors told me that the old man was the best farmer in the county. Our hill place became known as a model farm. A man came down from Oklahoma City for the *Farmer-Stockman* and after going over it with the old man he wrote an article extolling the old man and his ideas.

In many ways we had a good life on the farm. There was plenty of everything. Our barns were overflowing, our crops were the finest, our cattle were fat, and our horses were the best-trained. The farm was a well-ordered little universe. Everything and everybody worked for six days because the Bible said, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh is a sabbath unto Jehovah, thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work."

One spring the old man was plowing in the three-acre field. That was as good land as we had. He stopped plowing, tied the lines to the plow handle, dropped a trace chain, and went into the house. My mother was cooking dinner. "Wife, come down to the field. I want to show you something."

"I am very busy," said my mother.

"Oh, come on, I want to show you something."

When they got down to the field the old man started his team. He had pulled off his shoes and socks and was walking along in the moist loamy dirt in the furrow behind the turning plow.

"Look at that, Wife, look at that.

Look at that rich dirt turning over. Isn't that fine? Look at that rich brown dirt that I'm turning. I tell you this is the only life."

My mother turned without a word and went back into the house. "Your mother," said the old man turning to me, "is a city woman."

V

During the ten years we lived on our rock-and-air farm the old man kept buying land. He couldn't resist a bargain in land, especially when he saw a chance to build some more dams. One day my mother said to me, "I do wish your father would stop buying land and stop working so hard. At his age he should take things easy."

I laughed. The old man would never take things easy. He would work until he fell dead. I have never seen a man so full of energy. Ever since I had known him he had gone at top speed. Two-thirds of the night he couldn't sleep; he had developed insomnia in his college days. Some of his friends said he had traded his bed for a lantern when he went to college. At twenty-five he had a nervous breakdown; the doctors had given him dope without his knowledge and after two months he found out the truth. They had made a dope fiend of him. He was in a frenzy and declared he would take no more dope. For two weeks he was almost insane. He walked all night long, night after night, and would come stumbling home at daylight, his eyes wild, his clothes torn. The doctor said he would lose his mind if he wasn't given some morphine. They tried to give him a shot but he fought like a wildcat. Four men could not hold him. He broke from their grasp, running from the house crying, "I won't be beaten. I'll fight to the end."

I remember one time the old man took me out and walked me over some new land he had bought for taxes. As I walked over this land with the old man I thought of that early fight he had made

and wondered how he would face his last battle. I could not believe he would acquiesce to defeat in anything. "The peach orchard will be here," the old man said, and he went on explaining his plans telling me what a fine stock farm he was going to have. "It is an ideal location. Plenty of water the year round, the hogs will get fat on the mast in the fall. There's grass for the cattle that can be supplemented by feed in the winter. Wild Horse Mountain will knock off the cold winter winds."

We walked for two hours, climbing up and down the mountains and valleys. "Let's sit down and rest." We sat down. "I am not as good a man as I used to be."

Going back home in the buggy I looked at him. Something was wrong. The old man was tired. It was unbelievable. He had never been tired in my memory. Suddenly he seemed shrunken and bony like an old horse who has lost his teeth. I glanced down at his legs. They looked long and knotty like those of a newborn colt. He had changed imperceptibly in the last year and nobody had noticed. The truth dawned on me at last. He was getting old. Death of course, I thought, will come in a few years and I shuddered when I thought of the interim. I felt that the old man would never accept old age.

He had always seemed old to me not in the sense of decrepitude, but in the sense of permanence. He was one of those unchangeable things in our lives which, like the hills and the sky and the land, would always be there. I had no great conscious affection for him. He had been too busy to treat me as a son except on rare occasions; yet I could not imagine life without him, because he dominated me and every living thing with which he came in contact. Without him none of us would have direction. There would be no use in living.

Or so I felt as I sat in the old buggy, pushed almost out of the seat by the old man's spraddling legs. At least his

chest was young. His magnificent barrel chest hadn't withered and his massive head would always be the same.

In the months that followed I watched the old man and his last fight. Old age was catching up with him but his spirit was as young as ever. He worked as he always had. He was here, there, everywhere, directing the hands, building his dams and fences, issuing orders, storming about, more impatient than ever.

That last year from sheer weakness he was forced to take to his bed part of the time. But every day he spent some time in the garden, walked down into the fields, looked at his green fields, pulled off his shoes and walked barefoot in the most freshly plowed ground. When we tried to help him to the house he flung us aside impatiently, roughly.

I think toward the last he came to realize the truth. When they came for him to take him to the hospital he did not create a fuss. For the first time he took orders and obeyed the doctors and the family. We cried to see him so. But when he was tucked in Cousin Jim's car

the old gleam came back into his eyes. He straightened up. "These cars are bankrupting the country. Half these farmers' cars are not paid for. Look at these farmers' places. Half the window lights out, the fences down, and not a cow or a chicken or a pig on the place, but a car sitting in the yard." He fell back on the seat. "I'm an old man. I am done." And a moment later, "I've never been beaten—never been beaten." And he fell back on the seat again, relapsing into semi-consciousness.

At the hospital he grew rapidly worse. In his delirium he built dams again. "That will stop the wash. Why don't you set out Bermuda—now let a gully washer come."

He died in a few days in his sleep. The nurse who held his hand said that his pulse beat strongly up to the last.

The funeral service was held in the old church in Fort Smith, where he had once been the pastor. The minister told what a good man he was and how many souls he had saved. He didn't mention the soil he had saved.





LOOK HOMEWARD, AMERICA!

BY IRWIN EDMAN

AMONG the things that would have seemed incredible as late as ten years ago is the vanishing of Europe as a combination Nirvana and happy hunting ground for educated or semi-educated Americans. Certainly if the Nazis win (and even if they do not), the peculiar part Europe has played in the lives and imaginations of the more literate Americans is permanently ended. For Europe as Nirvana is over. Europe once meant liberation, it once meant escape. It provided at once a moral holiday and a spiritual tonic. The angles and crudities of the workaday American world, all business and all Philistinism, were left behind. One went abroad to live in the past and in a present steeped in a past. It was an excursion into a cultural paradise.

There were the artistic monuments of the dead and the urbanities of the living. It is difficult to say which gave the more acute thrill to the visiting American, the cathedral of Chartres or the *apéritif* drunk in the café in its shadow; Racine heard at the Comédie Française, or the French spoken by the hotel porter; Westminster Abbey or the Cockney wit of the London policeman, and the charm of a house-party in Sussex.

It hardly needs to be said just now that all that is over. Europe will not for a long time, possibly never again, offer the kind of escape into history and charm in which the irritating present can be forgotten. For a generation the agony of living will be too urgently visible in the poverty, disease, and disorganization of

a post-war and post-Hitler continent. Nor will Europe be a happy hunting ground either. Even if many of the monuments of the past survive the bombs, the sense of the past will be seriously dulled by the acute intrusions of the present. The sense of leisure, tea on an English lawn, or dinner on a French *terrasse*, lunch in the storied corner of a London club, all the haunts of Americans acting as transient beneficiaries of a long tradition of cultured leisure, will hardly have the same flavor. Cultured leisure may be unknown in post-war Europe, even to the class—much smaller than visiting Americans realized—who ever knew it in Europe at all. Americans, moreover, may no longer be welcome on a Continent whose ruin they witnessed at a spectatorial distance. What they looked for in Europe they will have to find—as they had of late, even before the outbreak of this second world war, been seeking it—at home.

II

The long-continued trek of the American imagination to Europe began over a century ago. It brought Emerson to England and Henry James, Sr., too, who thought, among other things, that he could not find proper schools for his children (Henry and William James) in America. The *hegira* was continued until the late nineteen-thirties by students, writers, cultivated ladies, all restless refugees (how ironic it seems to use the term in this sense now) from

America. What drove them abroad was in the first place what amounted to almost a national inferiority complex, a sense of the colonialism and provincialism of America. "Who reads an American book?" a famous English critic asked contemptuously as late as the middle of the nineteenth century. A great many Americans did not do so, not when they could lay hold of an English one. Even in the Golden Day of New England many of the shining figures of that day turned eastward, Emerson to Carlyle and to the Germans, Longfellow to Dante and the Italian past, Hawthorne to Italy and Greece. A multitude of lesser Americans followed them in their spiritual pilgrimages and, when they could afford to, turned their spiritual longings into physical visits. Baedeker in hand, they could be found rapt before all the monuments next to whose name Baedeker had placed two stars. The stars, it should be noted, were not shifted to newer monuments in successive editions.

As the nineteenth century moved on, Americans with a taste for ideas and beautiful things in letters or art had an increasing sense, as their colonial past receded, of their still colonial dependence on Europe in cultural matters. At home the Golden Age was succeeded by the Gilded one. The opulent vulgarities of Newport succeeded the high austerities of Concord. The American mind—that is, the American intelligence (for contemplation was at a discount)—went into the building and the economic exploitation of the country. "Culture" was an effeminate minority voice in the land. Cultivated persons, especially men, had to go abroad to cease to be, or to feel, exotic, and to find a society where the things of the spirit and of the refined senses did not seem shadowy and illicit.

Among the comfortable classes business was the concern of the men, culture of the ladies; and through the eighties many American men, lovers of the arts and ideas, could not help feeling that in

the general opinion there was something trivial and unimportant about the ideas and arts they cherished. They felt, sadly, that ideas and *belles lettres* and music and painting were not the preoccupations of the influential classes, or of anyone else, in American society. Furthermore, those things on which the mind and the imagination fed were to be found, so educated Americans came to feel, chiefly in Europe. At college, literature meant chiefly English literature; even in childhood young Americans were brought up on Dickens and Scott and Thackeray, and pictures of English country houses and cathedrals. When people built fine houses were they not ambitiously imitative? Were not churches Gothic, and banks Greek? Why should it not seem natural to go to Europe to find their originals and to drink deep from the fountain whence the original inspiration of these things came? Henry Adams may have protested later that he got no education from England and Italy or Germany, though he confessed he did get Beethoven by accident in a German beer garden. But for many others a sense that the cherishable past was European was combined with a conviction that nothing worth cherishing was being thought or felt in expanding industrial America. All the young men of the genteel tradition (and their mothers and sisters too) went to Europe—their fathers were too busy making money for its own sake and too busy paying for the trip.

But it was not only for the past that culture-loving Americans crossed the Atlantic. Echoes reached America that the new too, the materials of sensibility and talent, were to be found chiefly in Europe. From Dickens to the visiting English and French lecturer of to-day, from the youthful Paderewski to young Serkin, from Wagner to Hindemith, from Monet to Dali, the striking, the original, the distinguished, it was believed, were not to be found in a country whose talent all went into gadgets and skyscrapers. For the *dernier cri* in living culture as

well as for the tradition of the past, Americans had to go abroad.

Even the last war did not disenchant them. With the wave of disillusion, with the lapse of the idealistic rhetoric of the Wilsonian period, America seemed culturally more insular than ever. Realistic American fiction portrayed the stupidity of the Babbitts, and the mean streets of the slum cities, and the mean hovels of the rural poor. America was the twentieth century incarnate, bleak and angular, without nuance or overtone. One fled the four-lane highways and skyscrapers and country clubs for the café terraces, the winding roads, the shadowed cathedral closes of England, the châteaux of France, the hills of Fiesole overlooking Florence, where a whole colony of writers and art critics lived, or to Rome where lived the Pope—and Santayana. One went to bask in past beauties or to have a look at that ferment of new artistic and intellectual movements current in Europe after the last war, not least in Germany and Austria. Some went to see the new Expressionist movements in the theater in Berlin, some to study the co-operative movement in Denmark, or Sweden's model Middle Way, or the socialist housing schemes of Vienna, or the brilliant and humane housing schemes for working people in Amsterdam.

To mention these things now is to speak a bitter obituary. Even before the outbreak of the war last September most of these experiments were over and their inventors or moving spirits were dead or in concentration camps or in exile in America; Europe had become considerably less agreeable or psychologically satisfactory or intellectually tenable as an escape or as a tonic. Germany and Austria, for a brief period so fashionable among the literate (Salzburg was briefly a musical Mecca), were rubbed off their pilgrim's map. The brilliant circle of liberal intelligence led once by young Papini had long ago vanished in Italy. And when one was in Europe, everywhere the shadow of war

and the sense of a dark future, or none at all, made it clear to even the most sentimental idealizing American that Europe was no longer a museum or a spiritual haven. The American went to England for its past and found Englishmen ready to turn to America for their future. The monuments of culture were still there, *pro tem*, but there was nothing for the contemporary imagination to feed on. And then the war came, and even those who during the rise of Fascism and the descent of poverty still fled to Europe for escape, could do so no longer. Even the Europe that one could see in America was ceasing to arrive, or to mean as much, or anything. The Russian Ballet was a ghost of a vanished culture; the Russian Art Theater was no more. German theater directors were in Hollywood and German novelists in Princeton. The literates now must not only stay at home; they must look within the American landscape, physical and imaginative, for their stimulus and their liberation. It is perhaps one of the few healthy consequences of our tragic time that this should be so. The Innocent Abroad has been for too long a familiar figure. Heaven knows for how long American thinking and creative impulse have been semi-paralyzed by a superstitious respect for Europe, and a sentimental confusing of the patrimony of the past with the Europe of the present. Americans were still visiting the Goethe house in Weimar while the Brown House was already in sinister existence in Munich.

III

It would be a silly exaggeration to say that because Europe is now going through the agony of possibly complete collapse, Americans were foolish in turning to Europe for certain beauties of the past and charms of the present. Europe, whatever happens, still remains the source of our own past in science, in letters, and in art. Whatever be said of that unhappy continent, whatever the political stupidities and barbarities, it is

the world from which Western culture derives, and Europe in ruins, or in Nazi conquest, would carry with it much of what has formed the mind and imagination of every civilized American.

Nor were Americans ill advised in enjoying the delicious surface of current but long-established ways of life, the pleasant incidentals of the bourgeois social tradition. It would be dishonest not to admit that in the delightful smaller arts of life, in delicious food cooked and served with art, in gracious holiday spots, in the courtesies of casual intercourse, Americans found across the Atlantic what they did not find in Kansas or Ohio or, for that matter, in Boston or New York.

But no culture ever survived or grew by being derivative and colonial. No artistic vision is steady or clear when it wears only distance glasses. Americans, looking across the Atlantic, missed seeing with accuracy or vividness what lay before them at their feet.

It is just as well that Americans look homeward for their culture. It may well be that, for the long present, not only because of the economic and political insecurity in Europe, but because of the concerted Nazi-Fascist antipathy to ideas and art, this country may be the only vehicle of free cultural expression, of thought and feeling and perception, for a long time to come. If the light goes out here it may not be lighted anywhere else. The Europe that cultivated Americans cared about, so far as it is the past, can in some measure be found at home. This is suggested by the revival of the humanistic tradition in American colleges, the passion for the classics being nurtured, if only in translation, among young people of college age, the widespread enjoyment, on radio and records, of the tradition of European music, painting enjoyed both in museums and in reproductions as it has never been enjoyed before. The Europe that Americans feel must not die, cannot die so long as music, art, and literature flourish as studies and enthusiasms in America.

But obviously a culture purely receptive is dead or decadent. It would be foolish spiritual isolationism to turn our backs on the European past or on what can be saved of its present. It would be, and is, simply honest vitality to find our present in ourselves. For it is clear that when Americans fled to Europe, not for its past, but for its present, they were fleeing largely to what was really illusory or, as events have proved, insecure. What they were really seeking was largely an escape that came not so much from the actual conditions of European life as Europeans lived it, as from the surface delights of European leisure, as enjoyed by Americans on a holiday, an interlude often prolonged for years by well-to-do expatriates. This escape was largely infertile as Henry James, the most gifted of the refugees from American life, confessed in his later years. The creative or the merely connoisseur American living abroad lived largely in a synthetic and reconstructed past or an alien present seen from the outside. He was not at home nor did he know America in his own time; he did not intimately know any other world, nor was he at home anywhere else. He was a spectator, not a dramatist; a collector of bric-a-brac, not an artist.

Only lately have Americans begun to examine the materials of American culture in terms both of their own patrimony and their own present. There are various surface symptoms. There is, in the first place, the flood of historical novels and of regional ones. In the former, American writers (and their readers) are waking to the drama, the color, and the human meaning of facts they had not remembered save as dull sentences in school-books. The history of America has begun to come alive in terms of literary art, and the very familiarity of the events and materials used gives works that use them an accent and overtone that speak with added poignancy to the native heart. Again there have been all the class and regional studies, some fictional, some scientific. Among the latter may be

mentioned *Middletown*, that analytic portrait of the middle class in the Middle-west; Howard Odum's *Rainbow Round My Shoulder*, the Negro brought to light without halo or without nonsense in his setting in the South as he lives. There are Jonathan Daniels' books in which a Southerner discovers New England and the South. There began, in the twenties, the "realistic" novels, some tender and compassionate and confused like Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*; some bitter and satirical like *Babbitt* and *Main Street*. There was the fading New England type presented with irony and pity in Marquand's *The Late George Apley* and by Santayana in *The Last Puritan*. There are Van Wyck Brooks' careful documentary studies of the dwindling light of New England culture.

But there is something further and more important. It is not the discovery of the American past or even of the American present in terms of broad sociological patterns or social types. It is the finding of the American present, not in terms at all, but in images; in those things that are the present as it stirs us to specific emotions and perceptions and thoughts: the present as specific qualities and specific promises in our own here and now. It hardly needed the catastrophe of a world war to make Americans, especially writers and artists, aware with delight and with hope, of colors and intimations of the civilization they were living in and which, as a nation, they were creating. America might be (as some foreign observers like Georges Duhamel have shudderingly observed) the twentieth century incarnate. Americans had already begun to discover that they had a past, a short one, but crowded with interest, even by the most fastidious standards of art and thought; but they began now to take up the challenge that America typified the present and suggested the direction of the future. That present was starred through all its failures and uncertainties with beauties, some new to the world,

many inalienably beautiful, and all full of promise.

Americans found they did not have to go to the châteaux of the Loire or the Renaissance palaces of Italy to have something for the imagination to feed upon. New York began to be beautiful when it began doing business in towers. Architects learned to turn the conditions of contemporary work and play and the materials at their disposal into soaring loveliness in steel and glass. An American visiting in Europe used to look only at the old; the foreign visitor to the United States and the American himself know that the striking man-made beauties in this country are new: the great vaulting bridges at New York and San Francisco, the parkways all over the country, the streamlined trains, the airports. These are enchanting for their beauty and impressive for their power. But they are exhilarating for another reason. To any flexible mind they carry with them a hint and a challenge as to what the American imagination, inventive and disciplined, can make out of our own conditions and our own resources in our own day for our own future. In one city, New York, under one municipal administration, the city has achieved a new and quite singular beauty, borrowing nothing from a European yesterday, portending everything for an American to-morrow.

Nor is architecture the only art in which the American future is taking beautiful shape and finding expressive voice. Painters too are discovering in native types and in native scenes and—after long aping of the French—in a native technic, a way of speaking to us visually of what our own experience may be in color and design. A cornfield in Iowa is no less artistic material than a valley in France, and a Middlewestern painter may find it a theme to embody, more truly and spontaneously than a Mediterranean landscape, what is in his heart; and his audience may see and feel more in it too. Poets, tired of imitating the French imagists or the genteel Eng-

lish tradition of hawthorn and hedges may, like Robert Frost, speak with an incorrigible and unduplicable native accent. (And they may, incidentally, like Robert Frost, be first recognized in England.) Novelists ceased, even before the war, to flee to Europe to write about a continent to which they were strangers or about other Americans who were equally strangers there, or from a disdainful distance about an America with which they had lost touch. They write like John Steinbeck about the migrants in California, about little people at home in little places, or, if they write about the sophisticated mind and heart, those hearts are exhibited beating in their native setting in Ohio or New Orleans or Mississippi or in apartments in Chicago or New York.

The most expert historians of literature and the arts assure us that even so delicate a thing as style, where it is distinctive and genuine, is the fruit of a culture, the function of a social pattern. Even so soaring a spirit as Plato was a characteristic product of the Athens in which he lived, and Shelley's skylark rose from an English earth. If genius is to flourish in America it will be our own characteristic flowering, as were Emerson and Thoreau and Whitman, and Pennsylvania barns and New England churches.

IV

One of the fears the cultivated American used to have, a fear still operative in certain quarters to-day, was that culture was destined to be killed by the fact of democracy. In the present state of Europe the old argument of the aesthetes and intellectuals already seems quaint. It ran substantially as follows: Democracy was synonymous with mediocrity, a leveling down of distinction to and by the mass; our society, in its scale of values, was getting to be a regimented five-and-ten-cent store. Only in a society still imaginatively dominated by aristocratic traditions could culture survive. There are two growing classes of fact that

have made this thesis almost fantastic. In Europe at present the arts and philosophy are paralyzed, and even before the outbreak of war, political and economic instability made impossible the concentration necessary to art and thought. Now, in addition, the power reigning over a large part of Europe is the avowed enemy of free creation, of the intellect, of art.

The war, we have been told repeatedly, is a revolution. It is such in many senses, and one of them is that it is a war against the West, a war against the traditional elements and motives of Western culture as we have known it in art, in thought, and in religion. There is significance for America and possibly for world culture in the fact that the leaders in European science, art, and scholarship have come, in some cases by necessity, in some by choice, to this country. It can no longer be said by anyone who reads the daily papers that the arts and sciences as free inquiries and creations are flourishing in Europe. And unless these enterprises are free they cease to be at all. One may parallel now the scornful comment of the nineteenth-century English critic: "Who now reads a German or Italian book?" Or ask, "Who writes them?" And even in England, and even if England wins, under the economic dislocation of post-Hitler Europe it will be sheer luck if the arts survive at all.

Meanwhile the old fear that a democratic society cannot nourish American culture is proving curiously ill-founded. For it is not only by virtue of European conditions that America is emerging as a world center of the arts and sciences, not simply because artists and scientists, and experimentally observed rats as well, are being shipped to America. But the native arts and the native mind are beginning to have an audience in this country and a widespread popular participation that a generation ago one might have believed impossible. There is importance in the epidemic interest in music—several million people, for instance, listen

to Toscanini on Saturday night. It is significant that literally hundreds of thousands came to see, within a few weeks' time, the exhibition of Italian masterpieces and of Picasso at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. There is something arresting in the fact that even automobile designers and manufacturers of kitchen utensils and railroad trains are concerned with the grace and design of their products because they know their public suddenly has come to care about them. The importance of these things is not simply that beauty is being widely enjoyed, that America has come of age in appreciation. Their larger significance is suggested by the line of Walt Whitman's, "To have great poets there must be great audiences too." One of the things that drove Americans abroad as spiritual waifs was the sense that at home no one could understand them, no one would listen to them. There is now almost a pathetic eagerness for the best and a widespread attempt to create it too. The spiritual refugee used to feel not only that no one would listen to him, but that nobody was "speaking his language." Many are speaking the musician's language now; there are literally thousands of high school orchestras, and even college glee clubs sing Palestrina and Bach. Much of the radio is still tripe, but poets are heard over it too.

It would be absurd to turn one's back on that European tradition of which America is, in the largest perspective, a variation and an extension. Isolationism, autarchy in the arts, is as absurd and unworkable in art as it is in the realm of economics and politics. In the contemporary timetable of distances, it is one world, all of it, and Europe is not a different planet; and in all times the arts have been trans-local. But it is also true that the arts have always flourished in their own soil and out of their own roots. In each instance they have been nourished by the sun that lighted other soils and by winds that blew from a "world elsewhere." But they have always

grown where they grew in their own way and in their own climate. The climate is becoming more salubrious to the arts in America, and the flowers are being more lovingly and more expertly tended.

There is, moreover, at this dubious moment in Europe's destiny, a special reason, not unconnected with the nature of democratic life, why Americans should look homeward. There is, oddly enough, a political condition for the fine arts which both passionate democrats and passionate artists and connoisseurs forget. That is the condition of freedom, of spontaneous choice. Artists in uniform are not artists at all. The very essence of a work of art, in so far as it is more than a mere physical object or an ingenious contraption, is its uniqueness, its freshness, its personal signature. The very character of intellectual work is its individuality and integrity. The artist must say what he sees and speak what he is. The thinker must follow scrupulously the lead of his subject, and the standards imposed by his technic. Where the habits of freedom, individuality, and integrity are at a discount, as they are in totalitarian societies, the arts and sciences, except as slavish routines, are ended. There are many reasons why American democracy is worth defending if it should be imperiled. Not the least important is that it looks very much as if only in America is there, for the long present, a chance for the survival of those conditions of individual variation and spontaneous play of mind and heart which are essential to the arts.

Political freedom is the prerequisite of artistic invention, as the sterility of art and literature and thought under contemporary totalitarian rule proves. While this freedom endures, the opportunities for a native American culture are nothing short of thrilling. Here is a great people of many stocks, enriched of late by the sad accidents of European destiny, by the best of European minds and creative art. Here are stories crying to be told, pictures to be painted, feelings to be transmuted into the "potable gold" of poetry.

Here are audiences too, larger, more eager, and more discriminating than they have ever been. Here is a future, possibly the only future for culture or creation in the Western world. Americans may still go to Europe after the war, as they go to the ruins of Rome at Baalbek, or of Greece at Epidauris and Delphi, beautiful cemeteries of the spirit of man. But for the future of their own imagination and thinking, for the possible survival of art and thought at all, Americans will have to look to their own land and lives for incitement and ma-

terials. It would be arrogant to believe that the will to create or widening audiences or maturing talents will produce, of themselves, anything comparable in stature to the great monuments of European genius of the past two thousand years. It would be shocking not to be shocked that a long tradition of genius may be coming to an end. But the spirit bloweth where it listeth; to-day the conditions for creation are ours, and our works will at least not be poorer because they are honestly and natively our own.

CENTER SQUARE

BY MARTHA KELLER

*Though every town has a marble stone
Or musketry for a monument,
Where are the names of the dead and gone?
Where is a sign of the way they went?*

*A sailor handling a coil of rope,
A horseman holding a saber high,
In any town, on a sunny slope,
Are all they now are remembered by.*

*We mark the center of every square
With a cannon ball or a nest of guns.
But where are the men who fired them? Where
Are they? And their sons? And their children's sons?*

*A bas-relief or a plaque of brass
On post or pillar or palisade,
Are all that is left but a grave and grass,
And a flag where even the colors fade.*

*What is there left when the tears are dried,
And grief gives over, and hummocks heal?
Where are the names of the men who died?
Sign and signature? Hand and seal?*

*Except in the habit of being free,
Except in the manner of life we know,
There is no warrant to hear or see
Of those determined to have it so.*



ANCESTORS

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

THE first morning of my visit to the Station a doctor took me on his rounds—not from room to room but from cage to cage. We started at the Maternity Building. One mother was a giantess. A hundred and seventy-five pounds she weighed. Mona was her name. Next her was another who, the doctor said, might give birth as early as to-morrow. The third never had had a baby, yet waited with a quiet as if she had had a hundred. Suddenly Mona shuffled forward to the chain-link netting, chewed thoughtfully at a straw, and her infant that lay low against her abdomen dug its scrawny feet into her groin and its thin fingers caught at the hair at either side of her breast. That infant had the oldest face I think I ever saw.

The birth of an ape—the process does not seem like the birth of a calf or a kitten, but more like that of a child, the female period long like ours, the gestation long like ours, the creature that comes forth almost the wrinkly thing that we see in our obstetrical wards. It is light brown to black, pink-palmed, pink-soled. There is of course none of our excitement, no family in a dither, no waiting pacing father. It all goes more unobtrusively, more swiftly. A blunt laboratory record reads: "At 3:30 p.m. the outcries of an infant in a cage adjoining Cuba's attracted attention, and the newborn Peter was discovered."

This Maternity Building is one of a neat group that make up the southern division of the Yale Laboratories of Primate Biology. The buildings began

to spring up in 1930, on a spot that had been sand and disorderly sub-tropical foliage, a mile from Orange Park, fifteen miles from Jacksonville. The hollow tile and stucco were bought with Rockefeller money, wisely spent, but the dream, the patience, the energy were Robert Mearns Yerkes', world-known animal psychologist. Northern Florida was chosen because it would be healthful, fairly warm for the apes and not too hot for the scientists, far enough into the country not to have every passerby drop in, and close enough to a city to have supplies near at hand and a railroad that ran you as promptly as possible back to New York or to the parent laboratories in New Haven. The purchase was two hundred acres, only eight of them fenced in, Mrs. Yerkes herself overseeing the gardening, so that to-day these anthropoid experimental laboratories are a place where it is pleasant to live and stimulating to work. The purpose of the Station is to breed the chimpanzee, study it, mind and body, make both the records and the bred animals available for a great range of investigations not only at Yale but everywhere in the country.

The Station's firstborn was a female. They called her Alpha. Her mother, Dwina, died of childbed fever. Thus the director had an orphan on his hands. He called into consultation a pediatrician, who made out a diet list used for human infants. They were to start Alpha on water, corn syrup, evaporated milk, lemon juice. At the fourth month cooked cereals were to be added, at the

sixth month puréed vegetables, at the twelfth, banana and Chimcracker, this last with ground bone baked in. In all her earliest performances Alpha was just a little faster than the human infant, otherwise much the same, called impatiently for her food, played with her bottle when it was empty, sucked her thumb when there was not enough. She weighed 4.97 pounds at birth, lost up to the sixth day, regained her original weight by the fifteenth, doubled her weight by the ninetieth, tripled it by the one hundred and eighty-second. In short, she was an all-round model baby.

We left the Maternity Building. We crossed a grassy court to the Nursery. We approached its first cage. Two were plastered against the inside like two bats and a third was swinging on the ceiling. They were Ami, four years old, Cap, two years, Dan, a year. The doctor opened the cage. Ami threw her arms around his neck. He carried her off, weighed her (all nursery inmates are weighed every day of their first year), brought her back. Cap was weighed, brought back. But while Dan was on the scales the doctor stopped to talk with me, told me of some experiments that the scientists are performing on the chimpanzee mind. They are producing neuroses, with the hope that something may be learned from the chimpanzee concerning insanity in man. This talk lasted only about five minutes, but the two left in the cage were in a fury when the doctor returned. They scolded him, welcomed Dan, overdid the welcome, walked arm in arm with him, dramatized everything, treated him as if he had been off for seven months to the South Seas.

We went on to the next cage. This next one's name was Ben. He looked me over. I was wearing a white silk suit. He waited till he had me at the right distance, then between his two front teeth shot a stream of water that caught me head to foot. He kept back a little and let me have that later. Six years old. Born clown. I went into his cage. He threw himself down on to the

floor, rolled at full length, lumpy as a sack of potatoes. Suddenly out of the roll he hurled his forty pounds against me, and when he saw that I staggered he made insulting noises with his mouth. He should be sold to a circus. Later I heard his family history, and it was one to warm the heart of a social worker. "Mother, Pati, a bad health risk, relatively inactive, not trustworthy. Father, Pan, heavy, apathetic, of a low intelligence." There was a slum child, unmistakably.

In a building to the left on the second floor is the beginning of an Experimental Nursery. All were taken from their mothers at birth. All will be kept two or three years. All will be exposed to a minimum of childhood infections. All will be washed in a tub. All will wear diapers. I once saw a chimpanzee baby in diapers, and a shock of pain it gave me for that little foreigner so far from its own country.

II

Orang-utan, chimpanzee, gorilla, those are the great apes. Below them in scale are the Old World monkeys and the New World monkeys. Below those are the tarsiers and the lemurs. Put man at the head of the list, and you have them, the primates. They are mammals, nursed by their mothers and come from their mothers, not from eggs. You can see the whole primate parade in any good-sized zoo.

Man has an unsatisfiable curiosity in man. He digs up fossil man. He pries into the races of himself, the black, the brown, the yellow, the white. He believes that beyond fossil man and beyond the great apes, a million years ago, there was once a form, lost now, with more both of ape and man than any form we know, from which both sprang. The ape branch changed comparatively little in that million years, the man branch comparatively much.

Now what you can learn from fossil man is limited, and when you try to study living man his prides get in the way, so

the chimpanzee is an increasingly valuable piece of living material. Many things can be learned from it. Many practical human problems can be attacked through it, problems of disease, of the uses of drugs, problems of inheritance, even of social behavior. The records at the Station already go from finger-prints to intelligence quotients. Yet if you are not a specialist, if you are just visiting at Orange Park, watching what goes on in the cages, you find yourself soon becoming a bit contemplative and philosophical.

Could these really be your ancestors? When you are at home with your friends you can feel lighthearted about an objectionable relative, but if the relative drops in on you, and especially if he looks a bit like you, it is another story. In other words, face to face with a gallery of chimpanzees, all ages, thirty-two living portraits, you are bound to ask yourself: "Can these after all be that close to me in the line of man's descent?" You know the arguments. You have decided one way or another. But with the opportunity in front of you you cannot resist a somewhat unscientific search for evidence. I myself even imagined I saw signs of those great steps by which we are thought to have arrived where we are. I mention three. (1) The Rise to the Erect Posture. (2) The Free Use of Hands. (3) Speech.

III

On the second day of my visit I was standing by the Enclosure—a space run round with a 14-foot fence, part galvanized chain-link netting, part steel plate. The Enclosure was a test project. There was to be a much larger one if it worked. Grass and trees were to be planted, a family of chimpanzees to be let in, and to be studied as in its native haunts. The Enclosure was made ready. The chimpanzees were let in. Promptly they removed leaves, branches, bushes, stripped the little jungle. So there was left the space. A shelter was built in the middle of it, and two mature ones, Pan and

Josie, were established out there, might stay out all winter, develop fine furs.

It was late afternoon when I was standing by the Enclosure. The buzzards were floating blackly in the Florida sky, a carcass somewhere below. I began picturing to myself the African brush, a chimpanzee trail, a chimpanzee nest, four or ten together, a leader, all for the moment munching at some edible roots. Then, from the shack, Pan leaned out his head and shoulders. He saw me. Noiselessly he dropped to the grass, approached me by that shifty walk that goes forward by going left and right, reached the chain-link netting, lifted his humanoid head from between his shoulders, and, slowly, solemnly, significantly, rose from four feet to two, rose to the erect posture, rose through half a million years of history, and, as if to emphasize what he had done, lifted high his right arm and rested his hand against the chain-link. Back in the shelter, Josie, thinking perhaps that her old man was getting into trouble, now also leaned out, saw me, noiselessly dropped to the grass, came forward by the same shifty walk, reached the chain-link netting, slowly, solemnly, significantly, rose from four feet to two, lifted high her right arm and rested her hand against the chain-link. Male and Female. They might have been Adam and Eve.

I had by now got my eyes so full of chimpanzee that when a man passed me I realized that I had seen him pass me on his two hind feet.

Pan and Josie would not have found it comfortable long to stand that way. They would not have found it comfortable to walk that way. That little silent scene was only a preview ages in advance, and the interpretation only me amusing myself. Yet when the anthropologist explains to us how he thinks the thing actually did take place you can get the impression that he is amusing himself too.

There were trees over Asia, and the apes swung in the branches, and that was their mode of locomotion. Then the

Himalayan mountains pushed up out of the earth. The land to the south continued treed, and the apes continued to swing in the branches. But the land to the north was barren, and the apes there went mostly on all fours. However, one ape tried to go on two, tried hard enough and long enough, and therefore, if you take the Lamarckian point of view, finally was able to do it, and had the satisfaction of looking out over all the others. Or, one ape was just able to do it, was born that way, and having that advantage was selected, if you take the Darwinian point of view, anyway also had the satisfaction of looking out over all the others. What that ape did not know was that it possessed the beginning of the domination of the earth.

IV

For there was something of more importance in this than the mere satisfaction. There was something more valuable even than the erect posture. That ape henceforth had its two hands free.

Freedom of the hands, and from that shortly the use of tools, and from that by stages the world that a man knows—a place where he could begin henceforth magnificently to create and appallingly to destroy.

Each chimpanzee apartment at Orange Park consists of a cage partly roofed, and behind it a small living room. Thus a chimpanzee can be out-of-doors in the sun, out-of-doors in the shade, or if he is chilly can go back into his room which is artificially heated and crawl into his box to sleep. A heavy gravity door divides cage from room. Every chimpanzee is able to operate his gravity door, even to slam it if he is in a temper, or to throw it open and give a cold to the whole dormitory, or jam his arm between if man attempts to shut it from the outside, and otherwise so neatly to control it that not once in the ten years of the Station's history has a chimpanzee baby got caught by its hand or foot. Now, to operate a gravity door is a very simple

thing to do, but—it is the use of a tool.

When Doctor Yerkes laid out these apartments he needed to get drinking water into them. He considered fountains with plungers. He was advised against this, nevertheless trusted his chimpanzees, sank the drinking fountains into the concrete. Then the big day came. The first chimpanzee pushed his plunger, had his drink, and the knowledge ran like fire through dry wood. Every chimpanzee pushed his plunger, had his drink. To push a plunger is a very simple thing to do, but—it is the use of a tool.

In the psychological experiments that are the chief work at the Station chimpanzees turn knobs, press electric buttons—have an air of doing this only for a serious purpose, like a man sounding the horn of his car when traffic gives him an excuse, but with the same secret joy that no observant eye misses. They also pull ropes, stack boxes, fit pegs into holes, and so on. Yet these hands that are on many occasions so capable may on others be as wild and purposeless.

Wendy is a middle-aged female. Wendy had got hold of a piece of iron pipe. How she got hold of it nobody knew, but it must be taken away from her. The way you do that is trade for a banana. So you may have a scientist on one side of the chain-link, a chimpanzee on the other, bargaining—give me the pipe, I'll give you the banana. This with Wendy was a long affair. Several times she seemed ready to make the trade, but each time withdrew the pipe again, suddenly waxed angry, seized the scientist's hand, sank her teeth into a finger, the flesh tearing out along the bone as he pulled away. He drew his revolver. She rushed at him in a rage. He fired the blank cartridge straight at her. A neighboring chimpanzee fled off in terror. Wendy merely carried the pipe to the back of her cage and glowered from there. Eventually the pipe was taken away, had to be, for sooner or later intelligent Wendy might begin in a most unintelligent manner to

beat, beat, beat, in a few hours might hammer through the concrete floor of her cage, beat, beat, beat, without purpose to her, without purpose to anyone, reminding you of some of the actions of our own insane, beat, beat, beat, no more purpose in the machine, but the machine chugs on.

In the twilight I saw Wendy squatting in the shadow of her door. She was like a sculpture of Rodin. Lifted in front of her were her hands. She seemed bored. The hands were there, Wendy was there, but the full rich nervous connections between the hands and Wendy were not yet there. So Wendy waited. You could hardly say she waited impatiently, for no one can wait impatiently through several hundred thousand years, nevertheless with some look of eternal expectance in her face—waited on those hands to establish further connection with that brain, when stone implements would rise, then bronze, then a Stuka bomber or the iron gates of Benvenuto Cellini.

V

The brain of a small chimpanzee will weigh as little as 300 grams. The brain of a large gorilla as much as 650 grams. The brain of the lowest fossil man, *Pithecanthropus erectus*, less than 1000 grams. Our brains, the human male brain, 1300 to 1500 grams. The brain of the Neanderthal man, 1700 grams. The brain of Ivan Turgenev, 2100 grams. So the chimpanzee brain is at one extreme with 300 grams, the brain of the great Russian at the other with 2100 grams, yet the smaller is in many respects an almost exact replica of the larger. The chimpanzee's is lacking especially in that part that gives to us our noble brow. There is doubtless less of that area of brain with which we do the more intelligent acts of our hands. And there is definitely an almost entire absence of that other man-cherished area—the area of speech.

I was brought to a consideration of speech one morning when I stepped out

of the Administration Building. I heard a mewling. I knew the voice. Bokar's. A fine male. I reached his cage. He tipped the top of his head toward me, wanted me to scratch his pate. I did. Abruptly he tipped the top of his head away from me, I should give some attention under his chinless jaw. I did. He pushed one hand through the chain-link netting. I subjected the top of two of his fingers to the most exquisite tactile stimulation—both of us thought that. The next moment, however, the lower reflex animal in him got the better of him, and he clutched my hand, and, having clutched it, his dignity forbade him to return it, so, by way of keeping everything pleasant between us, he presented me his sensitive abdomen. I did. All of this was accompanied by tones, many modulations, very intimate, very friendly, almost amorous. Speech. Private conversation.

Suddenly he backed off to the middle of the cage. He smacked his lips. He clapped his hands. He shaped a fist. A heavy automobile tire was suspended by a chain from the ceiling. He sent the tire up there with a boom. He liked that. He drove it up again. He leapt forward, grabbed hold of his cage, shook it till you knew why everything down there is anchored in concrete, at the same time spoke, *uh, uh, uh, uh*, his pursed lips belching like a gun mouth. She in the cage beyond pounded with her bare feet. He in the cage beyond hers pounded with his bare hands. Then in a faraway cage someone smothered all this noise in one high scream that was taken up on every side till the whole Station reverberated. It was that extension of zoo that is Africa. Social conversation.

Doctor Yerkes once tried to teach a chimpanzee to speak. The results are published in a small interesting book. A hole was cut into the wall of the observing room, a chute made to lead from the hole for pieces of banana, the observer placing himself by the hole, dropping in a piece and repeating a syllable, *ba, ba, ba, ba*, and doing this day

after day. Other devices, other syllables, but the chimpanzee did not learn to speak. The chimpanzee has a vocal apparatus like ours, but cannot be made to imitate us in tones. The experiment was reversed. A worker with a good ear went among the chimpanzees, wrote out on music paper the notes, rests, rhythms, that accompanied actions, food, persons. The conclusion drawn was that, though the chimpanzee does not speak in our sense, it does have a meager substitute, a limited vocabulary.

Think what speech has done for man. It has given him the earth. Report of a small invention in Chicago is printed in a Tokyo newspaper, in that way it becomes added to a small invention made in Tokyo, to another made in London, to another in Rome, and an airplane in consequence is accelerated fifty miles an hour. On Thursday last a discovery is completed in the Rockefeller Institute, is telephoned to Shanghai, and on the following Tuesday in consequence a life is saved in China. And though a chimpanzee in a moonlit lane may have some definitely moonlit feelings, at least it cannot transmit them next day at noon to someone who was not there, in a radiogram. One suspects, further, that since a chimpanzee mother in her inexperience may crush her infant, and since down the whole biological line mothers may destroy their young when it is not convenient to sustain them, the human mother also might kill more often than she does except for tutorage. And man's monopoly on tutorage he owes to speech. That is, moral quality also comes out of speech. Without speech no religion. Without speech no philosophy. No science. No art. No Shakespeare. No voting. No daily newspaper. No stock market quotation. No propaganda. No war. To be sure, a day may come when man will go back into silence again and be no less great on that account,

think more, bear his own company better, settle his problems more honestly and more wisely. Feelings in such a man might stay with him longer than ours do with us, not so quickly escape in sound.

VI

It was my last night at Orange Park. Doctor and Mrs. Yerkes were driving me after supper from their house toward the laboratories. The road goes in and out of a corridor of Spanish moss pinned up on the branches of the water oaks. There was a half moon, a mystic light. We arrived outside the fence that surrounds the eight acres. In there they slept.

Toward five o'clock that afternoon I had stood in front of a cage. One came out of her door. She looked at me. Possibly she wanted me to go away. I stayed. She lay down on her back on the floor. She looked at me. I stayed. She drew both her knees up on to her belly, as I have done with my own knees in my own bed. She looked at me. Would I not have the good breeding to go away? I stayed. She put one hand up under her head, and her disgust with me now was plain, turned away her face, soon snored.

In there they slept. Some on their left sides, some on their right, some on their backs, some on their bellies.

If they were to escape?

They would be shot, Doctor Yerkes quickly assured me. The young ones, Ami, Cap, Dan, people might think them monkeys and not shoot them. But Pan with his low intelligence, and Bokar with his sensitive abdomen, and Wendy the shrew, they would be shot. People would flee from them in terror—but also in outrage—these living testimonials to their own source, these antique breathing fossils, that they should presume to walk abroad among men.



AIR POWER AND FUTURE HISTORY

BY JOHN PHILIPS CRANWELL

SINCE the conclusion of the World War of 1914-1918 one of the paramount questions which have agitated statesmen, naval experts, and aeronautical engineers throughout the world has been the effect of the airplane on Sea Power. In its broader form this question has divided the experts as well as the laymen into two camps.

One camp—whose members, for the sake of simplicity, may be called the air school—contends that an air fleet can destroy a sea fleet, or at least so hamper and disable it as to wrest command of the sea from the Navy. The fact that this has not yet been done in the present European War does not invalidate the contention, because so far no really determined effort seems to have been made to pit the warcraft of the air and the sea against each other. Bombardment aviation, says the air school, can successfully attack surface ships, and either drive them from their stations or destroy them. The sea school replies that in the face of modern anti-aircraft equipment, armored decks, the relatively small and agile target presented, and pursuit aviation, it will be impossible for bombing planes to carry out such a mission and that the Navy will remain the arbiter of Sea Power.

Although the experts of each side constantly bombard each other with verbal blasts, all agree that command of the sea is the end sought by both; their sole difference lies in the means to be followed to that end. As propounded now, the question is a simple one: Will the

plane defeat the ship and thereby transfer the locus of Sea Power from the surface of the water to the air above it?

But notice that both the opponents and the proponents of Air Power as it relates to command of the sea seem to think of the plane solely as a new *weapon of war*. If this were true—if the plane, by its ability to bomb distant targets, did no more than extend enormously the range of artillery; if it only increased the scouting and harassing ability of cavalry far beyond the scope of either horse or mechanized units; if aircraft merely gave to the machine gunner a highly mobile and superior position from which to act; if aviation were limited in its utility to one or all of those fields—then its role would be that of any other weapon. Under those conditions, the plane, like a long-range coast-defense gun, or a fast and powerful battle cruiser, would have a direct and undeniable effect on Sea Power, and the proper field of argument and experiment would certainly be the extent of that effect on surface fleets. To some degree perhaps those are the conditions as we know them to-day. But it is safe to say that the conditions are already changing radically.

For the plane is much more than a new weapon. *The plane is a new means of transportation in nearly the same way that a vessel is.* To think of Air Power purely in terms of bombardment, attack, and pursuit squadrons is to take a very narrow view of the situation. It is, indeed, tantamount to a belief that Sea Power is made up exclusively

of battleships, cruisers, and destroyers.

To subscribe to that belief is to confuse the means with the end. Battleships, cruisers, and destroyers make up a battle fleet which becomes the visible, tangible token of Sea Power. The battle fleet insures and safeguards Sea Power. But it is not in itself Sea Power. Sea Power is command of the sea and all that this implies; it is control of the flow of commerce. Command of the sea insures freedom of transportation whether of troops, munitions of war, food, merchandise, or gold. Freedom of transportation is the real meaning of Sea Power. It might perhaps be more accurate to say that this is half the meaning, for it has its converse, the Power of Blockade.

Now the factor which seems to have been disregarded in the discussions of the effect of air attack on Sea Power is that Air Power, because the plane is a means of carrying on commerce, is so closely akin to Sea Power as to be nearly identical with it. Aircraft and seacraft are basically vehicles of transportation. So long as the commerce of the world is carried exclusively in ships which sail on the surface of the waters, Sea Power will remain the most potent single factor in the conflicts of maritime states. But as aerial commerce increases in quantity and by that much decreases seaborne trade, the influence of Sea Power on history will be replaced by the influence of Air Power on history. The logical conclusion is that in the end Air Power will replace Sea Power, not because military aircraft will drive navies from the sea, but because commerce will leave the water and take to the air. What will be gained by command of the shipping lanes if the air lanes are uncontrolled and are full of the enemy's commercial planes, which maintain his trade, give him mobility for troops and supplies, and reinforce his colonies and distant bases? His every port may be shut by close blockade, his battle fleet may lie rusting on the bottom of the ocean, but if his aircraft, his commercial aircraft, continue to keep the air, loss of the sea will

do him but a fraction of the damage it would have done in the days before men donned wings.

Nor is this a fanciful flight into the future. It will be recalled that in the late summer of 1936, shortly after the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, the Loyalists retained command of the sea, or at least closed the passage by water from Spain's African colonies to the Iberian Peninsula. Yet the Nationalists were able to move a whole army from Africa to Spain by means of transport planes without loss, although control of the shipping lanes was with their opponents. And it is doubtful whether the blockades which led to the fall of Napoleon, which shortened the American Civil War, and which brought about the collapse of Germany before her armies were defeated in the field, would have accomplished any of these things if France, or the Confederacy, or Germany had been able to maintain communication with the outside world by flying over the blockading squadrons. Recent events in Europe—the German attack on Norway, and her overrunning of Holland and a part of Belgium—were greatly facilitated, if not indeed made possible, by this same use of aircraft. Fighting and bombing planes unquestionably played a large part in these attacks, but they cannot occupy or hold ground. Troops for this purpose were brought to the spot in transport planes and landed either in the usual way or by parachute. And in addition to troops, supplies and small cannon were also brought up by plane. Nor was the force transported a small one. Estimates of observers placed the number of men taken to Norway in this manner as high as twenty thousand.

It will be urged of course that years will pass before the commerce of the sea will give place to that of the air, and that until that time comes Sea Power remains the controlling factor in the lives of states which depend on foreign trade for supplies and raw materials. True; but how many years? It must be remembered that in little more than a quarter of a

century of flying both great oceans have been spanned not only by isolated planes with crews of adventurers, but also by regular services which carry passengers, mail, and express on definite schedules and over routes which, if not so well traveled as the shipping lanes below, are at least as clearly defined. It must be remembered too that planes built in this country for England are being flown there and not carried by ship. Is it too much to expect that, with the rapid growth in the size, speed, and carrying capacity of aircraft, within another twenty-five years nearly all the passengers and much freight will go by air? Twenty-five years is not a long time in the lives of nations. Even though the liners of the air never attain the size of the *Queen Mary* or the *Normandie*, even though they never reach that of the humble freighter, they already make much faster and, therefore, more frequent trips. Numbers can offset size to a large extent, and when to numbers is added speed, the advantage now held by the large ship over the relatively smaller plane begins to disappear. Nor must it be forgotten that in time of war and for the purpose of nullifying blockade and command of the sea, the imports and the exports of a nation can be limited to the minimum of essential products necessary to maintain economic and, indeed, physical life. The enormous volume of peacetime trading can be greatly reduced and still render command of the sea largely a matter of academic interest. It required nearly four years of stringent blockade to strangle Germany in the World War when her trade was a thin trickle coming in through neutrals. If that had been augmented by a steady stream, though incomparably smaller than her peacetime volume, she might have been able to endure the loss of her sea trade for a much longer period.

II

Nor is the resemblance between Sea Power and Air Power limited to this

superficial similarity. There exists a further analogy between the two which is strikingly close to a strategic, though not a tactical, identity. If one accepts, as one must, certain of Admiral Mahan's dicta on Sea Power, the following points seem self-evident.

Sea Power, properly understood, rests not alone on a strictly military navy (it will be recalled that Louis XIV created such a force, yet the Sea Power of England, which was firmly based on her merchant shipping, overwhelmed it) but on a large fleet of merchantmen. This is but another way of saying that regardless of the freedom of the sea lanes, they are useless without the means of carrying on commerce. Great fleets of merchantmen provide employment and training for large numbers of seamen during peace and thus create a reservoir for naval seamen in times of war. A large merchant marine also creates wealth through trade and thus makes it possible for a nation to sustain the economic burden of a protracted conflict. Likewise Air Power, while seeming to rest on the bomber, the attack plane, and the pursuit plane, must in time of crisis rely on commercial aviation to a greater and greater extent for the trained pilots necessary to man the enormous air fleets which war calls into being. The commercial pilot, like the merchant sailor, requires additional training for war duty, but has the fundamentals which greatly shorten the military training period. And as, more and more, the commerce of the world is carried through the air, so will the wealth of nations, which depend on trade, come to be measured by their commercial air lines.

Sea Power requires bases, and these must be able to protect themselves from attack and not depend on the fleet to defend them, lest the fleet be tied down and unable to move. Deprived of bases, a fleet, at worst, cannot act, and at best, is badly restricted. Air Power, both military and civil, relies absolutely on bases or flying fields the loss of which renders an air force impotent. An example is of course the wrecking of the

Polish air forces in September, 1939. And these flying fields and air bases must be able to protect themselves against attack, either by concealment or by adequate ground defense.

One of the chief reliances of a fleet is mobility, which permits dispersion when necessary and at the same time allows concentration at the decisive point when action is joined. The English naval campaign prior to the Battle of Trafalgar is a case in point. This ability to disperse and concentrate is an even greater attribute of Air Power because of the plane's superior mobility.

The fundamental doctrine of Sea Power is control of the sea by destruction of the enemy's fleet, either by battle or blockade, and the seizure or destruction of his bases. The first and primary objective of an air force is control of the air by destruction of the enemy's air force in battle or by grounding it through the seizure or destruction of its flying fields and bases. Just as the navy denies its enemy the sea, and by so doing opens it to friendly vessels whether merchant or naval, the air force denies the enemy the air and by so doing opens it to friendly planes whether commercial or military.

The analogy is perhaps more striking in the matter of training. Sea Power demands the training of individuals in the handling of machines: guns, turbines, rangefinders, and all the multitude of weapons and machinery which make up a modern man-of-war. Air Power requires the training of individuals in the handling of machines: meters, machine guns, aircraft cannon, bomb sight, cameras, and all the multitude of apparatus which makes up the modern plane. Sea Power requires the training of individuals into a crew so that each will function with his neighbor to insure that precise co-operation which the excitement of battle cannot disturb and which makes of a warship an efficient tactical unit. Air Power demands a similar training in teamwork. Officers of ships must be trained in the movements of flotillas and squadrons so that teamwork within the

flotilla or the squadron will be as smooth as that within the component units. This applies with equal force to fleets of the air. And finally, the leadership of both sea and air will fail unless subordinate officers are thoroughly indoctrinated with the strategic and tactical policies of the commander.

War in the air, like war at sea, is a conflict not between men but between machines. Enthusiasm cannot compensate for lack of professional skill. Armies can be improvised for defense; even untrained troops, because of the fire power of automatic weapons, can create trouble for any enemy. In the past badly armed and poorly trained armies, fired with enthusiasm and led by a military genius, have vanquished better drilled soldiers in the field. But even the genius of Napoleon could not make a French fleet, whose ships individually were finer than those of their enemy, victorious over the trained and competent seamen of England. Élan and personal courage were not then, and are not now, capable of conquering machines skillfully handled. If a ship is to be efficient in action its crew must be part of its machinery. And if a plane is to fulfill its mission, its crew too must become a part of it. On land the final decision rests squarely on the infantry, on men; at sea or in the air the decision rests on the power built into machines and on the skill with which those machines are used. In the results sought and in the means used to insure those results, the air and the sea must follow the same lines.

Aside from the activities of the enemy, the chief exterior force which affects war at sea is the weather. Storms and poor visibility have wrecked more than one campaign. They affect war in the air in exactly the same way.

The analogy could be continued farther, but enough has been said to make clear the striking parallel which already exists between Sea Power and Air Power in respect to both commerce and military action. As aviation more and more

takes over the transportation business of the world, the analogy will become closer and closer.

The conclusions which seem to follow are two. The first is that because the plane is not merely a new weapon but is in reality a new method of transportation, Air Power will come to dominate history in lieu of Sea Power, not by destroying navies in battle, but by replacing merchant ships with commercial planes, and controlling the air lanes of the world as the sea lanes have been controlled. The second conclusion is based on the first. If this replacement occurs it should be possible to formulate a doctrine or a strategy for the employment of Air Power based directly on the strategic principles underlying the use of Sea Power.

The tactics of ships and fleets have been altered with the changes from frigate to turbine-driven cruiser, and the tactics of the ship cannot be applied exactly to the plane. But the fundamental strategic principles of war at sea—the importance of bases, the dangers of dispersion of force at the vital moment, the fallacy of the ulterior object—remain as true to-day as in the days of Nelson. And since these fundamental principles apply also to air war, the nation which shapes a long-range policy based on the development of its aviation along the lines indicated by a study of the doctrines of Sea Power should eventually achieve that command of the air which may some day be as important to the fate of the world as was the command of the sea during the Napoleonic Wars.





THE FARMERS TRY GROUP MEDICINE

RURAL PUBLIC HEALTH UNDER THE FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

BY RICHARD HELLMAN

FIVE years ago when the Farmers' Holiday and penny-auction foreclosures were fresh in American farmers' minds, and a million farmers were on relief, the Federal government decided to see if these farmers on relief could not be made self-sustaining again through intelligent loans. The word for it was rehabilitation, and the agency was Tugwell's Resettlement Administration, now the Farm Security Administration. The idea went remarkably well, but when loan failures were analyzed two years later, it was found that about half were caused by bad health. This problem was put up to local doctors and farmers, and in the autumn of 1936 there emerged a plan for medical care.

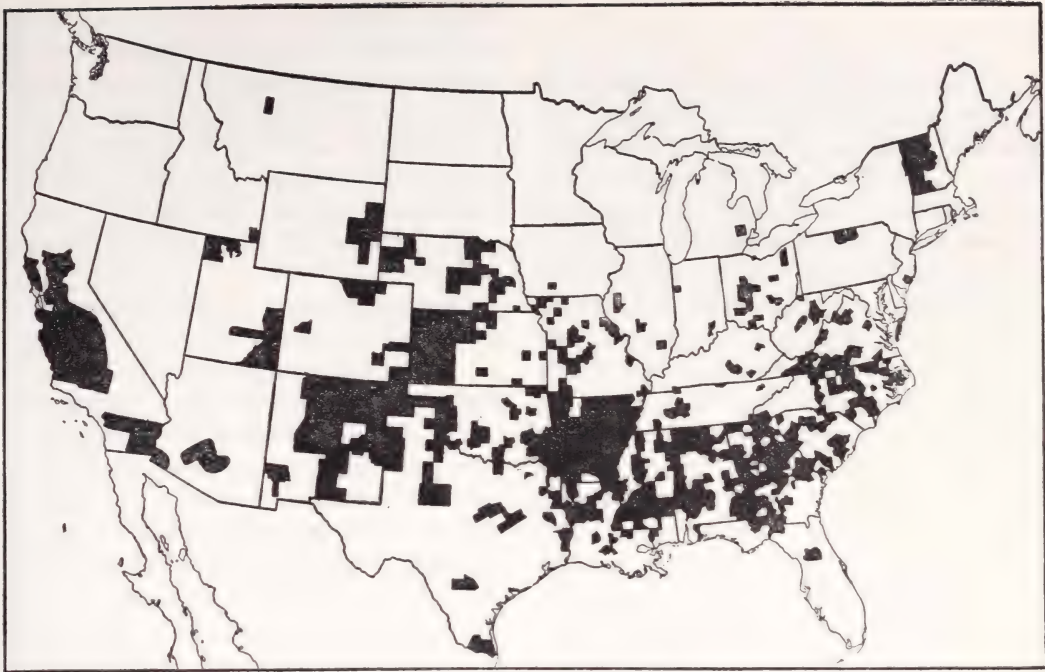
Under this FSA plan a local group of doctors, of their own accord, and a local group of citizens, of their own accord, work together; one to supply medical care when it is needed, the other to prepay within their ability a uniform sum of money each month whether or not medical care is required.

This combination has been worked out in rural areas with the poorest self-sustaining farmers. Perhaps the most striking characteristic is the wide geographic dispersion of the co-operative groups. Although each unit usually operates with complete independence on a county-wide basis, if all such counties are blacked in on a map of the United States, the effect is remarkable. As may be seen from the map on page 73,

Republican Vermont is completely black; so, except for a few counties, are Democratic Georgia and Arkansas. Great areas of Alabama, Kansas, North Carolina and New Mexico are included. Few farm regions remain untouched. And as the program has evolved, the FSA has taken care that the experience gained in one area is not lost to another.

Group medical care has been damned and bitterly fought, sometimes through ignorance and misunderstanding, sometimes because of a short-sighted view of self-interest on the part of the medical profession. The FSA plan has been attacked as bitterly as any. Yet many people do not know that group health plans of one sort or another have been in operation in this country for years; the oldest was started in 1882!

All of these plans have elements in common. The services may include home and office care, hospitalization, surgery, and dental treatment, alone or in combination. Anyone may be eligible to join the organizations, or there may be restrictions such as that only employees of a company may join. Generally the members prepay their way on an average monthly basis, but sometimes a company may contribute the entire cost. The doctors may be free to join the panel serving the group and be paid on a fee basis, or they may be paid a salary. The organization may be a co-operative group of doctors and patients, or of either alone; or it may be a league of hos-



Black areas mark counties where FSA Group Medicine units are in operation.
Those in California and Arizona are for migrants only.

pitals, or be sponsored by a union or a company.

Among existing group health plans—which supply basic medical and hospital care—the Northern Pacific Railroad Beneficial Association, founded in 1882, is probably the oldest. It is owned and run by 20,000 employees, who retain several hundred doctors and operate four hospitals. Essentially similar is Group Health Association of Washington, formed in 1937 as a co-operative organization of patients. The first somehow has escaped the antagonism of “organized medicine” but the latter has had to go into the courts to defend its right to exist. Another variation of the group health idea is the Ross-Loos Medical Group, a partnership of Los Angeles doctors formed in 1929. The earliest rural plan is the Farmers Union Co-operative Hospital Association, founded in 1929, with a present membership of 1,800 farmers living round Elk City, in western Oklahoma.

Many readers will recall the medical service of their college days, which was included in the tuition. This variety of

beneficence goes back at least as far as 1913, when it was started at Ann Arbor.

The hospitals have been on the whole far more resourceful and successful than the doctors in solving the problems of depression economics. The group hospitalization plan, started as an experiment by Baylor University in 1929, provides hospitalization only. Group Health provides medical care in the home and in the doctor's office as well. Obviously one is preventive in the sense that a patient may go to his doctor at any time, thus minimizing sickness, while the other provides only hospitalization, and provides this only after one is seriously ill (or is about to have a baby). The one tries to lock the stable before the horse escapes, and the other only locks it afterward. This is an essential distinction to remember.

All of these plans of general application have been purely private enterprises. The most important exception of course is the medical program organized by the FSA and the participating doctors and patients—80,000 families are now taking part in this program.

II

The group health program of the Farm Security Administration is obviously one flank of a comprehensive attack on farm relief. In 1935, as already stated, a million farmers were on relief. FSA's main business is to put such persons back on a self-supporting basis. To be eligible for an FSA loan, a man must be a bona fide farmer, unable to get the necessary money from private lenders. After his character and farming ability have been indorsed by a county committee of his neighbors the family gets together with the FSA farm and home management supervisors to work out a plan of living that is likely to succeed. If this can be done enough money is lent to swing the plan. The loans, which average about three hundred dollars, are used to buy a plow, a mule, a cow, fertilizer, and seed. When such equipment as a tractor is uneconomical for one farm alone, money may be lent to a group of farmers to buy it for co-operative use.

In the beginning there was no provision for maintaining the family's health. Mules were better off than men. For instance, after one FSA farmer had used up his loan in part to buy a fine team of mules, one of the animals fell sick. If the mule died a good part of the loan security died with it. The man went down to the FSA supervisor in his county and wanted to know if there was not some way to get a veterinarian. The supervisor saw to it that proper care was provided, and the mule recovered. But when the man who was making a go of his farm near Pine Bluff suddenly became ill, he had already spent his loan and didn't have the money for medical care for himself. On the second day of his illness he asked the supervisor to get the help of a doctor. Some physicians were out of reach; others refused to come after learning that there was no money for a fee. Finally an oldtimer came out to prescribe. The man's fate is immaterial to the discussion—the point is that there was no regular provision for main-

taining health, and with health gone the loan was gone too. The farm and home supervisors, working day in and day out with these families, soon caught wind of this situation and began to send a steady stream of comment into the administrative offices of the FSA on the need of some scheme of medical care for FSA borrowers.

In practice, the ideas and procedures of the FSA medical plans are embodied in a set of memoranda between the State and county medical societies and the FSA, and between the FSA and the farmers. These remarkable non-technical documents belong in medical history. Never before have there been such forthright formulations of medical relationships among doctor, patient, and an intermediary government. Before any medical care plan is set up in a State the general provisions are carefully outlined to the State Medical Society. If a memorandum is worked out and approved, the latter then gives the FSA permission to solicit the co-operation of the county medical societies. The real work of co-operation is done by the county doctors, and it is not unlikely that the drive for approval of the FSA program by the State Society comes up from the grass roots.

The mechanics are simple. The farmers agree to pay a fixed annual amount into a pooled trust fund, according to their ability to pay. Since their cash income for an entire year runs from about \$50 to \$300, their payments will vary from \$15 to \$30 a year. On their side, the physicians who volunteer to join the plan agree to provide all necessary medical services. The pooled fund is divided into 12 monthly portions. At the end of each month the doctors submit their bills to the trustee in charge of this pooled fund. The bills are then reviewed by a committee from the county medical society. If the total of bills approved for payment is less than the sum set aside, bills are paid in full; if more, the fund is prorated. Any monthly surpluses are applied to deficit months.

From 15 to 20 per cent of the paid-in funds are set aside for hospitalization. The participating hospitals are paid on the same basis as the doctors, with proration in case the funds do not cover the full amount of services rendered. Members of these medical care groups have "free" choice of a physician; that is, physicians are free to join the co-operative plan, and patients are free to call upon any co-operating physician.

The schedule of fees to be used by doctors in billing the fund has been scrupulously left by the FSA in the hands of the county medical societies. "I can think of no surer way to lose the co-operation of the physicians and incur their hostility," the Chief Medical Officer of the FSA has said, "than to attempt to say that we think certain charges for medical services are too high or excessive." Any question relating to a doctor's services or fees is referred to a committee of physicians, whose decision is final. Similarly, if a family abuses its privilege by making demands upon the doctors for unnecessary services it is reported to the county supervisor, whose business it is to straighten the matter out.

Finally there is the agreement with the FSA borrower. In this the farm family is brought into intimate contact with doctors as a group and goes far beyond the usual dictates in a health program—for now the emphasis is on preventive medicine.

I agree to participate . . . in accordance with the memorandum of understanding between the County Medical Society and the FSA. . . . As a further part of this agreement and in furtherance of the health program herein provided for, I agree to the best of my ability to perform and fill the canning budget for fruits and vegetables as set forth in my farm and home plan, observe proper sanitary practices in and around my home, screen doors and windows, keep the well or other sources of drinking water free from contamination, provide sanitary toilet, and co-operate with our family physician on following his suggestions with respect to diet and other health practices.

Until recently dentistry was not included in these medical plans. For the run of people, however, dental care is

more of a day-in-and-day-out problem than medical care, and except when there are extremely serious illnesses most middle-class families will find that their dentist gets more of the family income than the doctor. As for the FSA loan program, an abscessed tooth with a prolonged existence has been known to make a good farmer a bad one and its removal to restore his efficiency at once.

But a toothache is not as dramatic as an appendectomy. Hence while hospitals and doctors have been working out plans for equalizing and regularizing the cost of their service to their patients, the field of dental economics has been almost wholly untouched. About a year ago the first FSA dental plan was introduced in Arkansas, and other States have been added with increasing momentum. Group dental care is now widespread in Kansas, Nebraska, and Arkansas, where it covers 105 counties and includes 11,000 families; and initial units are operating in 12 other States. The set-up parallels the medical counterpart. In Arkansas the dental plan is independent of the medical program, families paying \$4 a year for husband and wife and an additional 50 cents for each child: this covers emergency dental care, amalgam fillings, extractions, and cleaning. But in most of the other counties medical and dental care are co-ordinated in a single plan.

III

To date, the FSA scheme has been tried out over many widely scattered sections of the country. Currently it is at work in 634 counties, embracing 80,000 families and a total of 400,000 persons. While the body of experience accumulated in the course of three or four years is necessarily inconclusive, the fact that 95 out of every 100 plans have been renewed annually by both doctors and farmers favors a strong presumption that the plan works. The results go far toward answering questions on the effectiveness of the programs in reducing and preventing illness, the abuse of privileges, the posi-

tion of the doctors, and the importance of personal relationships.

Scanning the reports from county supervisors on the results of the program, the reader is struck with the strong interdependence of health and economic rehabilitation. As one put it, "Formerly when someone in the family took sick, the chickens, hogs, and calves would have to be sold to raise the necessary funds." The reports are studded with instances of farmers restored to health and the ability to work by the medical care that otherwise would not have been available. Urban dwellers may find it hard to understand how a family could lack urgent medical care until the coming of some group health organization—in the city there is usually a free hospital. But few rural areas, especially in the South, enjoy free clinics. Poor farmers generally are in debt to the family doctor already, and under the circumstances are strongly inclined to put off calling him, often until too late. "One of the greatest benefits of the association," the FSA man from Stone County, Arkansas, said, "is that the doctors go when the client calls and the clients have that secure feeling of being able to get a doctor when they need one."

This freedom to call or visit the doctor raises the question how far the privilege is abused. Some abuse is inevitable, and there have been two or three isolated cases in which a plan had to wind up and start all over again. For the most part, however, the amount of real abuse has been small. Often it happens that families will call on the doctor during the first week more or less for the novelty, to see if the plan really works. When they find that it does, the orientation phase is over. Sometimes the opposite is true; and families that have become used to doing without a doctor (turpentine is a favorite surface medication) will neglect to see him when they should. A count of the visits made during the first seven months of a recently organized group showed that 57 per cent used it two or fewer times. The most effective preventive of abuse, the FSA experience has shown, is

an understanding of the insurance principle of group health schemes—the momentary peaks of full use by some members offsetting the valleys of non-use by others.

Since in practice the doctors as a group get paid the same total amount of money no matter how little or how much work there is to be done, obviously it is advantageous all round for sickness to be minimized. This puts an amiable emphasis on preventive medicine. With the current advance in diagnostic and dietetic science, the profession is just getting to the point where preventive medicine is becoming a big thing. Naturally doctors approach the problem with varying degrees of intensity. In Arkansas, particularly, the doctors were aware of the heavy backlog of work to be done on their FSA families and the small amount of money to be got, and caught on to the possibilities of preventive medicine right off. In one group of contiguous counties in which the doctors were well acquainted with one another and worked together intelligently they asked the FSA families to be home on a certain Saturday and then made the rounds to take a health inventory. They got a good idea of the work ahead and left "powders" where they would do good. By this sort of intelligent efficiency substantial cuts were made in the sickness and death rates.

The clearest demonstration of the possibilities in preventive medicine came through the emphasis which the FSA plans have put on diet. The result was all the more dramatic because the farmers had been eating so badly. In their contract of understanding with the doctors and the FSA the farmers undertook to grow and preserve a certain amount of fruits and vegetables. By 1938 their production of food for home consumption had tripled. Previously most of them had not kept gardens, had put away only a meager stock of canned foods, and had raised negligible amounts of live-stock. Fat pork, cornbread, molasses, and coffee were the stand-bys, with occa-

sional additions of dried beans, sweet potatoes, collards, cabbage, and turnip greens. During nine months of the year fresh or canned vegetables, milk or eggs were scarce or entirely wanting. In contrast, all FSA families now grow tomatoes, lettuce, squash, carrots, spinach, beets, potatoes, rhubarb, corn, and fruits for their own use.

And so the time came when the pretty little nurse from Gee's Bend could say to Doctor R. C. Williams, Chief Medical Officer of the FSA in Washington: "All the pellagra cases seem to be doing fine. We have got some very good gardens this year and I hope we shall be able to control this disease."

The circular relationship between good health and good canning volume showed up in an unsuspected but common spot where the nation's margin of births over deaths is being produced.

The home supervisors have been discouraged in the past because of a large number of women on the programs who are not receiving adequate medical care during pregnancy. The ill health . . . resulting has made it impossible for them to be good housekeepers or to carry on food preservation programs adequate to meet the needs of their families.

But when the canned goods were forthcoming in sufficient doses both mothers and children thrived. "Examination of the school children by the County Health Department," one supervisor observed, "shows that our children are the best nourished of any rural children examined in two counties!" After three years of this kind of energetic health-giving in a county with one of the State's top death rates, a physician facetiously remarked that "a doctor finds it difficult to make a living."

The receptivity of doctors to the idea of an FSA medical program for their own county has usually depended on their familiarity with the specific nature of the proposition, but in ninety-five per cent of the cases their decision after a period of actual experience has been to continue. In a number of instances all the doctors of a county—often not more than four

or five, who know one another well—had already discussed the idea among themselves and were eager to give it a try. In others a highly generalized fear of "socialized medicine," instilled by years of bombardment through the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, had to be overcome by careful explanation of the character of the program. The situation has been summed up with some thunder but with a good deal of sense by the chairman of the economics committee of a Midwestern State medical society. "Where the program is in operation," he exclaimed, "they like it and where they know nothing about it, they are raising hell!" In line with this observation is the urban-rural division of sympathies; for it is found that the physician, especially the specialist with a large city practice, is often strongly opposed, but the country practitioner who has been intimately in touch with the medical needs of these farm people for years, largely without payment, has the more liberal attitude.

As a general observation, it is probably fair to say that the degree of opposition of doctors to these group health plans has corresponded pretty closely to the degree of unfamiliarity with their workings. When early in 1937 the State medical societies of certain Midwestern areas were approached, "it was found in all cases that the physicians with whom we had contact had no familiarity with the work of the Resettlement Administration or the problems that confronted us." A particularly good specimen is found in the annals of one rather poor agricultural State. With a view to obtaining the profession's co-operation, a representative called upon the chairman of the executive committee of the State medical society to explain the FSA plan:

It is common knowledge in the State that he rules the State Medical Society with an iron hand. . . . Now in his seventies, he is quite outspoken in his views and does not mince words in discussing any subject. With these facts before me, I was prepared for a stormy visit with him.

Our interview lasted for two hours. My

general attitude was to meet whatever attitude he took with a similar one. If he used profanity, I used profanity. If he told jokes, I told jokes, but I always brought him back to the problem of families that need medical care. In general, I took a half-serious, half-humorous attitude, pointing out to him that he had been "on relief" (that is, on the public payroll as a health officer) longer than I.

One of the first statements he made was that the program was in conflict with medical ethics. A definite effort was made to pin him down to just what medical ethics were being violated. The interview was quite heated at times. Fortunately, however, neither of us lost our temper. The conference covered every conceivable subject from genealogy to New Deal economics.

The final result of the conference was that the Doctor invited me to present a summary of the proposed program for his consideration. It is felt that definite progress has been made in explaining the program to him. The principal difficulty heretofore appears to have been that no one could get him to listen to the details of the program long enough to understand it.

Once the approval of the State medical society was gained—which often turned on winning over a single dominating personality in the organization—it was easier to deal with the county societies, although here too the information process had to be repeated.

The main strength of the FSA programs naturally has come from among the doctors at the grass roots, and its strength has grown with experience. The evolution of attitude can be seen from a typical resolution in which a county medical society announces its intention to keep on with the FSA plan for another year.

. . . In the beginning we were not altogether in favor of same as we were in doubt as to the good that could be realized from our co-operation. Since we have worked with the FSA during the past year, we wish to say that same has been a wonderful aid to the low-income farmers. We feel that we have been well paid for our services, not altogether in dollars and cents, but in the work that we are able to do that could not have been done otherwise. . . . We wish to state that . . . we will continue our services with same during the coming year.

The general reaction of co-operating doctors has been favorable; but there have been a few serious sources of dissatisfaction, all of which turn on the

necessarily low fees paid into the pooled funds by the farmers. The complaint has been, not that the doctors get less than before, but that they are not receiving as much as they should. Undoubtedly more service is being given than previously and this has increased the load on doctors. They are now receiving more money, however, than before. The incomes of many had fallen so low that they were not far from relief themselves, and the introduction of the Farm Security Administration's medical program helped them to retain an independent financial status. Before its establishment the average rural doctor in FSA territory might have collected 50 per cent of the total amount of his bills, although this is a high figure and more usually the percentage ran to 40 and even as low as 20. But this was the average of payments by the most prosperous as well as the poorest families. Some paid more, some paid all; many paid less, some paid nothing. FSA households are of the latter group. Their doctors today are getting about 65 per cent on their bills from these families who previously were able to pay less than half of that or nothing; or who simply didn't get needed medical care and therefore did not run up bills. A doctor out in Kansas with a bent for keeping accounts found that for three years from January, 1936, to January, 1939, he had collected from 42 families an average of 11 per cent of the amount of bills submitted. By individual households payment varied from zero to a high of 56 per cent. The same 42 families later joined up with an FSA medical plan, and the doctor's books show that during the first six months, between May and December, 1939, he had collected 61 per cent.

Some of the doctors, who must have been hard put to make a living in their poor territories, worked out ingenious methods to increase their income above the limits of the FSA plan. The most popular seemed to be the extraction of a promise from families to pay the difference between the original bill and the

reduced amount received from the group plan. This was not general among the doctors, and the medical society in many cases managed to correct it. One county supervisor reported that the physicians were willing to co-operate for another year, "and if we can get them to agree that no fee is charged the client outside the regular fee paid in to the medical service, the program will continue." A few county enterprises met their Waterloo on the remuneration problem, but 95 per cent went on to another year.

The ordinary middle-class school teacher, office manager, or real-estate agent would never suspect that a substantial source of difficulty has been the furnishing of drugs. In most of the FSA plans as originally designed drugs for sick patients were supplied by the doctor out of his fees. In a few extreme cases the cost came to half of his net compensation from FSA families, and in one South Carolina county drug trouble wrote *finis* to the plan. Usually though the problem has been ironed out in one way or another. In Logan County, Arkansas, the druggists were asked and agreed to take a 20 per cent discount on drug bills. "This helped some." In another county people thought that a small amount ought to be set aside in addition to the regular medical funds. The supervisors of Monroe County, "after careful consideration of the matter with the doctors of the county medical association, decided to cut off the medicine." The trouble with this as discovered in another county was that the low-income families might put off getting the drugs and in that way to a large extent defeat the physician's care.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to insert the inevitable paragraphs of statistics, using Georgia for the purpose. There are 26,000 families on the FSA rolls in the State, with about 14,000 participating in the medical programs. Each family has put in a little over \$15 a year, the aggregate coming to about \$210,000. Approximately 85 per cent of this is put aside for doctors and hospitals.

Both get about two-thirds of their reviewed bills, although in other States the hospitals do better, getting an average of 85 per cent. On the average, a family visited the doctor at his office four times a year and was visited at home about twice. Hospital cases average fourteen a year per hundred families, lasting about 7 days apiece. Pregnancies ran about 9 per 100 families, almost all of them home deliveries.

Most of the time and effort has gone to develop group medical plans of this sort. But there have been three important variations, each dictated by peculiar conditions: one for FSA homesteads, another for agricultural migrants, and a third for the drought-bitten Dakotas. The Dakota plan was set up on a State instead of a county basis and did not survive. Money was short and local doctors were too far away from the central State office which reviewed their bills. The other two variations of the plan are working.

The 161 homesteads are sparsely settled clusters of 100 to 200 adjoining farms. Usually isolated at some distance from city and doctor, they offer a particularly difficult problem. At Escambia Farms, Florida, before the FSA, the county doctor had to drive 18 to 25 miles one way and charged \$15 a visit, thank you but don't call again. The answer is group prepayment of uniform fees, but for the services of a single part-time doctor who may hold clinic at the homestead twice a week and make home visits on need. The fees are somewhat higher than in the regular FSA plan, but will vary with services included and special circumstances.

The influx of poor farm migrants to California and Arizona since 1935 has created a troublesome public-health situation. These families live in roadside jungles, patched-up tents, or hastily improvised shelters without any sanitary facilities. Their continual movement from one area to another at times over three hundred miles away has contributed to the spread of communicable diseases. Despite all that the California State De-

partment of Health has done, outbreaks of smallpox or typhoid in widely separated counties have occurred. It has been too much for the State alone to handle. So in February, 1938, the FSA, together with the California Medical Association, the State Department of Health, and the State Relief Administration, formed a non-profit organization to supply medical care to the migrants on a "pay when you can" basis.

To-day in 634 counties in 32 different States group health plans organized by the FSA are in operation. The ex-

perience brings a clearer understanding of what can be done for public health when people know what they are about.

To-day, with the question of national defense absorbing us all, the health of our people is more vital than ever. In 1938 114,000 men tried to join the Navy and Marine Corps; 82,000 of them—72 per cent—were rejected, most of them because of bad teeth, poor eyes, or defective physical development. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that even the Army is said to be getting behind a national health program.

UNDER THE STAIRS OF HEAVEN

BY KINGSLEY TUFTS

UNDER the stairs of heaven our toys will lie
 Just where we left them after that hour of play
 When the prize was suddenly no more worth the try,
 When the game went stale, and we put the pieces away.
 Spread on the yellowed papers, our toys will be
 Covered with dust, just as we laid them down.
 Once more we kneel on the floor, smiling to see
 The bar of gold, the cross, the sword, the crown.
 "With this I was rich," we say. "With this I was good.
 And with these I was terribly powerful, and oh, so proud!"
 We feel the metal once more, and touch the wood,
 Remembering the cries of the past, urgent and loud.
 How bitterly real, how cruel, were the rules of things
 When we played at bankers and priests, at soldiers and kings!



BLACKOUT OF *PARIS-SOIR*

BY HAL LEHRMAN

THIS is the story of the greatest newspaper in France, how it was betrayed by an elevator boy and how it became a war refugee. Here is a tale for newspaper men, but also for all the world to read, because the chronicle of *Paris-Soir* is the chronicle of France, in her majesty, in her agony, and in her defeat.

Like the nation it served, *Paris-Soir* had its Fifth Column. It sustained the concentrated hate of an enemy whose ingenuity was capable of devising a perfect parody called *Paris-Noir*—same type, same make-up, but scurrilous in its travesty—which Nazi airmen dropped regularly on the sleeping Maginot Line. Like France, *Paris-Soir* abandoned its capital, but not before it had put one last defiant edition, a day after all the other journals had fled, on the streets of a city already quaking with the thunder of German guns. And just as to-day there are two Frances, so there are now two *Paris-Soirs*. One, which never missed a day despite the chaos of battle and flight, appears in "free" France. The other comes out in Paris, under German dictation. The Paris edition is barred from the unoccupied zone; in the area held by the invader it is a crime punishable by death to be found reading, possessing, or distributing the edition published at Clermont-Ferrand—even though the presses used are owned by the "Man of Vichy" known as Laval.

The story was told to me, the day he reached New York late in August on a Portuguese steamer hardly bigger than its lifeboats, by the editor-

in-chief of *Paris-Soir*, Pierre Lazareff.

Scarcely five feet tall and only thirty-three years old, Lazareff was one of the most important newspaper executives in his homeland. Besides producing France's biggest-circulation daily, he supervised *Paris-Soir Dimanche*, the only Sunday paper in the country; *Match*, an illustrated news weekly; *Pour Vous*, a French-style *Photoplay*; *Marie-Claire*, a low-priced fashion magazine on luxury paper, edited by his wife, Hélène Gordon—and he had a hand in Radio 37, *Paris-Soir's* own broadcasting station.

The cause of *Paris-Soir's* peculiar tragedy was its excellence. The paper was no more anti-Nazi than many another in France. But it was too clever. It was hated by Dr. Goebbels because it had too many readers—notably in Switzerland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. It was feared by the Wilhelmstrasse because it was a skillful cultivator of anti-Germanism among the common people of those neutral states.

In 1921 *Paris-Soir* was born, and it led a feeble existence for nine halting years. Revived from time to time by various publishers, the paper persisted in combining sluggish circulation with enormous appetite for operating costs until 1930, when it was purchased by Jean Prouvost.

Prouvost was a textile manufacturer, one of the biggest in Europe. He owned mills in the north, in Britain, in Czechoslovakia, and in the United States. He was, however, a journalist at heart—with the stature of a Bennett or a Beaver-

brook. [In the last days of the Battle of France Paul Reynaud sacked the amateurs and made Prouvost his Minister of Information.]

The new owner had taken his journalistic bow in 1924, when he went to the rescue of an obscure sheet called *Paris-Midi*. That paper had five thousand readers when Prouvost moved in. In a few years the figure was well above one hundred thousand.

In 1925 *Paris-Midi* and Prouvost acquired Pierre Lazareff, who had begun his apprenticeship at the age of fourteen. From the shops of Candide, Gringoire, and Liberté, Lazareff came to *Paris-Midi* as a small-time rewrite man. In six months he was city editor and six months after that he was editor-in-chief.

Lazareff went straight over to *Paris-Soir* with his boss. Together they changed the circulation total from 60,000 to nearly 2,000,000. They did this by creating a brand of newspaper never before seen by the Gauls—plenty of pictures, surrounded by 16 pages of news, features, and special correspondence. Most important of all, they tossed away the political axes which other editors ground night and day, at the partial or total expense of accurate reporting.

Pretty much the same formula was used for *Paris-Midi*. As a result, the midday paper, which had a special financial section, became a ritual for Parisians to read in autobus, metro, or taxi back and forth from work during their time-defying two hours for lunch. And in the evening *Paris-Soir* joined the dishes and silver on the dinner tables of France. In fact, the demand was so great that a press was installed at Marseille, where editions identical with the Parisian were printed simultaneously for the south, too remote for speedy delivery by rail from the capital.

Other newspapers, like *Petit Parisien*, paid Prouvost and Lazareff the sincere flattery of imitating the pattern they had set for a *grand journal d'information*. But the competition never quite caught up. Readers continued to buy their political

gossip sheets, each one pumping the credo of a particular faction or splinter—and each therefore limited to a circulation no bigger than party strength. To find out what was really happening, to keep tabs on the latest in crime, sex, and diplomacy, two million Frenchmen regularly invested fifty extra centimes (one cent at current rates) in *Paris-Soir*.

The war put eighty per cent of *Paris-Soir's* staff into uniform, and created a newsprint shortage which thinned the paper down to four pages and finally to a single sheet. The conflict, however, failed to have similar effect on the revenue. French journals, unlike our own, depended for their income on newsstand sales. Advertisements were extra gravy. Prouvost banned advertising altogether, streamlined his publication into a war-time gazette crammed with news satisfactory to the censorship—and had the genius to think of cheering up his depressed countrymen by introducing a daily comic strip, complete with colors. The French took heart in the antics of *Chiffonnette*, a Gallic Dumb Dora or Silly Milly, as she waged her own private war against Germany *à la française*. It was the first native, non-American cartoon in France. Circulation zoomed to 3,000,000.

On the serious side, *Paris-Soir* mobilized an array of ace correspondents and trained-seal commentators. Its military analysts were General Maurin, former War Minister, and André Chaumeix, of the French Academy. Jules Sauerwein, familiar to American readers, was its diplomatic expert. *Paris-Soir* was the only French daily to have continuous coverage during the war from the United States, cabled by Count Raoul de Roussy de Sales under the by-line of Jacques Fransales. In the Maginot Line it stationed the novelist Joseph Kessel, known to Hollywood as the author of *L'Équipage*. His brother Georges went to Finland and was credited with a world-wide scoop on the Russo-Finnish peace. A top-notch reporter, Blaise Cendrars, flew with the R.A.F. for *Paris-Soir*;

another, Claude Blanchard, campaigned with the B.E.F., while a third, Henri Danjou, watched General Weygand in the Near East.

To pages made bright by such a galaxy, the editors of *Paris-Soir* added exposés calculated to show France the nature of her antagonist. The paper was the first in the world to print the astonishing record of Hermann Rauschning's conversations with the Führer—*Hitler m'a dit*—since published here as *The Voice of Destruction*. It was the first to release the disclosures of ex-Nazi Otto Strasser, whose brother Gregor was murdered in the blood purge of June 30, 1934; the first to carry the famous letter written by Fritz Thyssen to Marshal Goering condemning the Nazis just before the Reich industrialist escaped to Switzerland. *Paris-Soir* had a five-month beat on the story of Pauline Kohler, recently issued here as *A Woman Who Lived In Hitler's House* but serialized in France under the more piquant title of *J'étais femme de chambre chez M. Hitler*.

These revelations caused Dr. Goebbels many uncomfortable moments. Even before the war *Paris-Soir* had felt Axis wrath, when its correspondent, Walter Bing, was expelled from Berlin and his colleague, Jean Deveau, from Rome. The *Völkischer Beobachter*—Goebbels' pride and Hitler's financial joy—used to fulminate with monotonous regularity against that "Jewish internationalist rag" on the rue du Louvre.

Hostilities gave the Germans a patriotic justification for smashing *Paris-Soir* with all weapons at hand. Somewhere behind the Westwall they installed a printery and a staff of skilled journalistic clowns who knew how to edit a *Paris-Noir* which was the image of its "competitor" and dripped with lampoon. Loaded up like news trucks, Luftwaffe pilots were on steady assignment to bomb the Maginot pillboxes with copies of the German paper, written in impeccable French. Nazi planes roared on similar missions high over Luxembourg, Switzerland, and Belgium, committing

one neutrality breach after another to bring the lowdown on "criminal French propaganda" to neutral civilians on *Paris-Soir's* subscription list.

But this, after all, was piddling stuff. *Paris-Soir* could not be throttled—and stay throttled—as long as Paris itself was breathing. Though pamphlet raids were fun, for permanent effect the German army had to put down its heel.

II

Two mornings before the Reichswehr's motorized vanguard rumbled into the capital on the grim 14th of June, Paris was formally declared an open city, making it technically immune from bombardment. But the declaration posted by General Hering and communicated to the enemy was merely a legalistic gesture, for there was nobody left to put up a fight. The Government had evacuated to Tours, the Army was falling back on all sides, even G.H.Q. had flown one hundred and twenty miles south to reorganize a defense which the generals themselves knew was already shattered beyond redemption.

Over the capital on June 11th appeared a peculiar black cloud, blanket-ing the horizon far into the north, east, and west. No one knew where the cloud came from—whether it had been blown up by the French to camouflage their retreat and shield the city from bombs or by the Germans to mask their approach. The haze darkened the boulevards where lonely newsboys hawked papers to the few Parisians left with mind or spirit enough to read. The kiosques that day still displayed *Paris-Soir*, *Petit Parisien*, *Matin*, *Jour-Écho de Paris*, *Œuvre*, *Époque*, and *Temps*—representing political ideas and interests ranging from the Radical Socialists left of center to the fascist *Croix de Feu*. Twenty-four hours later all were gone—except *Paris-Soir*.

For that matter, there was very little left even at *Paris-Soir*. Trucks piled with equipment had been chugging away from the plant for thirty-six hours.

Everything moveable—files, morgue, typewriters, even desks—had been bundled up and packed on camions for the mass exodus.

Along with the furniture went most of the staff. Some headed for Nantes, in Brittany, which still seemed safe. The others tried Clermont-Ferrand, in the Puy-de-Dôme far below the Loire—a river which was somehow expected to hold up the blitzkrieg long enough for Weygand to perform a miracle and scrape together the troops, planes, tanks, and guns for his promised counter-offensive.

Prouvost had already gone along with the Cabinet to do his duty as Information Minister in the Touraine. A non-descript team of eight employees from various publications in the Prouvost syndicate—*Paris-Soir* alone had a wartime editorial force of one hundred and sixty—stayed behind, accepting without demur their chief's orders to stand by. Haggard, dazed, and grief-stricken, they were to make one more independent edition of the sole surviving newspaper in Paris before the Germans took control.

At 5 A.M. Lazareff and his phantom staff assembled in the *Paris-Soir* newsroom. In the nightmare group were his fashion-writing wife, the brothers Kessel, and Hervé Mille, editor of *Match*, the picture magazine. An unexpected recruit was Baker d'Isy, *Paris-Soir's* pre-war sports editor. Mobilized into the fleet in September, he had fought through whatever fighting there was to do, won the first *Croix de Guerre* awarded at Dunkirk, and escaped from the Flanders pocket to England. Arriving from London that very night, he had dropped in at the office to say hello. He stripped off his sailor's jersey and stayed until the last form was closed.

Completing the staff were a pair of secretaries—and five censors. The latter included two journalists, a lawyer, a professor, and a naval officer. Their offices shut in their faces by the general Government evacuation, they had come directly to the newspaper to do their

censoring. The futility of their assignment was apparent, so they pitched in as assistants instead.

The trouble was there was no copy to assist in editing. The telephones weren't working, the telegraph was out, nothing could get into the office by the usual communication routes. Even the Havas News Agency's ticker, which ordinarily coughed out hundreds of feet of miscellany, was dead.

It looked as if there just wasn't going to be any *dernière édition* of *Paris-Soir*—until Georges Kessel began fiddling with the office's powerful short-wave receiver. The dial hit something that sounded like a New York special news broadcast. Someone began taking notes in shorthand.

From then on until noon *Paris-Soir* grew solely and exclusively out of the American radio. The Germans were less than twenty miles from the capital, but the only available reports on their progress had to be picked out of the air from across the Atlantic. Via short-wave also came news of the temporary capital at Tours, one hundred and forty-five miles below Paris, and of what was going on in England. The largest single item in the paper was the text of President Roosevelt's "stab in the back" speech at Charlottesville, in which he condemned Italy's declaration of war and proclaimed America's hopes for an Allied victory. [A few days later, Premier Reynaud, just before he surrendered to the Pétain armistice faction, was to appeal to the United States for "clouds of planes."]

At noon, with twelve compositors and eighteen pressmen feverishly laboring, the pages were set and the paper started rolling. But Lazareff and his exhausted crew never saw the edition which soon thereafter began filtering into the deserted capital. Their last heroic gesture accomplished, they slumped into cars waiting at the curb all night and sped off toward the south. Just before leaving, Lazareff turned over the keys of the plant to neutral caretakers, a Swiss and a

Swede. If the Germans got in, he thought, at least it wouldn't be through swinging doors.

III

On the 13th of June, one full day before the first Nazi contingents entered, Dr. Goebbels began his characteristic propaganda activity in Paris by dispatching an "advance guard" in skirts. It was a kind of Foreign Legion, with women in the ranks from Poland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg. Among their varied and interesting duties was to line the streets of Paris and cheer the "Aryan" soldier boys due to arrive on the morrow. Photographs taken by soldier-cameramen were to be rushed to the Reich for wide publication as proof of the cordial welcome given Hitler's triumphant legions by the "rescued" Parisian populace.

There was one hitch, however. A police *commissaire* in the 14th *arrondissement* corralled the motley squadron of camp followers as soon as they paraded into his district and jammed them into the local jail. When the ladies' screams and shrieks became too annoying he ordered them doused with a fire hose.

On the 14th the German commandant established his headquarters at the Hotel Crillon, adjoining the United States Embassy. Almost his first formal act was to release the women in time for them to reach the boulevards and start their reception before the main body of the army marched by. Next he summoned the offending commissioner and informed him he was no longer a police official. Then, in less than forty-eight hours, he organized a special Franco-German corps of occupation and ordered it to proceed at once to 37 rue du Louvre and there take over the premises of *Paris-Soir*.

The Swiss and Swedish custodians had very effectively disappeared. But waiting in the doorway was one of *Paris-Soir's* elevator boys, an Alsatian who had operated a lift in the building for five inconspicuous years.

So self-effacing had this young man

been, at least in contacts with the newspaper's executives, that Lazareff couldn't even remember his name. But from minor associates the editor later learned that the Alsatian had exhibited an extremely praiseworthy interest in the technical functioning of the plant. During the course of his service, in fact, he had worked as apprentice, voluntarily and without pay after his own job for the day was done, in the paper's various manual departments.

When the war broke out a few dubious employees who either spoke French with the wrong kind of accent or had shady corners in their past were dropped from the payroll. They probably were all loyal to France, whatever their private connections. But the elevator boy, quietly continuing to discover how to print a newspaper and put it into circulation, was entirely beyond suspicion.

When the Nazi military car pulled up in front of *Paris-Soir's* ultra-modern white concrete establishment the Alsatian popped out of his doorway, stiffened into a Heil-Hitler salute, and announced in German: "Everything is ready. I have recruited a staff for the composing room, the presses and the deliveries. I await your orders."

The Germans were ready too. First into the building was an official censor, direct from the Propaganda Ministry in Berlin. On his heels followed a Herr Weber, Leipzig technical expert. And behind him came a squad of French journalists, prepared to do the editing of any kind of *Paris-Soir* the Germans desired as long as they were paid for it.

Prominent among this local talent were two gentlemen named Capgras and Jeanson. Roger Capgras, who was to be general manager of *Paris-Soir* for the Germans, had been a wholesale fruit distributor when suddenly he came by a considerable sum of money (one may now guess its source) and thereupon devoted himself to the drama, buying up several theaters and producing plays. When war came he was mobilized but arranged to be stationed in Paris, where

he was on tap when the Germans arrived. Henri Jeanson, *Paris-Soir's* new editor-in-chief, had been a skilled pamphleteer, had preached appeasement in the columns of *La Flèche*, organ of ex-Socialist Gaston Bergery, and had won international notice as a scenario writer. [His "Pepé le Moko," with Jean Gabin, was remade here as "Algiers," and gave masculine America reason to gasp about Hedy Lamarr.] Even before the war he had already received a suspended sentence for a diatribe against Hermann Grynzspan, young Polish Jew whose assassination of a German diplomat in Paris was Berlin's pretext for the mass pogroms of November, 1938. At the outbreak of hostilities Jeanson was again arrested, for defeatist propaganda, and condemned to five years in prison. Many appeals on his behalf—including one by Lazareff!—brought his release last April on condition that he join his regiment. He went in uniform to Melun and was eventually "captured" by the Nazis.

Thanks to these gentlemen, to German efficiency, and to an Alsatian elevator boy, *Paris-Soir* was able to resume publication in its home offices a day after the new staff occupied the building. On the 17th appeared the first issue under the new dispensation. The communiqués were printed in German, and the rest of the paper was in French. That is the way it has been doing business ever since.

Meanwhile the original *Paris-Soir*, despite constant migration and the general disaster, had managed to come out somehow and somewhere without the lapse of a single number. Indeed, for a time there were actually two different French-controlled editions appearing in unoccupied territory on the same day.

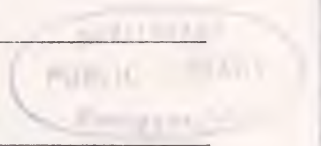
On June 12th, for example, while Lazareff was closing up shop in the capital, those of his staff who had left earlier for Nantes were already operating the presses of a local paper in that Breton city. By the 14th Lazareff was at Cler-

mont-Ferrand, and *Paris-Soir* began publishing there, enjoying the hospitality of Pierre Laval's *Moniteur du Puy-de-Dôme*. The Nantes edition then disappeared. On the 16th Lazareff heard that the Government had cleared out of Tours for Bordeaux, so he headed south, leaving a sufficient staff to function at Clermont-Ferrand through the 18th. The next day, *Paris-Soir* was installed at Bordeaux, amid the incredible confusion of France's total spiritual and military collapse.

But the Germans were still scorching *Paris-Soir's* trail. The armistice of the 22nd established the present international frontier, placing Bordeaux in the occupied zone and Clermont-Ferrand in the "free." Once again *Paris-Soir* had to resume its odyssey. On the 24th, two days before the Germans reached Bordeaux, the paper packed up and regained Clermont-Ferrand. It was in the latter city—and in the old plant at Marseille in the far south—that the battered refugee journal at last found shelter.

Shelter, but neither tranquillity nor freedom. With France's army demobilized and her new frontier protected only by a paragraph in a treaty, the truncated state nominally ruled from Vichy lay daily at the mercy of fresh invasion. Under such a menace the slightest liberty of journalistic opinion might be pounced upon by the Germans and labelled "provocation." Like the rest of the press in the unoccupied area, the *Paris-Soir* of Clermont-Ferrand prudently abandoned its heroic diet for a permanent menu of humble pie.

One day Pierre Lazareff recalled that long ago, in happier times, he had received an invitation to attend ceremonies commemorating eight hundred years of Portuguese independence. He dug up the gilt-edged card, secured his visas, and journeyed into Spain. In Lisbon he duly observed the rejoicings of a people still able to call their flag their own. There was a ship at the mouth of the Tagus ready to weigh anchor for America. He went aboard.



THE PILGRIM HAWK

A NOVEL IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO

BY GLENWAY WESCOTT

SYNOPSIS OF PART I. In 1929 at Chancellet in France Alwyn Tower, who tells the story, is staying with his friend, an American girl named Alexandra Henry. The Cullens, an Irish couple, come for the afternoon. Madeleine Cullen bears on her wrist a falcon called Lucy; and all afternoon she talks of falconry with passionate interest. Larry Cullen hates Lucy. Alwyn Tower hears of Mrs. Cullen's extreme devotion to her husband, and of his drinking and his jealousy. Alexandra's Italian manservant, Jean, and her maid, Eva, are great cooks; and she asks the Cullens to stay for dinner. Their chauffeur, Ricketts, goes with Jean to buy squab; and Mrs. Cullen feeds one to Lucy. Then she and Alexandra retire briefly, leaving Cullen and Tower together.

I OFFERED Cullen a cocktail. He rose with enthusiasm and followed me to what I called the choir loft, that is, the balcony, where Alex's decorator had seen fit to install a bar, in the fashion of the twenties: all chromium and copper with a fine hierarchy of glasses and remarkable liquors in odd bottles. My Irishman had never seen the like of it. There was a magnum of pre-war vodka; and I suggested a kind of modified Alexander with that in it instead of gin. Missing a syllable, he thought it charming of me, and so American, to serve a drink named after our hostess. I tried to set him right on that point but he was too charmed to care. The drink itself also suited him and for a while he concentrated on it, without a word.

The ladies did not return, so presently I mixed a second shakerful; and Alex's silver shaker was large. It was indiscreet, perhaps a little perverse, and in a way characteristic of me. As a rule I dislike being with people who have had too much to drink. It often brings on in me a kind of misanthropic fit: pity verging upon repugnance and a mean sense of humor which they sometimes notice. But just because I am aware of

the old-maidishness and even injustice of this, whenever the hospitality of the bottle is up to me I am inclined to overdo it.

Cullen, in fact, had been a little tight all afternoon, and I had not realized it. Now as he got tighter I saw that it was the same thing. They had arrived at Chancellet about two-thirty; so probably it had happened at luncheon, perhaps at breakfast. That explained his wife's anxious and resentful air, and her rude motherly snubs to keep him in order. He must have been in misery the last few hours, while we failed to offer him anything—thoughtlessness on my part, perhaps prudence or dislike on Alex's. She of course knew him well and must have noticed.

Perhaps the unnoticeable sort of heavy daytime drinker has the worst trouble; certainly they are more troublesome to others than they think. And others—sobersides like myself—are often more unjust to them than to their reeling, roaring, festive confrères. Half the time they themselves are only half aware of any incapacity or lack of charm. Or perhaps they know, and they think that you do not, and you do, and of course it

is not manners to tell them so. They make an effort, often a heroic effort; and you feel that you have to respect and applaud that, whether or not it is fun for you.

But the worst injustice must be when you scarcely know them and you judge them without reference to their habit, as in my case with Cullen that afternoon. He had simply seemed to me mediocre, old for his age, and weak for his size, dull, vain, and rather cross. No one had warned me that I was not seeing him at his best. It was his character, for all I knew, the nature of the creature—take it or leave it. That is to say, I had left it. So now I felt a slight embarrassment and grudging contrition.

Perhaps at other times, I reminded myself, his character was ideal, his mind vigorous, his great physique fresh and energetic. That would explain the love his wife bore him. Suppose you have learned to like or to love such a man when he was sober, and you happen to dislike him when he is not, and he doesn't know the difference or can't help it. The temptation to interfere, the fond hope of reformation, must be very great. Thus I began to think indulgently of Mrs. Cullen's selfish nervousness and sharp tongue. Although, if what I had seen that afternoon was the worst of it, certainly she exaggerated and overemphasized the plight she was in with him. An ordinary boring, conceited, uneasy, childish man! Yet out of his petty instability she seemed to expect something odious or dangerous to develop any minute—as if she felt the ground underfoot move a bit, like a landslide starting, and caught glimpses of little creeping sickening things close to the surface, coming up! Love itself is an exaggeration, and very likely to lead to others.

After the first pouring of the second round suddenly Cullen began a long complaint of the merry chase she led him year in and year out: her Mediterranean cruises, her falcons, her Irish republicans. No home to speak of, no creature com-

forts; nothing like the good time Alex and I had here in Chancellet, this pretty bar for example. Nothing but wild men, wild birds, and two silly maids to mop up after the birds instead of a good cook; hotel food all the year round, never a leg of boar soaked in brandy nor squab with currants.

At first, I think his outburst embarrassed him as well as me. For he explained that if I were an Englishman he would not be talking to me in this way; nor, for that matter, if he were an Englishman! But the Irish are like Americans in this respect. He had been in the States three or four years when he was a young fellow; therefore he felt the likeness. "The English never talk freely, as we're talking now. They're sly; they simply rule and have their own way about everything. Britannia rules the waves and so on. You know, Tower, my wife's English. . . ."

These little distinctions of nationality were what reminded him of their winter in London with the Irish republicans. He not only disliked that type of Irish; their political principles seemed suspect to him. "They're not really republicans, that's just talk. They're anarchists. It was beastly for me. I'm a fool, I'd do anything in the world for my wife, and she does whatever strikes her fancy. She kept asking those patriots to the house. It cost me a pretty penny too, I can tell you. I had to pay for a lot of pamphlets, I had to support two widows, I had to hire halls for their meetings. Then, if you please, some of 'em said they needed some guns and bombs. Can you believe it? Only I don't think they got any bombs. Nothing happened. It would serve the English right if they did blow things up, you know. I suppose my wife's little friends just pocketed the money, or they bought a poor make of bomb that wouldn't do. Nothing happened."

He also complained that they were comic little characters, not gentlemen. And all their women appeared half-crazed with loving them, weeping in the

corridor, losing their tempers with each other: some of them occult, some religious, and all of course talking Ireland, Ireland. Not a class of women that a man of a sensual nature would look twice at, not if he had any self-respect; nothing soft or sweet or tidy about them. "But I must say I enjoyed it for a while," he admitted, "seeing how that class of people get on and hearing their stories. I could always shut them up when I felt like it, or chuck them all altogether, you understand, because I had the money."

Of course I had begun to feel my misanthropy; but still his monologue amused me, especially the vulgar touches like this last. No doubt he was a quite good county aristocrat of that modest rank which as a rule is less mixed than any other. But not even aristocracy can be expected to give good examples of itself all the time. It seems rather to secrete commonness little by little, and to keep it in reserve, along with those odds and ends of mere human nature which aristocratic manners are intended to hide. And every generation or two it purges itself, in the form of some odd son or daughter, perfect little shopkeeper or predestined courtesan, upon whom manners wear thin.

Cullen silently ruminated two or three minutes; and when he began again it was in the middle of a new bit of subject matter. Probably it seemed to him that he had told me something which he had been saying to himself, something about his wife. "Make no mistake, Tower, I respect my wife." And he went on to assure me, or to warn me, that anyone who doubted it or slighted her in the least was quite likely to be knocked down by him; in fact he had done it once. She was like a swan in his opinion; pure as snow, with never a harmful thought all her life. "Only she's thoughtless," he added. "She never thinks of anything except what she happens to want. She's spoiled. When I met her she was the prettiest girl in Dublin. Lovely breasts for one thing. And ankles—you saw her ankles! Her family wasn't well off

either; I took her without a penny and I've spoiled her."

Aristocracy had nothing to do with it. It was my own fault; the vodka and cream had done it. Alcohol is the great leveler. Given a stiff drink, the true descendant of princes boasts of it as if it were not true, the multimillionaire feels poor, and Tristan talks to you about Isolde like a pimp, I said to myself. My malice was beginning to keep pace with my companion's folly.

"I spoiled her myself," he continued. "That's why she's so restless. Damn it, Tower, for years now she's kept me on the go like a gypsy. We've done everything." He held up one large moist freckled hand and counted on its unsteady fingers the things they had done: salmon fishing and photography and pig-sticking and now hawking. They had also been everywhere, and he counted places too, with a boastful as well as pathetic intonation: Norway and America and Java and Morocco and Africa—to say nothing of that winter when she had insisted on Irish rebellion, the most expensive thing on earth.

"I've let her have all my money," he said proudly. "She isn't as pretty as she was; but you know, I let her go to London for all her dresses or Paris; and she has two maids. Before I married her I had a man to look after me. I gave him up. Now we need this chauffeur, Ricketts, because we're always on the go. I have to keep an eye on him too, because he has an eye for a pretty woman. Funny thing, one day when we were shooting in Scotland with those Americans, I thought he—Ricketts—was insolent about Mrs. Cullen, and I'd have killed him. But she said I imagined it."

Alcoholism in a nutshell, I foolishly mused; and while he, poor man, counted his sports and his travels on his fingers I meanly ticked off the drunkard's faults and pitfalls of drink as it were on my fingers—indiscretion and boastfulness and snobbism; and sentimentality so nervous that it may switch any minute to the exact opposite; and the sexual note

and the sadistic note, undesirable desire, improbable murder. All of it of course a bit unreal and unrealizable in fact. . . .

And what exaggeration I had drifted into! Cullen really was not in very bad shape; I have spent afternoons with a hundred drunker men. The point is that I exaggerated at the time, item by item as he talked along; and I think he sensed it and played up to it: a fatalist and a play-actor. The presence of my fastidious Alex and his overwrought wife downstairs—my wishing they would hurry up and join us, and my dreading it at the same time—made his loose talk more exciting than it would have been in ordinary circumstances. I had been too happy all afternoon, thinking meanwhile of unhappiness; which is a heady combination. Sometimes I am as sensitive as a woman to others' temper or temperament; and it is a kind of sensitivity which may turn, almost by chance, for them or against them. Perhaps at the end of our tête-à-tête I was not much soberer than my companion.

I began to wonder whether, after all, he was not going to tell me the little tale of anxiety or jealousy that winter in London which Alex had half told me in the park. And then he did.

"That winter in London one of our patriots," he began, "had the insolence to fall in love with my wife. A brute of a young fellow named McVoy who was a poet. It got very sticky then. I made up my mind to show them the door, the lot of them. But the more I worried about it, the easier it was for my wife to get round me and have her own way. I didn't want to be unjust to her; and if I'd made a scene before I knew what was up, you see, I might never have known. Terrible, the power a woman has over a man of my nature. You see that side of it, don't you?"

He told it tranquilly enough, though with some breathing between words. He reached out and grasped the cocktail shaker; and having helped himself, kept a tight hold on it. Once or twice he slipped off the tall stool and took steps

up and down, carrying the shaker with him instead of his glass, to gesture with, coming back to drink and refill. I had not poured any of this second shakerful for myself; it was almost empty. The whites of his eyes grew more and more untidy, the hazel pupils a harder color; sense of humor and self-knowledge dying down in them. The strong though puffy fingers fixed on the large silver vessel, melting the frostiness off it in patches. I thought of wresting it away from him, emptying it slyly down the little chromium sink; perhaps pretending to be getting drunk myself, and jollying and bullying him along downstairs. . . . Naturally I did nothing; I looked and listened, I nodded. I wiped the copper top of the bar more than it needed, like a bartender. Probably even bartenders feel a little ignominious curiosity amid their professional boredom. . . .

"One fine day there had to be an end of it, McVoy and all that. Especially one night. The police misunderstood something about him, and were waiting for him at his lodgings; so we had to put him up for the night. I couldn't sleep a wink. I kept hearing him sneaking around in the dark after my wife, I thought. All imagination; I've too much imagination anyway. My wife and I shared a bedroom—we always do—and he'd never have had the courage to come in there.

"Then I had a disgusting dream. I woke up standing beside my wife's bed. There was a moon, and I could see her and she was sleeping. But I couldn't sleep. So about three o'clock I got up and took a knife from the butler's pantry. I thought I'd tackle McVoy with it. But my wife woke up and came and followed me, across the hall. When she saw the knife naturally it frightened her terribly. And the funny thing was, she frightened me too, there on the landing in her white nightgown. She made me give her the knife and go back to our bedroom. The wonder is we didn't wake McVoy. If we had there'd have been an awful fuss, I expect. But he

slept through it all. Or perhaps he was listening and hiding, scared, under his bed.

"After that I think my wife saw my point of view about it, and was sorry for me. She wept, and it wasn't like her to weep. In a way I was sorry for her too. Think of it, Tower! Think of a common little fellow like that coming to your house, whinnying like a horse around a respectable married woman. He'd have had only himself to blame if I had knifed him. After that Mrs. Cullen sent them all packing, believe me. All the rebels."

He picked up the shaker and shook it hopefully. Now there was only the clunk of small ice in diluted cream, to which I was deaf: a poor host at last, now that it was too late. My feeling about it all really was an absurd mixture. I felt a certain compassion; all the world loves a lover, and especially I do. I also longed to laugh aloud and to tease him. I also itched to tell him the miserable truth about himself, and rather vengefully than for the good it might do. There are a number of circumstances in which the truth does no good; oh, this was one. I began to feel a mixture of sadness with my malice—a fellow-feeling in spite of myself.

Drunkenness does superimpose a certain peculiarity and opaqueness of its own—monotonous complexion, odd aroma, pitch of voice, and nervous twitch—on the rest of a man's humanity; over the personality that you have known sober. But worse still is the transparency and the revelation, as it were sudden little windows uncurtained, or little holes cut, into common recesses of character. It is an anatomy lesson: behold the ducts and sinuses and bladders of the soul, common to every soul ever born! Drunken tricks are nothing but basic human traits. Ordinary frame of mind is never altogether unlike this babble of morbid Irishman. I felt the sickish embarrassment of being mere human clay myself. It seems to me that only art has the right to make one feel that. I am inclined to detest anyone who makes me feel it, as you might say, socially.

"God, Tower, it's tragic," my man sighed. "There's always something. Now I have to keep an eye on our damned Ricketts." He kept it on me for a while then, flashing it or rolling it; sometimes as simply as Othello, sometimes with the imagination and abstraction of a eunuch.

"You know, Tower, it's very interesting. My wife and I are the ideal married couple, so to speak. It's real love. She wouldn't look at another man. I'm as good a man as ever in spite of my age; it runs in the family, and I understand women. Oh, it's not all roses; it never was all roses. There were times when I thought I'd leave her, after some of the mistreatment she's given me. At least I could pretend to, and she might learn to treat me better. All it would need to summon her back would be a wink and a beckoning. She'd do it; she'd stoop her proud neck, I tell you; she'd come on her hands and knees. But I'd never humiliate her, Tower; I never have. To me she's still the proud ignorant girl as I married her, the prettiest in all Dublin.

"The worst mistreatment I've had to bear, you know, is this hawk. There are things only a common fellow could bear peaceably, and a hawk is one of 'em. Funny about hawks, you know, they can't learn to control themselves. They make their messes when they feel the need. Oh, well, you saw it with your own eyes; I sympathized with you. It happens in the hotel, the maids mop up after it, and I can't tell you how ashamed I am. I can't look the man at the desk in the face; he might make a joke of it. Madeleine has to tell him what we want; I won't go near him. . . . Funny about women, isn't it? They haven't the same natural shame about things that men have. Let's face it: that's why the church has to keep them in their place, they can't help it. I suppose if they had finer feelings, we men would get left out in the cold, wouldn't we? They'd have none of our kisses. So there you are.

"My wife's a fine trainer of hawks; her crooked old Hungarian admits it him-

self. But that is one way she can't subdue 'em; it's their nature. She can't teach me much either. She's got to get rid of that hawk, pretty quick; I won't stand for it. You see, I love her, Tower; that's the trouble. Suppose I want to put my arm around her, and she has that hawk on her arm. Can I? No, Larry, no, dear, you'll break a feather, a very important flight feather! Day after day now on the way to Hungary I'll have to sit there pushed over in the corner of the back seat out of Lucy's way; and I tell you, it makes me sick.

"She's been keeping it in our bedroom, because it doesn't like the bathroom. She's sorry for it. I lie awake all night hearing it stir on the perch, and I never forget it for a minute. When I'm beginning to fall asleep I think it's coming to attack me with its nasty beak. You can't imagine what it means to me. I dream of it. I dream sometimes it's an obscene thing; and that wakes me and I reach my arm over to my wife's bed; but she's asleep and takes no notice of me. I tell you, it's not healthy. I dream sometimes it's death. You know, I had an old uncle who saw ghosts, in a big house we had in Galway. I inherited that kind of feeling, you see, and Lucy brings it on. I'll tell you another dream. When I was a boy my old nurse taught me to weave osier baskets; and the other night I dreamed Lucy was a basket. Her feathers weren't right for it because they were sticky, but I wove her; and I gave her to my wife. But this is the end! No more Lucy!"

That was a lovely moment, to my way of thinking. My animosity toward this fool husband suddenly wafted away. It is a manner of self-revelation that I especially delight in: by means of loose imagery and dreams and careless connection of odd bits of memory as they come. Even as he spoke I hoped that I should be able to remember every word.

For alcohol is a god, as the Greeks decided when it was first introduced from the East, although a god of venge-

ance. The drinker becomes the drunkard. Everyone is to blame. The soberest man or woman in the world at some time or another has helped the sad process along in some poor dear drinker's case. For example, I think someone must have looked at Cullen in his youth when drunkenness became him, and so loved or admired him in it, that he began to regard that as the secret of love and admiration. There are men who master the trick of drink, and practically never take a drop without being made admirable by it. I have known one or two; they were extraordinary men in other ways as well.

But even for the average man, even in the poorest booze-fight—between the vanity of the beginning and the sickness at last—there is a fine moment. It is the mark of its Oriental origin and the proof of the Greek belief in it. The fumes seem suddenly mixed with more light and air than usual, and it is the right mixture. The silly self-consciousness clears up; the chip falls from the shoulder. Your friend is drinking, and you are not or not much; so naturally there is an undercurrent of quarrel between you; now suddenly it ceases, peaceful. His tipsy mind is as it were sitting quiet, like an oracle on a tripod, under the influence not of alcohol simply, but of himself, his very nature, his fatality, his childhood. Whatever has been kept secret, damped in ashes, smothered and contemptible, begins to come out; and for the average man there is no harm in it. The murderous man may murder then, the madman talk nonsense; who cares? For most of us the ashes are bad, the secrecy mistaken, the contempt and self-contempt contemptible—and the raking of the ashes is good. For a moment, drunk as a lord, instead of coarseness and looseness you have the intuition of a child or an old woman. . . .

Of course it does not last long. Ordinarily when it has occurred, befuddlement and some bodily incompetence are in the offing. Too much delight in it may cause one to keep the worst com-

pany in the world all one's life. But certainly it is one of the main things in human nature, worth experiencing and worth watching. Cullen did not quite reach it that afternoon on vodka and cream in Alex's silly *de luxe* bar. But I thought he was about to when we were interrupted. As I really did not like him anyway I did not care much. It was Alex who interrupted us, coming into the big room under the balcony and calling to me. She wanted me to visit Jean and Eva in the kitchen, and encourage them about the impromptu dinner and hurry them up. She had been hearing strange tones of voice out there; and she was afraid that if she went herself Jean might make speeches and Eva might weep.

It was a large, unmistakably French kitchen: the stove in a deep niche of brick; dim walls and array of copper; the open doorway and windows full of little landscape, with afternoon sunlight slanting across it. The Cullens' chauffeur was there with our two servants, and somehow it seemed to me dramatic as well as picturesque. Jean was the classic manservant, a type that you find more or less the same all round the Mediterranean: doubtless very good-looking and amorous as a boy; forty now and the worse for wear, with a bald spot and dark jowls and several teeth missing; a man broken to harness but still apt to show off his emotions, and still amorous. He had acquired Eva in Morocco, and she certainly had Moorish blood although she called herself Italian. She was half his age and lovely, although of an increasing billowy fatness; pale in the way that seems sallow at times, silvery at other times. Ricketts was a fine cockney, bright-eyed and sharp-nosed. He sat at the table in the middle of the room in a spoiled young male attitude, with a bottle of wine half empty and half a plate of Eva's little Moorish cakes.

Dinner was flourishing; that I could tell by the smell of it. Along with this I breathed the early summer wafting in: a tart exhalation of the sod, a scent of some shrub that was like a dark candy.

In spite of the open door, the stove going full tilt for the squabs and the strawberry tart made the room hot, which brought out the men's untidy healthy body odor. Eva had one of those cheap North African perfumes in a little cake like a rubber eraser, and had put that on to excess, which, alas, I fancied, was for the young Englishman's benefit. And the mood of the room, the morality or psychology of the three together, was as confusing as this fragrant air in it. Eva stood and stared at Ricketts. Her great eyes were a little reddened; probably she had been weeping; at the moment she was smiling vaguely. Ricketts poured the sour red wine down his throat half a glass at a time; and between throatfuls looked up at her with a becoming brightness. Jean pretended to be busy beside the stove with his back to them. But he agitated the pots and pans, and flashed glances over his shoulder, and replied to my questions about the tart and the cheese with a little more obscurity and more assurance than I liked.

Then I happened to look outdoors. It pleased me to be able to see in a little interval between two shrubs the dreamy hawk hunched up on the rustic bench. And then, to my amazement, I saw Cullen on the left coming across the lawn. Very slowly, with a kind of noticeable alcoholic endeavor not to be noticed, on tiptoe, and as if the grass were a loud and slippery surface like a ballroom floor. . . . Instantly I sensed that it was abnormal and scandalous. But I could not run out to see what he was up to without making a little scandal myself. Jean and Eva and Ricketts would follow or at least watch. So there I stood, acting absent-minded, murmuring about the Camembert and the iced hock.

Cullen vanished for a moment behind one of those two shrubs near Lucy's perch. When he reappeared he was crouching and hitching along on the balls of his feet, and steadying himself with one hand, closer and closer to her. The grotesque furtive approach indi-

cated, for one thing, that he had no rational plan, no serious intention. For Lucy was hooded as well as leashed; she could not see him. He kept stretching out one hand, very tense; but he could scarcely have reached her from that quadruped position. I began to think it funny. Alex and Mrs. Cullen from the bedroom window could have seen him as well as I: that was a pity. . . .

Perhaps it occurred to him. He scrambled to his feet and somewhat assumed an attitude of knowing what he was about, and leaned over the bench with his back to me. Perhaps he was undoing the knot or knots of the leash. Evidently he was not alarming Lucy much; she opened her wings a few inches, as if expecting to be picked up. But he drew back, and to my dismay, my disgust, thrust his hand in his pocket and brought out a large pocketknife and opened it. Murder at last, I thought; it was Lucy's turn—no more Lucy!

Before I even got started to run out and stop him, he simply pushed her hard off the back of the bench, recoiling away from her at the same time. It was obvious how afraid of her he was. With a large indignant flutter she landed on the grass. He had cut the leash; he had not cut her throat. Also he had unhooded her. On the grass for a moment she took a rapid confused look in every direction. Then with a great lift of her legs and two or three strokes of her wings, she climbed up on top of the air, and above the lawn, and across the pond. It was lovely. Her searching looks still, this way and that—to discover why she had been loosed, what quarry there was for her—made her appear to be shaking her head, saying no, no.

I lost sight of her when she passed behind a tree; again, when she rose beyond the scope of the kitchen window. Down she came then, with neck and wing and tail and legs all out—in the shape of a six-pointed star, big and dim, collapsing. She rested her weight on the air again for an instant, and alighted on a post in the far corner of the garden. It was one

of two posts from which Eva hung Alex's lingerie to dry early in the morning. The gesture of alighting was lovely: her rigid hands clutching the top of the post like a living victim. It might have been a little angel seizing a tall man by the hair. Then there she sat, still wondering what in the world—what, in terms of a hawk's simple murderous instinct—this liberation meant.

Meanwhile of course Cullen too had gazed up at her, gazed across the pond at her. Now like a ninny he waved good-by, good-by. Then he turned and ambled back through the bushes. Jean and Eva and Ricketts, in their matrimonial or adulterous absorption, had not seen a thing. I was thankful for that. I also felt a childish optimism because of it. I waited a bit, to give Cullen time to get settled in the living room. Then I dashed out of the kitchen, and knocked at Alex's bedroom door, and shouted through it to Mrs. Cullen. I simply said that Lucy was no longer on her perch. Then I hastened away to see what state of mind Cullen was in. There he sat in the living room, one leg over the arm of his easy chair, stoutly puffing, sorrowful and also smug, I thought, and somewhat sobered by his exploit; that at least was a blessing.

"The hawk has got loose. It's not on the bench. I've called Mrs. Cullen. She's coming to look for it. It must have untied the knot in the leash itself." I said this as emphatically as I could, to suggest to him the line he should take.

"But what about the hood?" he asked in an infuriating little tone. "I cut the leash myself, damn it all."

Whereupon I groaned or I cursed, I can't remember which. I didn't want him to confess; I should have spoken to him before I called his wife; now it was too late. She came rushing from the bedroom; and it was as if the news had instantly disheveled her from head to foot. She shuffled with fine shoes half unlaced. Her perfect dress hung or clung round her one-sidedly. She was pulling on the blood-stained gauntlet;

and as she crossed the room she impatiently ran her other hand up through her hair, which fell down on that side over her cheek. She did not close her mouth between her voluble exclamations. "Damn, damn. Oh, I am so unhappy. I must get her back, I can't bear to lose her."

At the sight of her Cullen pulled himself up out of the easy chair and stood at a kind of attention: but badly, not a bit brave. She must have seen him; she took no notice. I had a sense of her knowing what had happened, who had done it. She looked like the type of old Irishwoman who has second sight: old, countrified, frumpy, and frightened. And in spite of her outcries and panicky movements, it seemed to me that she had an air of experience and familiarity, familiarity with fright.

"Oh, Mr. Tower, can you get me the other half of that pigeon?" she begged. "The pigeon I fed her. She hasn't, I hope she hasn't, gone far away."

Upon which her husband behind us chimed in as usual, worse than usual: "Madeleine, Madeleine, surely they've cooked it. That's the dinner, you know, pigeons with white currants."

She took notice of that. She swung round and answered in a devilish voice, "Of course they have not cooked it." For one second I thought she might strike him; perhaps he did too. He wrinkled his nose and flung up his hands.

I started toward the kitchen and she followed, explaining, "I'll never catch her without a lure. Thank heaven it was a small pigeon, she'll still be hungry." She gave me a perhaps affectionate pat on the shoulder which amounted to a push.

Then she ran back to the window, and there gave a wonderful small shriek. It should have been hawklike, I said to myself. What it really made me think of was a valkyrie, a very small valkyrie. For in spite of my admiration of Lucy and sympathy for the other two, I was enjoying all this.

I met Alex at the kitchen door, and

she had the half-pigeon. Mrs. Cullen called to us, "What in God's name did I do with my bag? My extra leash is in it. She must have broken hers."

Alex ran for the bag, handing me the pigeon. I dropped it, and it smudged the parquet. Jean and Eva were there beside me, but they were too thrilled to do any mopping now. Then Mrs. Cullen lost one shoe and stumbled into an armchair; and her husband knelt and tried to put it back on, fumbling round her silky ankle with those freckled fingers which could so easily have snapped it in two like a twig—until she lost patience and kicked the other shoe off, over his shoulder, and rose to go in her stocking feet.

"Stay here, all of you," she ordered. "Please, please, let me go alone." She paused a moment on the threshold staring across the pond at heedless Lucy. She held her gloved fingers up to her mouth as you do when you blow a kiss. Then she swung round toward us, demanding, with a kind of loud lump in her throat, "Where in God's name is her hood? How wicked! Who did it? One of you, how wicked!"

It was poor Eva who answered, with her primitive sensibility, primitive expectation of blame: "Oh, Madame, Madame, Jean and I never left the kitchen," and began to cry.

Alex told her to hush, which she did, more or less. As I watched our angry birdcatcher I still kept one eye on these other watchers, so assorted and attractive, there inside the house in a row close to the plate-glass window in the last murky sunshine. I thought that Alex glanced oddly back at me; perhaps my eyewitnessing and slight complicity had given me an odd expression. Certainly she hated this disorder: obscure common blundering round her house, and general self-betrayal, with the servants goggle-eyed. On the other hand catching a great runaway bird was the sort of problem she loved. Her mild brown eyes lit up, and she breathed like a happy child. Ricketts came tiptoeing in and stood

behind us as close to Eva as he dared. Whereupon Jean began whispering to her in Italian, *prestissimo*, until Alex hushed him too. Eva dabbed her eyes with the corner of the towel, another corner of which had pigeon's blood on it. As for Cullen, his face was quite mottled with his mixed emotions; heavens knows what they were.

As Mrs. Cullen left us, across the lawn, along the left side of the pond, I was struck by the change this emergency had made in her appearance and carriage. Perhaps it was chiefly her going in stocking feet. When she first descended from the Daimler, how delicately she had stumbled on the cobblestones, then foolishly tripped back and forth on the waxed parquet, and weakly strolled in the park! That French or Italian footwear of hers with three-inch heels not only incapacitated her but flattered her, and disguised her. Now her breasts seemed lower on her torso, out of the way of her nervous arms. Her hips were wide and her back powerful, with that curve from the shoulder-blades to the head which you see in the nudes of Ingres. She walked with her legs well apart, one padding footfall after another, as impossible to trip up as a cat.

Suddenly she must have remembered that she had brought an extra leash but no extra hood. She hurried back along the water and across to the rustic bench, where she picked up the one Cullen had removed and let fall; then set out again, by the right bank, more slow and catlike as she approached her quarry. What followed took only a few moments. We heard the falconer's cry: *hai, hai*, a desolate sound, which probably has not varied much in the three or four thousand years of falconry, for it is based on eternal acoustics, agreeable to the changeless ears of hawks. I loved to hear it. Lucy's head stirred swiftly round in response to it. I wanted her to cry back, *aik*, which she did not. They were too far away for us to see much. We saw the swing of Mrs. Cullen's arm as she tossed the piece of

the pigeon over the hedge, toward the foot of the post; and after a breathless instant, we saw Lucy's descent upon it, down in one smooth rush, like a large, dusky, finished flower off its stem. Instantly the birdcatcher bent over, lurked along the hedge, and squattingly slipped round behind it. Then we had to wait, wait—until she briskly stood up and started back toward us with Lucy hooded on her wrist, where she belonged. Before hooding her, I suppose, she let her have a few good beakfuls of the unscheduled pigeon so that even this mishap or misdemeanor should be a lesson to her, as it was to us all in a sense.

Inside the house, before the great window, we were smiling from ear to ear, and murmuring or exclaiming each in his or her way. Only Cullen was deathly still, not even puffing. I moved far enough away from him to see his face, and found there, added to the bibulous pink, a pale light of wild relief, reprieve, even rapture, as if that horrid bird on his wife's arm returning to haunt him again had been his heart's desire. It was too much of a good thing; he was sober perhaps, but tormentedly sentimental. I should not have trusted him an instant.

Mrs. Cullen came down the left side of the pond, the long way. The sun, muffled all afternoon, was setting brightly. Some of its beams turned back up from the water, broken into a sparkle, through which we could not see her well. There were vague irises and something else up to her ankles; and branches of lilac occasionally hung between us and her. Her face looked to me calm, careless. Her hair still absurdly fell down one cheek; now and then she blew it out of her eyes. Dress disarranged and petticoat showing and stocking feet and all, she walked back proudly, taking her time—a springy walk that reminded me of Isadora Duncan.

The five of us happy onlookers trooped out on the lawn to meet her. "Isn't it wonderful?" she rejoiced. "You see, she's perfectly manned. She under-

stands. Otherwise I could never have caught her. I'll be hunting with her in no time. Larry, go and find the other leash which I left on the bench." And she decidedly emphasized the I. She too wished him not to admit what he had done.

He went meekly for the leash. The servants returned to the kitchen. Mrs. Cullen asked permission to retire and put herself to rights, declining Alex's offer of company and assistance. "No more weathering for you, my haggard Lucy," I heard her mutter as she left us.

I had not dared hope that Lucy—haggard that she was, with only two months of the least comfortable phase of captivity to look back upon, and none of the pleasure of the chase so far, and one toe still sore from the trap—would allow herself to be caught. That had made the little spectacle of her capture or surrender the more exciting for me. On the other hand I had not wanted her to escape. I had not pictured her setting out loneliness over Normandy toward Scotland, or whatever resort in the summer she might instinctively choose. Given my sentimental imagination, it was an odd lapse. And it made me aware of my really not wanting Larry Cullen to escape from Mrs. Cullen either, or vice versa. Perhaps I do not believe in liberty, or I regard it as only episodic in life; a circumstance that one must be able to bear and profit by when it occurs, a kind of necessary evil. When love itself is at stake, love of liberty as a rule is only fear of captivity.

Alex thought a drink would help at that juncture and started to the balcony; but with one glance in Cullen's direction and another in mine, she returned and sat down. Cullen slumped in his armchair, gazing at apparently nothing, in that calm which is only the entire expenditure of energy, the coming down of a dull curtain upon the drama in head or heart. But probably it was only entr'acte. There was something turgid if not turbulent throughout his aging bulky frame; his jaws stirred a bit in his

double chin; his bloodshot eyes kept lighting up.

Then we heard a persistent ringing of the bell in Alex's room, and Alex went anxiously to see what it meant, and came back and informed us that Mrs. Cullen had decided to return to town at once, before dinner. She had a brother in Paris, and she had telephoned him; something had gone wrong in Paris, and he needed her. I did not believe a word of this, and Alex's expression confirmed my disbelief. Evidently it did not surprise Cullen. He sighed hard, which perhaps referred to *pigeons aux groseilles*; but he said nothing even about that.

Alex left it to me to inform Jean and Eva of the superfluity of their dinner. I could scarcely tell how Eva took it, not well in any case. She gaped at me and fled to her bedroom. Jean on the other hand chose to be superior and calm. Something always went wrong, he observed, when the English upper classes came to see poor Mademoiselle, in their automobiles as big as busses driven by idiotic little boys. In his opinion also the boy Ricketts had something to do with the escape of Madame Cullen's eagle. At that moment the idiot was paying a visit to the *bistro* or bar at the corner. I let Jean go after him. The announcement of the Cullens' change of plan might somewhat relieve his evident personal desire to put him out of the house.

Meanwhile with a certain simplicity our unhappy guests gathered up their belongings here and there: severed leash and mislaid lipstick and cigarette case with a diamond button. As we waited in the hallway for the Daimler to be brought round Mrs. Cullen quietly asked, "Dear Alex, you don't need a new chauffeur, do you?"

As it happened Alex did need one. "What luck! I wish you'd take Ricketts," Mrs. Cullen quietly continued. "I'll be giving him notice when we get to Budapest. And I know he hates Ireland and he speaks quite decent French. He's very good, very fast, and

a mechanic and all that." And she recommended him in other particulars as well, including semi-genteel birth.

Cullen beside me was shuffling and loudly hemming, and at last could not hold his peace. "But Madeleine, really, my dear woman, you're fantastic. We've never had anybody as good as Ricketts. What in the world——!"

Slightly embarrassed, Alex said that indeed they might have difficulty in finding a chauffeur in Hungary in summer; it should not be decided in haste on her account. Perhaps she sensed what was coming; I did.

"Oh, I shall easily find another," Mrs. Cullen said, "or I can do without. You see, Ricketts doesn't like Lucy. He laughs at me up his sleeve. I doubtless am an old fool, but I cannot have people around me who think so." She said this in a great sad false way; and it was unmistakably intended for her husband.

Again I could not see Cullen's banal but significant face when I wished, to read the emotion in it; we stood shoulder to shoulder facing our dear women. There was still some of that fine pre-bolshevik distillation on his somewhat accelerated and audible breath; but its troublesome effects must have passed. We all kept silent for a moment.

Mrs. Cullen was quite willing to look either of us in the eye, but her sparkle was all extinguished. It would have seemed healthier, more rational, if her eyes had looked angry; they looked nothing at all, nullified. Lucy was hooded now; under her mistress's chin the frivolous topknot on the stitched leather nodded very slightly; and Mrs. Cullen's crooked Irish face as a whole was not much more expressive than that. Her serenity, her stoical wit, her obscurity were a sort of mental or moral craftsmanship—ornamentation. Inside all that, I suspected, her spirit was as blind as Lucy's. The point of not allowing a hawk to see is to keep it from being frightened; and I hoped that Mrs. Cullen's grand, mean manner served

that purpose as well. I was afraid it did not.

Along the cobblestones under the plane trees I heard the Daimler come purring, not a moment too soon. By that time I also felt—as it seemed, aching in my bones and running in my veins and tempering my nerves—something like the mixture of hot and cold, good and bad, which troubled the difficult hearts of this odd couple.

Unrequited passion, romance put asunder by circumstances or mistakes, sexuality pretending to be love—all that is a matter of little consequence, a mere voluntary temporary uneasiness, compared with the long course of true love, especially marriage. In marriage, insult arises again and again and again; and pain has to be not only endured, but consented to; and the amount of forgiveness that it necessitates is incredible and exhausting. When love has given satisfaction, then you discover how large a part of the rest of life is only payment for it, installment after installment. . . . That was the one definite lesson which these petty scenes of the Cullens illustrated. Early in life I had learned it for myself well enough. It was on Alex's account that I minded. To see the cost of love before one has felt what it is worth, is a pity; one may never have the courage to begin.

There stood the Daimler, and Cullen and I helped Mrs. Cullen and Lucy up into it, while Ricketts, cap in hand, held the door. I observed that in fact Ricketts was laughing, in a silent subaltern way; but surely it was not at his mistress or her bird. Thin lips very red, rough eyelashes very shadowy; the effect of a Moorish-Italian kiss behind the kitchen door, I fancied. Or perhaps—for cockneys are a malicious breed—the mere discomfiture of Jean amused him. He glanced over my shoulder, then up at a likely window, and so did I; but I did not discover the Mediterranean couple peeping out anywhere.

Neither the Cullens nor Alex and I had the heart for much repetition of

farewell. Cullen had tears in his eyes. We turned back to the house and shut the door before Ricketts could get the long car out on to the highway, amid cars coming toward him from Paris.

There had been just time for us to reach the living room and sit down and light cigarettes, when we heard a fearful grinding of brakes, then several cars honking as in panic, and a Frenchman shouting the usual insults. A moment after, a car drove in under our plane trees. I got up and looked out a small window on that side; it was the Daimler.

Alex and I hastened back through the hall to see what had happened. There we heard Mrs. Cullen's voice, very loud and exclamatory but incomprehensible; and she was pushing the doorbell, rattling the doorknob, and calling, "Alex, Alex!" As I opened the door she stepped back, turning away from us, gesticulating and exclaiming, "No, Ricketts, stay where you are. Larry, please! Now wait for me, Ricketts. Oh, dear, you fool, you fool!"

She stumbled on the cobblestones; Lucy was having a hard time. Then she returned to us and grasped Alex's arm and motioned us back inside the house. "Don't get out of the car, Larry, I'll attend to it," she cried, over her shoulder. "Alex, dear, I'm sorry, I've forgotten something. Poor silly fool," she repeated. By the heart-broken tone of her voice I judged that the fool was not Ricketts.

That young man was not laughing now nor smacking his lips upon any recollection of pleasure or rivalry. His lips were white; he was badly frightened. The Daimler stood at a very odd angle between two trees; he must have made a U-turn on the highway. A little farther along on the verge of a ditch stood an old Renault, with which, I supposed, they had narrowly escaped a collision. Its French driver stood beside it, still vehemently expressing himself, shaking his fist. But, oddly, neither the Cullens nor Ricketts even glanced in that Frenchman's direction. Something else must

have happened; just before, just after, or at the same time. Inside the Daimler, Cullen had his great hand pressed over his mouth as if he were gnawing it, and he too was pale: the worst pallor in the world, like cooked veal. During the little drama of recapturing Lucy he had ceased to be drunk, I thought. But now I was afraid that he was going to be sick.

Alex and I followed Mrs. Cullen inside the house. She too was in a worse emotion and looked worse than before. Not only a portion of her lovely hair but her hat as well this time hung over one ear. There were beads of sweat on her brow and her upper lip. "Oh, Alex, do forgive us," she kept saying, "I'm so ashamed, so ashamed"; and hurried past us into the living room. Shame, I must say, was one thing which all this did not suggest. Across that great expanse of waxed parquet toward the garden door she sped ahead of us—her too pretty feet on her too high heels wide apart, lest she skid and fall headlong—saying to Alex over her shoulder, "Excuse me. Please, dear. Don't mind me. Let me go into the garden alone a minute."

On her wrist of course Lucy still perched, that is, rode, with some difficulty: her green-gold feet also wide apart, ducking or dipping to keep her balance, with characteristic indignation of her shoulders and that nervous puffing of breast feather which, as Mrs. Cullen had informed us, is a good sign in a hunting hawk. Hawks are not really tree birds; and if in a state of nature Lucy had ever found herself on a perch as agitated as this female arm, blown by any such passionate wind as this, whatever this was—she would have left it instantly and sought out a rock. It was absurd. Even her little blind headgear with parrot feathers seemed to me absurd; it matched the French hat which her mistress was wearing at so Irish an angle, except that it was provided with secure drawstrings. In spite of my bewilderment and alarm, I began

to laugh. It struck me as a completion of the cycle of the afternoon, an end of the sequence of meanings I had been reading into everything, especially Lucy. The all-embracing symbolic bird, primitive image with iron wings and rusty tassels and enameled feet, airy murderess like an angel, predatory sanguinary deluxe hen—now she was funny; she had not seemed funny before. Perhaps all pets, all domesticated animals, no matter how ancient or beautiful or strange, show a comic aspect sooner or later; a part of the shame of our humanity that we gradually convey to them.

Just then I saw what Mrs. Cullen had in her right hand, half concealed against her breast and behind Lucy's wing: a large revolver. Alex must have seen it before I did. She was clinging to my elbow and whispering, "Stay back. Don't laugh, don't follow her."

I am not a judge of firearms, but this was a grim, important object, glimmering, apparently brand-new and in working order. "Shall I try to take it away from her?" I asked Alex in a whisper.

"Heavens, no. She'll be all right. Don't worry her." Women, even some young girls, have this ability to guess at degrees of trouble, this equanimity of a trained nurse. And, with or without much affection, they sometimes suddenly know each other as if they were twins.

There was more to it than that. Looking back on that moment, I have wondered just how her friend's passion appeared to Alex. How could she tell, as the disheveled creature fled ahead of us into the garden, that she was not going to kill herself? Then it occurred to me that in my friend's character and way of life in those days there was a certain passivity; at least abstention from other's lives. Whatever she did not understand about them might, she felt, be more awful than anything she could imagine. If others said things were unbearable, she could well believe it. If the Irish-woman's life had reached that point, the point of suicide, perhaps she would not have cared to interfere or prevent it.

Outside on the terrace Mrs. Cullen stopped; and grasping the gun by the barrel, brought it back over her shoulder and hurled it high above the shrubs, far across the lawn, so that it splashed into the pond.

This important gesture was too much for Lucy. Off the dear wrist she went, hung in a paroxysm once more. But this time it was not bating, not mystical dread or symbolical love of liberty; it was just ordinary loss of balance. Symbol or no symbol, I said to myself, if I were busy getting rid of a suicidal or murderous weapon I should hate to have a heavy hysterical bird tied to me, yanking my wrist, flapping in my face. Mrs. Cullen, the good sportswoman, did not mind. Perhaps because of her own hysteria—the real meaning of this episode pulling at her heartstrings and beating upon her intellect—she merely did the thing to do, as usual. . . . Up went her embattled left arm over her head; stock-still she stood, until terrible Lucy grew tired, and recovered her self-control, and resumed her domestication.

From our point of view, behind her, seeing her through the sunset-streaked window, against the background of the old park and the shrubs and the gray pond with ripples unclosing away from the place where the gun had gone down, Mrs. Cullen was beautiful. Throughout her somewhat bulky body—motherly torso and panting breast and round neck—there was wonderful strength; and between her absurd high heels and her fist in the rough glove, there was exact perpendicularity: the yard-wide wings now settling back on top. And the fact that she looked a bit ridiculous, disheveled and second-rate and past her prime, made it all the finer, I thought, as she turned and came slowly back indoors.

There were tears in her eyes, but she chuckled, or pretended to, or tried to.

"Darling Alex," she said hoarsely, "did you ever have guests who behaved so madly? Don't, please, don't ever ask me what this was all about."

Then in her way, in a series of little dull, prosaic, but shameless statements, she told us what it was about. "You see, dear, why we can't live in Ireland. It's such a bad example for my silly sons."

My presence did not make her shy. For a moment that flattered me; upon second thought it seemed to me to have the opposite implication. Quite early in the afternoon, I suppose, she had perceived that Alex was not in love with me; therefore, in her view of life, I did not count, I was a supernumerary. What harm could I do with her secrets? Women are fantastic.

Holding her left arm and Lucy well out of the way, she threw her right arm somewhat round Alex and kissed her. "Dear, dear friend," she murmured. "You're so clever, you'll marry well when the time comes. Thank you so much for your patience with us." Alex shrank a little, as she always did from female affection, but the odd compliment seemed to please her.

"Larry's been threatening to leave me for weeks," Mrs. Cullen added. "Oh, I'm so afraid he will one day. I don't know what would become of him by himself, the fool, the old darling."

Poor Larry, I sighed; poor supernumerary me! Women are no respecters of men. I also felt a little indignation on Lucy's account. Trapped out of the real wind and rock, and perverted rather than domesticated, kept blind and childish, at the mercy of every human absurdity, vodka and automobiles, guns and kisses: poor Lucy! She no doubt personified for Mrs. Cullen the deep problems of life; certainly Mrs. Cullen now devoted a large part of her life to her. Yet again and again, splendid *falco's* position in fact, her proprietress's handling of her was in the way of a handkerchief or a muff or a hat. Absorbed in her narration of what had just occurred on the highway in the Daimler, Mrs. Cullen forgot about her, and gestured a little with her left hand as well as her right. Lucy had to embrace the air desperately to stabilize herself; her

plumage all thickened up and homely, sick-looking. It afforded me an instant's characteristic grim amusement to think how often the great issues which I had taken this bird to augur, come down in fact to undignified appearance, petty neurasthenic anecdote; bring one in fact at last to a poor domestication like Lucy's. It also reminded me of the absurd position of the artist in the midst of the disorders of those who honor and support him, but who can scarcely be expected to keep quiet round him for art's sake.

"I don't even know which of us Larry thought of shooting," Mrs. Cullen said. "Wife or chauffeur or haggard. I dare say I never shall know, unless some day he does it. The minute you closed your door he began saying things at the top of his voice about Lucy and Ricketts. It upset Ricketts, and there was a car coming toward us, and for a moment I really thought we should crash. I told Ricketts to stop at the side of the road, and instead he turned back here, with two other cars speeding round the corner. That was what made the little Frenchman in the Renault angry. In the midst of which poor Larry began to threaten us with the revolver. It was in the side pocket of the car. I can't imagine when he put it there, or where he got it. You know, I think the Frenchman saw it. Lucky for us he didn't call the police."

She began to have an almost cheerful expression. If you have been loneliness excited a long while, expecting the worst to happen, with no validation for your fear in fact, no excuse that others would understand—perhaps the trouble in question must always come as a slight relief. At least you know then that you have not morbidly made it all up out of whole cloth.

"I'll tell you an odd thing about myself," she said, with her vaguest smile. "I happen to be a very good shot; and d'you know, all the while I was trying to take that beastly gun away from Larry—with Ricketts driving like a fool, and poor Lucy on my arm so awfully in the

way—I kept calculating every instant just where the bullet would go if he pulled the trigger. The trajectory and all that. I suppose I'm a born sports-woman; it's childish, isn't it? At the last moment I simply can't take things quite seriously. I suppose that's what made me good at lions in Kenya years ago."

She frowned and sighed then, as if ashamed of her coldness or lightheartedness. "Now Ricketts of course is quite out of patience with Larry. I suppose I shall have to give him notice; what a pity! If Larry wasn't quiet after I got out of the car I expect Ricketts knocked him out. He did once before. There's nothing I can do; Larry is as strong as an ox. But I'd have gone mad, I'd have killed Ricketts—if I had waited to see what happened. Ricketts is so damned English; the instant he clenches his fist he makes a smug face, like a governess. But I dare say it's time to go back now. I've been cowardly long enough; perhaps at this point I can be of some comfort to my man."

She intended to give Alex another kiss, but Alex avoided it. "Oh, Alex, I do," she lamented, "do love that great fool desperately. Whatever shall I do with him? Oh, well, we'll see. Do you think I must get rid of Lucy? It was astonishing, you know, how well Larry hawked last summer in Hungary. I thought he'd enjoy it so."

Then she laughed, and all afternoon I think she had not laughed; rather a bad sound, two loud liquid feverish notes. "Ho, ho, perhaps this may have done him good. He has bated, don't you know."

So she took her second departure. "Good-by, Mr. Tower. Good-by, Alex, dear child. I shall miss you. Larry will be ashamed to see you after all this, I'm afraid. Don't come out to the car; it would embarrass them." She slipped across the hall and out the door, opening it only a little and immediately slamming it.

"Well!" exclaimed Alex, as we returned to the living room, and her delivery of that syllable made me laugh: ooo-ell; the soft bark of a very small dog.

After so much disorder we thought it would be indiscreet to seem impatient for our dinner. We wandered into the garden, sighing, tired. "I hope Jean and Eva did not see this last bit of melodrama," Alex said. "It's not the kind of idea I should like him to get into his head and develop. He's no Cullen; he's an imitative Italian, and he might not muff it."

"That great comfortable, greedy, easy old boy," I mumbled, meaning Cullen. "Did you dream he had murder in him? Vodka or no vodka."

"But it was suicide surely, not murder," said Alex. "Madeleine Cullen has no imagination."

"I wonder. It overlaps in any case. People do kill themselves just because they want to murder someone," I replied in my quibbling way. "Someone they love."

Alex made a little face, expressive of skepticism of everything and practically universal disapproval. "But you know, he wasn't really very drunk."

"Two shakerfuls of pre-war vodka," I reminded her.

"No matter. That's not much for those immense Irishmen. I've seen him drunk and it wasn't anything like this at all. Or perhaps he pretended to be drunk for your benefit, and to have an excuse for what was happening anyway; what was bound to happen. You're such a sober creature, my dear; you naturally overestimate other people's intoxication."

Her saying that made me suddenly unhappy. I thought of the wicked way I had watched him as he drank, the grandiose theories of drunkenness I had spun for myself meanwhile; and I blushed. Half the time, I am afraid, my opinion of people is just guessing; cartooning. Again and again I give way to a kind of inexact and vengeful lyricism; I cannot tell what right I have to be

avenged, and I am ashamed of it. Sometimes I entirely doubt my judgment in moral matters; and so long as I propose to be a story-teller, that must be the whisper of the devil for me.

But my dear Alex then sensed, as a good young woman should, my doubt and weak self-criticism; and she smiled. "You must tell me what he said to you before you forget it. I gathered from your expression that he'd been weeping on your shoulder."

Then Eva, with even less etiquette than usual, came out of the kitchen waving a napkin, huskily imploring us to hurry in to dinner, half-spoiled in any case, she thought. As if to point the moral of the changes of the day from a cook's angle, Jean sent in to us eight pigeons, a veritable sheaf of asparagus, and two good-sized tarts. It was perfect; and melodrama all afternoon evidently gave us appetite. Eva shed tears while she served, but mutely and prettily, with a wan smile whenever I looked at her, like a seventeenth-century Magdalen. Jean brought the tart himself and thanked us for our overeating as if it had been a special effort to console him.

After he had served our coffee in the living room, I told Alex what I had seen from the kitchen window. I was surprised to learn that she too had seen it, from her bedroom window, while Mrs. Cullen lay stretched on the bed with her eyes shut. But she had missed the jack-knife. Then I tried to remember and report to her Cullen's confession to me, man to man over our vodka, which entertained her, although I think it shocked her.

Then she went to write a note and send a telegram, and she did not return for three-quarters of an hour. I sat there by myself, not even trying to read. I was still excited; and I fell into a form of fatigued stupidity which, while it lasts, often seems to me an important intellectual effort. It was an effort to compress the excessive details of the afternoon into an abstraction or two, a formula or a moral; in order to store that away in my

head for future use, and yet leave room for something new, for the next thing. Morally speaking, those Cullens had crowded me out of myself. I also hoped to distinguish a little more clearly between what the Cullens meant to me and certain fine points of my own meaning to myself which had fascinated me in the midst of their afternoon's performance. Of course it was not possible.

I have learned—but again and again I forget—that abstraction is a bad thing, innumerable and infinitesimal and tiresome; worse than any amount of petty fact. The emotion that comes blurring my retrospect is warmer and weaker than the excitement of whatever happened, good or bad. It is like a useless, fruitless vegetation, spreading and twining and fading and corrupting; even the ego disappears under it. . . . Therefore I scarcely noticed how long my dear friend stayed away in her bedroom; therefore I was glad when she came back. For me, putting a stop to so-called thought is one of the functions of friendship.

It was not writing or telegraphing which had kept her; it was Eva weeping and denouncing Jean, laughing and worshipping Jean. They had quarreled about Ricketts, and after that he had gone to the village to get drunk. He would kill her, he had said, and sooner or later he might well, Eva thought; certainly he would beat her the minute he returned. He was the most jealous man alive, in her opinion, and she worshiped him.

In any case she was much to blame. She had a way of obviously reveling in the sense of her own beauty whenever a new man appeared in the kitchen; a look of being at the mercy of circumstances, or perhaps at the man's mercy. Neighbor or workman or tradesman would appear; and casually Eva would come up, and stand close by, with a sleepy stare, letting her eyes drop sideways in their wide sockets amid African eyelashes, giving off her sweetness like a flower bed—while Jean watched her, admiring and suffering, until his storm broke.

Alex had asked what made her behave so; why she flirted with men like Ricketts if she loved Jean and wanted to be at peace with him. Seriously she had explained that, when she flirted it gave him a chance to come between her and the rival, which made her feel his love, and to that of course she promptly yielded; and her yielding also gave him assurance that she loved him. "And if you please, the female beast!" said Alex, "she laughed as she explained it, deep in her fat throat.

"But she would not go on laughing. This time, she thinks, it has gone too far. He will beat her, and he may kill her, and *tutti quanti*. Therefore she began to cry again, and she wanted to tell me the story again from the beginning. I pretended to lose my temper and sent her to bed.

"I shall have to dismiss them, you know, if they go on like this," Alex added. "The lower classes have a way of making one ashamed of one's sex."

She always had trouble with servants. The trouble really was that her kind interest in them, if aroused at all, soon went too far. Shrinking from them, but pinned down by them at last, she gave a great deal of the warmth that lay in her. But between their demands upon her, she fancied that she had no sympathy for them at all. She often said that she wished she could be served by machinery.

The door stood open; but amid the breath of the garden, it seemed to me that I could detect—at least I could strongly remember—Lucy's little body odor of blood and honey. The talk of Jean and Eva and Ricketts had carried

my imagination again to the Cullen triangle: the virtuous, passionate, hard-hearted woman, the sad man, and the bird; and I had a new notion. It was that Mrs. Cullen now loved Cullen less than she intended; and lived with him, lived for him, perhaps only to fulfil a dear bootless contract with herself. In any case she loved Lucy, and I hoped she would refuse to give her up.

In the garden, over by the kitchen door, we heard a few notes of mellow laughter. Jean had returned and it had not gone according to Eva's expectation. Laughter, and a rustle and scuffle—the make-believe fighting that when all goes well, relaxes and relieves the true struggle of love—and footsteps diminishing toward the far corner of the garden hidden by the plane trees. The moon that night was not a fine carved shape. It hung under a little loose cloud, only a piece of pallor, a bit of anti-darkness. The air was as warm as Tangier but one could not lie outdoors, I thought, for the grass would be splashed with dew.

"You'll never marry, dear," I said, to tease Alex. "Your friend Mrs. Cullen thinks you will, but she has no imagination. You'll be afraid to after this fantastic bad luck."

"What bad luck, if you please?" she inquired, smiling to show that my mockery was welcome.

"Fantastic bad object lessons."

"You're no novelist," she said, to tease me. "I envy the Cullens, didn't you know?" And I concluded from the look on her face that she herself did not quite know whether she meant it.



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



I STARTED to write a piece pointing out the necessity of forming a union of democracies, but have switched to a discussion of the new 1941 automobiles. In the course of this discussion I shall expose a plot against the public, and shall advocate the immediate scrapping of all 1941 motor cars, the metal to be shipped to England, where scrap of any sort is most welcome.

My abandonment of the article urging a union of democracies should not be taken to mean that I am wavering in my mind. I believe in union now. But hundreds of writers are at work in that cause, while I am perhaps the only person in America, with the exception of a man in Boston named Stevens, who believes that the present design of cars should be scrapped and that the last ten years of motor-car development should be forgotten as quickly as possible.

There is some possibility that I can combine the two subjects and write about union at the same time that I am exploring the new cars. After all, if the manufacturers can build back seats that turn into beds, I ought to be able to build criticism that turns into prophecy. The motor car is, more than any other object, the expression of the nation's character and the nation's dream. In the free billowing fender, in the blinding chromium grilles, in the fluid control, in the ever-widening front seat, we see the flowering of the America that we know. It is of some interest to scholars and historians that the same autumn which saw the abandonment of the window crank and the adoption of the push button (removing the motorist's last necessity for physical exertion) saw also the registration of sixteen million young men of fighting age and symphonic styling. It

is of deep interest to me that in the same week Japan joined the Axis DeSoto moved its clutch pedal two inches to the left—and that the announcements caused equal flurries among the people.

I have long been interested in motor-car design, or the lack of it, and this for two reasons. First, I used to like motor-ing. Second, I am fascinated by the anatomy of decline, by the spectacle of people passively accepting a degenerating process which is against their own interests. A designer sitting at his drafting board blowing up a mudguard into some new fantastic shape is no more responsible to his public than is a political ruler who is quietly negotiating a treaty for the extension of his power. In neither case is the public in on the deal.

I spoke of a plot. Some years ago car manufacturers began reducing the size of windows and increasing the size of mudguards, or "fenders" as the younger generation calls them. By following no particular principle of design and by ignoring the functional aspects of an automobile, these manufacturers eventually achieved a vehicle which not only was stranger looking than anything which had heretofore been evolved, but which, because it cut off the driver's view, proved itself capable of getting into more scrapes. At first the advantages of this design were not apparent, but it didn't take long before the motor-car industry realized that it had hold of something which, from a commercial angle, was pure gold. Every automobile was intrinsically self-defacing—and sometimes self-destructive—and this soon made the market ever so much brisker.

I shall go into the evolution of this modern car in a little more detail. The way it happened was that a rumor got

started (I don't know why) that a motor car should be "longer" and "lower." Now, obviously it was impractical to reduce, to any great extent, the height of a motor car. And it was just as impractical to increase, to any great extent, the length of a motor car. So the designers had to produce an *illusion* of great length and extreme lowness. The first thing they did was to raise the hood, so that the rest of the car would appear lower by contrast. Having raised the hood, they also raised the line of the doors, to carry out the illusion clear to the bitter end. This of course reduced the size of the windows, and the motorist began the long sinking process which was to end, in 1941, in his total immersion. Fenders also had to be raised (you notice that in order to build a "low" car everything was raised). But it was impossible to raise fenders without also enlarging them—otherwise they would rise right up off the wheels. So the designers began playing with new shapes in fenders, and they huffed and they puffed, and they produced some wonderful fenders—fenders which not only were a very odd shape indeed, but which would reach out and claw at everything that came anywhere near them.

Meanwhile wheels had shrunk so small, and tires had grown so big, that the fenders were still further enlarged in a downward direction, so that they would not only be readily bumped, but would scrape along the tops of curbs and culverts and miscellaneous mounds. They also made it impossible for anyone but a contortionist to change tires.

The decrease in the size of windows, simultaneously with the increase in the size of fenders, produced astounding results in the automobile industry. Millions of motorists who had become reasonably proficient in driving their cars without denting them suddenly lost that proficiency because they no longer could see where they were going (or where they had been), and because the dentable surfaces had been so drastically enlarged. Car owners who were accustomed to

keeping a car for six or eight years, found that their modern car was all dented up after a single season of blind flying. So they would trade it in for a new one. Here was a most favorable turn of events for the manufacturer. He wasn't slow in catching on.

The ultimate goal of automobile designers is to produce a car into whose driving seat the operator will sink without a trace. They have very nearly achieved this goal. I know several women whose heads are permanently slanted backward because of the neck cramps they have developed trying to peek out over the cowl of a modern super-matic automobile. Incidentally, the steering wheel has been a big help to the designers in producing this type of cramp. If, after the hood had been raised, there still lingered any doubt that the operator's vision had been blocked off, the designer settled it once and for all by moving the wheel up an inch or two till the top of it was exactly on eye level. Even a skinny little steering wheel can cut off about an acre of visibility if properly placed by a skilful designer.

Mr. Stevens (the other man in America who thinks as I do) has computed that since 1900 the motorist's angle of visibility has been reduced thirty-six degrees. That is nice figuring. All I know is that for almost two decades I owned cars and never dented them up, and a couple of years ago I bought a new sedan in the low-price group, and after two years of my conservative driving it looks as though it had been dropped from a rather high building. This doesn't mean that I have become less skilful in driving a car; it means that the designers have become more determined that I shall not be given an even show.

The public's passive acceptance of this strange vehicle is disheartening, as is the acceptance by other peoples of the strange modern governments which are destroying them in a dulcet fashion. I think there will some day be an awakening of a rude sort, just as there will some day

inevitably be a union of democracies, after many millions have died for the treacherous design of nationalism.



I FIND that, whether I will or no, my speech is gradually changing, to conform to the language of the country. The tongue spoken here in Maine is as different from the tongue spoken in New York as Dutch is from German. Part of this difference is in the meaning of words, part in the pronunciation, part in the grammar. But the difference is very great. Sometimes when a child is talking it is all one can do to translate until one has mastered the language. Our boy came home from school the first day and said the school was peachy but he couldn't understand what anybody was saying. This lasted only a couple of days.

For the word "all" you use the phrase "the whole of." You ask, "Is that the whole of it?" And whole is pronounced hull. Is that the hull of it? It sounds as though you might mean a ship.

For lift, the word is heft. You heft a thing, to see how much it weighs. When you are holding a wedge for somebody to tap with a hammer, you say: "Tunk it a little." I've never heard the word tap used. It is always tunk.

Baster (pronounced bayster) is a popular word with boys. All the kids use it. He's an old baster, they say, when they pull an eel out of an eel trap. It probably derives from bastard, but it sounds quite proper and innocent when you hear it, and rather descriptive. I regard lots of things now (and some people) as old basters.

A person who is sensitive to cold is spleeny. We have never put a heater in our car, for fear we might get spleeny. When a pasture is sparse and isn't providing enough feed for the stock, you say the pasture is pretty snug. And a man who walks and talks slowly or lazily is called mod'rate. He's a powerful mod'rate man, you say.

When you're prying something with a pole and put a rock under the pole as

a fulcrum, the rock is called a bait. Few people use the word "difference." When they want to say it makes no difference, they say it doesn't make any odds.

If you have enough wood for winter but not enough to carry you beyond that, you need wood "to spring out on." And when a ewe shows an udder, she "bags out." Ewe is pronounced yo.

This ewe and yo business had me licked at first. It seemed an affectation to say yo when I was talking about a female sheep. But that was when I was still thinking of them as yews. After a while I thought of them as yos, and then it seemed perfectly all right. In fact, yo is a better-sounding word, all in all, than yew. For a while I tried to pronounce it half way between yew and yo. This proved fatal. A man has to make up his mind and then go boldly ahead. A ewe can't stand an umlaut any more than she can a terrier.

Hunting or shooting is called gunning. Tamarack is always hackmatack. Tackle is pronounced taykle. You rig a block and taykle.

If one of your sheep is tamer than the others, and the others follow her, you say she will "toll" the others in. The chopped clams which you spread upon the waters to keep the mackerel schooling around your boat, are called toll-bait. Or chum bait. A windy day is a "rough" day, whether you are on land or sea. Mild weather is "soft." And there is a distinction between weather overhead and weather underfoot. Lots of times, in spring when the ground is muddy, you will have a "nice day overhead."

Manure is always dressing, never manure. I think, although I'm not sure, that manure is considered a nasty word, not fit for polite company. The word dung is used some but not as much as dressing. But a manure fork is always a dung fork.

Wood that hasn't properly seasoned is dozy. The lunch hour is one's nooning. A small cove full of mud and eelgrass is a

gunkhole. When a pullet slips off and lays in the blackberry bushes she "steals away a nest." If you get through the winter without dying or starving you "wintered well."

Persons who are not native to this locality are "from away." We are from away ourselves, and always shall be, even if we live here the rest of our lives. You've got to be born here—otherwise you're from away.

People get born, but lambs and calves get dropped. This is literally true of course. The lamb actually does get dropped. (It doesn't hurt it any—or at any rate it never complains.) When a sow has little ones, she "pigs." Mine pigged on a Sunday morning, the ol' baster.

The road is often called "the tar." And road is pronounced rud. The other day I heard someone call President Roosevelt a "war mongrel." Statute is called statue. Lawyers are busy studying the statues. Library is liberry. Chimney is chimley.

Fish weir is pronounced fish ware. Right now they're not getting anything in the wares.

Hoist is pronounced hist. I heard a tall story the other day about a man who was histed up on the end of a derrick boom while his companions accused him of making free with another man's wife. "Come on, confess!" they shouted. "Isn't it true you went with her all last year?" For a while he swung at the end of the boom and denied the charges.

But he got tired finally. "You did, didn't you?" they persisted. "Well, once, boys," he replied. "Now hist me down."

The most difficult sound is the "a." I've been in Maine, off and on, all my life, but I still have to pause sometimes when somebody asks me something with an "a" in it. The other day a friend met me in front of the store, and asked, "How's the famine comin' along?" I had to think fast before I got the word "farming" out of his famine.

The word dear is pronounced dee-ah. Yet the word deer is pronounced deer. All children are called dee-ah, by men and women alike.

The final "y" of a word becomes "ay." Our boy used to call our dog Freddie. Now he calls him Fredday. Sometimes he calls him Fredday dee-ah; other times he calls him Fredday you ol' baster.

Country talk is alive and accurate, and contains more pictures and images than city talk. It usually has an unmistakable sincerity which gives it distinction. I think there is less talking merely for the sound which it makes. At any rate, I seldom tire listening to even the most commonplace stuff, directly and sincerely spoken; and I still recall with dread the feeling that occasionally used to come over me at parties in town when the air was crowded with loud intellectual formations—the feeling that there wasn't a remark in the room that couldn't be brought down with a common pin.



The Easy Chair



TO OUR NEW PROPHETS

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

AT A TIME when counsel is darkened and all of us are seeking for a sign but no sign is given us, it is wise to scrutinize with the greatest care whatever testimonies the prophets offer. The necessity is suggested by the readiness with which that opening sentence falls into a religious idiom. For a number of people not hitherto noted for piety—writers, editors, columnists—are telling us that what is principally wrong with America is the lack of a religion and that it must find one. If we don't find one, they say, we are certainly lost, and even if we do find one it may be too late.

That may be. But also it may be that some of the herdmen who have come down from Tekoa are not trustworthy. It may be that they are exhorting us to religions which would leave us worse off in the end; for the Scripture ominously admits that the Day of the Lord may turn out to be darkness and not light. And it may be that we have a religion which will serve our need.

Clearly a revival is going on and has now reached the stage of public confession. That is all right. Revivals have brought many people to what is variously known as a state of grace or a unification of the personality. Conviction of sin, repentance, confession, and profession frequently produce the humble and contrite but, nevertheless, resolute heart that is the best armament for these times. Unhappily, however, revivals sometimes have other products, among them a hysteria which may confine itself

to the jerks and similar indecencies or may go on till it produces split personality. It would be disastrous if a generation seeking for a sign were to follow the prophets out along that lower path.

Many of those who are exhorting us have begun in the conventional way by confessing their sins. They were wrong, they say—like any former drunkard bawling at a street corner that the Salvation Army has made him whole. Some of them were wrong about Russia: you know that classification. Some of them were wrong about literary communism: they now understand that you do not save mankind by asking novelists to depict home-owners as children of darkness. Some of them were wrong about the bourgeoisie, some about the proletariat, some about Lenin, some only about the international bankers, the Rotary Club, or the poems of T. S. Eliot. But their guilt, they promise us, is more than they can bear and now they have signed up for everlasting truth, so we will all please change our hearts. Come-outers, 1940 variant. But the public may be excused if it hesitates to come out at the summons of prophets whose only qualification is that they have been wrong up to now.

They can of course quote Scripture. Some of them have embraced the doctrine of sacrifice. Now no one doubts that, with the world caught in the greatest crisis of its history and America going forth to war, the Americans have got to sacrifice much of their wealth, much of

their expectation, much of their accustomed system, many of their habits, and many of their certainties. No one doubts that this is inevitable, and most of us hope that, however painful the sacrifice, it will be compensated by a gain—the unity which common sacrifice produces, the feeling of kinship, of being members one of another. But the doctrine of sacrifice has two edges—it can express different emotions. A willingness to sacrifice oneself for the common good is a fine thing, but something not so fine can be made up to look like it. The satisfaction of working with one's fellows toward a common end is one thing; the ecstasy of self-inflicted pain is something else. It is known as masochism, one of its symptoms is asceticism, and it readily becomes its obverse, which is known as sadism. Ecstasy in the infliction of pain on others is not the grace of God but a disease; it must be suspected in all dogmas of sacrifice for the sake of sacrifice alone, and let us remember that precisely this is our enemy overseas. As you read what some of our come-outers say you hear an unmistakable echo of Dr. Goebbels's voice and you have no trouble in finding parallel texts in *Mein Kampf*. Surely we have had enough warnings that American fascism can come in as the denunciation of fascism; if we must sacrifice for the glory of sacrifice only, then why fight the battle that is already lost?

A widely held variant of this doctrine was recently preached in a leading article in this magazine. The Americans, it tells us, have grown soft and must recover their hardness unless they are to be trampled down. It is certainly true that they can survive only by a process of survival, but just what that has to do with masculine ideals is not clear. We are accused of desiring comfort and security and are told that it was not by way of such base ideals that America became great. Comfort and security, the prophet says, are feminine ideals, and our tragedy is that our debilitated manhood does not realize that it has gone

sisy. That is exactly what a Führer tells a despairing people: that only hardness is left them, that beyond the Channel lies England, and they will feed fat if they get masculine enough to cross the water. If the desire to make life as easy as possible for oneself and one's children is a feminine ideal, then what we call the American dream has been feminine from the beginning, and the pioneers who cleared the forests and yoked up for Oregon were puling softies. They desired a better life for themselves and their families—comfort and security. This kind of come-outer thinks of pioneering as a form of organized sport in which you imposed hardship on yourself to prove you could take it: a state of mind appropriate to adolescents, neurotics, and Kipling's stories. Pioneering was a much more adult business—it was an effort to rise in the world: to be secure in your old age, to get your children better schooling than you had had, to put a bathroom in the cabin, to put in two bathrooms, even, in that now shameful cliché, to have two cars in your garage. Presumably that is now the end of sacrifice, as it was once the end of effort. If we are to sacrifice our lives now it is in order that the lives of our children may be secure. If we are to sacrifice our goods now it is in order that our children shall not have to sacrifice theirs. Hardship as good in itself, pain embraced for the pain's sake, effort as not only the way but the goal—there is a guttural in that intonation which anyone can hear who has read Hitler.

Another kind of repentance has a similar ambiguity. Disturbed by the apparent unwillingness of some young men to assume a citizen's duty of defending their country with their lives, Mr. MacLeish has blamed a literary generation which told the young that war was the worst of all evils. It is not admitted here that Mr. MacLeish is right, but his case is stronger than he made it out. If the young have obediently accepted what twenty years of American literature have told them about America (which is not

granted here) then they would be quite right in refusing to lose their lives for it. For ten years literature, in the main, told them that all distinguished Americans—from Washington to Wilson, from Emerson and Longfellow to Mark Twain and Henry James, from Robert Fulton and S. F. B. Morse to Thomas Edison, by way of Ulysses Grant, Alexander Hamilton, Charles William Eliot, scientists, priests, statesmen, educators, poets, whom you will—were inferior, venal, corrupt, pathological, stupid, and ridiculous. Literature told them that American traditions, ways of living, racial stocks, institutions, ideals, symbols, and goals of effort were trivial, inferior, and base. Then for ten years literature, in the main, told them that the whole of American life was mistaken, an irretrievable blunder, and the game was up. Throughout both decades literature, in the main, described American civilization as unworthy any intelligent man's respect. Any intelligent man who accepted that teaching would naturally find no decorum in dying for such a country. . . . The point of the present penitence seems to be that all this was true but that strategy would be best served by not admitting it: an unmistakable call for the burning of the books. But it was not true. Some of it was stupid error, some of it silly lying. The answer is neither to burn the books nor to upbraid the young. It is to repair the errors and expose the lies.

Looking at Main Street a month ago, the Easy Chair reminded you that the people who live on Main Street are and always were the Americans. We are now summoned to save American democracy in a world mostly leagued against it. As we begin we should be quite clear: the words "American democracy" mean nothing as type or sound. The only meaning they have is this: the people who live on Main Street.

Or, to make the point twice, they mean: the American Legion. The Legion recently held its convention in Boston, roistering and resolving and

sightseeing for three days while the world's apocalypse moved steadily toward its climax. Some of its activity was absurd, some pathetic, some irritating, and certain come-outers find some of it sinister. But other prophets have at last caught up with the Legion. For twenty years the prophets denounced proposals for national defense as war-mongering, referred to the armament makers as merchants of death, and forbade us to tolerate such evils; they have recently been preaching universal liability for military service, wartime conscription of wealth, the utmost in preparations for defense, and in short, the whole platform on which the Legion has stood for twenty years. The prophets are now telling us that we must root out the "ideologies" of the totalitarian quadruplets from among us. From its beginning the Legion has worked for what it calls Americanization, but the prophets never loved that name till now. The prophets are telling us that in the education of the young, both at school and at home, we must instill a common discipline, a feeling of mutuality and belief in American life; the Legion has said the same thing for more than twenty years and, what counts more than exhortation, it has developed organizations which work toward that end.

You can belong to the Legion if you were in the American armed forces during the earlier war; there is no other qualification. It is probably the largest, as it is certainly the most representative, organized group of Americans, a crosscut at the middle of the trunk. Negroes, Whites, Chinese, Jews, Catholics, Protestants, millionaires, paupers, the middle class, the workers, men on relief (for whom the Legion tries to find jobs)—all these belong to it. Their wives and children belong to its auxiliaries. In the Legion is what we are—and the possibilities of what, for good or evil, we can become. You have got your choice of accepting that fact with thanksgiving or with despair, but you have got to accept it. America has now

entered a struggle whose issue will determine whether its democracy is to survive or disappear, and, if it is to survive, what form it will have. But the components of that democracy, the seeds of its future, the liability of failure, and the determinants of triumph are the people who live on Main Street and belong to the American Legion. Take it or leave it.

Those people do not need a religion; they have got one. Twenty years of derision by highly articulate prophets have habituated them to appearing shamefaced about it in public and to repressing rhetorical declarations of faith which they lack the skill to phrase gracefully. But religion is not rhetoric but belief and action. They believe that eight score and four years ago our forefathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. They believe not that the nation so delivered was either perfect or complete, but that the conception and the proposition have insured and still insure its ability to renew itself, adjust itself to change, and bring itself nearer its ideal aim. They believe that, on the whole and in the round, a hundred and sixty-four years have widened the base and vindicated the instruments of its democracy; that sixteen decades of unintermittent change have proved its power to control change within the sanction of its ideal. They believe not that it is in all ways completely equitable to all men now, ever has been, or ever will be, but that it has established a wider equity than any other nation in history and possesses and frequently renews the means of enforcing equity. They believe that events have proved the truth of their beliefs. That human life is more harmonious here than

elsewhere. That men are freer, more comfortable, more secure. That the United States has raised human dignity higher than any other nation. That, as there has always been more hope here than elsewhere, so there has always been more reason for hope, and always will be.

They believe, in short, the tenets of any Fourth of July oration which have been so often parodied by certain prophets now clamoring for them to come out, but which happen to be true. They are as artless in their belief as any song by Stephen Foster and as forthright. Whenever their religion was threatened in the past they have sacrificed for it whatever they had to, up to the last full measure of devotion. Without climbing on any mourners' bench, they are prepared to sacrifice whatever may prove necessary from now on. Nothing can be gained by exhorting them to change their hearts, for this religion is their hearts, and it is inadvisable to preach the ecstasy of sacrifice. Nor is there much point in reminding them that the American way of life will never be the same again. The same as what? There are a thousand ways of life in America, some good, some vile, some quite without bearing on others, some finally incompatible with the rest. They know that and hold to their belief: that, whereas no one has promised us perpetuity in anything, the conformation of our society and the habits that have held it together are a guaranty that whatever comes out of the final battle will be American in conformation, habit, and tradition. That the American traditions have not lost their power nor the American people their virility. That the goal is attainable and the dream holds. That if the future brings about a new birth on this continent it will be, as it has always been before, a new birth in freedom, and under God.

**For information concerning the contributors in this issue,
see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages**



Harper's *Magazine*

EASTBOUND CHANNEL CONVOY

BY JAMES M. MINIFIE

A PIECE of white pasteboard three inches by five inches was my passport to the Narrow Seas. It informed the Captain of a destroyer flotilla that the Admiralty "requested that arrangements may be made for the accommodation of J. M. Minifie, of the New York *Herald Tribune* as a representative of the Press on board convoy escort vessel from Sept. 17th to disembarkation 1940." As he handed it over, the press officer said, "I think you'll have some fun. Report to Captain D.1's office, Portsmouth Dockyard at noon to-morrow. Strictly for your own information, it's an eastbound Channel convoy."

It was superbly vague but reassuring. Time was not of the essence. But wherever the convoy was headed for, we should get there, the Admiralty intimated. The mention of disembarkation seemed to carry a guarantee.

I had been trying for weeks to get something of the sort, but this surpassed expectations. For the Channel was hot news. The week before the Germans had peppered a convoy in the Straits of

Dover with their long-range guns on Cap Gris Nez. Berlin was spouting triumphant bulletins about driving the British out of the Channel; their guns, their planes, their E-boats—motor torpedo boats—their U-boats, their destroyers, their mines, said the Nazis, had given them control; London was cut off from sea-borne traffic, would soon be starved as well as punished, blasted, wrecked, hammered relentlessly, pounded mercilessly, and so on through the customary Nazi gamut.

The Admiralty had said nothing. This piece of pasteboard was the first intimation I had that ships were still plowing up the Channel, and I speculated as to what vital cargoes they might have in their holds to justify such risks. Oil perhaps or steam coal from Wales, or perhaps chilled meat from New Zealand and the Argentine or machinery from America. Obviously their burden must be something out of the ordinary. Too bulky or too heavy to go by rail from a safer port in the west, something which brooked no delay if the bulwarks

of civilization were to hold. This could be no routine matter, but something very special indeed.

Even Portsmouth would be a story. I was a bit surprised that the convoy was using that port. A little while before Berlin had put out a communiqué narrating a furious air bombardment of the naval base. One gathered there was not much left. Naturally one discounted Berlin's communiqué heavily, but I hoped we shouldn't hang round too long in what would reasonably be supposed to be a hot spot.

True, I had been in London for four months. There had been air raids every night and all night for some time. But air raids in your base town are one thing. In a strange town, strange hotel, strange bed, they're very different. I always hated the idea of being caught in an air raid away from London.

The prospect was particularly unpleasant—in a great naval base, surely the objective of every Nazi bomber from the airdromes but one hundred miles away in France. Later I was to learn from experience that there was no safer place in the Kingdom than a first-class military objective. The closer you were to the heart of the bull's-eye the safer you were.

Coming into Portsmouth by car, however, was not so promising. In the outskirts I noticed several craters, and as we drove through the center of town I spotted a dozen business buildings and a movie house that were down. It looked grim for the dockyard.

At the dockyard gates I got out and registered in a narrow, glass-enclosed porch. It took me a few minutes to realize the significance of the glass being intact. A sergeant of the Royal Marines examined my papers.

I looked round with more assurance and was intrigued to notice that the Royal Marines had a taste for decoration reminiscent of a nightclub. The glass roof was "blackened out" but neatly arranged across it were grape leaves and symmetrical clusters. Realistic tendrils

curled round a trellis along the wall. Had they not been so carefully patterned I should have taken them for real.

They were real, though I had to touch them to believe it.

"Ruddy 'uns," said the Sergeant of Marines with feeling. "Best yield we've ever had, but not a chance of ripening with the glass blacked out. Comes from the Hampton Court vine. Queen Victoria planted it in the Jubilee year."

The Sergeant of Marines snorted with the wrath of the thwarted gardener and asked:

"Next of kin?"

"Eh?"

"Just in case we have to notify them."

II

The dockyard was piled high with chains, anchors, castings, paravanes, and all the mysterious ironmongery that goes into ships. I spotted just two marks of bombs in a mile.

A launch bobbed at the quay-side. I clambered aboard. We cast off and smacked past wharves and warehouses, all intact. Three or four Frenchmen lay at anchor flying de Gaulle's Lorraine Cross on a blue ground. Merchantmen, mine sweepers, and a few rakish destroyers in battle-gray were scattered about the roads. Up above scores of barrage balloons, tugging at their five thousand odd feet of cable, gleamed like silver in the sunlight.

"There's your ship," said the cox pointing to *H.M.S. Blank* (no point in identifying her further), a small trim destroyer, all gray except for a white bow wave painted on her. The fashion for dazzle camouflage in fantastic zigzags which brightened the last war has not taken on this time. Merchantmen usually wear a coat of black and buff. The Navy sticks to gray.

"Look at them," said the Skipper. "Just look at them! Do all of seven knots if they're pushed, and they've as much notion of keeping line as a dog's hind leg."

Our charges were lumbering into line under the urge of a motor torpedo boat which foamed up and down in a lather of spray and excitement.

They were seven of the foulest old tubs you ever laid an eye on. Their plates were scarred and patched with blobs of vermilion. Rusty dribbles of water oozed down their sides. Seven aggregations of rust, grime, and oddments belched smoke like so many volcanoes.

Coasters to a man and not one over twelve hundred tons. Kipling would have loved them.

They churned and wallowed in the choppy sea. Their propellers threshed the water into tawny foam. They seemed to me to be riding mighty high. Their precious cargo must be light and bulky, I thought, and began running over the possibilities in my mind.

Finally I asked the Skipper what they were carrying.

"Nothing," he said. "Not a lick. They're going to London in ballast to pick up coal. We'll be bringing them back in two or three days."

So much for the romance of bringing precious freight through the Narrow Seas. It was just a routine matter of seven old tramps in ballast.

"The Commodore's on the *Marybelle*," said the Skipper, pointing to a frowsty looking snubnosed vessel on our port quarter. "He heard there was a bath on board, but if I know the Skipper he keeps his beer in it."

The boom at the entrance swung open for us. Three mine sweepers went ahead. In their wake came the seven tramps, by this time whipped into something resembling two lines abreast. On their flanks were two torpedo boats whose special function was to watch and listen for submarines and *H.M.S. Blank* and her sister, *Dash*, whose chief job was to watch and listen for aircraft. Seven nondescript tubs, each with a barrage balloon tugging at its winches, were stationed at strategic points of the convoy to discourage dive bombers.

The balloons gave a slightly comic ap-

pearance to the convoy, enhanced by one of the tramps flying a box-kite from her bridge. They looked like a troop of urchins on a Sunday school picnic.

Our Skipper settled into his chair. It was his first addition to the square open bridge and a sturdy construction of oak like a child's high seat. It was bolted to the bridge handy to the speaking tubes, high enough to give clear vision all around, but not high enough to catch the blast of the forward high angle guns. The Skipper prepared to stay in that chair, on the watch or cat-napping, until the voyage was over.

He turned me over to the chief officer just setting out to inspect the ship. The chief officer might have been a cherubic young man in a smart uniform in peacetime. But now most of his face was hidden by a red beard. His clothing was plainly for utility—heavy trousers, sea-boots, and more sweaters and reefers than it seemed possible for any one man to support.

"Lost all my fancy suitings," he explained. "Last three ships were sunk under me. You see life on a destroyer . . . !"

III

H.M.S. Blank was one of the first of the wartime building program to go into commission. A few days after she had entered service she was sent to LeHavre and was one of the last British vessels to leave that port. Then came a spell on the western patrol, followed by convoy escort duty in the Channel. This was the sixth convoy she had taken through.

These new vessels were designed on a principle novel to the British Navy, though well known in the American. Instead of being divided into crew forward, and officers aft, the officers' quarters were amidship under the bridge; the engine-room crew and the aft gunners lived aft, the rest forward. The advantage of the system is that it enables the crew to reach action stations with a minimum of delay.

By the time we had cleared the boom the crew had been piped to action stations. The gunners lay alongside their guns, reading or gossiping.

"This is my baby," the chief officer said, patting what looked like an assemblage of bed-springs and automobile mufflers. "The multiple pom-pom is God's gift to widows and orphans. Hope we'll have a chance to show you it in action."

The chief officer and his pom-pom crew slept by the side of their "baby" behind a windbreak of rope coils and tarpaulins.

"Only trouble is that no matter how the wind is, the smoke from the galley chimney always drifts round my corner," the chief officer complained. "Every morning I wake up with my face kippered."

By this time the convoy had swung eastward. The Isle of Wight was dropping behind. On our port quarter the line of chalk cliffs was beginning. The destroyers danced to a choppy swell as they loitered along at seven knots. The tramps snorted and wallowed to keep up that speed.

The barrage balloons tugged at their winch-boats. Their silver sides were turning rosy pink in the glow of the afternoon sun. Ribs of cloud patterned the sky. It was a day made for bombing.

On the bridge the navigating officer crouched over his charts. Two lookouts with powerful glasses swept the horizon and the sky forward. Two more watched on the beam. The gunnery officer on his little tower aft swung his range-finder to high angle, while his guns popped firing tubes in final tests of readiness. A lean-faced yeoman of signals, telescope under arm, muttered about the shortcomings of the signal corps of the R.N.V.R., as he slowly read out a message blinked from the *Marybelle*.

"Commodore signals that his bath is full of beer," the yeoman of signals reported with a thin smile.

"What does he expect me to do about

that at this distance?" the Captain asked. "Tell him I wish mine was."

He slewed round in his high chair and grinned at me.

"There's going to be some fun pretty soon," he said. "We're sending out some of our own E-boats, in hopes that if the merchant skippers get a good look at them by day they'll be able to tell them from German craft at night. Not that I'm optimistic. I told them all about it in port, and the Skipper of the *Julian P.* said he always fired at motor torpedo boats as soon as he saw them on principle, and always would. He says that by the time you've identified them you've got a torpedo up your — and I'm not so sure he's not right. They're nasty pieces of work."

A metallic whisper, which galvanized everyone, came up the speaking-tube.

"Aircraft five miles ahead, port bow."

The starboard lookouts continued their sweeps impassively. The gunnery officer swung his range-finder.

Port lookout reported in monotone, "Aircraft, believe bomber—3 and one-half miles—red 3—20°—bomber—believe enemy—enemy bomber—"

Just as quietly the gunnery officer talked into his 'phones, "16,000 feet," I heard him say.

By this time I had spotted the plane myself, a two-motored bomber, gleaming in the sunshine, elevation about 60° on the port bow.

I braced my feet, clamped my battle bowler on my head, and hoped I didn't look as nervous as I felt. A buzzer broke the deadly stillness on the bridge. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the yeoman of signals motion me to crouch.

I went on one knee just as our forward guns crashed into action. With the exception of the lookouts and the Captain all were crouching.

"Blast just about takes your head off if you don't duck," the yeoman of signals said quietly. "When he drops his bombs, go flat on your face out of the way of splinters."

All through the fleet the guns were

crackling by that time. White puffs of smoke appeared underneath the bomber and in front of it. I thought for a moment that one of the barrage balloons was on fire, but the smoke I saw came from a shell-burst in the background.

As I was waiting for the bomber to dive, a lookout intoned, "Bombs released." I fell on my face. So did everyone else whose duty did not keep him standing. Coconut matting on the bridge took the edge off the gun vibration. I lay there until port lookout reported, "Bomb exploding half a mile to port."

I jumped up to see a column of smoke and spray settling down well outside our convoy area. The ship quivered to a mighty blow on her keel as the force of the exploding bomb was carried by the water.

By this time the bomber had scudded off toward the French coast. The convoy settled down again.

"Go down to the wardroom and have something to eat," said the Skipper. "You'll find the doctor there. He's been waiting for six weeks for somebody new to tell his conger eel story to."

It was dark below. Double tarpaulins hung over every door, the portholes were painted over, and there were no lights in the narrow corridor. I groped my way to the wardroom.

The medical officer was rattling buckets and putting away bandages. "I use the wardroom as an emergency dressing station—or would if I got a chance," he said. "All I've done on this ship is to swab sore throats. And I think the cook has pinched my blood-bucket. Steward, two pink gins. You'll have a gin, won't you? I have to stay in this damned place when they take up action stations; no chance to go above and see a spot of fun. And believe me, when they drop a depth charge it undoes your stays. Kills tons of fish. Ever fish? Ever fish for conger eel? Well, let me tell you about the time—"

The wardroom was warm and I had had a long day. I sat back in an easy

chair, only dimly following the portentous struggle between the doctor and the biggest conger ever seen in those seas. The buzzer startled me to wakefulness.

"Hell," said the doctor, "I never get a chance to finish that story. Where's my blood-bucket?"

I stumbled out of the wardroom into the pitch-black corridor. Somehow I missed the companion-ladder and was groping my way gingerly along the corridor, fearing to fall down a hatch to the deck below, when I found a door into the daylight. As I pushed through there was a blinding flash, a roar, and a blast which flung me backward into the corridor. Our guns were going again. Their muzzles, it seemed to me, were just round the corner. They roared again and I quaked. By this time I had no idea where the bridge was, or for that matter, the wardroom. I was lost on a strange ship and all hell was letting loose outside. At that moment a sailor came along. He showed me the way to the bridge. I clambered up, just in time to get another blast before I ducked.

The yeoman of signals grinned and pointed skyward.

What I saw did me no good. This one had his air brakes down and was diving at us right through the puffs of A.A. bursts. At about five thousand feet our pom-poms and machine guns opened up, adding their staccato notes to the infernal clatter. Through it all my ears were keyed for the lookout's unruffled "Bombs released."

Until it came I could not throw myself prone as I longed to do. But the Nazi was feeling worse than I. It must have been getting pretty hot up there, for he dropped his load and swerved out of his dive at three thousand feet.

They fell wide, but I didn't see them. "Looks as if they knew about us," said the Skipper. "Call up a fighter patrol."

On the port beam the low shores of England glimmered in the hazy distance. Beyond those shingle beaches, snuggling in out of the way places, were camou-

flagged huts and secret landing grounds of the Coastal Command of the Royal Air Force.

Would they get our message? If they did would the graceful fighters come swinging out to guard us? Or was the R.A.F., as the Germans said, beaten down, its stations bombed out of existence, its few remaining fighters swallowed up in the daily struggle to fend off the massed German bombers swarming on the Capital?

This was not an important convoy, I reflected. Seven old tramps in ballast would not mean much if the fighters were really hard pressed. They could come out to us at such short notice only if they had planes hanging round doing nothing. It didn't seem likely.

"Aircraft on the port quarter," lookout reported. We all tensed. The gunnery officer swung his range-finder round. "Fighters—believe friendly—friendly fighters."

"Spitfires," said the yeoman of signals with a grin that split his face.

Three planes in close formation, very high, followed by three others weaving and turning in constant watchfulness. What a grand sight they were! Now send on your bombers!

"Aircraft on the starboard bow," said the spotter. "Believe bomber—bomber—believe enemy—enemy bomber on the starboard bow elevation 45."

"Those Spitfires have swung aft," the Skipper told the gunnery officer. "Put a couple up to show them where he is."

Two guns barked. Two blobs of white unfolded against the blue. A long low cloud in the south glowed in the setting sun.

The Spitfires swooped back. The bomber saw them, banked, gunned his engines until they smoked and streaked for that glowing cloud. As he neared it a Spitfire swung on flank, to make the deadly beam attack which cuts bombers' tails off like a buzzsaw. Another raced round the other end of the cloud to meet him. He got into it by the skin of his wings. We lost all three for a minute.

Then the two Spitfires rejoined their patrol.

"That'll learn him," said the yeoman of signals.

IV

The yeoman of signals and his mate argued in whispers.

"Ten quick flashes and a break," the yeoman repeated.

"Eleven I make it." His assistant was stubborn.

"You'll learn—maybe," the yeoman of signals sighed. "I've seen the Calais entrance light times enough to know it by now."

The moon was riding high in a sky devastatingly bare of clouds. The wind had fallen somewhat but there was still a heavy swell. I looked back at the convoy. Twenty-three vessels stood out nakedly on the burnished water. There was not a light to be seen on any of them, but the moon revealed them pitilessly. Smoke still poured from the tramps, and swept in stinking columns over toward the French coast, where the navigation light of Calais Harbor blinked. Behind that light German outposts watched. In front of it perhaps their E-boats were slipping out for a swift dash at us.

"The Dover Command says it's too rough for our E-boats," the Skipper said in a low voice, "so perhaps it is for the Germans too. We are just coming in range of his shore batteries," he added as an afterthought. "Last time we came through by daylight he peppered us properly. You probably read of it in the papers. They had some good pictures too."

I remembered that story of the first heavy bombardment of a convoy in the straits. Some of the pictures had shown shells bursting very close, both to the merchant ships and to the destroyers.

"Any damage?" I asked.

"None," said the Skipper. "We got the only souvenir. Shell-splinter nearly holed the bridge. It wouldn't have done the navigating officer's head any good if

it had come through; so he had first claim to it. He's having it framed."

We were drawing abreast of the high cliffs of Dover, which looked ghostly in the moonlight. Through the Skipper's night-glasses I could pick out Dover Castle. It fell behind slowly.

"Sorry we're not showing you more action," the Skipper apologized. "I thought there would have been. Those bombers must have reported us. Usually the R.A.F. give us a good show over the Channel ports. But it's a bit late now."

It was nearly two o'clock. From the range-finder tower came a light snore. The gunnery officer was asleep with his head on his range-finder.

The Skipper chatted quietly and regretfully of his early days in submarines, of sailors' superstitions, of what he would do when he retired, and of how disappointed I must be at the tameness of this trip.

"Still there's a good possibility of air attack for the first two hours after dawn," he said. "They'll probably spot us on their way to London."

"That'll be nice," I said, just to be polite. "Tell me, why do you prefer submarines?"

"I hate gunfire," said the Skipper. "Makes my head ring."

The sun climbed out of mist banks in the east. The cook's help clattered up to the bridge with hot cocoa and sandwiches. The gunnery officer pulled himself out of his instrument. The Skipper stretched himself cautiously.

In a long contorted line the convoy straggled over three miles of the Downs.

"Tell them to close up," the Skipper instructed the yeoman of signals. "They won't," he confided to me. "They're going full speed now, and their only notion of keeping formation is to follow in the wake of the vessel ahead. Idea of cutting a corner never occurred to them. They're as wet as crumpets."

Sure enough, ship followed ship meticulously, until the convoy looked like a snake with a broken back. In the end the Skipper ordered the leading ships to slow up, in order to bring a compact, dangerous concentration of fire on any raiders which might appear.

"There's usually a big Dornier hanging about to eastward, waiting to pick up crews of German planes which get damaged over England and cannot make the journey back to their base," the yeoman of signals said. "I don't see even him to-day."

Every now and again a mast or funnel sticking out of the water bore tribute to the toll which had been exacted of shipping in these dangerous seas.

Soon a patrol of Hurricanes swept overhead. Northward strings of smoke and the dim gray shapes of warships told of the Thames Estuary.

We churned into its yellow waters. Sailing wherries passed us, going out to sea. Tugs and tramps and liners moved on their appointed courses. The Skipper ordered a card-table up to the bridge.

"We'll have breakfast in comfort," he said.

"Sheerness blockship questioning us," said the yeoman of signals.

"Tell him 'Nothing to report,'" said the Skipper.



GRASSHOPPERS' FIELD DAY

A STORY

BY DOROTHY BAKER

IT WAS sunny and sharp at once and there were yellow leaves on the steps of the Charles Street subway exit, blown all the way there from the Public Garden. It could very well be the last day of fall, a day for grasshoppers to start reproaching themselves with a flighty summer, a day for ants to settle back with satisfaction. Each according to his temperament.

The colored girl came up from the subway and the wind gave her a good stiff push. She was wearing a reversible coat, tweed side out, and a soft gray beret with the slack pulled forward like a cap. She took a look around and then started up the street against the wind. She was on her way to an address written on a piece of paper in her pocket, but she wasn't rushing to get there. There were things to look at, and she looked at all of them, all the shapes and colors in the liquor-store window, all the frumpy rugs in front of the antique stores, all. And when she came to Mt. Vernon Street where she had to turn off she made a full stop and stood for a few minutes watching, perfectly idly, the people and the cars. It was only when she started to climb the hill, up Mt. Vernon Street, that she began to look alive and purposeful. She watched the numbers as she went: 14, 16, 18, 20, and she stayed on the even side of the street and kept on going until she got to the one written on the piece of paper in her pocket.

She stopped in front of the door, took

out the piece of paper, just to be sure, and then stood as far away from the house as she could, balancing on the curb to get a better look. Nice house, a nice modern brick apartment house; not one of the ones made over from antiques, but a slick one, all new stuff. She walked up the steps and into the vestibule and looked down the list of tenants for the name Cline. And it was there. Apartment 11: Mr. Edward J. Cline. Lucky number. She unhooked the receiver and punched the button beside number eleven. A voice comes to you if anyone's home.

So she stood there and waited with the receiver against her ear, and after awhile she heard a voice saying, "Well?" Just well, not who is it, please, or what do you want? There's no answer for it, so the girl went on waiting, and when the voice said, "Well?" again, but louder, she put her mouth against the grill, took a deep breath, and shouted, "It's from the agency." She was hanging up the receiver when the door clicked, and she missed it. So the whole thing had to be done over, and what with setbacks and misunderstandings, it was a full five minutes before she faced Mrs. Cline herself.

"When you hear a door click, push it," Mrs. Cline said, and she made it sound as if she were saying that opportunity knocks but once.

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Cline had width and she was tall too. Dressed, she might even have

style, but she was not dressed. She was wearing big flat sheepskin slippers and a large-patterned house-coat, or possibly hostess-gown. Literally *négligée* in this case. The whole apartment was somewhat *négligé* in fact, and Mrs. Cline too far behind in enthusiasm to do anything about it. She had a nice new pack of cards in her hand and she kept working with it, squaring it up, and running a thumb along the edges and corners, while she sized up the girl.

She wanted first to know about references, whom had she worked for before, and why had she quit, and the girl answered in a good clear voice that she had been working for the Government for three years steady, running a foot machine in the colored sewing project and getting fourteen dollars a week, and nothing could have made her quit, because it was the nicest line of work she had ever had. In her project they made layettes and gave them away to all the babies that happened to get born on relief. Prettiest little outfits, all with hand-made buttonholes. Only thing, there was some kind of a mix-up between the Government and the City, and they closed up the project. That was the beginning of summer.

"Lots of them would rather be on relief than work for a living at a real job," Mrs. Cline said, but there wasn't any feeling in it; it was only a piece of all-purpose conversation, like the dryness of steam heat or have you read any good books? She didn't believe it or care. It was only a thing to say and, naturally enough, it didn't get any response.

"You don't have to stand up," she said. "Sit down."

The girl sat down beside the sofa and waited. Mrs. Cline opened her mouth to say something else, but apparently forgot what it was. Then, suddenly, almost as if she couldn't help it, she shuffled the cards, set the pack on the coffee table between them, and said, "Cut."

The girl didn't cut. She just sat there, and Mrs. Cline told her how—

just lift the top off anywhere. Then she cut about three-quarters of the way down and turned over the ten of spades. Mrs. Cline looked thoughtfully at the few cards left, and then pushed back the sleeve of her house-coat. She broke the pack at the queen of diamonds, laid it face-up on the table, and looked a little silly.

But after that she seemed happier. She got down to business and said what was on her mind. She wanted a good reliable girl from eleven o'clock in the morning until six at night. Six days a week, six dollars a week. Fair enough.

The girl didn't snap it up. She said the way she understood it, they work mostly a half a day, from three in the afternoon until eight at night for five dollars a week and carfare; or else they work a full day, ten in the morning until eight at night for ten dollars a week and carfare. "My sister's girl friend, she gets ten dollars a week and carfare."

"What's this carfare racket?" Mrs. Cline said. "Never heard of it."

The girl said it was ten cents each way to and from work, that makes twenty cents a day, six days a week, that makes a dollar-twenty a week coming right out of your pay. Spend your pay getting back and forth to work.

"Lincoln didn't ask for carfare when he walked five miles to return the book he borrowed, don't forget it," Mrs. Cline said. She pulled one corner of her mouth in tight and drummed her fingers stiffly on the sofa cushion beside her. The drumming raised a little dust.

"Remind me to show you how to work the attachments for the vacuum."

The girl didn't say anything, not even yes, ma'am. And she didn't look at Mrs. Cline. She looked at the big black grand piano by the window and she looked at the carpet. Nice blue broadloom, and if there's anything to it about cigarette ashes keeping the moths out, this one was safe.

"Come in at eleven and you're through at six. Six dollars a week's a lot of money for that, with no references."

"Only I live clear down past Central

Square, and that's *more* than five miles," the girl said, thinking always of Lincoln. "I got to get carfare."

Mrs. Cline flung up her hands.

"All right, then, carfare. And where do I come out? The little end of the stick, that's all." She must have meant horn but she said stick.

There was a time of silence. The girl didn't look up and Mrs. Cline went back to her drumming.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

"Twenty-three! You look more like fourteen. What's your name?"

"Carol. Carol Darcy."

Mrs. Cline lifted the lid of a silver cigarette box on the coffee table beside her, picked out a mentholated cigarette, lighted it, and drew it down deep.

"God, I'm tired," she said. It was a simple and moving statement, a sad piece of information that passed from one woman to the other and left its effect on both of them. They just sat there for awhile, quiet except for the deep sighs of cigarette smoke Mrs. Cline blew out.

"Whenever I hear the name Carol," Mrs. Cline said finally and gently, "I always have to think of the king that ran away with the red-headed woman and wouldn't come back. He went kiting off and left his little boy to be king—fat little kid all dressed up in a soldier suit. I never can remember the woman's name."

"They named me Carol because my birthday's Christmas," the girl said. And that, apparently, reminded Mrs. Cline of the baby.

"Would you like to see the baby?"

The agency hadn't made mention of a baby, and that was probably because Mrs. Cline hadn't mentioned it to the agency when she put in her bid. It's very bad not to mention a serious item like a baby when applying for help, and Carol Darcy's face showed it. A baby is never a cinch.

Mrs. Cline showed the way, huffing and puffing up the stairs.

"Watch yourself you don't slip in the

sawdust," she said. "Mr. Cline and the boy were up here sawing some blocks to put under the baby's play-pen to keep her out of the draughts, and they got sawdust from here to breakfast. The boy's twelve and already in high school."

The agency didn't say anything about a boy either. They just said one lady in a nice elevator apartment.

The baby was sleeping on her face with her knees drawn up under her. She might have had any kind of a face but her hair was nice. Tight little brown curls all over her head. Mrs. Cline shut the door with a bang, and the baby turned her head to the side and opened one eye and then turned her head away again. But Mrs. Cline didn't mean for her to go back to sleep and she offered delicate irritants—like pats on the head and low hoo-hoo noises—until the baby gave up the idea of sleep and pulled herself together and sat up. She looked groggy for a moment, rocky like one of those weighted tumble-dolls, and then very suddenly she stiffened her back and put on a smile with two teeth in it and began to patty-cake.

"Watch her now," Mrs. Cline said, "she's going to try to roll it. Come on, Gooky, that's right. Roll it, and pat it, and mark it with B."

She looked sidewise at Carol and said low out of the side of her mouth: "She can't mark it for sour apples."

"How old is she?"

"Nine months," said Mrs. Cline, "and don't think it hasn't been some eighteen months for me. At my age."

She shook her head and her face turned ashy. "You can't have babies at my age," she said. Then she stopped to think a minute, and was forced to add, "Except me."

Carol Darcy squatted down on her heels and looked through the bars of the crib at the baby. There was no doubt about it that Mrs. Cline, even at her age, had a very cute baby, patty-caking there in her crib with her red tongue hanging out and her eyes as round as pennies.

A very cute baby—if you like babies.

There was a little question in the baby's mind. She had to stop patty-caking and look, all uninhibited and undecided, at the color of the face outside the bars. But once she had convinced herself she liked it there was no end to how much she liked it. She screamed high with joy and got back to her clapping.

"Now, roll it now." Carol Darcy unbuttoned the collar of her coat and talked direct to the baby in a low, easy voice. "Look, and then you pat it, see, same thing over again, and then you mark it with a B. Now, you mark it, just like this, you mark. Just look here at me how I'm marking it. Mark it, nothing to it, you just gotta mark it with a B, and that's all then. You roll it, and you pat it, and you mark it with a B, and you slap it in the oven, and you're through for the day."

"That's not how it goes," Mrs. Cline started to say, and then she stopped, open-mouthed, and said, "Well, what do you know!"

"How's that for marking it?" Carol said.

"Would you look at that!" Mrs. Cline said. "It took somebody like you to come along and teach her how to mark it."

The girl watched the baby all the time and said to Mrs. Cline: "Babies learn stuff faster than anybody. Put a little time to them and they'll learn anything. Only you got to make up your mind what you want them to learn, because they can pick up meanness *so fast*. Look at her, she's marking it again."

In a corner there was a little chair with a bright chintz slip-cover on it. Mrs. Cline went to it, sat down heavily, and looked out of the window. When she spoke it was sadly, about how much fun she'd had with the boy when he was a baby. Taught him how to hum tunes before he could talk. Had him house-broke, absolutely, by the time he was six months old. Anybody was as safe as if they were in God's pocket with that baby

boy on their lap. But with this one it was different. When you get older it's not the same to hear little yip-yips at five-thirty in the morning. You don't feel like bouncing out of bed and warming a bottle of milk. Maybe it might be all right at nine-thirty or a quarter to ten, but five-thirty comes early. You want to shut out the yips and turn over on your back. Lovely baby too, but not at Mrs. Cline's age. Forty-eight, to be perfectly frank. And what kind of an age is that to have a baby, with Mr. Cline traveling most of the month and the boy in high school?

"I've got . . . I've got my hobby," she said. "And I can double my money when the numbers are running right."

To say double, in fact, was to put it very modestly.

"Did you see the piano downstairs?"

Carol looked up and nodded.

"Well, I paid that off in three months, for the boy to take lessons on."

She narrowed her eyes and looked hard at the colored girl squatting on her heels in front of the baby's crib. Couple of curly heads, one outside looking in, the other inside looking out. And Mrs. Cline in a corner, older and not so curly. She shook her head and bit her lip and began to count on her fingers, first separating her index finger from the other four, then the middle finger, then the ring finger. That left the little finger all by itself. She held the three fingers in a bundle together, looked long at the little finger, then shook her head slowly and took it into the fold. It was an act that seemed to take a lot of courage.

"All I need is a little surplus, a little something behind me, so that they can't clean me out before I get lucky," Mrs. Cline said in anger, and only for herself to hear. "Only how does anybody expect me to make a killing when I'm behind to begin with? Twenty dollars a week to run the house on; ten for food and cigarettes, right out of it like that; and you want six and a dollar-twenty for carfare: seven-twenty. All right, that's ten plus seven-twenty makes sev-

enteen-twenty. So I get two-eighty a week to play."

Mrs. Cline dropped a hand to her lap, took hold of a button on the front of her house-coat and jerked it off in desperation.

"That thing's been loose for a month," she said. "How'd you like to do one of your W.P.A. jobs on it?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Carol, and the baby said, "Ya ya."

"Listen at her copying me off," she said, but Mrs. Cline had something else on her mind.

"It's a funny thing," she said. "Ever since I've had the baby I've been strapped here so tight I couldn't get out and make any money, and now I've got you to come in so I *can* go out, I won't have enough money left to stake myself. You can't win if you don't buy a decent stack. Anybody knows that. You've got to have a little something to go on."

The words came out and made their sound, but they didn't affect anyone but the speaker. Neither the colored girl nor the baby had any comment to make. It wasn't their hobby.

Mrs. Cline wasn't complaining to anyone in particular or about any particular thing. It was a set of circumstances, that's all—a set of very annoying, you might say maddening, circumstances. She was still a free spirit, but no longer a free agent, and that's one of the very unhappiest combinations. To be blest with a pure passion, and to be restrained by one last barrier from indulging it. During the last hour she had succeeded in ridding herself of a ball-and-chain only to find a leg-iron on her other leg. The ball-and-chain is more noticeable, but the leg-iron is almost equally a hindrance. For who is there who can clean up in any kind of game of chance (or skill) with only two dollars and eighty cents a week to risk? You start with the pickers and that's where you end.

The baby put one hand outside the bars and took hold of Carol Darcy's sleeve, and said, "Ba ba ba ba ba," with the accent on the first one.

"Ba ba ba ba ba," Carol said, "right back at you."

"Listen," said Mrs. Cline. "I've got to think."

She thought, and when she had done she looked up satisfied and said to Carol that she'd tell her what she'd do if she wanted her to—she'd keep her pay for her, all except the carfare, six dollars every week, and then in four months, or six months, or a year, just however she wanted it, instead of having frittered it all away, the way so many young girls do, she'd have a nice little nest egg, something to show for her work.

The girl, still squatting on her heels in front of the crib, looked up at Mrs. Cline, and on her face it was clearly written that this was a proposition in which she had no interest whatever, except possibly as an oddity in propositions. She didn't even bother to answer it, and in the end Mrs. Cline was obliged to come right out and ask her did she or didn't she like the idea of having her pay saved for her.

It got a direct answer. Miss Darcy said quite calmly that she'd just as leave have it by the week, but thanks just the same.

"Well," Mrs. Cline said, "you're so great on this W.P.A. work I thought maybe you'd be for the Old Age Pension Plan too. This would work out something like that, only it would be just between us and no red tape or standing in line."

"Thanks just the same," Carol Darcy said and looked back at the baby.

Mrs. Cline was beat. She was finished, and she looked it. She sagged back in the chintz chair. Try to imagine being free from eleven until six, six days a week, days when anything could happen, days when she couldn't lose. To go into the deep velvet salon of Mrs. Francis and buy a stack of chips, a stack of chips with some body to it, some weight, and sit behind that stack of chips until it became stacks of chips. You do it by careful heeding of clear, well-grounded hunches, and the last chip you put on the

board, just before the wheel stops turning, is often the one that does it. Oh, very often. You practically hear a voice prompting you to play number seventeen straight, and you drop five, ten chips on it, centered right there, and the wheel stops, and you don't look, but you hear a voice, a real voice, that says it. "Number seventeen," the voice says. Or the new place, the red-leather salon of Eddie Sloane where they play a combination of Beano and Tango called Reeno, and where they keep a tray of assorted cigarettes at your elbow, and invite you into an inner bar to have an old-fashioned on the house if you're winning. Or losing. Things like that. An afternoon of that, with the endless possibilities of the few numbers, can leave you feeling you've been somewhere, and you can come home to your baby and your boy and be who you are—a real living person that's been out in the world taking chances and heeding hunches and paying for a piano—not just a tired, frowsy, apathetic, almost old Mrs. Cline.

"The money I've made in my day," Mrs. Cline said out loud. "Start off the week with ten dollars and run it up to two hundred by Saturday night. Over and over I've done that."

She slowed down and said very simply, "I'm good. I don't know why it is, but somehow I've got it, and I can always make it happen."

She meant it, and it was the strict truth. How else could there have been a grand piano downstairs? Mrs. Cline had the eye of a sainted martyr. She was beaten and she was broken but she still had the faith.

"We could make it a percentage," she said. "With my two-eighty and your six dollars. I could double that little six dollars for you if you really wanted me to play it. I don't say I'd do it every week. Sometimes I could bring you eighteen, twenty dollars, sometimes only eight or nine. But I can tell you one thing, it wouldn't be any measly six."

It was her last plea, and it didn't get her anywhere with Carol Darcy.

"I got to get my pay, that's all," the girl said. "I've been taking a vacation all summer and now I've got to get my fur coat out of storage and do a lot of paying my sister back for things."

"All right," Mrs. Cline said. She faced her defeat, tired and resigned. She was really old, too old to have a baby, too old for anything. She just sat there old.

It was one o'clock. The girl stood up and said, "Could I fix you some lunch, or anything?"

"I don't care," said Mrs. Cline, and it was the whole truth.

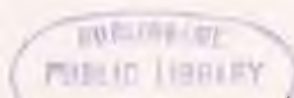
Carol Darcy turned toward the door, and the baby, watching her go, went all to pieces.

"Take her with you, why don't you?" Mrs. Cline said. She was holding the button of her house-coat in her hand and looking at it too closely.

Downstairs, the new girl took a look. At first glance the cupboard was bare, but one by one little odds and ends began coming to light, and she put the baby on the floor and ad-libbed what amounted to an egg Benedict: piece of toast on the bottom, slice of liverwurst on the toast, poached egg on the liverwurst, and a cream sauce over the whole thing. She stuck it under the broiler, and then she found some cold beets, sliced them and poured French dressing over them. She did the whole thing with her beret and reversible on and without once stepping on the baby. She was seized with an unaccountable, almost mystical, eagerness to please Mrs. Cline and to bring comfort to her in her sadness. At the first sound of Mrs. Cline's slow step on the stairs she whipped the egg into its place at the table, set the salad diagonally beside it, and stood by.

Mrs. Cline was still holding the button. There were red splotches on her face, and the fire in her eye was all dead and gone. She came into the dining room, stood a moment at the window, and then went to the table. She looked down.

"What is it?" she said.



"Dropped egg," said Carol, pleased with her work.

"Looks nice," Mrs. Cline said in a tired but kindly voice. "It looks very nice."

She pulled the chair back and sat down and stared, without recognition, at the egg.

Carol Darcy went back into the kitchen. The baby was under the sink, looking into the wastebasket and picking all the red pieces of paper out of it. Carol looked at the baby and made a face at her. It was only a routine face made by sticking out the tongue, rolling up the eyes, and wiggling the fingers from the ears, but it pleased the baby enormously and she laughed high and long. Carol Darcy laughed too and danced a couple of steps toward the baby. It was a preliminary to swooping her up in her arms, and the baby expected it, but it didn't happen. She turned her back on the baby instead and stood facing the door to the dining room, biting a finger thoughtfully. She made a step toward the door, then stopped and put a hand up to her head and took off her beret. Then she unbuttoned her reversible,

dropped it behind her on the floor, and carefully pushed open the dining-room door.

Mrs. Cline had not eaten her egg. She was sitting exactly where she had been when Carol left, just sitting there. When she saw Carol she pulled her chair up to the table and picked up a fork, to prove she was pleased with the egg.

"Mizz Cline," the girl said, "I was just out there thinking, and . . ." She stopped and swallowed, and then she went ahead, "And if you still want to take my six dollars and double it for me for awhile . . . well . . . go ahead and do it."

Mrs. Cline looked hit in the head. She sat there a minute and then cut into her egg as if she hadn't eaten for three days. She didn't say a word, she just ate and ate fast, and when there wasn't anything left at all she drank her glass of water in one swallow and stood up.

"I'll go do my nails," she said. "I'll go do them right now."

She turned at the door.

"And let me tell you something, honey. You'll never regret this as long as you live."





DEFENDING THE YOUNGER GENERATION

When France fell last spring, in what to many observers seemed a spiritual as well as a physical collapse, one of the first American reactions was to look anxiously to our American resources of resolution and courage, lest they too be found wanting. This impulse was as inevitable as that of a man who slaps his pockets when informed that his neighbor's wallet has been stolen.

Many Americans promptly found their countrymen, and especially their younger countrymen, lacking in a fighting conviction of the rightness of democracy, justice, and freedom. Archibald MacLeish attributed this to the authors who had been so intent upon showing up the abominations of war that they had disillusioned their juniors. Among many manuscripts submitted to Harper's on the temper of America we selected for publication one by Roy Helton, who attributed its shortcomings to an over-feminized culture, and another by Mortimer J. Adler, who was especially concerned over what he regarded as the indifference and apathy of the college generation, attributing it to an education which bred skepticism and implanted no firm belief in democracy.

Since then our mail at Harper's has been heavy with replies and counter-attacks. They have been so wide-ranging that, instead of selecting a single article for publication, the Editors have decided to present two short ones and quote from a number of others. In no other way can we give any adequate idea of the diversity of the defense without devoting a whole issue of Harper's to the debate.

First we present a representative of the younger generation itself, Irwin Ross, graduated from Harvard last June:

WHAT THEY REALLY THINK, AND WHY

BY IRWIN ROSS

THERE is a widespread notion that American young people are cowardly, cynical, and indifferent to the fate of their country. Let us look at the facts.

It is generally agreed that the first peace-time conscription bill in the history of this country was enacted because the American people suddenly recognized their danger and understood the need for resolute action. No shortsighted isolationism, little specious immunity here. Naturally, if American youth were wan-

dering in the pacifist fairyland one would expect them to bridle at the bill. The opposite was true. During last July Dr. Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion conducted a nation-wide survey of youth's opinion of conscription. He asked: "Do you think that every able-bodied young man should be made to serve in the Army, Navy, or air force for one year?" Young people 15 to 20 years of age answered "Yes" to the tune of 67 per cent, while those between

the ages of 21 and 29 favored conscription to the tune of 62 per cent. The older people were polled on the same question. Interestingly enough, they favored conscription in the same proportion as the 15- to 20-year group—67 per cent.

When passage of the conscription bill became imminent the youth of the land were interviewed once again. This time the question was: "If the draft law is passed, will you, personally, have any objection to spending a year in some branch of the military service?" Of the men 21 to 24 years old, 68 per cent had no objection. Those between the ages of 16 and 21 were even more resoundingly in favor: 81 per cent were quite willing to serve, only 19 per cent demurred.

Two years ago the American Youth Commission published a survey of 13,528 Maryland young people between the ages of 16 and 24. This sampling was so selected as to be an accurate cross-section of the 21,000,000 American youth in the same age group: the same percentages of farm and city, negro and white, rich and poor youth, were interviewed. The poll covered a variety of subjects—family background, employment, education, church attendance, attitudes on contemporary problems—and is without doubt the most complete inventory of facts about American youth that we possess.

The Maryland youngsters were asked what action they would take in case of war. Of the boys, 76 per cent replied that they would volunteer or fight if drafted. Another 12 per cent would answer the call only if invasion threatened. Eleven per cent would refuse under any circumstances. The remainder could not make up their minds. If we remember that this poll was taken two years ago, when the question was still academic to many people, we must agree that anti-war propaganda had had scant success in promoting conscientious objection.

If the great majority of young people are not indifferent to defense and express

a willingness to fight when called upon, why all the alarm? Is it because they apparently do not favor entrance into the European war? ("Apparently" is used advisedly, since nobody has taken a poll on the subject.) Even granting a 90 per cent objection to a war declaration, such a feeling is strongly seconded by the older generation. According to Dr. Gallup as of mid-October, only 17 per cent of the American people favor entry into the war; the other 83 per cent are resolutely opposed. In common fairness, youth cannot be whipped and the oldsters left beyond the range of the birch rod.

Perhaps the objection is not to youth's disinclination to fight in Europe, but only to a suspected disapproval of aiding England. The American people, there seems no doubt, are in favor of such aid. What youth thinks nobody really knows. The only young people who circulate petitions with any frequency seem to be college students. One day fifteen hundred Yale undergraduates denounce aid to England, the next day another fifteen hundred petition for such aid. Curiously enough, a few individuals sign both petitions.

Or perhaps the oldsters are distressed by the fact that while American youth is still willing to do its duty, the old bravado and full-throated enthusiasm have departed. Few youngsters, apparently, really want to fight for fighting's sake; the old itch is gone. When Dr. Gallup asked the young men if they favored conscription the affirmative responses were without exception non-belligerent and merely stressed the need for preparedness: "So if we had a war they wouldn't be greenhorns." "We would not be caught the way others were if we are trained." "So as to preserve the United States as a democracy and a dominant world power."

What causes surprise is not that 81 per cent are willing to serve in the armed forces, but that all of 19 per cent do object to conscription.

The 19 per cent are very vocal too.

But for this very reason, the rumpus they make can easily promote an exaggerated estimate of their numerical strength.

For young isolationists, particularly of the left-wing variety, have mastered the technics of modern propaganda. They make good copy and the girls are quite photogenic. The American Youth Congress, in search of an anti-conscription gag, selects an auburn-haired beauty from Rockford College, puts her on a white horse, dubs her Miss Pauline Revere, and parades her through the streets of downtown Chicago. Newspapers all over the country display the young lady. Harvard students don gas-masks and picket the classroom of a rather belligerent history instructor. A Committee for the Recognition of Classroom Generals accuses five prominent professors of war-mongering and sends them tin soldiers; when a professor calls the students "yellow pups" the students rebut heatedly and the alumni back in Oshkosh cancel their checks for the new library. At Cornell undergraduates trundle a wooden tank around the campus, gathering signatures for an anti-war petition to the President. Imaginative Oberlin students set up recruiting booths all over the college, to enlist students in a "crusade for diplomas, not bayonets." Undergraduates at Ohio State are believers in direct action. They sponsor a well-publicized person-to-person call to President Roosevelt demanding that he keep us out of war.

The newspapers are very co-operative since these pranks provide endless opportunities to tag the students as reds. A similarly distorted picture is often given of innocuous youth conferences. The Communist delegates to these gatherings always view them as battles of more than verbal decisiveness. Organized in a "faction," the Communists confer before each session and plan strategy, coaching speakers and stationing them in different parts of the hall, so that when they arise to speak the urge will appear spontaneous and the resultant near-unanimity of opinion will be all

the more impressive. Non-Communists, who are untutored in these tactics, too often retreat into a bewildered silence. Frequently if they overcome their diffidence and do rise to speak, a Communist partisan in the chair will embroil them in all sorts of parliamentary difficulties.

The discipline and the energy of the Communists give an unwarranted prominence to whatever view they momentarily espouse. This would be equally true if the party suddenly shifted to intervention, a likely eventuality when and if Russia enters the war against Germany. Then the news from the campus would be of students beating the war drums. The truth would probably be that the fellow-travelers were beating the war drums in the name of the American students.

But while the radicals indubitably monopolize the headlines, it is also true that a large segment of intelligent youth opinion is isolationist: pro-Ally, but hesitating to lift a hand to help lest such generosity draw us into war. From this undeniable fact too many of our older generation of democratic stalwarts jump to the conclusion that at least these youths are non-believers in democracy and the American heritage, indifferent to moral values, cynics before their time, a callow and heartless lot.

The truth, by contrast, is that the leaders of isolationist youth opinion are almost without exception idealists and fervent believers in the democratic virtues. Students who brave the wrath of a Nicholas Murray Butler demonstrate their faith in a precious, if passing, folk custom of the American people. At the University of Michigan the luxury of free speech has already cost fourteen students their education. Three years ago hundreds of American boys volunteered for service in Loyalist Spain. Young people all over the country felt the call and battled with their consciences; the proportion who finally packed their bags is large in view of our distance from the conflict and the extent to which the issue was befogged.

Equally misunderstood are the progressive and quite commendable main-springs of much of this isolationism. It is not an isolationism of inertia, retreat, or plain lack of perception. Short-sighted it may be, yet it is worthy of respectful consideration. True-blue pacifism of course commends itself to only a small group of young people; but none of these even can be accused of a lack of idealism. They are courageous to a fault, as witness the eight Union Theological students and two socialists in New York who braved five-year jail terms by refusing to register for the draft. The religious groups preach nonviolence as a way of life and are quite zealous in keeping their ranks free of individuals whose convictions are less hardy. When the Fellowship of Reconciliation sponsored an anti-conscription march in New York City on registration day no one was allowed to participate who was not experienced in the tactics of nonviolent action and would not be certain to "turn the other cheek" to provocation.

The majority of isolationists do not have these scruples about fighting. They merely object to participation in a war whose outward aspects do not present to them an unblurred picture of black and white. Mistrust of England is an understandable, if unjustifiable, hangover from pre-Churchill appeasement days. Subsequent events have shaken the faith of many in the democratic pretensions of the Allied cause.

Similarly with the defense effort of the United States. These young men and women believe they see business obtaining countless concessions as the price of its grudging co-operation, while labor is constantly stepped on. While democratic oratory reaches new heights of eloquence, they see drastic infringements on our traditional liberties occurring throughout the land. Minority parties are ruled off the ballot, religious sects are persecuted, alertness to the fifth column verges on anti-alien hysteria. Looking beyond our frontiers, they see us talking of a good neighbor policy and

then putting the screws on Mexico; planning to win the Western Hemisphere for democracy and simultaneously supporting what look to them like native fascist regimes in South America. Our actions belie our words, they argue: is this a war for democracy?

Finally many young people are dubious about defending a society which in peacetime has no need for them. If they are asked to fight they want to enjoy the privileges as well as the liabilities of American citizenship. That means jobs, educational opportunities, as well as the other recognized amenities of our civilization.

The American Youth Commission reports that there are 4,000,000 unemployed young men and women between the ages of 15 and 24. Of these, only about 750,000 have emergency work provided by the National Youth Administration and the Civilian Conservation Corps. The Maryland survey previously mentioned found that the median weekly wage for employed young people was \$12.96.

One has only to attend a meeting of a group such as the American Youth Congress in order to experience the reality of these soulless figures. There are many things that can be said about the Youth Congress, but one fact which cannot be gainsaid is that this obstreperous group manages to bring together a sectionally and economically representative body of young people, which is intelligent and articulate to boot. Whatever the political predispositions of its leaders (I distrust them as much as anyone) the fact remains that when the American Youth Congress attracts 4,000 youngsters to a Youth Citizenship Institute in Washington, as it did last February, there are enough genuine Americans to counterbalance the sealed-and-delivered consignment of youthful Communists.

I attended the Youth Institute, held in the ornate gold-plated Interdepartmental Auditorium, and I watched a long stream of boys—packing-house workers from Chicago, shipping clerks from

New York's garment district, Negro sharecroppers from Missouri, farm hands from Idaho—file up to the platform, murmur their hopes and frustrations into the microphone, and then return to the anonymity of the great auditorium. The common denominator of their testimonies was that they were unable to make a living, that they wanted to work, that the chance to work was denied them.

The Welfare Council of New York recently published the results of a survey of one million New York City young people between the ages of 16 and 24. (McGill and Matthews, *The Youth of New York City*, The Macmillan Co.) The same cross-section sampling was employed as in the Maryland study by the American Youth Commission. The interviewers asked if the depression interfered with marriage plans; 32 per cent of the young men, 21 per cent of the young women, over 21, replied that it did. "Things were too bad and my girl refused to wait any longer," one chap said. Another was blunter: "We broke off—no money." An economic silver cord was revealed by a third: "My money was needed at home, so I gave my girl up." Some of the girls were too poor to get dates. "I can't get a guy—I don't have the clothes to go out in." Another recurrent note: "Since moving to a poor neighborhood I won't invite people."

If one bears these facts in mind, does there not seem something insensitive in the plea that the young people get tough, tighten their belt-lines, put aside the luxuries of an effete society? Roy Helton wrote in the September issue of *Harper's*: "We indulge our children illimitably. Instead of rearing a race of lusty, weather-conditioned sons and daughters of democracy, we exhaust our private purses to buy gasoline for our racing youth, and strain the resources of our schools and colleges to erect stadia unparalleled since the days of degenerating Rome." One wonders how many of our four million unemployed youth enjoy the luxury of

a private car or can afford \$3.85 to witness a big-time football match. The sacrifice of these inessentials would be little to ask if the gain were the strengthening of democracy. But when words like "sacrifice" or that other great desideratum—"discipline"—are so vaguely bandied about, the unsophisticated can only conclude that not alone our upper- and middle-class youth are being discussed, but our entire younger generation—a spoiled and pampered lot, who should forthwith be denied the extravagances of NYA and CCC. Talk such as this will gain few recruits for democracy and runs the risk of alienating many still loyal.

According to Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, youth has no faith in the moral verities, since these are not susceptible of scientific proof. As a consequence, young people will believe in democracy only if it works—if it provides material benefits—not because it is morally correct. Dr. Adler offers scant evidence to support this thesis. But granting its validity for argument's sake, the solution he proposes—revamping our all-pervasive educational philosophy, chucking out decadent "scientism," and enthroning moral intuition—seems unrealistic in the extreme. There is insufficient time to save democracy merely by persuading people of its moral soundness. If Americans are essentially pragmatic, as Dr. Adler says they are, meet them on their own ground: make democracy work. There is one trustworthy specific: give youth a stake in the country—jobs, hope in the future.

Youth doesn't ask much. Dr. Gallup recently polled young people on their chief ambition in life; few were extravagant. Only about 11 per cent of the boys and girls agreed with the 20-year-old Kentucky youth who wanted to "accumulate wealth" or with the 23-year-old clerical secretary in New York whose greatest desire was to be "a lady of leisure." Over two-thirds merely wanted to improve themselves in a modest fashion. One 23-year-old girl who was a cashier in Nebraska wanted to

be a stenographer; another wanted to be a nurse; a third, a typist in a Minnesota department store, said she "hoped to live a happy life," but gave no specifications. The males were similarly undemanding. Typical responses were: a parking-lot attendant in California: "I'd like to be in the Marine Air Corps"; an unemployed Virginian, eighteen years old: "To be an undertaker"; a Pennsylvania youth of 24, now working in the lithography business: "To be comfortable, secure and to do some good in the world."

The National Youth Administration and the Civilian Conservation Corps have made a start in the right direction. The CCC semiannually takes 250,000 young men off the streets of the nation, feeds and clothes them, builds up their bodies, develops their manual abilities. The out-of-school work program of the NYA has been expanded, by virtue of a recent appropriation of \$32,500,000, and now accommodates 500,000 young people, who work on projects that provide an elementary kind of vocational

training. They do not learn a specific trade, but they get enough experience at different tasks so that they are not green when they secure a job in private industry.

NYA and CCC, however, care for only 750,000 of the 4,000,000 unemployed youth. Much, much more is needed. Last spring President Roosevelt proposed a youth-training program which would have enrolled 2,000,000 boys in the service of the nation. There were many cogent objections to the plan, mainly that compulsion was unnecessary. Let jobs be offered and the youth will flock to them. But the President's plan had the merit of recognizing that a large-scale effort was demanded.

It may be true that the youth problem cannot be solved apart from our general unemployment problem. If that is so, and alienation of youth's loyalties is feared, there is all the more reason to doctor our ailing economy. One way or another, jobs must be provided for the vast multitude of unemployed youth. It is the only solution.

Next we present Dr. Margaret Mead, anthropologist and author of Coming of Age in Samoa, who from the vantage point of more maturity addresses the middle and older generations:

DEMOCRACY'S SCAPEGOAT: YOUTH

BY MARGARET MEAD

WHEN I left the United States in 1931 people were talking about adolescence, a malady that afflicted all our boys and girls, our young men and women, our undergraduates. When I returned in 1933 people were talking about Youth, and it was spelled with a capital letter. The younger generation were no longer thought of as people on their way from childhood to maturity and temporarily afflicted with inconvenient growing pains, which all of their

elders had been through and all their juniors would have to go through. The younger generation had been frozen into a named minority group, with the dubious right which all minorities win of being spelled with a capital letter. Adolescence was a state through which individuals passed; Youth was a group of individuals, who might be indicted and discussed, accused, challenged, defended, bullied, protected, as a minority.

Like most vocal minorities, Youth was

promptly discovered by friends, advocates, warm-hearted and quick-brained members of our society who realized what a mere quarter of a loaf—how often no loaf at all—was being allowed to those who grew up in the nineteen-thirties. At conferences and congresses the plight of Youth was discussed as if it were somehow special and different from the plight of human beings (except of course for Old Age, which Dr. Townsend had likewise endowed with capitals). I remember remarking, at a Progressive Education meeting in the autumn of 1934, that the term Youth as it was being used by Youth's friends invariably carried connotations of unhappiness, deprivation, frustration.

To-day, on every side, we are seeing the second phase, the inevitable development of this movement, this friendly attempt to consider Youth as a minority with potential pressure-group rights. For minorities and emergencies seem to possess a natural negative attraction for each other. Just to the extent that people are frightened, uncertain, panicky will they attempt to explain and solve the difficulties which beset them by blaming someone. In these days of mass movements it is no longer possible to blame an individual; it is necessary to find a *whole group* who may be represented as large enough and strong enough, either to have betrayed us—if a past defeat depresses our spirit—or to be on the point of betraying us—if it is the prospect of future defeat that makes us toss in our beds. Furthermore, democracy cannot logically make use now of a large number of historically available scapegoats; for if we dislike totalitarian states we have to put up a decent pretense of not doing what they do. They persecute the Jews, the dissenters, the intellectuals, Masons, Catholics, etc.; so we cannot. And yet a great many of us have as much panicstricken despair and humiliation to work off over the present state of America as the Germans had over the treaty of Versailles. And so, sure that Democracy is doomed, we,

prophets of disaster, are already searching for those who will have betrayed us, taking their photographs and writing their biographies, like the enterprising editors of newspaper "morgues."

We realize that in America democratic feeling has been weary and jaded. Democracy has come to mean to too many people either the mask worn by the exploiter or else a set of negations for which no one would bother either to live or to die. We realize that we need a national moral inventory. But there are two ways to take such an inventory. Either we can seek to find out what has been lacking in ourselves or we can put the blame on somebody else. A great many current speakers and writers are taking the latter course—and Youth is becoming the national scapegoat for our moralizers.

In the October *Harper's*, for instance, Mr. Adler said of the present college generation: "They seem to have grown up without any allegiances that could be betrayed, without a moral philosophy to renounce"; and he commented upon the barrage of commencement orations last June which lamented "the prevalent materialism, the single-minded self-interest of the college graduate's aim—to take care of himself and let the rest go hang!" In the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, in an article addressed to Youth, Arnold Whitridge said, "Your distrust of ideals frightens me. . . . You are disgusted more than our generation realizes by any sort of moral appeal."

Note that the accusation is pat. It is our moral stamina, our willingness as a nation to stand up to the task of making Democracy mean something, which we seriously doubt. And so we accuse Youth of having no moral sense.

Many of the gentlemen who have engaged in these tirades are no doubt experts on the crass stupidities and vulgar pseudo-science of the Nazi racial theories; they can provide chapter and verse from history, sociology, and anthropology to show what nonsense the Nazis have talked. It does not, how-

ever, seem to occur to them that they may be talking just as arrant nonsense.

For what is "a moral sense"? A moral sense is a primary emotional conviction that it matters whether a line of conduct is right or wrong. A moral sense is not identical with good conduct, it is merely identical with the recognition that the issue between right and wrong is infinitely important. Now a moral sense is not an inalienable aspect of humanity—as some scientists assume—nor a special attribute of certain "chosen" individuals—as some theologians assume. The majority of the peoples of the earth do not have what we call a moral sense at all. They may be generous, industrious, responsible, self-sacrificing, truthful; but they are not moral, because they do not think that the issue of right versus wrong is a primary one.

For a moral sense—as we use the word, and as it is necessarily used by all who write within our linguistic and cultural tradition—is based upon a certain system of child-rearing, in which the parent stands to the child as the ideal of conduct. When this parent says to the child, "If you do as I do I will love you and approve of you and reward you. If you do not do as I do I will not love you, I will punish and deprive you," a mechanism is set up in the child which lasts throughout the child's life. To do wrong means to have the love and approval of the parent withdrawn. The mere thought of doing wrong brings back to the child's mind the terrible dread and misery of the times when he did wrong and mother turned away her face, when father lifted his heavy hand or lashed out with his potent tongue. Doing right, even the thought of doing right, brings back the sense of security and content which a tired boy experienced after a long day of being good, when his head rested against his mother's shoulder or when his tall father held out a hand into which he could slip his own. As the child grows up he will learn that father and mother were not perfect, not the moral giants

which our society decrees they must appear to be; but by that time it does not matter, for he has now within him a view of the world, which we call conscience. All his life when he fails to live up to the impossibly high standards which he was set he will feel guilty; he will experience in phantasy the punishments of childhood. And as the standard is impossibly high there are always enough individuals in our society pushing on toward some lofty goal to give us that very special culture-trait called "progress."

Bringing children up thus to have a moral sense is a special invention, characteristic of European-American culture and very seldom found in other parts of the world. Only from three small South Sea tribes have we a record of any primitive people who have brought their children up in this way. The American Indian child was reared to be afraid of what people would say. The Balinese child is reared to be indiscriminately afraid of doing anything different from those of his own sex, caste, age, and village. He never asks the question, "Is this right?" He asks, "Do I dare or don't I?" and if the act being considered is new or strange, he invariably concludes, "I don't." On the Sepik River in New Guinea, Iatmul children are concerned with one simple problem: "If I do this, will somebody hit me?" Their secondary problem is: "If I can get away now without being hit, will they still be angry enough to hit me to-night when mosquitoes and hunger drive me reluctantly home?"

As the present maligned younger generation were brought up in our society by parents who were members of our society, they all have a moral sense; and to suggest that they have none is as unscientific and nonsensical as to suggest that they don't speak the American language. A moral sense is not something that one loses or acquires as an adult, like a Southern accent or a taste for *pie à la mode*. It is the inevitable concomitant of the American family and the American way of life. Because *we* have a moral sense we are becoming pro-

foundly disturbed and miserable, as the present emergency forces us to take stock of ourselves. It remains to be seen whether we have the moral guts to shoulder the blame or whether we are too weak to stand it, and so must project it upon the next generation.

The present generation of children in totalitarian countries are not being reared with this kind of moral personality; under the new totalitarian state, another kind of personality is being substituted for it, of a sort which is technically called paranoid—each individual achieving perfection in his own eyes by projecting all evil on others—a sort of personality which *can never bear to be wrong*.

The real danger to our Democracy lies, not in those who are just growing up, but *in all of us—and because we have a moral sense*. Are we going to find this moral overhauling of our national and civic and personal lives so unbearable that we too have to take refuge in paranoia, in a phantasy of perfection, in which invasion becomes “counter-attack with pursuit” and arrest becomes “protective custody”? In the councils of the middle-aged and elderly, as they fume and fret over Youth, part of this basic issue is being decided. “These young people aren’t the only ones who have had to face troubles and sacrifices,” they mutter, and refer to the unemployment of the nineties. But these younger people of to-day *are* the only ones; they are the only generation in our history who have been exposed to just this special combination of parents who dreamed a material dream and children who grew up to find that the material dream had melted away, leaving them not even those things which had been regarded as elementary human rights by their parents—the right to work, the right to marry, and the right to have children. They are the only ones who have first been taught it was moral to work hard for success, and then have been given nothing to do. Moral as they were and are, they are placed in a

position in which they cannot do what they have been taught is right. And they have been carefully brought up to feel miserable and guilty unless they do do right. We, the American Democracy of the thirties, placed our young people in a moral dilemma which is without precedent in our history. And we cannot escape from our responsibility by calling them names. But, tragically enough, we can *seem* to escape from it by making a scapegoat out of Youth. We can keep a temporary self-respect for ourselves—and lose Democracy.

It will be very simple to lose Democracy this way. We have only to go on telling our young people that they are Selfish Youth, Cynical Youth, Youth-who-lack-Ideals, to convince them that we regard them as prodigal sons. Now prodigal sons, historically, sow their wild oats and go home. But what do you do if you are prodigal sons through no fault of your own, because your father kept nothing but wild oats in his barn? What do you do if you have never left home, and fathers and elder brothers begin calling you names? You don’t like being called a prodigal son. You’d like to prove that you have a moral sense, that you are capable of idealism, sensible idealism which isn’t excuse for laziness or exploitation or indifference or greed! So there is nothing left to do but leave your father’s house and find a new house where there will be much rejoicing over the new arrival—the camp of the totalitarians.

People under thirty in this country have a moral sense just as people over thirty do, just as both age groups speak the same language, wear clothes, and know how to answer the telephone and read a newspaper. But if our moral sense is strong enough to make us feel guilty, but not strong enough to make us criticize ourselves, we may drive the next generation, who also have a moral sense and also want to be right—at least part of the time—into the fold of totalitarian leaders. The totalitarian leaders

will not make the mistake of blaming and blackening those who by an accident of age are going to have to take it on the chin. They will praise them, encourage them, and give them work to do.

To save our democratic system will require a lot of idealism; nobody doubts that. And it will require the idealism of those who happen to be young even more than the idealism of those who happen to be old. But idealism is a plus value. True, it presupposes a moral sense; so all American young people have the capacity for it. But to act idealistically you must first be allowed to act. No matter how nobly soldiers may have fought and frozen in a battle in the snow, when they come out of the cold they will want to warm their numbed hands and feet before they start out on their next march. If some young people's verbalizations about ideals and Democracy seem a little stiff and unpracticed, remember they have been out in the cold—doing nothing, not fighting for ideals, because they had no chance to. Give them a chance to warm up a little, give them a chance to participate in the exciting task of making Democracy matter, and their capacity for idealism will be found quite intact. After all, none of it has ever been put to the test.

We supplement the articles by Irwin Ross and Margaret Mead by summarizing, with a few quotations, the arguments presented in bushels of manuscripts and letters defending the young people and replying to Messrs. Helton and Adler.

A number of our correspondents, including both older and younger writers, join Mr. Ross in denying that American young people as a group are soft, selfish, easy-going. Marian Castle, for instance, insists that one could just as readily collect evidence to prove the reverse. She has been visiting the colleges in her own State, Colorado, and writes:

... As I did so, it seemed to me a pity that so much publicity had been given the young exhibitionists who attend youth congresses, when the real leaders of to-morrow are too busy putting them-

selves through college to attend to anything but their own business. Apparently, these latter have never heard that *The Frontiers Are All Gone* or that *The Government Helps Those Who Won't Help Themselves*.

The placement director of one of the State colleges repeated my question in surprise: "Are they willing to work? They beg for it. Any kind of work at all. If you eat in one of our downtown restaurants just watch for the 'best' sorority pins on the girl waitresses. The boy who was president of the student body last year was a sign painter; the girl who will be president of the Associated Women Students is a soda-jerker—and she makes good grades as well as chocolate sundaes. Certainly the majority expect to work, and we expect to help them find work. In fact, any boy or girl in Colorado with superior aptitude—which means that he is in the top fourth of his high school graduating class—can be assured of getting through college here, even if he's penniless, provided he wants to badly enough."

"Then any young person in this State may have a college education?"

"No," he said sadly, "each year a lot of conscientious, well-qualified young people, especially from the farms, write in to ask us how they can come to college, earn all their own way, and help their parents too. We have to tell them it can't be done."

I sat silent. "And help their parents too." I thought of a certain well-paid public servant in my State who let his mother collect an old-age pension.

I talked next to the woman in charge of graduate placement at the university near my home.

"The majority of our students work," she said. "Although I don't advocate complete self-support for a student, the biggest job plums this year in the School of Commerce went to two boys who earned every cent of their expenses. One boy carried two union cards. On Saturdays he worked all day as a meat cutter. On both Friday and Saturday

nights he played the trombone in a dance orchestra. On Sundays he slept. The rest of the week he went to college. The other boy, above average scholastically, worked at a night club as a bus boy; during the fall he sold Christmas cards; in the winter he took care of a furnace; and all year round he delivered rental library books." She paused apologetically. "I can't seem to recall his other jobs."

I heard the same story at all the other colleges and universities in the State—of young people eager to work and unafraid to work and persistent in hunting work. And they are student leaders too, not the obscure, forgotten members of the student populations. At one university every president of the student body in the past ten years has worked at least a part of his way. My State is only a sample of the nation's youth. Who can call them soft when, according to the Department of the Interior, in a study of 50,000 recent graduates from 31 colleges in 20 States, it was found that two-thirds of the men and almost half the women had earned part of their way; and that of this 50,000, only one and one-half per cent had ever been on relief?

I made a trip clear across my State to a little sagebrush college. It is no Berea, no Antioch, no experimental school; it is simply a small (the student body numbers 450) State teachers' college, a typical example of decentralized education. About two-thirds of the entire student body earn part of their way. No graduate in the past five years has been on relief. Extensive loan funds are administered without losses. And above all, here it is fashionable to work.

The official who guided me round said regretfully: "Our only trouble is that there aren't enough jobs in so small a college and so small a town. NYA aid, as you know, is limited to somewhere around a tenth of the enrollment; and nearly seven-tenths of our young folks must work. Last year our student president worked nights in a garage, greasing

and washing cars; sometimes he'd be a little sleepy in his first class. But he's coming back this year for his Master's. His chum is janitor in the Community Church. Of course you can overdo this matter of self-support."

"Overdo it?"

"We noticed that one girl seemed listless. We finally discovered that she hadn't been able to get enough work, so she'd been living on stale bread from the bakery. Said she could eat on ten cents a week. It's not a good diet for a nineteen-year-old," he said soberly.

No, I thought, nor is it a diet for softies.

Again and again in our correspondence the older generation are blamed for whatever shortcomings their children may reveal. Who, it is asked (and not by younger writers alone), set the pattern of selfishness, cynicism, evasion of public duty? The young people, we are told, are now asked to be cheerfully ready to offer to the nation all they have: their lives. Their elders have not been asked in recent years to offer their lives, but they have been confronted with emergencies in which the American people needed their money and their loyalty to the common good. How eager have they shown themselves to make sacrifices? Have they paid their taxes without complaint? Have they shown none of the "gimme" spirit? What generation held out for the Bonus, for the Townsend Plan, for Ham 'n' Eggs?

By way of a variant on this attack on the elders, a number of our younger correspondents say in effect, "It is you elders of ours who have taught us to be skeptical, to be tolerant, to be wary of believing propagandists. Now you find some of us too skeptical. Who's at fault for that?" As one young man puts it:

We youth have had hammered into us for the past fifteen years that War Does Not Solve the Questions It Is Fought to Solve. We have been introduced to the machinations of war-minded diplomats and war profiteers and propaganda machines. We have heard ministers proclaim that they would never again be induced to turn militarist as in 1917. We have been told that history

repeats itself. Do you wonder that, having learned these lessons well, some of us become cynical now?

Another writes, with bitter irony:

The real fraud upon my generation, however, lay—deeper than the teachings about war itself—in the liberalism instilled in us. Sociological thinking must now keep pace with the advances of physical science, we were told. Commencement speakers admitted that our elders had botched the job (sometimes we remember that); but we were to be the light of a new civilization. The schools had kept us clean of the narrow ideas and ugly prejudices of earlier generations. We would believe in the rights of man to work decent hours for decent wages. We would believe in adequate relief for the poor, friendly care for the old and decrepit, modern hospitalization for the sick and insane, and good housing for everyone. And because we would be unselfish, these benefits would be given regardless of race, nationality, or creed. The Jew, the Negro, the alien “Wop,” and the “heathen Chinese” would not be cut out from sharing like brothers.

That was the youthful idealism of my generation. But, ah, what a dangerous line of thinking it proves to be if you follow it conscientiously. For you are just as apt as not to get the subversive idea that you should be brotherly towards a Nazi German.

Unlike many of my fellows, I had the additional misfortune of a solid Christian upbringing. This gave my ideas of brotherliness a root in Christian ethics, and makes it that much harder to discard them now. I learned the memory verses: “Love thy neighbor,” “Turn the other cheek,” and “Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.” Somehow I got the foolish notion that these were practical rules for living and should be applied. As if anyone meant you should go to the cross or a concentration camp for “loving thy enemy,”

be he a laboring man, Jew, alien, or some kid in a foreign uniform!

As if to point Dr. Mead's argument, a young New Yorker who objects fiercely to war and everything military declares that he does so not because he lacks ideals, but because he lives by them—and from the tone of his letter there is no denying his deep sincerity.

More representative, however, than the arguments of these objectors to war, who after all speak for a small minority, is that of William Lytton Payne, who takes issue with Mr. Helton's contention that America has unduly softened and spoiled its young people. (A great many readers, including incidentally Mrs. Roosevelt, opposed Mr. Helton's insistence that America is over-feminized; but we are here discussing simply his comments on the young people of to-day.) Surely, says Mr. Payne, Mr. Helton knows that these young people are taller, heavier, and healthier than their grandfathers were; that they do not sit all the time in stadia but engage in more active sport than their grandfathers did. Surely he would agree that they have been taught by better-trained teachers, in better-equipped schools, and by more intelligent teaching methods which make children actually enjoy going back to school in September. And if most of our young people have enjoyed a more comfortable childhood than their grandparents, since when have we suddenly come to the conclusion that those comforts which we have always regarded as marks of an advanced civilization are debilitating? On the contrary, says Mr. Payne, the trouble has been that the comforts have not been widely enough distributed. And he concludes:

Hitler “put strength into his nation”—yes, the strength which springs from despair. Who will arise to strengthen the people of the democracies through hope and not through despair? The fate of France, says Mr. Helton, was that of a country which behind a barrier of arms enjoyed a delicious respite. Not so, Mr. Helton: France was rotten to the core with disaffection nurtured on years of unemployment and hopelessness for its people, its youth, its soldiers, and its statesmen. Just there, Mr. Helton, we

too are sick, and growing more so at a frightful pace.

If we are to survive to the year 2000 we must be tough, writes Mr. Helton. Behind those words is a world of thought. Does he mean a people who can go hungry, jobless, and hopeless that they may have the guns to protect their right to go on being hungry, jobless, and hopeless? France thought that, and in the forebod-

ing lull of the long winter months her soldiers, her youth, weighed that concept and in the spring found it not worth the candle.

If it is a sign of softness to want gadgets, cars, movies, college, and above all jobs, for God's sake *let us be soft!* For then we'll be tough enough for all comers! We'll have something to be tough for!

NEW WONDER

BY JOHN WILLIAMS ANDREWS

*To me, between the all-absorbing wonders
Of birth and death, is come this woman-thing;
No whitening here of sunset fairs or thunders,
Light, on the common earth, yet rendering
Changes undreamed of in this pattern of days;
A new absorption, focusing the spirit
In concentration past all reasoning ways,
Past hope or fear, desire, reward or merit.*

*So if, in these rich hours; if, in this house
Shaped by our common will; if, in these nights
So full of moonlight along apple boughs
(Catching just now the late sun from the heights);
If, in this loneliness, where night and day,
Scarcely another voice than ours is heard:
Only the wind's voice; only, far away,
The crystal crying of a woodland bird;*

*If, in this singleness of life, I seem
Over-absorbed, believe, no casual thing
Preoccupies; rather, the imperious dream
Which life imposes where the narrow ring
Of sight and sound and unsmooth circumstance
Has been dissolved. Now wonder, creeping close,
Ordains attention, till immediate wants
Slough off and fade. Where the soul's silence grows,*

*Sense manufactures strangeness from a vein
Deeper than earth, deeper than wind or rain.*



THE QUEEN WHO WEIGHED A TON

BY BLAKE CLARK

CAPTAIN OTTO VON KOTZEBUE, on a sunny day in February, 1825, was on his way to pay his respects to Queen Nama-hana. Resplendent in gold braid, he sat in the stern of a small boat and looked out across the calm harbor at the little village of Honolulu toward which two Russian sailors were rowing him. It was a dusty little town of perhaps four hundred dwellings, most of them grass huts, that the Captain saw before him. It looked like a village of hayricks, over which flew clouds of dust blown up by a strong wind from the mountains behind. Captain Kotzebue anticipated his visit to Honolulu's leading personage with mixed emotions. The son of a famous playwright, he took a rather literary delight in character, and he very well knew that the chances were good that to-day he would meet in Queen Nama-hana an unusual personality as every Hawaiian chief or chiefess was. But as commander of Tzar Alexander's expedition to carry supplies to the Russian colonists in Kamchatka, he had little inclination just now to think of his own pleasure. He was desperately in need of provisions.

On shore the Captain was greeted by the Spaniard, Marin, who the day before had advised him to take his problem to Queen Nama-hana. Now, acting in his official role as court interpreter, the little Spaniard wore a plumed hat which he waved to the ground in an effusive welcome. As the couple walked down the road which led to the Queen's house, Kotzebue said, "I hope Queen Nama-

hana is the best possible person for me to see. I don't recall even hearing of her when I was here five years ago."

"It is important in this island kingdom to know who has titles and who has power with the people as well," Marin replied in his slow, good-humored way. "Ordinarily you would see King Liho-liho, the Broad-backed, as he is called; but he is visiting in London. Next, you would see Queen Ka-ahu-manu, whose name means Beautiful-Feather-Cloak," he added, "but she and her prime minister are away on another island."

"Yes, yes," Kotzebue said impatiently.

"The Governor of the island is Kinau," the Spaniard continued in his annoyingly calm way, "and a fine fellow he is too. But the person to hear your suit is Queen Nama-hana. She's your woman. If she says you need provisions, every native on the island will stop his fishing or taro-planting to get them for you."

"What does the Queen look like?" the Captain asked.

"Why, she's a tiny little thing," Marin replied. "You'll soon see for yourself. Here is her residence."

They stood before a two-storey white-frame dwelling, set in a large grassless yard surrounded by a fence made of white coral stone. Leading the way, Marin opened the iron gate and took the Captain down the coral path. It led, not to the downstairs door, but to the foot of a broad outside stairway which ran diagonally across one end of the house.

On the stair he was received by Kinau, the Governor of Oahu. The large native made a dignified appearance in spite of the fact that he could hardly walk. He had forced shoes on feet that obviously were not meant to be confined by leather. He wore no stockings or trousers, only the *malo*, or loincloth, and a brilliant red waistcoat too small for his colossal brown front. "*Aloha! Aloha nui!*" ("Welcome! A hearty welcome!") Kinau exclaimed several times.

The stairs on which he stood were littered from top to bottom with children and grown people. Marin explained that it was quite the fashion to come and study under her Majesty's own superintendence. The scholars were reading from spelling books and copying from them on small slates, which set up a great squeaking as the pencils scraped over them. Kotzebue noticed that several of the elder ones who affected to be extremely diligent were holding their books upside down.

Kinau led the way to the top of the stair, which ended in a pretty little balcony newly painted. From it opened the doors to the Queen's apartment. The Governor stood in the doorway and announced, "The Captain of the newly arrived Russian frigate!"

Marin and Kotzebue stepped into a bright, spacious room occupying the entire upper portion of the house. The floor was laid with finely woven mats which glistened and shone in the light streaming through the open doors and the large windows. At regularly spaced intervals round the edges of the mat-covered floor were placed highly polished heavy black mahogany chairs from China. No one used them. There in the middle of the room, stretched out at full length on her stomach on the floor, lay Queen Nama-hana. Her head facing the door, her arms comfortably supported by a large silken pillow, she was reading a psalm book. By her side, two young girls in light calico dresses sat crosslegged, waving the flies away from their Queen with bunches of feathers.

The Captain regarded with astonishment this woman whom Marin had prepared him to think of as "tiny." Nama-hana, one of the widows of the great warrior king, Ka-meha-meha, had been considered a beauty by her mighty husband, whose taste in women was for *la belle* rather than *la petite*. Hardly one of his twenty-odd wives had weighed less than two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds. Nama-hana, six feet two inches tall, or, in her present position, long, was a woman of majestic proportions indeed, weighing well over three hundred and boasting a waistline of ninety-two inches. She was a widely envied woman!

Ordinarily when Nama-hana dressed she selected a roll of Chinese silk, sixty or seventy yards of which two attendants would stretch out on the floor. The Queen would then lie down at one end of this silken carpet and, with the aid of a couple of strong men, roll herself up in the bright material. Under the influence of the missionaries, however, she was adopting European dress, and this day wore a Mother Hubbard of blue silk. Her coal-black hair was neatly plaited at the top of her round head, and, as he looked at her, the Captain told himself that she really was quite a handsome person, albeit in the grand style, and that her countenance was "both prepossessing and agreeable."

At the Captain's bow the Queen put aside her psalm book, and, with the help of her two attendants, turned over and rose to a sitting position. She held out her hand to her guest in a friendly gesture, and saying "*Aloha! Aloha Kukkini*, (Russian) *Aloha!*" several times, cordially motioned him to take a chair by her side.

With the aid of Marin the two conversed. Not wishing to broach the subject of provisions at this time, Kotzebue asked why she was reading the psalm book.

"I am now a Christian!" she announced proudly.

"Why did you accept this new religion?"

"Binamu (Bingham, the mission lead-

er), who knows how to read and write very well, assured us that Christianity was best. If, however, we find it unsuited to our people, we will reject it and adopt another.

"Since I am a Christian," the Queen continued with satisfaction, "I can now eat as much pork as I please. We women are no longer restricted to dog-meat as we were before."

Mention of the old days flooded her mind with memories of her husband, Ka-meha-meha, and she exclaimed with a deep sigh, "What would Ka-meha-meha say if he could behold the changes which have taken place here! No more wooden gods, no more *morais* (temples)—all are destroyed! It was not so in his time. We shall never have another such king!" And while tears rolled down her round cheeks, she bared her arm, revealing an inscription tattooed on it in the Hawaiian language, "Our good King Ka-meha-meha died on the 8th of May, 1819."

"Kinau's tongue is tattooed," she said, and the Governor showed Kotzebue the same words tattooed on his tongue. The operation was most painful, he admitted, and his tongue swelled so that he could not eat for three days. But there had never been such a king as Ka-meha-meha! On the first anniversary of the king's death, he said, every person in the kingdom expressed his grief by knocking out a front tooth.

Nama-hana turned to the subject of writing, of which she spoke with uncommon enthusiasm. "Formerly I could talk only with persons who were present," she said, "but now, let them be ever so far distant, I can whisper my thoughts softly to them alone." She would write a letter to Kotzebue before he left, she promised, "in order that you may prove to everyone in Russia that Nama-hana can write!"

Their conversation, which the Captain was finding truly delightful, was suddenly interrupted by a great rattling of wheels and the sound of many voices. He looked from the window and saw

coming to a halt in the road outside the stone fence a little two-wheeled wooden cart to which ten or twelve vigorous young Hawaiian men had hitched themselves. They stood proudly waiting amid an admiring throng. Marin explained that to these complacent fellows belonged the honor of driving the Queen to church. Nama-hana interrupted to do the Captain the honor of inviting him to accompany her to church. He hesitated. He saw that if he accepted he would be drawn in as a party to a very absurd spectacle. On the other hand, if he refused, he might hurt the Queen's feelings, and he had not yet broached the important subject which had brought him to her. Furthermore, the son of the playwright had a sense of humor, and with a quiet smile at himself for the ridiculous picture he feared he would make, he accepted her Majesty's gracious offer.

Evidently pleased, Nama-hana put on a white calico hat decorated with Chinese flowers, took up a large Chinese fan, completed her toilet by drawing on a pair of clumsy-looking sailor's boots, and led the way to the balcony. In order to descend the stair, she announced with a wave of her hand that school was over, and the happy scholars joined the crowd assembled about the gate of the stone fence. Nama-hana walked out to the road on the arm of the Captain. The young men harnessed to the cart were in high spirits, shouting for joy, and impatiently waiting the signal to serve their beloved Queen. To Kotzebue the little cart seemed perilously small indeed for its present task, and he wondered where to sit. Nama-hana completely filled the seat, so that he was forced to perch himself on the very edge, with a good chance of losing his balance. Her Majesty, foreseeing this danger, encircled his waist with her stout and powerful arm, and thus secured him to his seat. Now Governor Kinau came out, having topped his costume of boots, *malo*, and red vest with a round hat. He mounted a meager steed, which he rode bareback,

and away they all raced, the men in harness trying desperately to keep pace with the Governor on horseback.

As they flew along Honolulu's dusty main road, Hawaiians came running out from grass huts. Some joined the pursuing crowd, while others helped speed the cart along by pushing from behind. All were crying, "*Aloha! Aloha maitai!*" ("Hail, hail! A hearty greeting!") For them it was plainly a grand occasion. By way of contrast, as Kotzebue had feared, the white traders were standing in the doorways of their grass trading posts, pipes in hand, laughing at the spectacle. Twice the Captain flew by groups of seamen from his boat, who stopped in amazement at this shouting caravan and the enormous lady who was taking such infinite pains to avoid losing their respected Captain, and they too burst out in great laughter. Down the length of King Street the Queen and her escort were sped for fully a quarter of an hour, arriving finally amid shouts and clouds of dust at Mr. Bingham's church.

When the sermon was over they made the return trip in the same style, and the Captain helped her Majesty alight at the iron gate. Counting his ribs and deciding that he had suffered in silence long enough, he broached the subject of provisions. A few hogs, he hoped, some of the fine sweet potatoes for which the island was noted, some . . .

"Oh, you good man!" the Queen interrupted. "Surely you may have everything—all that we have is yours! Our people love the Russians! We are glad of a chance to show our love!" Turning toward one of her attendants, she clapped her hands and cried, "*Wiki-wiki!*" ("Quick-quick!") "Tell Kinau that we are making love-gifts to our dear Russian friends! Our hearts are filled with *aloha* for our friends so far from home! *Wiki-wiki!*"

II

In the days following the Captain and his man had ample evidence that the

Queen's word was good, for she overwhelmed them with presents of fat hogs and the finest fish. They enthusiastically agreed that Nama-hana was not only the cleverest and most learned woman on the island, but also the best, as everyone, natives and settlers alike, had told them. "If Nama-hana likes you the island is yours!" they said. And only the mean in spirit remained outside the great circle of her love. In return, Nama-hana was loved by her people as few persons have ever been loved. With these expressions of affection Kotzebue found himself in perfect agreement. Now that his official business was settled he visited the Queen regularly in order to enjoy her conversation. The urbane Captain found her delightfully naïve in her adoption of European ways, but mentally alert and stimulating and entirely lacking in simulation.

The Captain declared that he could bear testimony to another qualification than these, and one equally important in Nama-hana's estimation. She had the biggest appetite that ever came under his observation. He had heard of it, but not being able to give credence to the scale of operations reported, he resolved to see for himself.

His habit had been to visit the Queen in the morning, when he usually found her lying on the floor, laboriously employed in writing the letter which she had promised him. Once, however, he arranged to arrive just at her dinner hour, and this visit he never forgot. When he was shown into the large dining room the Captain discovered his benefactress, as usual, on her prodigious stomach in the middle of the floor. Placed in a semi-circle round her were numerous deep porcelain bowls filled with island delicacies: pork, chicken, sweet potatoes, the pasty poi, taro, baked fish, seaweed, and coconut. Three attendants were busy refilling the dishes and passing them to Nama-hana, who helped herself with her fingers in Hawaiian style and ate voraciously. Two boys flapped away the flies with bunches of feathers.

The Queen did not permit the Captain's appearance to interrupt the serious business at hand. She merely greeted him with her mouth full and motioned him to a seat by her side. He claimed that he witnessed there the most extraordinary meal on record. How much passed the royal mouth before his entrance he said he would not undertake to affirm, but that it took in enough in his presence to have satisfied six men!

As he sat and watched the quantities of food consumed by the Queen his wonder and admiration were great, but at the scene which followed they increased. Her appetite seemingly satisfied, she drew her breath two or three times with difficulty and exclaimed, "I have eaten famously!" a fact which Kotzebue could not deny. Then, with the aid of her two attendants, she rolled over on her back and motioned to a tall, athletic Hawaiian, who greatly surprised the visitor by springing upon the Queen's body and kneading her as unmercifully with his knees and fists as if she had been a trough of dough. This was the Captain's first view of the famous Hawaiian practice of *lomi-lomi*, or massage, the purpose of which was to relax the muscles and improve digestion. Her Majesty, after groaning quietly for a few recuperative moments, ordered her royal person to be turned again to its former posture, from which she began her meal all over again!

The Queen was proud of her enormous appetite. It enabled her to keep beautiful, according to the standards of beauty prevalent among the people of chieftain rank in Hawaii. Kotzebue thought, "Such are ideas of beauty! In the Sandwich Islands a female figure a fathom long and of immeasurable circumference is charming; while the European lady laces tightly enough to cause her to faint, and even drinks vinegar in order to touch our hearts by her slender and delicate symmetry!"

On this visit also the young Captain saw Nama-hana's pet hog, which was one of the greatest curiosities of the island. He was the Queen's darling and

she fed him almost to death. He was six feet long, black, and of such extraordinary size and fatness that he also had two attendants to help him turn and rise; he could hardly move without their aid.

One of the officers obtained the Queen's permission to draw her picture. Since few Hawaiians had ever seen an artist at work, quite a gallery of chiefs and chiefesses gathered and watched the proceedings with intense interest. As each feature appeared on the paper they could not contain their admiration. The nose appeared first. "Now Nama-hana can smell!" they exclaimed. When the eyes were finished, "Now she can see!" The sight of the mouth was particularly gratifying, for it would enable Nama-hana to eat! Here the Queen herself showed interest and insisted upon seeing the picture. "Oh, the mouth is too small!" she exclaimed, "I'd starve with it!" Even after alterations were made she was not entirely pleased with her likeness. Looking at it, she said, somewhat peevishly, "Surely I am handsomer than that!"

III

Meanwhile, Nama-hana had been continuing with her letter, on which she made some slight progress every day. Lying on her stomach, her paper on the floor in front of her, she worked on it laboriously, chewing her pen and sweating. It caused her many a headache.

One day a messenger came to Kotzebue's ship. Although his only clothing was a shirt, he assumed a very important and mysterious air. By signs he indicated that the Queen wished to pay a visit to the Russian frigate that afternoon and desired Captain Kotzebue to send his small boat to bring her. Then, repeating importantly several times the word "*pala-pala*" (writing), he drew from his shirt a roll of tapa cloth. Unfolding it, the Captain found the letter, a labor of love from Nama-hana. He hurried the messenger away with the assurance that the boat would be ready, and sent

immediately for Don Marin to translate his letter.

The writing was in a very neat, firm hand, the letters large and well formed, and quite legible. Translated, it read:

"I salute thee, Russian! I love thee with my whole heart, and more than myself. I feel, therefore, on seeing thee again in my country, a joy which our poor language is unequal to express. Thou wilt find all here much changed. While Ka-meha-meha lived the country flourished; but since his death all has gone to ruin. The young King is in London. Kare-maku (the prime minister) and Ka-ahu-manu (the supreme woman regent) are absent; and Kinau, who fills their place, has too little power over the people to receive thee as becomes thy rank. He cannot procure for thee as many hogs and sweet potatoes, and as much taro as thou hast need of. How sincerely do I regret that my great possessions lie upon the island of Maui, so far away across the sea! Were they nearer, thou shouldst daily be surrounded by hogs. As soon as Kare-maku and Ka-ahu-manu return, all thy wants shall be provided for. The King's brother comes with them; but he is yet only an inexperienced boy and does not know how to distinguish good from evil.

"I beg thee to embrace thine Emperor in my name. Tell him that I would willingly do so myself, but for the wide sea that lies between us. Do not forget to carry my salutations to thy whole nation. Since I am a Christian, and that thou art also such, thou wilt excuse my indifferent writing. Hunger compels me to close my letter. I wish that thou also mayst eat thy hog's head with appetite and pleasure.

"I am,

With royal constancy,
and endless love, thine,
Nama-hana."

Late that afternoon Nama-hana arrived with the Captain's envoy in the small boat. The problem of how best to get the Queen from the boat to the ship

had been hastily decided at lunch. The ordinary rope ladder was out of the question. It was suggested that they hoist her aboard with the ship's block and tackle, as one of the mate's "wives" was brought on each day; but this means was rejected. Instead, the ship's carpenter worked hastily all afternoon constructing a strong wooden ladder, and this it was that the sailors lowered for Nama-hana to ascend. Assisted by the envoy and two sailors from below and by two sailors leaning from above, she reached the top step with difficulty. Achieving it, and facing the handsomely dressed Captain and his row of splendid officers waiting to receive her, the Queen thought to make an appropriate gesture and attempted a curtsy. Winded from her exhausting pull up the steep ladder, she lost her balance and would certainly have fallen backward had not the four strong Russian sailors standing by leaped to catch her in the nick of time.

Nama-hana was elegantly attired in a peach-colored dress of reed silk and a broad rainbow sash with a large bow in front, dividing her figure into two immense halves. She wore a lei of splendid red and yellow feathers and a finely woven *lau-hala* hat decorated with artificial flowers from Canton. Her chin was lying modestly hidden behind a whole bed of flowers which bloomed on her mountainous bosom. The details of her Majesty's costume which caught the Captain's attention, however, were her stout, ill-shaped bare legs and her shoes. The Hawaiians had not felt the need of shoes before the white man's coming, so that this part of a well-dressed chief's apparel had to be imported from Europe or America. But, since neither of these continents could boast a pair of feet the size of the Queen's, it would be futile to try to force them into any shoes made. For footwear, then, she had drawn on a floppy pair of sailor's galoshes. The Captain could tell by her complacent contemplation of her dress that the Queen was well satisfied with her appearance.

Nama-hana was enchanted with the ship—its cleanliness and order, its shining rails, and especially the coziness of the Captain's cabin, where she chose to spend most of her time. The sofa there "paid dearly for the honor of her approbation—she sat upon it and broke it down." The portrait of the Emperor Alexander attracted her particular attention; she sat down opposite to it upon the floor, where she could cause no further destruction, and said, after gazing upon it for some minutes with much interest, "The great Governor of the Russians is beautiful!"

The Queen considered herself well informed about Russia because of reports brought back by a Hawaiian lad named Lauri, who had gone there on the ship of Captain Golovnin a few years previously. Was it true, she asked, that the cold changed the water into a solid substance like glass? And was this substance so strong that it was used for a highway over which people passed in huge chests drawn by horses without breaking it? Were the houses actually as high as mountains and so huge that one could wander about in them for three days without coming to the end? "If I lived in St. Petersburg," she said, "I would not venture outside at all in cold weather, but would stay at home and drive about the house in my carriage!"

The Captain made replies in which,

as he put it, he tried to accommodate his answers to her powers of comprehension; but it was a somewhat trying task, especially as the Queen's active curiosity increased with every reply. She shot questions thick and fast, some of them not easy.

"How can it be so warm at one season and so cold at another?" she asked.

"How much wood must be burnt every year to warm all the countries of the earth?"

"Might not enough rain fall sometime to put out all the fires in the world? And, if so, might Honolulu not become as cold as St. Petersburg?"

The Captain, harassed by this barrage of questions, which continued for two hours, finally diverted her Majesty by offering her some wine. She found it so much to her taste that he had a bottle brought up for her to take home.

Preparing to leave, Nama-hana said, "If I have wine, I must have glasses, or how can I drink it," and, putting the bottle under one arm, with the other she swept up all the glasses on the table and proceeded to the deck.

Kotzebue concluded his journal that evening by writing, "Thus ended this condescending visit, with the royal appropriation of my wine glasses. Nama-hana had, however, been so liberal with us that she had a right to suppose that she would be welcome to them."



BUY HEMISPHERE PRODUCTS!

HOW TO STIMULATE LATIN-AMERICAN TRADE

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

WE MUST draw closer to Latin America! During the past year this argument has been rehearsed repeatedly. A procession of American reporters has visited various capitals of Latin America to discover that the Nazis are in a position to take control at any minute. It would not be surprising if the American public had been scared out of its wits. But the problem yet remains: Just exactly what is the United States to do to get closer to Latin America? The Administration has proposed and abandoned an enormous cartel scheme; it has made loans. One thing is obvious: we ought to buy from Latin America more than we do. But a belief has arisen that we cannot buy more than we do because the products of Latin America are competitive with ours. We cannot absorb Latin-American meat, grain, cotton, and wool since we are deviled with surpluses of our own.

It is not commonly known that during the past forty years we have either cut down or stopped altogether the importation of a number of important raw materials from Latin America and have gone elsewhere for them. These products are rubber, coconut, and cocoa. Next to them is a long list of other imports including tannins, hard fibers, and quinine. Once Latin America was the only source for these imports; in recent years, however, the cultivation of these crops has been transferred to Africa and the East Indian tropics. Seeds and plants were

taken from Latin America—sometimes smuggled out—and their culture commenced on distant plantations. The British, French, and Dutch governments aided this work by subsidy; plantation management was efficient and the cultivation scientifically carried on. Meanwhile the culture of these crops in Latin America declined and in some cases died out altogether. In the end American importers found themselves dependent on far distant sources and forced to pay prices controlled by great cartels. At this present moment the United States government fears that our Far Eastern supply of rubber may be cut off; if we want to promote close relations with Brazil we might well aid her in the resuscitation of rubber culture. We consume more than half of the rubber produced in the world. Quinine to-day is listed as one of the "strategic" materials, but quinine culture was taken away from Latin America twenty-five years ago. Peanuts are a native American crop, but even the goober has been transplanted to the Far East and we import thirty-five per cent of our needs, or at least we did during 1938.

The great Latin-American problem of to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow is the problem of selling its harvests from fields, mines, and forests. Stretching from the Rio Grande south to Tierra del Fuego is a great frontier territory, the largest and richest in the world. Agriculture, not industry, produces the wealth of this

immense frontier territory. A resident Nazi agent after the fourth or fifth drink is likely to tell you that the best of the Goebbels propaganda is a sorry substitute for solvent export markets. The United States can provide those markets.

One of the most important of these neglected crops is cocoa, probably the oldest American-grown crop in commerce. Cocoa is native to Central America and the Amazon basin. It is an orchard crop, one of the most beautiful trees that grows, with lush jungle-green leaves, silver-dappled trunk, and branches laden with plump yellowish pods which hold from one to two dozen oily chocolate "beans." Pre-Columbus Aztecs called it the tree of the gods and used it not only as a staple food but as standard money. As recently as 1880 the "beans" were still a common currency in isolated communities throughout Central America.

In 1528 Cortez is said to have carried a first shipment of cocoa to Spain, where it became known first as a medicine tonic and later as a luxury drink. Fry & Sons of Bristol were the first chocolate makers of England. Later chocolate "works" began to appear throughout England, Prussia, Italy, and France. Steinhund, founded in 1756, was the first chocolate works of Germany, and Walter Baker & Company of Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1780 pioneered chocolate-making in America. These factories produced only powder or bar chocolate for beverage use. About 1870 Daniel Peter, a Swiss candy maker, manufactured the first milk chocolate, after other types of chocolate candies had gained commercial importance in England and the United States between 1830 and 1860.

This cocoa is probably to-day the only food crop in the world the consumption of which has approximately doubled each decade for the past half-century. It is ordinarily the greatest export crop of Venezuela and Ecuador; the second greatest export of El Salvador, and the Dominican Republic; the third greatest

crop of Brazil and Costa Rica and a crop of enormous commercial and domestic importance to Panama, Colombia, Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Haiti, Cuba, and other southern neighbors.

The United States is now the largest importer and consumer of chocolate. During 1937 our imports of cocoa beans amounted to about 619 million pounds with a value of about 54 million dollars. But Latin America has lost a great part of its cocoa trade. Africa exports about twice as much cocoa as all the Americas combined—some 425,000 tons per year against about 210,000 tons. Within a generation the Gold Coast has climbed to first place in cocoa production. According to British Admiralty records, the first export of Gold Coast cocoa occurred in 1891—a shipment of two burlap bags of raw beans. Twenty years later the colony's export had risen to 40 million pounds. During 1938 Gold Coast exports of cocoa reached about half a billion pounds—harvested from more than a million acres of cocoa orchard, principally on small farms.

In quality this huge African crop is distinctly inferior to American grades. Its cultivation is primitive and it suffers from numerous natural enemies and blights from which American plantings are comparatively free. Yet its producing areas have been extended far—to the Ivory Coast, Nigeria, Cameroon, San Thome, and eastward to Ceylon, Java, and other Oriental tropic regions where labor is cheap and living standards next to non-existent.

Because of price differences, frequently as slight as a dollar or even fifty cents a ton, American chocolate manufacturers favor African and Oriental cocoa and dull the edge of markets for "crinolin" and other Latin-American quality grades. We import only about 65 per cent of the Latin-American cocoa exports, and for every pound of American-grown cocoa our candy trade has been accustomed to use somewhere between two and eight pounds of "gum tar" or

other cheap import grades. As a rule the resulting savings mean nothing to the U. S. consumer.

Now the war has upset the precarious equilibrium of cocoa in Africa and the Oriental tropics. One after another of the principal European markets is being destroyed or paralyzed. It is freely predicted that the entire African cocoa trade now faces possible collapse and that Javan clearing houses cannot long survive the ruinous isolation to which they are subjected.

Meanwhile, in terms of international trade New York has become the cocoa capital, now that the New York Cocoa Exchange establishes buying and selling prices and margins for the entire trade. The Americas enter a new era of cocoa production, in which the American tropics, the birthplace of cocoa, may regain leadership in this great crop if our government and manufacturers are conscious of their opportunity.

II

Much more important than chocolate is natural, or latex, rubber. The United States to-day consumes about 600,000 tons of natural rubber a year—more than half of the world's total exports. We buy roughly 96 per cent of this crude rubber from the British, Dutch, and French Oriental tropics. Brazil founded the rubber industry, but Singapore has replaced Para as the rubber capital of the world, and Latin-American harvests of Hevea and other latex plants even fail to supply Latin America's own demands.

Here are the source statistics for 1937, a reasonably "typical" rubber consuming year:

SHIPMENTS OF CRUDE RUBBER FROM PRODUCING COUNTRIES, 1937

Rank	Country	Tons	Per cent of Total
1.	Malaya (British)	469,960	41.40
2.	Netherlands East Indies	431,646	38.02
3.	Ceylon (British)	70,359	6.09
4.	French Indo-China	43,399	3.82
5.	Siam	35,551	3.13

6.	Sarawak	25,922	2.28
7.	All South America	18,008	1.41
8.	North Borneo	13,213	1.16
9.	India	9,777	.86
10.	Africa	7,731	.68
11.	Burma	7,253	.63
12.	Mexico (guayule tree)	2,692	.23
13.	Philippines and Oceania	1,617	.14
14.	All other countries50

It is comparatively certain that recovery and manufacture of rubber began as an art and trade of the Central-American and Amazon Indians. By 1853, fourteen years after Charles Goodyear had discovered the process known as vulcanizing, Brazilian exports of smoked latex from Hevea trees had reached five million pounds a year and rubber traders had discovered that the native range of the graceful gray-bodied tree covers an area of Brazil as big as all the United States east of the Mississippi.

The real demand for rubber began in the United States about 1890 with the invention and development of the pneumatic tire. The spectacular growth of the automobile industry increased the demand for rubber entirely beyond the available supply—all of which was being harvested directly from the Amazon wilds.

By 1905 rubber was a commanding world crop, and industrial Europe and Britain were striving frantically to develop rubber resources within their own colonies. (By 1910 Amazon latex had soared to three dollars per pound.) British, French, German, and Dutch promoters vied with one another in planting and developing rubber plantations in other tropics, using seed and planting stock from Latin America.

In 1900 there was no such commodity as plantation-grown rubber; by 1912 nearly one-third of the export supply was being raised upon plantations or farms outside the Western Hemisphere. By 1920, 89 per cent of the world's harvest of rubber—then 304,000 tons—was being grown on plantations in the Eastern tropics and Brazil's production had fallen to 9 per cent of the world supply. In 1926 there were two and a quarter

million acres of rubber plantation cultivated and in bearing in Malaya, nearly two million acres in the Netherlands East Indies, about half a million acres in Ceylon, and *none at all* in South America.

With Europe shaken by another gigantic war, with the future of the Oriental tropics in doubt, with rubber rivaling the importance of steel in modern life, with many of our greatest industries dependent upon rubber, and with most of the world supply tied into a Dutch-British monopoly cartel which may be blasted any day, the United States belatedly begins to consider American sources for rubber.

We know that manufacture of synthetic rubber is possible—at production costs ranging perhaps from two to five times current world prices for crude Hevea. It can be done but the price will come high. As this is written crude rubber sells at around twenty cents a pound; synthetic rubber sells at fifty cents a pound, and large-scale production would bring it down to twenty-five. But it would require an enormous Federal subsidy to do it. It may be expedient to encourage the manufacture of artificial rubber, but certainly the long-term cultivation of closer ties with Latin America calls for a revived rubber culture.

Rubber can no longer be gathered hit-or-miss from the jungle; industry must have a dependable supply. But I am unable to find any expert testimony which denies that Hevea plantations can be planted and operated efficiently, profitably, and permanently in many areas of central and northern South America. Everitt G. Holt, rubber authority for the U. S. Department of Commerce, believes that plantation production of Hevea at current prices would prove profitable to the independent operator and that restoration of plantation rubber to Latin America would provide between 500,000 and 600,000 new jobs for native workers.

The successful cultivation of rubber is not simple. It involves the recruiting

and maintenance of native labor; the building and maintenance of costly roads and railroads which must reach far into jungles, swamps, and mountains. It requires extensive medical facilities, since no tropical agriculture in these Americas can now be successful unless its working personnel is in good health. It requires long-term investment, credits, and leases, since at least twenty years are usually required to bring the Hevea tree into profitable bearing.

However, testimony from the Orient suggests that efficient plantation management is of greater importance than cheap labor. Furthermore, although adaptation of any "wild" crop to plantation agriculture involves problems in plant diseases, the rubber tree is less susceptible to blights in the Western Hemisphere than in the Orient.

Recently the U. S. Department of Agriculture, with a special appropriation from Congress and with the help of several Central and South American governments, renewed studies of other American rubber-bearing plants, which include the Mexican guayule shrub, already under commercial cultivation, and Castillios, another latex-bearing tropical tree.

Very recently, during October, 1940, the Department of Agriculture began location of six rubber-growing experiment stations at various points in Central America. The Department is at present establishing its first official rubber research colony and headquarters at a point near Turialba, Costa Rica, an upland area approximately midway between Puerto Limon and San José, the capital.

In Central America during October I discussed the prospect for American-grown rubber with two of the most renowned authorities upon the subject—Rand of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and Hargis of the Goodyear Company, both of whom spent twenty years, more or less, in the establishment and study of Hevea plantations in the Oriental tropics. Both believe that pos-

sibilities for rubber plantations within the American tropics are distinctly promising and that there is a reasonable chance that wage "disadvantages" of the warmer Americas can be offset at least in part by development of higher producing strains of rubber trees.

At least two American rubber manufacturers have already opened the first commercial Hevea plantations in Latin America. In 1935 and 1936 the Goodyear Company bought ninety-nine-year rubber-growing concessions in Panama and Costa Rica. The Ford Motor Company had acquired earlier a concession from the state of Para, Brazil, for about two and a half million acres of Hevea lands at Belterra and Boa Vista on the Tapajos River, where Hevea seed were first exported for foreign planting.

I have not seen the Ford plantations, but I understand that about 15,000 acres are already planted to rubber trees. I have visited the Goodyear plantations, which are thousand-acre units of outstanding promise, that have already yielded good quality commercial latex. I am told that Goodyear concession terms specify that the Company must guarantee that three-fourths of all plantation employees be native citizens, and in return for free import of farm equipment and supplies, must agree to deliver Hevea seed to the respective governments for free distribution to native farmers and planters. Both undertakings are being watched with exceptional interest since they are definite trail-blazers to a new age of American rubber.

III

The history of American coconut more or less parallels that of American rubber. Coconut happens to be one of the greatest crops of mankind, and from a standpoint of potential importance, it is certainly one of the first five crops of this hemisphere. For more than three centuries it has held a notable place in international trade.

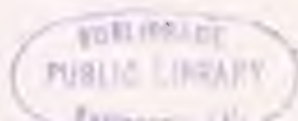
In this hemisphere the range of the

coconut stretches from the far tip of Florida, dots the ocean fronts of Cuba, Hispaniola, Jamaica, and other Caribbean islands, includes both coastal plains of Mexico, most coastal areas and extensive inland sites throughout Central America, and the shoreline republics of northern South America, from Ecuador on the Pacific to south Brazil on the Atlantic. This is the largest frontage of native coconut palms in the world.

The United States leads the world in consumption and import of coconut products. The greatest of these is copra, the dried meat of the mature nut, from which are manufactured soaps, margarines, candies, cosmetics, perfumes, livestock feeds, pharmaceuticals, and numerous other consumers' goods. At present, American imports of copra total about one billion pounds yearly—twice as much as we consumed twenty years ago. Average prices for coconut oil remain notably higher than those of cottonseed and other important vegetable oils; apparently the specialized uses for copra oil lift it from the field of direct competition with domestically grown oils.

Coconut is one of the most useful of all crops. The shells provide a standby charcoal filter for gas masks; a common cellulose base for linoleums and other plastics; while their outside fibers make doormats, brushes, felts, and a long list of similar products. The ripe husks are important sources of commercial potash and phosphoric acid. There is a huge catalogue of incidental uses for coconut. The trunk sap supplies bases for making liquid cement, commercial yeast, and various gums and liquors.

As already pointed out, the United States is the world's number-one consumer and importer of coconut. But we import no more than ten per cent of our total supply from all countries of Latin America and the Caribbean. It is highly probable that no more than one-tenth of the coconut crops of Latin America and the Caribbean islands are harvested at all.



Ceylon is to-day the world's number-one exporter of copra. From Ceylon and the Philippine Islands, an average shipping distance of almost 14,000 miles, comes the biggest percentage of our huge imports of coconut and copra. According to estimates by Belford and Hover of London, there are perhaps 1,500,000 acres of coconut palms under commercial harvest in all the Western Hemisphere.

Of these first places go to British colonies—Jamaica, with perhaps 200,000 acres of commercially tended groves, and Trinidad, with about 160,000 acres. Meanwhile Ceylon alone has more than 2,000,000 acres in commercial coconut plantations.

American demands, if filled exclusively or principally from Western Hemisphere sources, would probably justify the planting or reclaiming of hundreds of thousands of acres of Latin-American coconut plantation, which could easily give full-time or part-time jobs to a half million or more of our American neighbors without increasing the cost of our toilet soaps, shampoos, and cosmetics. Latin America has coconut resources second to none in the world. Recovery and basic processing of the harvest is comparatively simple. Development of plantations is particularly easy because native palms already flourish upon tens of millions of acres of alluvial loam with rainfall in excess of fifty inches a year.

In a recent appraisal of possibilities for a Pan-American coconut industry the U. S. Department of Commerce reported:

"The possibilities for coconut production in Central America, on adjoining islands, and on the north coast of South America are just now being realized. Experimentation proves that coconuts are one of the safest and most profitable crops in the world. . . . The crop is not a perishable one, keeping for months in fresh condition and for years when dried or made into copra. The demand is increasing . . ."

We know beyond reasonable question that efficient operation of plantation

coconut is possible throughout hundreds of thousands of square miles of coastal tropical America. We have the brilliant experimentations of such organizations as the Agricultural Society of Trinidad, which has recently opened an experiment station to "improve and develop the coconut industry in the Western World." For the past twenty-five years most of the whole coconuts consumed in the United States (between 30 and 40 millions a year) have been imported from Jamaica and Trinidad.

Along the vast Brazilian coastal plains an estimated 2,000,000 coconut palms grow and bear. Dr. Alva de Lima, renowned Brazilian student of tropical crops, believes this total could be increased a hundredfold without going beyond the boundaries of the state of Bahia. Yet Brazil exports practically no coconuts.

I know one commercial coconut plantation in Panama with about 100,000 palms in bearing. It is eminently successful. On the San Blas Islands, the Corn Islands, and the so-called Lazy Man's Islands off the Caribbean coast of Central America I have seen superb native coconut groves, effectively tended and harvested by native Indians. The crop is long-enduring. The palm remains in bearing a probable average of half a century, sometimes as long as seventy-five years. Native stands are so extensive that Latin-American exports might be doubled or tripled without planting one new palm. Yet according to estimates of the Pan American Union the total commercial harvest of coconuts as indicated by export records is perhaps eight billion per year of which at least 80 per cent are now harvested and exported from the Oriental tropics.

At the outbreak of the war Germany led the Old World in import and manufacture of copra, with France second, Holland third, Britain fourth, and Denmark fifth. Now, with the Nazis virtually dominating the European coconut trade, it does not seem at all unreason-

able to predict that we shall have competition from them in the development of Latin-American coconut.

IV

The plight of quinine, which is one of the most essential vegetable derivatives in curative medicine is lamentable. South American nations are the native habitat of the quinine tree, or *Chinchona calisaya*, whose bark yields this essential therapeutic. For three centuries the Andean republics of Peru, Bolivia, Colombia, and Ecuador were quinine sources for the world. To-day more than nine-tenths of all commercial quinine comes from Java, Sumatra, and neighboring Oriental islands, where labor is cheap, where abundant capital has developed well-managed plantations planted with stock from Latin America and scientifically cultivated with methods devised by Dutch botanists.

So far as I know, the only chinchona plantations in the Western Hemisphere are now in Colombia. Planted about thirty years ago by German settlers and skillfully managed, they are now thriving establishments. Elsewhere in South America the quinine industry has never been competently developed. Throughout the north-Andean states native stands of chinchona have now grown scarce because of the long-practiced expedient of cutting the trees in order to harvest the bark, and failing to replace them. The American demand for quinine continues to grow—it is a "strategic" material—and the revival of its culture in Latin America should be encouraged. Though of comparatively small volume, recent imports of chinchona from Guatemala are being welcomed by the U. S. drug trade. Its quality is superior and the ratio of recovery following its use compares favorably with any on record.

Another neglected product is tannin; the leather and shoe industries require 250,000 tons of it a year. Commercial leather-making demands vegetable tan-

nins, usually wood extractives, as curing agents. For many years our principal domestic source of tannin was chestnut wood. But some twenty years ago the principal chestnut woods of the United States were stricken with a highly destructive blight. To-day, as for the past ten years, the American leather industry is seeking more dependable sources of vegetable tannin, at least half of which must be imported.

It is common knowledge the countries of South America hold the largest reserves of tannin materials in the world. Dr. T. H. Norton of the U. S. Department of Commerce listed 143 sources of Latin-American tannins. But here again we find an unreasonable lapse in inter-American trade. Mangrove—one source of tannin—also grows in Africa, India, and the Oriental tropics, and despite the Good Neighbor Policy our manufacturers continue to import virtually all of our supply of mangrove tannin from Portuguese East Africa!

There is still another highly important family of Latin-American crops now neglected by the United States and largely brought from the Oriental tropics. These are the "hard fibers," such as sisal, abaca, and henequen. Henequen, in particular, is indigenous to tropical American dry-lands, particularly to Yucatan, and most of the others can be or have been raised successfully within the American tropics. We import a quarter of a billion pounds a year of these fibers. They meet a long list of commercial uses, which include manufacture of binder twines, still required for the harvest of millions of acres of domestic cereal grains.

At present the import costs of these hard fibers are very nearly identical. Yucatan and neighboring Mexican states continue to supply most of the henequen in American trade, but we buy most of our sisal from the tropical Far East and Java and most of our abaca from the Philippines, though both can be grown in the Americas only a few hundred miles from our shores.

V

There are many* other neglected Latin-American crops and products which we must, in any case, import. To-day, as never before, we can buy Latin-American goods. We *must* buy them if these Americas are to develop or indeed to survive. Our per capita imports from Latin America as a whole are probably not more than three dollars per year. Should we fill one-half our proven import needs of American crops from American sources this figure would be tripled within one year.

The following table of import figures for 1938 reveals the situation:

<i>Commodity</i>	<i>Total U. S. Imports (in thousands of dollars)</i>	<i>Share of Latin America*</i>
Cinchona bark.....	\$ 588	\$ 1
Cocoa.....	353	1
Cocoa beans.....	20,139	12,108
Coconut oil.....	11,401	0
Palm oil.....	9,125	0
Rubber, crude.....	130,171	1,669
Sisal and henequen...	9,571	4,734
Other vegetable fibers, except cotton.....	10,657	524
Tanning and dyeing materials.....	5,040	3,294
	<hr/> \$197,045,000	<hr/> \$22,331,000

*The twenty Latin-American Republics and the Canal Zone.

The challenge is squarely before us. If we have the intelligence to play ball with the Latin Americans it will cost us virtually nothing, it will add billions to Pan American trade, and it will build American solidarity in fact.

There are reasons for these failures on our part to meet proven import needs from American sources. The first reason is the cost of labor. We all know that Africa and the Oriental tropics generally have huge native populations eager to work for a few pennies a day in order to avoid starvation. We also know that a majority of Latin-American governments are now struggling manfully to enact and enforce minimum-wage legislation similar to our own. For the most part, Latin-American leadership to-day realizes that efficiency in production can

rise only with wage levels. It looks to the American market, the development of a merchant marine, better reciprocity agreements, and natural advantages of soil and climate to atone to some extent for the wage discrepancy between the hemispheres. It is good business to strain more than one point to encourage trade when this trade in turn creates and nurtures buying power, develops a great potential market, and ties our hemisphere together. Port records prove that Latin America is actually buying our automobiles, shoes, machinery, tractors, farm implements, ready-made clothing, electrical goods, and a thousand other items, whereas the Gold Coast, Java, Borneo, French Indo-China, and British Malaya most certainly are not.

We need a commonsense Pan-American trade policy. Obviously it cannot be built upon favoritism or temporary or "emergency" reciprocity. We must avoid the destructive practice of encouraging Latin-American industries and crops by emergency legislation and then leaving them to rot and rust. That is what we did to the Cuban sugar industry. Crops, forests, and mines cannot be developed overnight. Certainly they must not be left to die overnight.

As an agriculturist I am deeply impressed by the agrarian skill which has enabled the British and Dutch to transfer bodily, adapt to East Indian plantations, and produce effectively there so many great crops which are indigenous to the American tropics. Nobody can deny that superior husbandry and more efficient plantation units have materially helped the Old World tropics to outdistance our own with such great crops as rubber, coconut, quinine, ginger, and others. (This is not the case with cocoa, coffee, sugar cane, or tobacco.) Yet the duplication of these attainments is not beyond the reach of Latin-American resources and talent, and if need be, of American finance and enterprise. In Central and South America to-day you will see some of the most efficient plantations which the world has ever known

—the cattle ranches of the Argentine, the superbly efficient coffee and cocoa *fincas* from Brazil north to Mexico, the magnificent henequen farms in Yucatan, and perhaps most impressive of all for mechanization, the banana farms of Honduras, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Panama.

It is true that many of these banana plantations are operated by such American corporations as United Fruit and Standard Fruit. But it is also true that independent banana farms, owned and managed by native citizens, are second to none for efficiency, quality of harvest,

and yield per acre. I cannot name one reason why the great American job which has already been done with bananas and coffee cannot be duplicated with American-grown rubber, coconut, tannins, hard fibers, waxes, quinine, peanuts, cocoa, and a score more of our indispensable imports. The fact that so many of these great products are indigenous to American earth and therefore, as a rule, more easily adapted to local farms, fields, and plantations than any foreign crop can be is of itself an enormously important advantage to American commerce.





BUTCHER BIRD

A STORY

BY WALLACE STEGNER

THAT summer the boy was alone on the farm except for his parents. His brother was working at Orullian's Grocery in town, and there was no one to run the trap line with or swim with in the dark, weed-smelling reservoir where garter snakes made straight rapid lines in the water and the skaters rowed close to shore. So every excursion was an adventure, even if it was only a trip across the three miles of prairie to Larsen's to get mail or groceries. He was excited at the visit to Garfield's as he was excited by everything unusual. The hot midsummer afternoon was still and breathless, the air harder to breathe than usual. He knew there was a change in weather coming because the gingersnaps in their tall cardboard box were soft and bendable when he snatched two to stick in his pocket. He could tell too by his father's grumpiness accumulated through two weeks of drought, his habit of looking off into the southwest, from which either rain or hot winds might come, that something was brewing. If it was rain everything would be fine, his father would hum under his breath getting breakfast, maybe let him drive the stoneboat or ride the mare down to Larsen's for mail. If it was hot wind they'd have to walk soft and speak softer, and it wouldn't be any fun.

They didn't know the Garfields, who had moved in only the fall before; but people said they had a good big house and a bigger barn and that Mr. Garfield

was an Englishman and a little funny talking about scientific farming and making the desert blossom like the rose. The boy's father hadn't wanted to go, but his mother thought it was unneighborly not to call at least once in a whole year when people lived only four miles away. She was, the boy knew, as anxious for a change, as eager to get out of that atmosphere of waiting to see what the weather would do—that tense and teeth-gritting expectancy—as he was.

He found more than he looked for at Garfield's. Mr. Garfield was tall and bald with a big nose, and talked very softly and politely. The boy's father was determined not to like him right from the start.

When Mr. Garfield said, "Dear, I think we might have a glass of lemonade, don't you?", the boy saw his parents look at each other, saw the beginning of a contemptuous smile on his father's face, saw his mother purse her lips and shake her head ever so little. And when Mrs. Garfield, prim and spectacled, with a habit of tucking her head back and to one side while she listened to anyone talk, brought in the lemonade, the boy saw his father taste his and make a little face behind the glass. He hated any summer drink without ice in it, and had spent two whole weeks digging a dugout icehouse just so that he could have ice water and cold beer when the hot weather came.

But Mr. and Mrs. Garfield were nice people. They sat down in their new parlor and showed the boy's mother the rug and the gramophone. When the boy came up curiously to inspect the little box with the petunia-shaped horn and the little china dog with "His Master's Voice" on it, and the Garfields found that he had never seen or heard a gramophone, they put on a cylinder like a big spool of tightly wound black thread and lowered a needle on it, and out came a man's voice singing in Scotch brogue, and his mother smiled and nodded and said, "My land, Harry Lauder! I heard him once a long time ago. Isn't it wonderful, Sonny?"

It was wonderful all right. He inspected it, reached out his fingers to touch things, wiggled the big horn to see if it was loose or screwed in. His father warned him sharply to keep his hands off, but then Mr. Garfield smiled and said, "Oh, he can't hurt it. Let's play something else," and found a record about the saucy little bird on Nelly's hat that had them all laughing. They let him wind the machine and play the record over again, all by himself, and he was very careful. It was a fine machine. He wished he had one.

About the time he had finished playing his sixth or seventh record, and George M. Cohan was singing "She's a grand old rag, she's a high-flying flag, and forever in peace may she wave," he glanced at his father and discovered that he was grouchy about something. He wasn't taking any part in the conversation but was sitting with his chin in his hand staring out of the window. Mr. Garfield was looking at him a little helplessly. His eyes met the boy's and he motioned him over.

"What do you find to do all summer? Only child, are you?"

"No, sir. My brother's in Whitemud. He's twelve. He's got a job."

"So you come out on the farm to help," said Mr. Garfield. He had his hand on the boy's shoulder and his voice was so kind that the boy lost his shyness and felt

no embarrassment at all in being out there in the middle of the parlor with all of them watching.

"I don't help much," he said. "I'm too little to do anything but drive the stoneboat, Pa says. When I'm twelve he's going to get me a gun and then I can go hunting."

"Hunting?" Mr. Garfield said. "What do you hunt?"

"Oh, gophers and weasels. I got a pet weasel. His name's Lucifer."

"Well," said Mr. Garfield. "You seem to be a pretty manly little chap. What do you feed your weasel?"

"Gophers." The boy thought it best not to say that the gophers were live ones he threw into the weasel's cage. He thought probably Mr. Garfield would be a little shocked at that.

Mr. Garfield straightened up and looked round at the grown folks. "Isn't it a shame," he said, "that there are so many predatory animals and pests in this country that we have to spend our time destroying them? I hate killing things."

"I hate weasels," the boy said. "I'm just saving this one till he turns into an ermine, and then I'm going to skin him. Once I speared a weasel with the pitchfork in the chicken coop and he dropped right off the tine and ran up my leg and bit me after he was speared clean through."

He finished breathlessly, and his mother smiled at him, motioning him not to talk so much. But Mr. Garfield was still looking at him kindly. "So you want to make war on the cruel things, the weasels and hawks," he said.

"Yes, sir," the boy said. He looked at his mother and it was all right. He hadn't spoiled anything by telling about the weasels.

"Now that reminds me," Mr. Garfield said, rising. "Maybe I've got something you'd find useful."

He went into another room and came back with a .22 in his hand. "Could you use this?"

"I . . . yes, sir!" the boy said. He

had almost, in his excitement, said "I hope to whisk in your piskers," because that was what his father always said when he meant anything real hard.

"If your parents want you to have it," Mr. Garfield said and raised his eyebrows at the boy's mother. He didn't look at the father, but the boy did.

"Can I, Pa?"

"I guess so," his father said. "Sure."

"Thank Mr. Garfield nicely," said his mother.

"Gee," the boy breathed. "Thanks, Mr. Garfield, ever so much."

"There's a promise goes with it," Mr. Garfield said. "I'd like you to promise never to shoot anything with it but the bloodthirsty animals—the cruel ones like weasels and hawks. Never anything like birds or prairie dogs."

"How about butcher birds?"

"Butcher birds?" Mr. Garfield said.

"Shrikes," said the boy's mother. "We've got some over by our place. They kill all sorts of things, snakes and gophers and other birds. They're worse than the hawks because they just kill for the fun of it."

"By all means," said Mr. Garfield. "Shoot all the shrikes you see. A thing that kills for the fun of it . . ." He shook his head and his voice got solemn, almost like the voice of Mr. McGregor, the Sunday School Superintendent in town, when he was asking the benediction. "There's something about the way the war drags on, or maybe just this country," he said, "that makes me hate killing. I just can't bear to shoot anything any more, even a weasel."

The boy's father turned cold eyes away from Mr. Garfield and looked out of the window. One big brown hand, a little dirty from the wheel of the car, rubbed against the day-old bristles on his jaws. Then he stood up and stretched. "Well, we got to be going," he said.

"Oh, stay a little while," Mr. Garfield said. "You just came. I wanted to show you my trees."

The boy's mother stared at him. "Trees?"

He smiled. "Sounds a bit odd out here, doesn't it? But I think trees will grow. I've made some plantings down below."

"I'd love to see them," she said. "Sometimes I'd give almost anything to get into a good deep shady woods. Just to smell it, and feel how cool . . ."

"There's a little story connected with these," Mr. Garfield said. He spoke to the mother alone, warmly. "When we first decided to come out here I said to Martha that if trees wouldn't grow we shouldn't stick it. That's just what I said, 'If trees won't grow we shan't stick it.' Trees are almost the breath of life to me."

The boy's father was shaken by a sudden spell of coughing, and the mother shot a quick look at him and looked back at Mr. Garfield with a light flush on her cheekbones. "I'd love to see them," she said. "I was raised in Minnesota, and I never will get used to a place as barren as this."

"When I think of the beeches back home in England," Mr. Garfield said, and shook his head with a puckering smile round his eyes.

The father lifted himself heavily out of his chair and followed the rest of them out to the coulee edge. Below them willows grew profusely along the almost-dry creek, and farther back from the water there was a grove of perhaps twenty trees about a dozen feet high.

"I'm trying cottonwoods first because they can stand dry weather," Mr. Garfield said.

The mother was looking down with all her longings suddenly plain and naked in her eyes. "It's wonderful," she said. "I'd give almost anything to have some on our place."

"I found the willows close by here," said Mr. Garfield. "Just at the south end of the hills they call Old-Man-on-His-Back, where the stream comes down."

"Stream?" the boy's father said. "You mean that trickle?"

"It's not much of a stream," Mr. Garfield said apologetically. "But . . ."

"Are there any more there?" the mother said.

"Oh, yes. You could get some. Cut them diagonally and push them into any damp ground. They'll grow."

"They'll grow about six feet high," the father said.

"Yes," said Mr. Garfield. "They're not, properly speaking, trees. Still . . ."

"It's getting pretty smothery," the father said rather loudly. "We better be getting on."

This time Mr. Garfield didn't object, and they went back to the car exchanging promises of visits. The father jerked the crank and climbed into the Ford, where the boy was sighting along his gun. "Put that down," his father said. "Don't you know any better than to point a gun around people?"

"It isn't loaded."

"They never are," his father said. "Put it down now."

The Garfields were standing with their arms round each other's waists, waiting to wave good-by. Mr. Garfield reached over and picked something from his wife's dress.

"What was it, Alfred?" she said peering.

"Nothing. Just a bit of fluff."

The boy's father coughed violently and the car started with a jerk. With his head down almost to the wheel, still coughing, he waved, and the mother and the boy waved as they went down along the badly set cedar posts of the pasture fence. They were almost a quarter of a mile away before the boy, with a last wave of the gun, turned round again and saw that his father was purple with laughter. He rocked the car with his joy, and when his wife said, "Oh, Harry, you big fool," he pointed helplessly to his shoulder. "Would you mind," he said. "Would you mind brushing that bit o' fluff off me showldah?" He roared again, pounding the wheel. "I shawn't stick it," he said. "I bloody well shawn't stick it, you know!"

"It isn't fair to laugh at him," she said. "He can't help being English."

"He can't help being a sanctimonious old mudhen either, braying about his luv-ly luv-ly trees. They'll freeze out the first winter."

"How do you know? Maybe it's like he says—if they get a start they'll grow here as well as anywhere."

"Maybe there's a gold mine in our back yard too, but I'm not gonna dig to see. I couldn't stick it."

"Oh, you're just being stubborn," she said. "Just because you didn't like Mr. Garfield . . ."

He turned on her in heavy amazement. "Well, my God! Did you?"

"I thought he was very nice," she said, and sat straighter in the back seat, speaking loudly above the creak of the springs and cough of the motor. "They're trying to make a home, not just a wheat crop. I liked them."

"Uh, huh." He was not laughing any more now. Sitting beside him, the boy could see that his face had hardened and the cold look had come into his eye again. "So I should start talking like I had a mouthful of bran, and planting trees around the house that'll look like clothesline poles in two months."

"I didn't say that."

"You thought it though." He looked irritably at the sky, misted with the same delusive film of cloud that had fooled him for three days, and spat at the roadside. "You thought it all the time we were there. 'Why aren't you more like Mr. Garfield, he's such a nice man.'" With mincing savagery he swung round and mocked her. "Shall I make it a walnut grove? Or a big maple sugar bush? Or maybe you'd like an orange orchard."

The boy was looking down at his gun, trying not to hear them quarrel, but he knew what his mother's face would be like—hurt and a little flushed, her chin trembling into stubbornness. "I don't suppose you could bear to have a rug on the floor, or a gramophone?" she said.

He smacked the wheel hard. "Of course I could bear it if we could afford it. But I sure as hell would rather do

without than be like that old sandhill crane."

"I don't suppose you'd like to take me over to the Old-Man-on-His-Back some day to get some willow slips either."

"What for?"

"To plant down in the coulee, by the dam."

"That dam dries up every August. Your willows wouldn't live till snow flies."

"Well, would it do any harm to try?"

"Oh, shut up!" he said. "Just thinking about that guy and his fluff and his trees gives me the pleefer."

The topless Ford lurched, one wheel at a time, through the deep burnout by their pasture corner, and the boy clambered out with his gun in his hand to slip the loop from the three-strand gate. It was then that he saw the snake, a striped limp ribbon, dangling on the fence, and a moment later the sparrow, neatly butchered and hung by the throat from the barbed wire. He pointed the gun at them. "Lookit!" he said. "Lookit what the butcher bird's been doing."

His father's violent hand waved at him from the seat. "Come on! Get the wire out of the way!"

The boy dragged the gate through the dust, and the Ford went through and up behind the house, perched on the bare edge of the coulee in the midst of its baked yard and framed by the dark fireguard overgrown with Russian thistle. Walking across that yard a few minutes later, the boy felt its hard heat under his sneakers. There was hardly a spear of grass within the fireguard. It was one of his father's prides that the dooryard should be like cement. "Pour your wash water out long enough," he said, "and you'll have a surface so hard it won't even make mud." Religiously he threw his water out three times a day, carrying it sometimes a dozen steps to dump it on a dusty or grassy spot.

The mother had objected at first, asking why they had to live in the middle of an alkali flat, and why they couldn't let

grass grow up to the door. But he snorted her down. Everything round the house ought to be bare as a bone. Get a good prairie fire going and it'd jump that guard like nothing, and if they had grass to the door where'd they be? She said why not plow a wider fireguard then, one a fire couldn't jump, but he said he had other things to do besides plowing fifty-foot fireguards.

They were arguing inside when the boy came up on the step to sit down and aim his empty .22 at a fencepost. Apparently his mother had been persistent, and persistence when he was not in a mood for it angered the father worse than anything else. Their talk came vaguely through his concentration, but he shut his ears on it. If that spot on the fencepost was a coyote now, and he held the sight steady, right on it, and pulled the trigger, that old coyote would jump about eighty feet in the air and come down dead as a mackerel, and he could tack his hide on the barn the way Mr. Larsen had one, only the dogs had jumped and torn the tail and hind legs off Mr. Larsen's pelt, and he wouldn't get more than the three-dollar bounty out of it. But then Mr. Larsen had shot his with a shotgun anyway, and the hide wasn't worth much even before the dogs tore it. . . .

"I can't for the life of me see why not," his mother said inside. "We could do it now. We're not doing anything else."

"I tell you they wouldn't grow!" said his father with emphasis on every word. "Why should we run our tongues out doing everything that mealy-mouthed fool does?"

"I don't want anything but the willows. They're easy."

He made his special sound of contempt, half-snort, half-grunt. After a silence she tried again. "They might even have pussies on them in the spring. Mr. Garfield thinks they'd grow, and he used to work in a greenhouse, his wife told me."

"This isn't a greenhouse, for Chris-sake."

"Oh, let it go," she said. "I've stood it this long without any green things around. I guess I can stand it some more."

The boy, aiming now toward the gate where the butcher bird, coming back to his prey, would in just a minute fly right into Deadeye's unerring bullet, heard his father stand up suddenly.

"Abused, aren't you?" he said.

The mother's voice rose. "No, I'm not abused! Only I can't see why it would be so awful to get some willows. Just because Mr. Garfield gave me the idea, and you didn't like him . . ."

"You're right I didn't like Mr. Garfield," the father said. "He gave me a pain right under the crupper."

"Because," the mother's voice said bitterly, "he calls his wife 'dear' and puts his arm around her and likes trees. It wouldn't occur to you to put your arm around your wife, would it?"

The boy aimed and held his breath. His mother ought to keep still, because if she didn't she'd get him real mad and then they'd both have to tiptoe around the rest of the day. He heard his father's breath whistle through his teeth, and his voice, mincing, nasty. "Would you like me to kiss you now, *dear*?"

"I wouldn't let you touch me with a ten-foot pole," his mother said. She sounded just as mad as he did, and it wasn't often she let herself get that way. The boy squirmed over when he heard the quick hard steps come up behind him and pause. Then his father's big hand, brown and meaty and felted with fine black hair, reached down over his shoulder and took the .22.

"Let's see this cannon old Scissor-bill gave you," he said.

It was a single-shot, bolt-action Savage, a little rusty on the barrel, the bolt sticky with hardened grease when the father removed it. Sighting up through the barrel, he grunted. "Takes care of a gun like he takes care of his farm. Probably used it to cultivate his luv-ly trees."

He went out into the sleeping porch, and after a minute came back with a rag

and a can of machine oil. Hunching the boy over on the step, he sat down and began rubbing the bolt with the oil-soaked rag.

"I just can't bear to shoot anything any more," he said, and laughed suddenly. "I just cawn't stick it, little man." He leered at the boy, who grinned back uncertainly. Squinting through the barrel again, the father breathed through his nose and clamped his lips together, shaking his head.

The sun lay heavy on the baked yard. Out over the corner of the pasture a soaring hawk caught wind and sun at the same time, so that his light breast feathers flashed as he banked and rose. Just wait, the boy thought. Wait till I get my gun working and I'll fix you, you hen-robber. He thought of the three chicks a hawk had struck earlier in the summer, the three balls of yellow with the barred mature plumage just coming through. Two of them dead when he got there and chased the hawk away, the other gasping with its crop slashed wide open and the wheat spilling from it on the ground. His mother had sewed up the crop, and the chicken had lived, but it always looked droopy, like a plant in drought time, and sometimes it would stand and work its bill as if it were choking.

By golly, he thought, I'll shoot every hawk and butcher bird in twenty miles. I'll . . .

"Rustle around and find me a piece of baling wire," his father said. "This barrel looks like a henroost."

Behind the house he found a piece of rusty wire, brought it back and watched his father straighten it, wind a bit of rag round the end, ram it up and down through the barrel, and peer through again. "He's leaded her so you can hardly see the grooves," he said. "But maybe she'll shoot. We'll fill her with vinegar and cork her up to-night."

The mother was behind them, leaning against the jamb and watching. She reached down and rumbled the father's black hair. "The minute you get a gun

in your hand you start feeling better," she said. "It's just a shame you weren't born fifty years sooner."

"A gun's a good tool," he said. "It hadn't ought to be misused. Gun like this is enough to make a guy cry."

"Well, you've got to admit it was nice of Mr. Garfield to give it to Sonny," she said. It was the wrong thing to say. The boy had a feeling somehow that she knew it was the wrong thing to say, that she said it just to have one tiny triumph over him. He knew it would make him boiling mad again, even before he heard his father's answer.

"Oh, sure, Mr. Garfield's a fine man. He can preach a better sermon than any homesteader in Saskatchewan. God Almighty! everything he does is better than what I do. All right. All right, *all right!* Why the hell don't you move over there if you like it so well?"

"If you weren't so blind . . . !"

He rose with the .22 in his hand and pushed past her into the house. "I'm not so blind," he said heavily in passing. "You've been throwing that bastard up to me for two hours. It don't take very good eyes to see what that means."

His mother started to say, "All because I want a few little . . ." but the boy cut in on her, anxious to help the situation somehow. "Will it shoot now?" he said.

His father said nothing. His mother looked down at him, shrugged, sighed, smiled bleakly with a tight mouth. She moved aside when the father came back with a box of cartridges in his hand. He ignored his wife, speaking to the boy alone in the particular half-jocular tone he always used with him or the dog when he wasn't mad or exasperated.

"Thought I had these around," he said. "Now we'll see what this smoke-pole will do."

He slipped a cartridge in and locked the bolt, looking round for something to shoot at. Behind him the mother's feet moved on the floor, and her voice came purposefully. "I can't see why you have to act this way," she said.

"I'm going over and get some slips myself."

There was a long silence. The angled shade lay sharp as a knife across the baked front yard. The father's cheek was pressed against the stock of the gun, his arms and hands as steady as stone.

"How'll you get there?" he said, whispering down the barrel.

"I'll walk."

"Five miles and back."

"Yes, five miles and back. Or fifty miles and back. If there was any earthly reason why you should mind . . ."

"I don't mind," he said, and his voice was soft as silk. "Go ahead."

Close to his mother's long skirts in the doorway, the boy felt her stiffen as if she had been slapped. He squirmed anxiously, but his desperation could find only the question he had asked before. His voice squeaked on it: "Will it shoot now?"

"See that sparrow out there?" his father said, still whispering. "Right out by that cactus?"

"Harry!" the mother said. "If you shoot that harmless little bird!"

Fascinated, the boy watched his father's dark face against the rifle stock, the locked, immovable left arm, the thick finger crooked inside the trigger guard almost too small to hold it. He saw the sparrow, gray, white-breasted, hopping obliviously in search of bugs, fifty feet out on the gray earth. "I just . . . can't . . . bear . . . to . . . shoot . . . anything," the father said, his face like dark stone, his lips hardly moving. "I just . . . can't . . . stick it!"

"Harry!" his wife screamed.

The boy's mouth opened, a dark wash of terror shadowed his vision of the baked yard cut by its sharp angle of shade.

"Don't, pa!"

The rocklike figure of his father never moved. The thick finger squeezed slowly down on the trigger, there was a thin, sharp report, and the sparrow jerked and collapsed into a shapeless wad on the ground. It was as if, in the instant of the shot, all its clean outlines

vanished. Head, feet, the white breast, the perceptible outlines of the folded wings, disappeared all at once, were crumpled together and lost, and the boy sat beside his father on the step with the echo of the shot still in his ears.

He did not look at either of his parents. He looked only at the crumpled sparrow. Step by step, unable to keep away, he went to it, stooped, and picked it up. Blood stained his fingers, and he held the bird by the tail while he wiped the smeared hand on his overalls. He heard the click as the bolt was shot and the empty cartridge ejected, and he saw his

mother come swiftly out of the house past his father, who sat still on the step. Her hands were clenched, and she walked with her head down, as if fighting tears.

"Ma!" the boy said dully. "Ma, what'll I do with it?"

She stopped and turned, and for a moment they faced each other. He saw the dead pallor of her face, the burning eyes, the not-quite-controllable quiver of her lips. But her words, when they came, were flat and level, almost casual.

"Leave it right there," she said. "After a while your father will want to hang it on the barbed wire."

ANSWER TO ONE

BY LOUISE McNEILL

NO, you are right, Love will not pay the butcher
Nor light a beacon on the cellar stair.
When we hid naked and the black winds found us
Love was not there.

Love will not lower the rent nor add a farthing
To what we save by shortening our day.
Though we have debts in Love's own name contracted
Love will not pay.

Whose gold must leaf the grass in heaven's meadow
And point the sunbird's wings,
Can waste no coin, oh, not a single copper
Upon such tawdry things.



WHO ARE THESE REFUGEES?

BY ISABEL LUNDBERG

BY STEAMER, by freighter, and by clipper refugees have come and are still coming to America. We have in consequence become refugee-conscious and inclined to regard the refugee as a new and strange phenomenon, related in some way to National Socialism in Germany.

We are wrong. Adolf Hitler did not create the refugee problem nor does America's interest in it date from the rise of Nazism in Europe. Twenty years ago a contemporary observer noted:

The Great War, the Greco-Turkish War, the Russian Revolution together turned adrift on the face of the earth probably the greatest tide of derelict humanity known to history. Men, women, and children who had been industrious, law-abiding citizens were turned into hordes of famished and starving humanity, without shelter, without clothing, and, what has proved worst of all, without any anchorage of citizenship in any civilized country of the world. . . . Thousands perished of hunger, unknown thousands perished from pestilence, whilst even little children literally died in heaps.

At that time it was the League of Nations, Fridtjof Nansen, Herbert Hoover, American dollars and American destroyers that salvaged human wreckage. The Nansen passport on which to-day exiles like Lion Feuchtwanger are traveling was created for the millions of the 1920's who were without a legal country. The difference between then and now is that in the twenties there were still areas in Europe where the survivors of famine, pestilence, war, and massacre might seek refuge (only a small percentage found their way to America); but since 1933

one free area after another has been swallowed up.

This time the machinery of government, whether exercised through a League of Nations High Commissioner for Refugees or through an intergovernmental conference at Evian-les-Bains, broke down. Refugee migration has had to fall back on private initiative. Asylum for refugees has been sought from Alaska to British Guiana, and almost always the funds to finance it have been privately subscribed.

In Cuba, near Havana, Quaker and Jewish organizations co-operate to maintain the Finca Paso Seco, a settlement and training center for some of the six or seven thousand exiles stranded there. At Evian representatives of tiny Santo Domingo agreed to take up to 100,000 refugees to settle some 26,000 acres known as the Sosúa reservation; but the expenses of colonization, estimated at \$1,000 per family, will be borne by the privately supported Dominican Republic Settlement Association. Not all governments are as generous as Santo Domingo, which waived not only the \$500 entry fees but all duties and taxes on the Sosúa Colony. Brazil demanded deposit of a \$700 bond per person for every Catholic émigré sent by the Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany. Ecuador asked \$700 per family for Spanish refugees settled there by the New World Resettlement Fund. Most of the money for these projects has come and will come from America.

The task of settling thousands of

Europeans in America is complex enough; the very nature of the new settlers, as we shall see, makes it especially difficult. What aggravates the situation beyond measure are the misapprehensions concerning every phase of the refugee problem. In some cases these misapprehensions are due to plain ignorance, but in far too many they are deliberately fostered by followers of Father Coughlin, the Christian Front, the Ku Klux, and the Bund, who would make political capital out of the dissension and hostility they can stir up.

Refugees are immigrants and as such are subject to the quota restrictions that have governed immigration to the United States since 1921. A refugee unless he comes in on a temporary or visitor's visa (at the expiration of which he must leave the country) enters the United States as an immigrant under the quota for his country. Under the law, 153,774 quota immigrants are allowed admission every year for permanent residence. In no year since 1929 has this maximum been reached.

The falling off in immigration in the present decade is apparent if we compare the figures for this and the preceding ten-year period:

IMMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES—ALL COUNTRIES

July 1, 1921–June 30, 1930.....	4,107,209
July 1, 1931–June 30, 1940.....	528,431

All refugees are immigrants, but not all immigrants are refugees. Some Europeans come here, intending to stay, and then do not; others come for temporary residence and they too depart. Every year the number of those who enter must be balanced against the number of those who leave. Thus, while 252,697 persons entered the United States in the year ending June 30, 1938, the actual number admitted for permanent residence was 30,083.

Refugees are not and cannot possibly be supported by public relief. Before an American-bound exile is permitted to leave his country he must present to the

American consul affidavits sworn to by persons in this country to whom he is known that they are financially responsible for him and will not permit him to become a public charge on pain of deportation.

There are more Jews than "Aryans" among the refugees but the proportion of non-Jews—an estimated two in five at the peak of migration—would be still higher were there as many and as active Christian organizations working for them. A director of one of the leading Christian refugee committees stated frankly: "One of the hardest things we have to do is to convince our people that refugees are just as much a Christian as a Jewish problem." A writer in the *Catholic Commonweal* had this to say as recently as March, 1936:

There is no organized Catholic assistance. There are in some few cities a couple of charitable institutions which have been more or less compelled to receive Catholic exiles and to allay their distress . . . German Catholic emigrants complain even that individuals fail to give them either sympathy or help. The writer of these lines has met some whom rebuffs of every sort had rendered very bitter. And one can say calmly that Catholicism in many countries looks upon the Catholic emigrant, whose existence can no longer be denied, as a very painful matter. If only it could be got out of sight somehow!

The Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany, organized in November, 1936, is one of the four major refugee agencies in the United States. The other three are the American Friends Service Committee, the American Committee for Christian Refugees, and the National Refugee Service, Inc. These four and twenty-two lesser ones are the most active organizations. The collapse of France, trapping thousands of anti-fascists in French internment camps, has placed a particularly heavy burden on the President's Advisory Committee on Political Refugees.

Had anyone been able to foresee the extent of the Nazi conquest and its effect on mass emigration from Europe, reception depots might have been set up

in various parts of the country, and the "refugee problem" as such might never have arisen. As it was, the swelling tide of exiles all but swamped existing facilities, making long-range planning impossible. Only in the past two years have the agencies arrived at a formula for handling refugees that includes migration, resettlement, retraining, vocational service, and relief. The scope of human needs embraced in those five categories and the extent to which they are being met cannot be conveyed in one nor in one hundred quarterly or annual reports. Reports are, after all, statistics. Refugees are people.

II

Who are these refugees? Except for the unusually high percentage of adults who hold advanced university degrees, they are just like the rest of us—good, bad, and indifferent. By profession they are artists, musicians, journalists, actors, authors, professors, engineers, priests, scientists, doctors, lawyers, shopkeepers, clerical or technical workers. They are of all ages, sizes, and complexions and represent all religious, social, and political beliefs. Unlike most earlier immigrants, the majority are highly cultured men and women, accustomed to a standard of living above the average. They have not come here to better their material lot; in almost all instances they were financially better off where they were.

The first and most stunning psychological blow dealt many of them by the Nazis was to be made conscious of being "non-Aryan." Refugees, Catholic and Protestant, will tell you, "I never thought of myself as being anything but German. But because, way back, I have a Jewish ancestor, they tell me I am no longer a German: I am a Jew." Until Hitler's Nuremberg laws went into effect even Jews, many of whose families had lived in Germany for hundreds of years, regarded themselves as Germans, not Jews.

And why have the one hundred per cent "Aryans," who constitute an ever larger proportion of the refugees, for-

saken comfort for privation in exile? A former Austrian baron, who has dropped the *von* for *Mr.*, says, "Oh, they would have had me in a concentration camp sooner or later. The Gestapo knew that my Jewish friends would always find shelter in my house from the police." A compatriot tells how the baron, member of a prominent family, risked his life in an argument with Storm Troopers he knew by leaving a café table in anger and coming back with a Jewish lad, still bloody and unable to stand from a beating he had been given. Holding the boy up, he shouted, "So this is what you boast about—you who are so courageous!" There are many like the baron who could not tolerate brazen brutality. One "Aryan" professor told me he had to leave "because I could not teach their lies. What does it mean to say the quantum theory or the relativity theory is 'Jewish'? Science has no religion!"

A surprising number of exiles are not strictly refugees at all. They are professional people who came here on business or for pleasure and were caught here. A brilliant young Austrian architect and his talented designer wife came to see the Fair; they may not take jobs and they cannot go home. An Englishwoman who ran a chain of beauty shops on the Continent does not know if a single shop is left; her funds are exhausted. Finns who were here when their country was invaded were wealthy when they left, but have nothing now. A Polish diplomat, fresh from a South American embassy, knows no one, speaks no English, and has not a cent.

It is hard for an American to realize that a refugee does not just up and leave his country even when he is not wanted there. Only a European can appreciate the volume of papers the involuntary exile must have in order before he can get a passport and the precious visa. Evidence of moral character, physical health, of birth and extraction (one Jewish grandparent makes you a "mongrel, first grade"), affidavits from abroad, guaranteeing financial support. Let one

item be missing, one entry wrong in the fifty- or sixty-page document, and it is all to do over again.

Then comes the waiting, in enforced idleness, your children forbidden the streets, waiting a year, two years, until your number is reached on the quota, until a ship can be found to take you. First, shipping lines refuse passage paid in German marks. Then war closes all ports but Lisbon. Not a chance to get through to Portugal! What do you do? You turn east, cross Siberia to Vladivostok, pay an exorbitant fee to enter Shanghai, try to get a ship out of Kobe, Japan, and trust to the Almighty that your visa does not expire before you reach America.

Where do refugees live? They live, as a rule, where they know people. Those for whom affidavits were supplied by Americans in Kalamazoo or Kansas City went straight to Kalamazoo or Kansas City. Others with friends or connections in St. Louis or some other city often did not have the fare and had to wait until they could earn or borrow it; some never made it. In New York City the greatest concentration of refugees is on the upper West Side, between Central Park West and Riverside Drive, and in the Washington Heights and Jackson Heights areas. A few families who came over when money and belongings could still be brought out have their own quarters, but there are not many of these. People who, abroad, had homes or large apartments are reduced to the most wretched existence. If they are lucky they live in cramped quarters with relatives or friends. If not, they find accommodations they can afford, the cheapest. A whole family, parents and children, live in one furnished room; often three or four single persons will share one room.

It was to make refugees like these feel at home in a strange city in a strange land that the Greater New York Federation of Churches last spring opened Friendship House at 1010 Park Avenue. In the first five months of its existence

twenty-three hundred refugees paid seventy-nine hundred visits to Friendship House, which is staffed by émigrés under the direction of Mrs. Eva Sanderson Child. Asked how the refugees were encouraged to speak English, my staff guide said, "Oh, they are very anxious not to give offense. And since we are twenty nationalities here—well, they all must speak English. In fact, they are very anxious to."

Among refugees, it is *usual* to be separated, husband from wife, children from parents; it is *unusual* for a family to be together. In Brussels, for example, lived a Belgian newspaperman and his wife. A day or two before the German occupation the husband told his wife to pack and have the children ready to leave while he went first to the bank and then to get the car. He never came back. At nightfall of the second day the woman set out with the children and almost no money to walk to France, where she had relatives. Sleeping in fields, begging for food, they reached Paris, exhausted, to find the relatives gone, no one knew where.

Meanwhile the husband, on the street, is caught in a line of retreating British soldiers who say to him simply, "Fight!" He tries to explain; they give him a gun. A neighbor, picked up like himself the next day, tells him not to try to go home: "A bomb hit your house and blew everyone in it to bits." Evacuated to England with the British, the Belgian, suspected of being a spy with the armed forces, is interned. After all manner of proof of his innocence he is released, dazed by what he has been through. In London there are members of his family, but he dare not tell them the news.

In Paris his wife has obtained assistance and cables the relative in London, asking news of her husband. She has lost track of her children since an agency took them to be evacuated. The husband, desperate, goes to the family in London, tells his story, only to learn that wife and children are still alive. But they might as well be poles apart. The

children's grandfather is in America; he has been waiting for them to come.

III

The trouble with refugees, as you have doubtless heard, is that they don't want to leave New York. Some do, some do not, but the fact is, immigrants always tend to stay in the port of debarkation. Besides, there are many States that avoid any traffic with "furriners." A young émigré, a former professor of French literature, was explaining why he was opening doors instead of teaching. "I have two graduate degrees from Vienna," he said, "but even so, eighty-five per cent of the agencies will not accept my application or permit me to register. I am excluded from all Southern colleges." Then he added, "Of course if you are very famous that is often a different matter. Then they sometimes will take you anywhere."

Reluctance to leave New York usually comes down to the refugee's knowing nothing of America outside it. Say Montana or Michigan to him and his mind's eye sees redskins. It has been found necessary to run motion pictures of America showing the newcomers that people like themselves live in Idaho, New Mexico, and Nebraska; that they have schools, hospitals, churches, libraries—everything any European city has. What, after all, should a native of Prague or Breslau know about Fayetteville, Ark., or Urbana, Ill.?

Nevertheless, to-day refugees are re-discovering America. Lacking funds of his own, the refugee must go where a place can be found for him. Records of the National Refugee Service, which handles probably the largest volume of individual cases, show a steady increase in the number resettled. More than 3,540 persons were established in communities outside New York City in 1939, as against 1,256 in 1938 and 400 in 1937. In the first nine months of 1940, 4,098 were resettled. Fifty per cent of the 1,522 persons resettled in the first quarter

of this year were directed to 13 regional committees, through which they were distributed among 250 smaller communities.

To promote resettlement and help the newcomers over the first difficult weeks, the American Friends Service Committee and the American Committee for Christian Refugees have opened hostels and summer camps where refugees learn English, American history, and American ways of life. First to come to Scattergood, the Quaker Hostel near West Branch, Iowa, was a German mother with two small children. She had one Jewish parent and had married a Gentile who, under Nazi law, became a Jew by marriage. Given a choice between exile and divorce, the husband chose divorce, and the wife, stripped of her personal fortune, fled to America with the children.

At Brewster Academy in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, a volunteer staff of professors conducted a summer school at which refugee students prepared for entrance in our colleges in the fall of 1940. The campus was turned over to the Friends Service Committee for eight weeks. The work at these hostels and camps is done collectively by the forty or fifty refugees and the American staff members. As the refugees are placed in towns and cities they move out, others come in, and the Americanization process goes on.

Once the break is made, the refugee usually finds Americans eager to help him, and his hundreds of letters, like those below, constitute what the director of one agency calls the finest "stockholders' report" one could ask:

I am really happy that I made this decision. I have made more contacts and I dare say I am already more at home here than I have ever been in New York. . . .

I have a start and every day makes me more adapted to the language, to the American ways and customs, to the mentality of the American people. This makes me very happy and gets me a fine feeling of connection with the soil of this free, wonderful country.

Occasionally, even when he is successfully placed, the refugee stumbles

upon unexpected trouble. A young anti-fascist, a student at an Eastern college, wrote enthusiastically of his classmates' kindness until one morning a large swastika was discovered flying from the college flagpole. Very serious, his fellow-students called on the refugee. "Of course, Hans, we know you are not a Nazi. But after all—how come?" A refugee scholar, internationally known, was teaching at one college when he was assured he might have a post at a larger institution. He had only to go and be interviewed. To the first question, "You are of course a Jew?" the professor replied, "No, I am not." Whereupon, his questioner said apologetically, "Well, in that case, I'm afraid you would not be happy with us. You see around here if you are a German and not Jewish you are sure to be suspected of Nazi sympathies."

What do refugees do? They do everything and anything. It is a rare exile who can continue in his old occupation. Most of them take anything that offers. Women teachers turn nimble fingers to making hats; the Berlin manager of a chain of hosiery stores takes orders for stockings; a writer asks to do translations; the owner of a Swiss textile factory works for a refugee agency. In the downtown district a refugee sells fruit from office to office.

To most Americans any job is good enough for a refugee, and of necessity today it often must be. I asked Elsa what Georg was doing. Elsa is a gentle-spoken girl in her twenties who, after a short time as a Park Avenue governess, was given a job she had applied for at a private school. She teaches more subjects than anyone else, but she is too thankful to care. Georg was someone she knew in Vienna, a man of forty-two, but young-looking, son of a meat-packing family, the Austrian equivalent of Swift or Armour. "Georg," Elsa told me, "is better used to his job now. He is a butcher's helper, cleaning out the ice-boxes and the store. His salary is eighteen dollars a week and now he is joining

the union." Georg has a wife and children in London. How long will it take on eighteen dollars a week to save enough to bring them here?

The refugee, knowing nothing of prevailing wage scales, is often the victim of a thoughtless or chiseling employer. For example calls come regularly to Friendship House for a refugee singer or musician to entertain at a large party or a benefit on Mrs. So-and-So's estate. "Pay? Why, I thought they would be glad to come—for the refugee cause of course!" To that Mrs. Child has one stock reply: "You know, it's a strange thing, but refugees' stomachs have a way of getting empty, just as ours do." Shamed into it, the woman will offer ten or fifteen dollars. The refugee gladly takes it. But the fact that the ten or fifteen dollars will keep him from starving doesn't help him in the eyes of the non-refugee musician.

To one or the other of the many committees nearly all refugees must come sooner or later: some for loans with which to start in business; others for money on which to live. In June, 1940, the National Refugee Service had on its relief rolls 3,517 cases requiring financial assistance. Examination of the case load indicates that the larger the family unit and the older the head of the family, the fewer the resettlement opportunities and the longer the time the family must be supported.

The middle-aged professional man often presents a difficult problem. The more successful he was in Europe the more he feels entitled here to the special consideration he was accorded abroad. He fails to understand why he does not get it, and may even say so. Americans, unimpressed by his dozen or more testimonials and antagonized by his manner, fail also to see that his professional standing is about all the refugee has left intact in the world.

To become self-supporting, refugees generally have to be retrained for new occupations, and this again may constitute an insurmountable hurdle to the

older European, for whom every occupation has a definite prestige value.

Enforced change may bring about tragic consequences. A man of sixty, a structural engineer who had been called to all the capitals of Europe as a consultant on private and public buildings, was referred on his arrival in New York to Dr. James Hart, in charge of refugee work at the Society for Ethical Culture. "We could not do very much for him," Dr. Hart said. "All he could get was a job as a painter's laborer. He stood it for a while, and then we heard that he had committed suicide."

Charges that mass firings of "native" employees have been followed by mass hirings of refugees are untrue and have been proved so by repeated surveys. The writer, informed by a friend that all the Negro elevator operators in a New York department store had been fired and replaced by refugees, hurried to the store to find the old operators still on the job. Yet that story and others to the effect that customers had to carry German dictionaries along when shopping were spread by so many tongues that the heads of New York department stores were forced to publish public denials of dismissals in favor of refugees. Similar rumors in Shelton, Connecticut, a manufacturing town, were disproved by a State investigation.

As a matter of fact, shops and business houses are now discriminating *against* refugees. A young émigré, who has been here two years and speaks exceptionally well, told me that his accent, slight as it is, had cost him a job. Asked to explain, he said, "The job was promised me in correspondence I had with the firm, but yesterday when I went there they said, 'Oh, we did not know you spoke with an accent.'" It was not, he assured me, an exceptional case. "Employment agencies," he said, "will not register any but citizens and they want no new job applicants with foreign accents. But," he added, "I have registered for the army. For that at least I am eligible!"

An exiled physician, placed in a town

in upper New York State, discovered that in local stores a whispering campaign was being carried on against him. Luckily the man, through his own efforts and with the help of the committee that had placed him, was able to convince the townsfolk that he was not a Fifth Columnist. It is in fact to the interest of the refugees themselves that the church, college, community, or individual inquire into the antecedents and credentials of any refugee it contemplates employing. Every refugee agency has such data on file and will readily produce them. This is perhaps the best way to check those for whom the temptation to pass on a good story at the refugee's expense is too great to resist.

Émigré physicians have been under heaviest attack by people who know least about them. There are, according to Dr. David M. Edsall, honorary chairman of the National Committee for Resettlement of Foreign Physicians, some 2,544 European medical men who have come here since 1934. Of these more than 1,000 have been settled throughout the country and fewer than 1,500 remain to be resettled. Ignorance, as usual, has exaggerated their number, and restrictions existing in forty-four States have made it impossible for them to practice elsewhere than in the East, where they are least needed. The foreign physician, where he is allowed to practice, must pass his State board examination, and in taking it must compete with Americans who know the language which he is just learning, and who are fresh from medical school, whereas he may have graduated twenty years ago. He is also either living on a submarginal level, supported by charity, or working to support himself and his family while he prepares for the examination.

The National Committee exercises great care in resettling foreign physicians and, by working through local boards of leading medical men, is usually able to send émigrés whose medical training and personal qualities conform to the community's specific needs. An example

of successful resettlement is that of a gynecologist and obstetrician who passed his New York State board examinations and settled, with his wife, a trained masseuse, in an Eastern State. The community in which they settled comprised 600 people and had been without a doctor for three years. Typical of the warmth of the new doctor's reception was one man's turning over to him his house on the main road. Although he may not operate until he becomes a member of the county medical society, the refugee physician has been given the courtesy of the hospital in a nearby city and is rapidly becoming a leader of his own community.

Far from there being no room for refugee physicians in America, Dr. Edsall reports that:

There are at least 2,000 opportunities for practice of which American physicians have not availed themselves. That there is an urgent need for medical services in certain rural districts is evidenced by fifty-seven unsolicited requests for refugee physicians from thirty states in which such physicians cannot obtain licenses to practice.

IV

There has been so much emphasis on the refugee as a taker-away of jobs that we have failed to see him as a creator of jobs. Until recently it was a matter of conjecture whether immigrants to America would establish new industries, create new jobs, as they had in Great Britain, Australia, and Canada. Now a sample survey of 303 business enterprises founded by refugees in the United States shows that 2,000, or 75 per cent, of the 2,700 workers employed are Americans. This takes no account of the indirect employment furnished by the purchase of American machinery and materials. Annual production was \$10,000 or less in 22 of the enterprises, between \$10,000 and \$50,000 in 36, more than \$50,000 in 20, and over \$200,000 in 4. The plants are located in all parts of the country, many utilizing factories once abandoned.

Refugee enterprises get started in odd ways. A millionaire Czech, who was on

his way to the United States when Czechoslovakia fell to the Nazis, arrived in this country with one clock, which he had brought as a gift for the friend he came to visit. In Czechoslovakia this man had made a fortune in the processing of flax; as a hobby he had amassed a famous collection of clocks. Once the Nazis were in Prague, his entire capital consisted of the clock he had brought with him, a rare item valued at \$8,000. Realizing that sum on the clock, he went West, introduced a totally new method of treating flax, and now employs a number of Americans.

Refugees are employed in these new enterprises either because they know the market or can train American workers in the operation of machines, many of which have been built here on exclusive European patents. The proportion of refugees runs from zero to 2 in 18, 4 in 50, 5 in 80, 66 in 147, etc. Many of the products now manufactured here had formerly to be imported; other processes are completely new.

With each Fascist, Nazi, and Soviet conquest Europe and the Scandinavian peninsula have gradually become a vast prison from which there is only the barest chance of escape. In ports along the coast of France, Holland, Denmark, Spain thousands of men and women are trapped, their visas and passports useless. Into the office of the International Relief Association early in October came a young man, and as he reached for the sheaf of documents all refugees carry he explained, "My wife was in Bordeaux, all ready to leave for America, her visa and passports all were in order. Since the Germans are there her visa has expired and the consul at Bordeaux can do nothing for her. I myself can do nothing. Will you help me?" His story is already beginning to be an old one.

Anyone caught in conquered territory and known to be an anti-Nazi has only the choice of risking death to escape death. In the Flanders retreat Dr. Otto Neurath, exponent of visual education, known to Americans as the creator of the

tiny statistical symbols called *isotypes*, made a daring escape from the Hague, to which he had transferred his school and laboratory. Under cover of night, with four of his staff, he set out in a small boat to row across the English Channel. Midway they were picked up by a British destroyer patrol.

Meanwhile access to the United States via the Orient is still possible, and if it remains, as it is now, virtually the only avenue of escape, San Francisco, not New York, will become the main port of entry. Late in the summer it was estimated that an average of 500 persons a month might be expected at various West Coast ports. Developments in the Far East, however, threaten at this writing to cut off even this road to freedom.

Not persecution, but hatred of tyranny has driven new exiles to our shores. Illustrious names—Sigrid Undset, Jules Romains, Darius Milhaud, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Maurice Maeterlinck, André Maurois, Ignace Paderewski, Désiré Défeauw—are those of to-day's immigrants, to-morrow's citizens.

In every important respect, economically as well as culturally, the refugee represents Europe's loss and our gain. Only we shall be the losers if the poison of our enemies' propaganda makes us forget for one unthinking moment that the greatness of America lies in its diver-

sity, not in its uniformity. Dr. Eduard C. Lindeman, speaking at the dedication of the Wall of Fame, listing 600 distinguished Americans of foreign birth, at the New York World's Fair on September 22nd, said: "We are a mixed people. This is a primary fact that needs to be stressed these days when the weird doctrines of so-called racial purity have become the sources of national pride and arrogance. Our past record as a people is irrevocably associated with the fact that we are heterogeneous."

Indeed we should ourselves not be here had not someone, a hundred, two hundred, or three hundred years ago, sought asylum—for one reason or another—in America.

Alfred E. Smith, leading Catholic layman, summed up the case for the refugee when he wrote:

As our country has become older and wealthier, as bigotry and snobbishness have raised their ugly heads among us, we have tended to forget that this country was built up by immigrants who, in the vast majority of cases, came here to escape poverty, oppression, social restrictions, and lack of opportunity at home. The American who does not realize this has neither mental honesty nor a knowledge of our history. . . . Some of our patriotic societies continue to entertain strange notions of the exclusive uses to which the Almighty intended that this country, so long hidden from the rest of the world, should be put for the benefit of mankind.



THE MEXICAN RENAISSANCE

ITS RISE AND ECLIPSE

BY ANITA BRENNER

IT WAS a scandal, said the best people. Foreigners would think all Mexicans brown and barefoot, according to those pictures. And the proportions! Who, for instance, would want to marry one of the cow-eyed, shovel-footed creatures Rivera painted? Orozco—worse. Making hideous caricatures of well-known dowagers and lampooning their sacred beliefs! Moreover, where had anyone seen real artists in dirty overalls up on scaffolds like ordinary house-painters, hobnobbing with rabble? Wearing guns too, like the rest of the revolutionary scum. Otherwise the sons of the good families would have taken care of those monstrosities long since. Poor Mexico! Daubers desecrating our beautiful colonial buildings, hired by a government consisting of rowdy generals and shabby climbers. Naturally they would pick fellows who came out of the gutter, like themselves. A disgrace! Foreigners would think . . .

Such was the birth of the "Mexican Renaissance." In the eighteen years since the wild men of Mexican art first bombshelled the *gente culta* of the capital with their ideas, behavior, and pictures their work has become established as the first original and powerful modern art in America. The Metropolitan Museum in New York and all important museums and collections in the country possess some Mexican modern. Universities and other institutions have commissioned frescoes by these artists. Recently the

Museum of Modern Art in New York, which delights to honor established success, showed them colossally, with much banqueting and starched-shirt fanfare. And what is more significant, a good deal of modern Mexican has found its way, via prints and reproductions, into the homes of Americans who want beautiful things but cannot afford luxury prices. So the Mexican Renaissance has flowed into our culture, like Greek art into imperial Rome. The vogue for Mexico now goes all the way from Fifth Avenue hats to dime-store decorations. Like every other considerable product of Mexico, art has become an export commodity.

But alas, the Renaissance is in eclipse. Its leaders, scattered, are painting individually in much the same way as when they first kicked over the ivory tower. The younger men, of whom there were so many brilliantly promising, are either repeating the elders, superficially *ad nauseam* for the tourist market, or in retreat fussing with subtleties derived from Picasso, Miro, and other European moderns. And a good many are not painting at all any more. They have petty jobs, mostly in politics.

What happened? How was it that suddenly, it would seem, there appeared a vigorous modern art in a place so remote from the sophisticated industrial centers of the world, and that then, suddenly too, its immense creative drive receded and its style froze, the story be-

coming almost legend in less than two decades? The answers have little to do with theories of art and would not fit well into a Ph.D. thesis. The answers lie in what happened to the Mexican people and its governments in the revolutionary civil war of 1910-1920 and the fierce, though not so bloody, struggle since.

Mexican art has always been a sensitive indicator of that people's unofficial state of mind and history. With us, as in most industrial countries, pictures and figures have little meaning; print counts for much more. But in Mexico, where most of the population either cannot or does not read, images command attention, as in old societies such as Renaissance Italy. Most of the people are still "folk"—that is, they make many of the things they use, so that modeling, designing, and painting are almost anybody's accomplishment. Also both the old religions and Catholicism, which merged with them, put images forward prominently. So the visual arts are matter-of-course furnishings and the carriers of emotion, not, as with us, Art with a capital A in an unreal cubbyhole.

In 1910 a movement to reform the government, melt down the political and financial monopoly of the Diaz clique, broke bounds and swept the country. Unplanned, it became what Mexico now calls The Revolution, in the same tone as we refer to '76, except that it has not yet been folded away in history. Instead, it is the point of departure and the yardstick for everything, invoked as constantly as the Gospel in the Middle Ages, and interpreted as variously. You have to know what it was to get in focus what has happened since; but you cannot grasp it in terms of doctrine, for it followed none, was simply the sum of the people fighting in it, and the way they fought.

It was shaped as it grew. The privates, mostly peasants, had slipped away from haciendas where for generations they had been held in peonage debt. Some, perhaps following the boss or the boss's son, had come from smaller

ranches, maybe just for the hell of it, having heard that in this war one would get some land, a horse, other worldly goods, and there were also the women in the raided towns. Some were outlaws already, hiding in the mountains to escape the Diaz army draft. Some had graver reasons, like Villa, who had killed an *hacendado* because, it is said, the man had raped his sister. And some were free peasants whose lands, as in the case of Zapata, had been seized by the neighboring *hacendado*, with all due process of law as interpreted by the local judge.

Individuals became bands, bands became troops, troops became armies. Each whirled along, sucking up the foot-loose, the desperate, the dispossessed, and the suddenly hopeful of a good society—farmers, adventurers, students, lawyers, poets, artists. The chief was usually a small rancher, who had for years been bucking the big *hacendados* along with their allies: the crop-loan speculator, the judge, the mayor, and the priest. The little rancher's grievances were like those of the independent farmers versus the Southern planters in our Civil War. He wanted economic and political parity. The lawyers and students were his secretaries, ghost-writers, and teachers. The poets—with guitars—were the historians and troubadours.

The artists were generally staff officers and they did a number of things. Orozco, for instance, issued a cartoon newspaper from a printing press in a troop train. Goitia was official artist-attaché on the staff of Villa's General Angeles. His announced purpose was to record the grandeurs and tragedies of the people in this war; having stipulated when he joined that he would not go armed. Siqueiros, picked up by one band as a drummer-boy, became a junior officer, and made fiery speeches. Rivera, who was in Europe during most of the civil war, returned for a short while and was, he says, a strategist in a Zapatista band. All the others from twelve up were in the *bola*—as the revolution was commonly called—in one form or another; if not in

the army, then leading coups against academy heads and other authorities.

Inarticulately for the most part, except for a few long-worded manifestoes and many defiant songs, each troop waged revolution regionally, on its own initiative. It raided haciendas and towns, levied tribute, gathered up more soldiers and horses and guns. They were held together by rage against the Diaz dictatorship; by the perpetual melodramatic danger; by admiration and loyalty for the guerrilla chief; and by what each man got out of it as he went along. Yes, and by the dream of what Mexico would be when they won. For the majority the dream was a picture of a nice piece of land for everybody, with water on it, some fat strong animals, and a cheerful family playing in the sun. The professionals and artists wanted its equivalent: a place of their own, or the opportunity to make one. The Diaz dictatorship extended over culture too, which imposed the taste of the aristocracy, ignoring everything native and following the fashions of the wealthy French.

Make room—via democracy, via socialism, via guns and fire and blood, via anything, make room—this was the common denominator of the revolution, which rolled along until it included at least half the able-bodied population, men and women, and represented the feeling of nine out of ten. The Federal army melted away. Most of its soldiers went over to guerrilla chiefs. The boldest attracted smaller chiefs, who recognized them as generalissimos and brought along their boys. The armies formed on a personal basis, the platforms of the contenders consisting of their individual legends, mostly like Robin Hood's. Instead of raiding, the troops now occupied the points attacked. Some generals did this responsibly, holding looting and after-victory violence down. Cárdenas was one of these. But as a rule, since soldiers followed officers out of loyalty plus a gamble, the armies possessed the towns for immediate enrichment, enjoyment, with wild gaiety, in the spirit of be merry

for to-morrow you may die—or in five minutes, who knows?

Now as the armies increased in size and decreased in number, and the biggest objective—national power—was at issue, political maneuvering began to occupy the generals. In 1917 a Constitutional Convention was called, to draft a program on which, it was hoped, all the generals and generalissimos could agree. They didn't. But a Constitution was drawn up anyway, which blueprinted a liberal capitalist democracy, sketching in the most advanced legislation of any country in the world at the time. The idealistic lawyers had a field-day. They put their sincerest convictions and noblest dreams into whereases, and the proposals were mostly passed, with hearty cheers.

These documents give a much clearer sense of what the revolution was against than what it was for. It was first of all against foreign domination, which in various forms has weighed heavily on the Mexican people since the Conquest. It was against the Church, for the hierarchy had supported first the rule of the Spaniards and then the rule of their descendants, the absentee landlords and their allies. It was against monopoly of land, wealth, and politics. Since foreign domination had been exercised by Europeanized whites for European and American whites, it was against everything that such people were, and for repatriation and restoration of the submerged brown four-fifths.

Villa and his allies, dissenters from the Constitution, agreed in principle but not on division of power. So for another three years differences were fought out, and Carranza and Obregón, the Constitutionals, won. Weaker dissenters came in with their boys or were bought in. Some, as in the case of Zapata, who wanted land for all the peasants *now*, were killed. Reluctantly, the U. S. State Department recognized the Obregón regime. This meant, as it always does in Mexican politics, that arms could not be shipped across the border to other

revolutionists and the victorious Obregón party was confirmed in power.

The revolution was an army, the army was now the government. But despite the spacious offices, the seals, conferences, carbon copies, secretaries with portfolios, severe ushers and the rest of the administrative paraphernalia, the government was still the guerrilla army: an agglomeration of impassioned people, driven by all kinds of motives, and each man essentially a volunteer on his own. The generals, who were now enjoying the fruits of their boldness much as if power were a surrendered city, had nevertheless to pass good things along to their followers and make some efforts to spread the welfare through the nine-tenths of the population which had taken their side. They ruled by virtue of revolutionary prestige, which they had to demonstrate, as in older days military lords had to demonstrate piety. To maintain themselves the generals had to engage in revolutionary works, choosing from among the many projects urged by the intellectuals. Art was one of the chosen.

II

In 1920 the whole world had just emerged from its first monstrous blood bath. Europe was trying to rebuild, shattered people were trying to make some sense out of what they had lived through. American and European writers were trying to find the words, the forms, to say what everybody felt: *this must not happen again*. The same impulse drove the same kind of men in Mexico to paint, and in both cases a strong new art arose, but that was not the point. Both writers and artists were using an art to tell as many people as possible that now things must be different. The writers of America and Europe were, however, bitter, sad, and angry, while the painters of Mexico were full of exaltation. Their war had been a revolution. They felt close to the other revolutions, particularly to the Russian, sharing more than hope—a certainty that henceforth nothing would be as it was before.

It was like a sharp fresh morning. The sun beat down on the beginnings of a new world, which would be free, dignified, busy, in which human gifts would unfold. The wants and dreams of the submerged majority would now be projected into real frijoles, watered little farms, homes, schools, well-fed children, long days of peace, with music and beauty. There was a happy image of Mexico in every mind—except in the mind of the aristocracy. These images became the pictures of the Mexican Renaissance.

It is generally taken for granted that the Italian Renaissance came alive at the time when, beginning with Giotto, its painters disregarded iconography and painted the people they knew, themselves, as the personages in Christian chronicles. They thus united their life and times with its longings, expressing the two simultaneously, for the purpose of popularizing doctrine. The combination, characteristic of most of the great ancient arts, appeared first in Europe with the Renaissance, but did not recur in the modern world until it was suddenly rediscovered in Mexico.

Like the revolution which produced it, modern Mexican art took shape in action. The Department of Education was willing, with some coaxing, to recognize art by way of commissions and contracts. There were no strings attached, no committees or officials to say what should be put in or left out, or how. There were a good many artists but only one, Diego Rivera, was already known as a "maestro." Many were experienced painters, but none, not even Rivera, had done any work that forecast or resembled what came out of the general collaboration. As it turned out, the most fruitful contributors were Rivera, Orozco, Siqueiros, and Charlot.

Rivera, who had recently returned from Europe, was taken for granted as the head of the "movement." Maybe that is why it was so promptly called a "Renaissance," for he was already like a man from the pages of Vasari: a large,

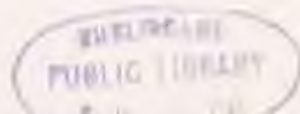
smiling, artistic outlaw with a manner of inner preoccupation, like a woman with child. He could have been a seventeenth-century Italian without altering one undisciplined hair, and his conversation—straight Cellini, with the odds on Rivera. He drew charmed followers like an Athenian teacher, and indeed to teach is natural with him: he has a drive to think through and explain and expound. Directly or indirectly, every mural painter in America has felt his influence. He had done Impressionist landscapes, then Cubist abstractions. When he returned to his country he fell in love with it. In contrast to post-war, tired, confused Paris, the savage Mexican landscape, the sweet-faced people aroused a sense of tenderness and courage which he released in an avalanche of sketches, water colors, and drawings, pure in line like Picasso's. In Paris Rivera had known many Russian revolutionaries, was married to a Russian, and was himself a warm sympathizer of the October '17 revolution. He returned to Mexico carrying the belief that only socialism would free humanity, and that he must advance the process personally and in his work.

Orozco was known at the time as a caricaturist, a Daumier, lampooner of the rich, the pompous, and the Church. He looked physically dangerous, eyes smoldering light behind thick-lensed glasses; left arm (from which he had lost the hand) wedged in his coat-pocket like a concealed weapon. He was an angry man, even to his smile, ferocious yet full of pain. Light-skinned, light-haired, big-boned, clearly of Spanish ancestry, he shrugged his shoulders at all "this Indian nonsense" and burlesqued sentimentality as savagely as Goya. He had made a series of paintings of Mexico's women-for-sale, angry and touching works that got him violently insulted when they were exhibited in a bookstore. He had been out of Mexico only once on a trip to California. On this occasion the U. S. Customs held up his pictures and destroyed many of them. Having been in

the *bola*, Orozco was keyed up with its experiences and mad to paint. Temperamentally he was more the "man of the Mexican revolution" than any of the rest; manifestoes were just words to him, programs and doctrines were peas in the old shell-game, and what people were and people got was the only reality.

Siqueiros, who had been given a job in the diplomatic corps by a general and sent abroad to study art, had evolved a theory. In 1919 he issued a "call" to the artists of America through a magazine which he published in Spain and which, characteristically, began and ended with Number One. There he wrote that all the great arts of the past had gone hand in hand with great building, and that modern architecture, cradled in America, was a signal to leave the easels and return to the walls. Furthermore, he insisted that American painters must stop looking at the same old Greek and European masterpieces and study the ancient arts of America, wherein they would find a point of departure for a modern American art, just as the Europeans had found it in Greece and elsewhere.

Charlot, independently, had come to somewhat similar conclusions. In France he had done some murals in fresco for churches. He came to Mexico after the war, having been an artillery officer in the French army and sick to death of confusion and slaughter. He looked like a divinity student, slight, pale, contemplative, though his military years were written in the squared precision of his posture and walk. And more subtly, in his face; he examined a picture like a man considering a trigonometry problem, figuring the range of his gun. His combination of scholarliness, technical sophistication, and religious mysticism might seem to fit strangely with the others; but aside from the fact that his family was partly Mexican, there was another bond. He was deeply sympathetic to the anti-capitalist views of such Catholics as Maritain. In the Mexican people, the peasants, he felt he had found a Christian world like Francis of Assisi's.



Besides these four there were many others of varying talent but all of them stirred by the feeling of the revolution—wipe out the past—to make a powerful native art. They were Carlos Merida, a Guatemalan who had lived and worked with Van Dongen and Modigliani in Paris; Carlos Orozco Romero, a gifted portrait painter; Rufino Tamayo; Xavier Guerrero, with the body and mask of an Aztec idol; Roberto Montenegro, an elegant decorator; Fernando Leal, Rodriguez Lozano, *Beaux Arts* sophisticates; Dr. Atl, Impressionist, agitator, and wizard, he said, who called himself the brother of Popocatepetl; Miguel Covarrubias; Marcos Anaya, art student and master plasterer; Maximo Pacheco, plasterer's assistant, who found he knew how to paint; Amado de la Cueva, stormy Bohemian; and many more, including two women, Carmen Fonserrada and Nahui Olin, febrile daughter of a general, with a Lilith face. And Goitia the hermit who, however, stayed alone in the yard of his hut near the edge of the city, sleeping on sheepskins and seeing virtually nobody, engrossed in his job—mission, he felt—of making the revolution forever real in pictures.

They were brought together by much the same process that snowballed the revolutionary army. They agreed on what they were against: the old, the imitation-European, the mediocre, the precious. They had the same impulse as the army—make room. And they had to fight all the influences of convention to get room and hold it. They disdained easel pictures as a form of luxury art and a vehicle for prima donnas. Art should be heroic, public, intelligible, it should derive from the people, it should serve them. Picasso was a wonderful technician, but his discoveries should be incorporated unpretentiously to make beauty accessible to all. Obviously, it seemed to them, the only art worth both-ering with should be murals, in public buildings, dealing with simple themes. They asked the Department of Education for mural contracts, and agreed on prices

per square meter which gave them wages about equivalent to a master plasterer's. Then they set up scaffolds, climbed into overalls, organized themselves into a guild, and attacked the walls.

III

Thus began the revival of mural painting which is now the backbone of pictorial art in our country too. At that time murals were a vestigial art, draped ladies symbolizing Justice, or whatever, in pastel tints for courthouses, high-school auditoriums, and such. The Mexicans started off somewhat in that vein (though not in pastels) with themes like Man and the Universe picked out with muscled nudes and symbolic females. They tried several technics—encaustic, and varieties of fresco, going back to Renaissance manuals for directions. But they were unable to identify some of the materials mentioned. Then they discovered that almost any wall painter in Mexico knew how to do fresco, and used it often in saloon and shop decorations or just on house walls. The technic has been handed down, maybe from ancient days (the Aztecs and Mayas used it) reinforced by Renaissance knowledge brought by the Spanish missionaries.

At about the time they discovered this they also began to use the people about them for models. The red-earth peasant skin and Indian body proportions—massive head, wide shoulders, delicate hands and feet—dominated the new pictures. Like the Italians, they studied antique sculptures for proportion, but Aztec and Maya instead of Greek. The architectural weightiness of these ancient works became the foundation of their style. It merged very well with Cubism, which had also gone back to the ancients, and with the early Renaissance murals which they studied most seriously. Their color now departed from European taste, and the dense earth tones of pre-Spanish murals reappeared in familiar combinations. In the process

of discovering new forms and new technics the trite philosophic subject-matter was sloughed off too. First the Mexican body, then the Mexican's life, became the model.

Rivera began to unroll in the Department of Education a poetic panorama of native Mexico. He pictured mines, smelters, factories, and peasants crowding in to get land. His mood in these panels was almost religious, like a hymn with counterpoint of grief and indignation. Orozco was painting in the National Preparatory School, lampooning the old aristocracy in scenes such as "The Rich in Hell" and "The Garbage Dump of History." He scorched the new élite when he portrayed the czar of labor, Luis Morones, as a racketeer; a couple of fat and wealthy demagogues were shown carousing with whores. But in other panels he showed a strong religious note too—magnificent colonial friars embracing the sick and the poor. Charlot had taken as his theme a line of Conquest history: "And the slaughter was so great that the stones cried out." In the same building Siqueiros was painting a "Burial of the Worker," in memory of Felipe Carrillo Puerto, radical governor of Yucatan, who had recently been murdered.

Such painting, and above all the place of honor given to the dark-skinned common man in all the murals, outraged all the people who had in the old days interested themselves in art. The newspapers screamed anathema, the critics wrote and lectured with learned spite, the battle spread from among the élite and the intelligentsia and became a political question. Officials remonstrated. Reporters swarmed. Words now failed the opposition. They tried vitriol, rocks, and knives. The painters gaily organized their defenses. Rally signals brought them on the run to the riot center—usually Rivera—and some very effective teamwork went on. Some of them now wore guns, prominently displayed, some of them swaggered, and they all went about their business smiling

and exhilarated. Then there was a major riot. A gang of students attacked the frescoes. The whole Preparatory School was in an uproar.

The President suspended the Renaissance. A poster in the form of an open letter to the President appeared on the streets, signed by foreigners—artists, writers, editors, etc., protesting "in the name of art, which is not national but universal," and saying that Mexico would disgrace herself forever if she sacrificed her art to hoodlums. What would foreigners think? A potent argument—for the semi-colonial status of their country has made Mexicans hypersensitive on this point. The President was convinced, the painters went back to work, and mass vandalism ceased. Private enterprise continued to scratch and gouge when artists weren't looking.

Nevertheless, this episode, about two years after the first scaffolds went up, was a sign of storms ahead and changing political weather. The artists were moving Left, but the government was moving Right. At first informally, then in an organized way, the artists had been coming in contact with restless revolutionaries from the unions and villages, and many young people for whom The Revolution had so far not made room. There was impatience in the country and the painters were its voice, a loud voice, setting the tone for the intellectuals—lawyers, doctors, writers, teachers, many government employees, a horde of students. Their ideas were a heated lyric mixture of patriotism, humanitarianism, Jacobinism, and Communism, stirred in the experience of the Mexican struggle, and increased by the Russian revolution's glories as described in books and by visiting Cominternists.

But the artists were really tough about it. They were active. Their organization, the "Revolutionary Syndicate of Painters, Sculptors, and Intellectual Workers," had been putting out a poster-newspaper. It was called *El Machete* and was regularly pasted up on street-corners. It was a graphic master-

piece of agitation: mostly drawings in bold black and red with big-type paragraphs calling for land for all peasants, higher wages for labor, and schools; and attacking many an official person and act. This paper afterward became the official Communist organ and its first editors the nucleus of the Communist Party's central committee.

Meanwhile the murals were drawing increasing numbers of sandal-footed peasants and denimed laborers, stepping softly, eyeing the pictures, discussing details, criticizing, asking questions, explaining things to their children. Their world was being described and interpreted—what had been, what was, what should be. It was the first time political and social ideas had been put before them. The first time they were made aware of their own story. Nothing like it had ever been seen in Mexico. Nothing like it had ever been seen anywhere.

The government, that is the generals and their councillors, were in a mixed state of mind about all this. Some of them thought the boys were just having their fun, and why not? Some admired the ideas, but not the pictures. (Who'd want to marry such women?) Some said, oratorically, that this art was the glory of Mexico and showed the world what a progressive revolutionary government could do. A few really liked the pictures and wanted more. The shrewdest though, Calles especially, were uneasy. By now they were acquainted with the perennial dilemmas of Mexican politics and were learning to dodge issues, smoothly with a flourish, like a matador with a bull.

They were getting rich, yet at the same time they were titular heads of The Revolution. That was dilemma Number One. A great many promises had been made—most crucially, "The land belongs to him who works it." But to carry that one out meant slashing into existing property rights on a large scale. They had done a little nibbling, for themselves and some of their followers. But to distribute all of it—what would hap-

pen to their own? Besides, Washington looked with the coldest possible eye on such notions. And since Mexican governments are often made, or at least unmade, in the United States, it was quite a risk. That was dilemma Number Two. Other basic reforms such as labor laws presented the same choices. But they were in power by virtue of The Revolution, and the people who had swept them to the top could also sweep them away again; many governments had gone in that manner.

These dilemmas are the key to many things that look paradoxical viewed from the United States. They boil down, in action, to a little revolution and a lot of agitation, and then suddenly a lot of revolution and much less talk; and then again the same cycle. In the Calles period the right hand of the generals was accumulating wealth, the left was fighting the Church. A strong political machine was being built, via patronage, suppression, and intense radical propaganda. The Department of Education was the front line of a constant campaign—against the landowners and the Church especially. A spectacular struggle went on for years, in which many hundreds of young schoolteachers, arriving as "rural missionaries" to start village schools, were killed, after torture, by gangs whose banners said Christ is King. Government money was being poured into everything that might do good without doing the generals harm: schools, roads, dams, credit institutions, co-operatives.

But four out of five Mexicans are peasants, and though the country had received some benefit, their poverty was still with them. They were beginning to mutter and many of them still had guns. Quietly Calles began to plug up The Revolution. He tried to freeze land tenure by slowing up seizures, both official and extra-official. At the same time of course he sent soldiers to separate the peasants from their guns. Small battles between Federal men and *agrarias* became daily items of news. Smoothly,

Luis Morones, as chief of the National Federation of Labor and Labor Minister, tabled wage-raise and other disputes. Busily the National Revolutionary Party pulled into itself as many of the active agitators and organizers as would listen to deals. Those who didn't mostly died. Not, as in the Diaz days, "while attempting to escape," but merely "in a brawl." The oil and mining people breathed more freely, diplomatic relations between the U. S. government and Calles became more mellow. After all, what Mexico needed was a Strong Man, and so on. A row of mansions inhabited by the new military tycoons sprang up in fashionable Cuernavaca. It was nicknamed Ali Baba Street. The Revolution, as President Cárdenas once remarked to this writer, "was in a swamp."

IV

So went the Renaissance too. The axe fell first on Orozco. Though not personally active in politics, he had painted résumés of current society and politics that flattered nobody in power. He had put down in a public place what the majority of the people were thinking. He was stopped halfway through the National Preparatory School murals and went to work as a cartoonist for an opposition satiric weekly. Later, through the intercession of the Rector of the University, Dr. Alfonso Pruneda, whom this writer convinced that foreign opinion would consider the truncated work a blot on the name of Mexico—and so on—he was allowed to finish. He then painted the magnificent "Scenes of the Revolution" which are now familiar to artists everywhere.

Rivera was an active Communist leader but his contracts were not stopped. He was by now individually very famous, many foreign visitors came to see him work, and invitations and contracts were beginning to come from the U. S., ironically from the biggest financiers. He was practically a national institution. Not even a President would quite dare to

interfere with him. There he sat like a buddha, high on a splintery scaffold, with a watchful audience below. The large posterior, the bland brooding face, the gun in its holster, the bold affable conversation, and the almost mechanical rhythm of his work, going on all day and often all night, were an imposing spectacle. There was now an undertone of bitterness in his work. It came to the surface much later in a contemptuous portrayal of the régime painted on the main wall of the National Palace. By this time he looked upon both the Mexican and Russian régimes as counter-revolutionary, and was being widely attacked in the Communist press.

Commissions for murals began to dwindle and disappear. But, since appearances must be preserved, artists were given teaching jobs or government posts with small stipends. Because there are no fellowships and no demand for art in private industry, culture has for many generations been looked upon as a government responsibility. Writers (and opposition politicians) are put in the diplomatic service; artists, providing they can fish up official friends, get little jobs, usually in the Department of Education. But the era of paint what you please, boys, was definitely over five years after it began. Frescoes were painted, which were carefully pleasant glorifications of Mexico in the style of the older men, prettified.

Siqueiros had left unfinished his "Burial of a Worker." He now spent most of his energy as an agitator and organizer, painting only sporadically—when in jail, on probation, or when he needed money and had no other way to get it. His politics led him deeper and deeper into the life of an international adventurer, yielding to Third International orders, and with him went a group of younger painters, his admirers and pupils. Xavier Guerrero went to Russia and nobody in Mexico knows for certain what has become of him. Siqueiros went to Spain, then back to Mexico, on Party business. His brilliant mind became a tool, until at

last the degenerate Third International assigned him and his "boys" to unspeakable jobs. He is now in jail, accused of having directed the machine-gunning of Trotsky's house and the murder of Sheldon Harte, his American secretary.

In 1932 General Lázaro Cárdenas became President of Mexico and shortly afterward ousted and wrecked the Calles machine, which had put him in power. Still more astonishingly, he took his campaign promises—The Revolution—seriously. With the advice of a lot of bright young men, mostly economists, he distributed the big estates among the peasants, and there now began civil war again, but without bullets. The political and cultural atmosphere was strangely like that of the early twenties; except that now there was a league or some kind of organized apparatus for everything. Demagogy had become the indispensable left hand of Mexican politics. Cárdenas went ahead sincerely enough, and the things he did will leave him a place in Mexican history comparable to that of Juárez. But the demagogy was there and pictures were its necessary ingredient, as in all advertising.

The Department of Education, which controls most of the government's art jobs, strenuously handed out many fresco, poster, book, and magazine commissions. But unfortunately here—by inheritance, maneuver, and trading, the Communist Party was supreme. Artists were eligible to paint, therefore, according to their orthodoxy. This method of selection worked even worse than our own chaos, for it systematically destroyed even the wish to be honest.

It was a false dawn. The work done was mediocre; mostly a whooped-up imitation of the earlier murals. The best men were out of it, each off by himself on his little art island. Foreigners who came looking for the famed "Renaissance" found a curiously deflated one—except those who looked through the proper political spectacles. Orozco went off to Guadalajara, where the governor gave him a contract to paint in the state

university; and here he began an angry portrayal of "Humanity Now." Rivera sat in his Coyoacan studio, turning out pictures that were sold as fast as they were painted. He was always surrounded by an odd audience—a few intense young people and many twittering ladies. There were rifles stacked in the studio corner, and as it turned out, the Communist attacks on him were not purely verbal. Some of the other serious painters were gone to New York. Some had hack jobs in the Department of Press and Propaganda. Some made Christmas cards for the tourist market. And even the promising youngsters who quite sincerely believed what they were supposed to believe, or seemed to, somehow missed the boat in their work. Perhaps because it was political line that counted; perhaps because at bottom they, like advertising artists, were not really sold on the goods they were peddling.

Sic transit, maybe only temporarily. There are as many good artists available, surely, as before. More. Meanwhile the Mexican moderns have taught this generation of artists in the Americas how to get out of the garret. They have re-established murals as an important part of building and decoration. They have re-emphasized painting as a means of communication. In our country many artists who take the Mexicans as their teachers, and who know their story only superficially, believe that they found the magic formula for Renaissance in government patronage; and that by this method, the "American Renaissance" can come out from around its perpetual corner. But obviously that is only half the point. A market is certainly indispensable, but the crucial thing, the thing that released artistic power in Mexico, was conviction plus freedom along with a livelihood. It was only during the brief period when the Mexican moderns had all three that there was a "Renaissance." And since it is the only powerful modern art produced in the world in this generation, let artists—and not only artists—ponder the combination.



THE BIOGRAPHY OF A WOLF-CHILD

BY ARNOLD GESELL, M.D.

DURING the nineteen-twenties there came to this country strange reports concerning two wolf-children captured in India. In 1927 I addressed a letter of inquiry to the Reverend J. A. L. Singh, at Midnapore. His reply confirmed my impression that these reports had a firm basis in actuality. The Rector of the Orphanage of Midnapore was in fact keeping a diary of his observations. One of the wolf-children had died in infancy; the other, Kamala, was still under his care.

I have been privileged to examine this diary in manuscript, through the courtesy of Professor Robert M. Zingg of the University of Denver, who is preparing the diary for publication and has supplemented it with an exhaustive analysis of the extensive literature on feral man. Professor Zingg has carefully checked the essential authenticity of the Reverend Mr. Singh's account.

The diary strikes me as being a remarkable human document. In spite of omissions and a few inconsistencies, it bears internal evidence of sincerity and veracity. Its pages tell in unsophisticated detail what the Reverend Singh and Mrs. Singh did to reëducate the wolf-girl called Kamala. Her unique life history, as I reconstruct and construe it, gives ground for new faith in the stamina of human nature and the potentialities of human growth.

The story of Kamala is the most singular and perhaps the most remarkable which has ever been told of any

human child. Only in mythology can we find stories more strange and incredible. Like Romulus, Kamala was suckled and reared by a wolf; but Romulus is a legend, whereas Kamala was a child of the flesh, of whom we have photographic and documentary evidence. She lived to the estimated age of seventeen years; and of the last nine of these years we have detailed diary accounts.

The story is remarkable but it is far from complete. Of Kamala's early infancy we know nothing; we do not even know when she was captured by her wolf foster-mother, nor do we know how she made and matured her adjustments to life in a wolf den. But we do know that she accomplished these adjustments to an astounding degree. In equally notable measure she readapted herself to the human society of the Orphanage of Midnapore.

The known and the unknown about Kamala are like the surviving and missing fragments of what was once a living unit; like the intact and absent pieces of an urn unearthed by an archaeologist. He laments what is beyond recall, yet from the relics he is able to restore in outline the configuration of the original.

It will be our task to reconstruct the whole life story of Kamala from the evidence in hand. To do this we shall have to summon imagination and even invent a few conjectures. But our objective is truth rather than fiction; we shall nowhere trifle with the truth. To make our story biographic we shall draw

a picture of the manner of life which Kamala may have led as an infant and as a young child before she was rescued from the wolf den.

This task of biographic reconstruction is poignantly challenging. There is a deep pathos in the career of Kamala. The pathos comes from the fact that we are dealing with a potentially normal child, who in spite of extremely abnormal isolation retained to the end distinguishing marks of normality. Kamala was subjected in turn to three great crises. She was bereft of human care when she was carried to a den of wolves; she was bereft of the hard-won securities of her wolf life when she was "rescued" by hunters who shot her foster mother, Kamala almost starving in the transition; finally she was pitifully bereft of the security of reminiscent kinship and companionship when her younger wolf-child sister Amala so early died.

Yet Kamala survived these three tragic, cumulative strokes of fate. To an almost superhuman degree she survived psychologically and achieved human estate. In this paradox of feral and human lies the riddle of her existence.

The village of Godamuri, in India, lies some seventy miles south and west of Calcutta in that luxuriant belt which stretches westward along the latitude of Bombay. In one of the mud and thatched huts of Godamuri a dark-skinned Hindoo mother, perhaps from the primitive tribe of Kora, gave birth to a daughter in the spring of the year 1912.

Kamala was to be her name; but she did not come by it until she was eight years old. We do not know what her mother called her.

One afternoon when the baby was about six months old her mother went out to the fields. Having other business in mind, she laid her daughter prone in the stubble. As dusk crept over the fields, out of a great white-ant mound in the distance stalked a she-wolf. She sniffed the air searchingly and presently found the baby in the stubble.

It was a mother-wolf; her teats were gorged, her eyes were preternaturally mild. She sniffed to test, she inspected, she sniffed in confirmation. She opened her jaws to an astounding but not a threatening width. For with great gentleness she closed them softly and amply, like prehensile forceps, about the nape of the infant's neck.

And forceps they were. A wolf has no arms in which to carry a child. But a she-wolf, whose whole being is warmed by the chemistry of maternal hormones, can be deft and gentle as a woman.

Slowly she ambled back to the great white mound from which she had emerged. It was now dark, but she knew her way unerringly. Gently she deposited her newfound cub among her other cubs.

II

There now were five cubs in the den if we count the man-cub. There were two or three adult wolves. Seven tunnels which led into the den allowed stray shafts of light to find a way to the dark interior. The white ants who had built this huge mound over ten feet high were no longer in possession. The low vaulted roof, the walls, the floor were earth. Furniture there was none. None was needed. These simple arrangements sufficed to make a home. They furnished a shelter to the foster infant for seven years. From the wolf's point of view it was a decent shelter. The floor was clean, there was no refuse, no garbage, no excrement.

Again speaking wolf-wise, no essentials were lacking. Light? A wolf has specialized optical facilities to see by night as well as by day; and what he cannot see he can smell, the olfactory lobes of his brain being magnificently equipped. Heat? He is his own stove; and in the den's snugness of companionship he warms others and is by others warmed. Food? He is his own provider; in the field, fowl; in the forest, the black buck; in the village, goats. When there is no fresh kill, carrion will do.

But beyond and beneath such brute essentials, there is among wolves a scheme of living designed to perpetuate the species. A complex system of behavior ways has been transmitted from generation to generation since immemorial time. Wolves have a kind of culture. They have much to teach their young.

So the cubs in the den had much to learn. The strange new waif-cub also had much to learn. And what *she* had to learn we can only appreciate if we examine the manners and customs of a wolverine culture. She had no difficulty even at the tender age of six months in finding the udders which nourished her with milk which, being mammalian, was chemically very like the milk to which she was previously accustomed. She already had good control of the movements and postures of her head, and she was just learning to crawl on her stomach. She was more than able to hold her own in the competition for milk supply.

Of course the wolf cubs by this time were much more agile, thanks to the inherited brevity of their infancy. They were trotting and tumbling about the den. But in another fortnight or so Kamala had advanced (in spite of her humanly prolonged immaturity) to a creeping stance. She raised her trunk above the ground, resting weight on hands and knees. Still later she supported herself on hands and feet in true plantigrade manner. All of this came about as we say naturally, which means that it came largely from inborn impulse. Her nervous system was maturing. Even if she had been reared in a carpeted home she would have been creeping about at one year of age like a veritable quadruped. And soon she would have walked on two feet.

As it was she permanently adopted the quadrupedal method of locomotion in which she became an expert. It would have been awkward, if not impossible, in the confines of the den, to assume upright, bipedal walking. Besides, the

all-fours method sufficed. It gave her freedom to move about in the den; and by this time her dark-adapted vision, her sense of smell, and her memories of location always brought her back to her mother when occasion demanded.

Under all the circumstances—and we must now be deliberately philosophical in appraising these circumstances—the all-fours locomotion proved to be the most appropriate and effective for Kamala. It became so swift that it would have been hard to overtake her in the open fields, which she traversed with smooth, rhythmic jerks, with an alternating rising of rump and head. Her head was amazingly erect; her shoulders became broad and powerful; her thighs extended at an obtuse angle; her toes and hands spread.

For this specialized plantigrade skill Kamala of course paid a price, at least temporarily. Her hands served as paws, rather than as a flexible system of sensitive levers for manipulating and exploiting physical objects. She employed her mouth instead of her hands for prehensile purposes. She used her hands to pinion, her head to poke and pry. And when she was weaned to solids she seized her food by mouth. What water she drank, she lapped, "as a dog lappeth." In terms of wolf-culture, this was all very "natural."

It was also natural for Kamala to conform to the impress of this culture. Her ego and her physique were too young to develop an independence bold enough to defy the pack. In the very "nature of things" she had to conform or die. Inevitably she acquired wolf ways. But by no stretch of the imagination can we say that she became a wolf-creature. She must be envisaged as a human infant who was confronted with a monstrously exceptional situation, and who solved it within her capacities as a human being. The werewolf along with the whole concept of lycanthropy belongs to mythology and superstition.

Wolves are social animals. They keep in touch with one another through

varied forms of communication. Their young can grow up only by looking and listening. Kamala also looked and listened. She began to troop along when at night the big wolves went on short expeditions. She imitated when she could. She "learned" to have her bowel movements outside the den and she even rubbed her haunches over the ground for cleanliness. She growled and bared her teeth defensively when she was molested while eating. She took the offensive with the wolves when they chased the vultures from coveted carrion.

Some of her adjustments to the life of the den were at a physiological level. She developed not only a tolerance for raw meat but a passion for it and for carrion as well. The biochemistry of her retina was probably modified to increase vision in darkness and dim light. Her temperature controls became highly educated so that she was not unduly affected by heat or cold. She perspired scarcely at all; she tended to pant and to extrude her tongue in the sun. Her skin was extraordinarily clean, free from oil, smooth and soft, but she had great callosities at knees, elbows, soles, and palms to meet the rigors of quadrupedal locomotion. Her coiffure was a great awkward ball of matted hair.

She had no fear of the dark. If anything, she came to fear brightness and fire, for on occasion she noticed how her elders avoided them. Moreover, her eyes were not adapted to sunlight vision. Did she perhaps have a peculiar satisfaction in the vast redness of sunset, because this so often ushered in the pleasures of foray and food? She must have enjoyed many so-called animal satisfactions, of bodily activity, of gamboling, of hunger appeased, of muscles exercised and rested. And the night was better than the day. During the day she dozed and idled in the den. The excitements came at night, and perhaps also a deep and mysterious sense of community with the pack.

This sense was yet more strangely stirred when Kamala was about seven

years old. For then, of all unpredictable wonders, what should happen? Kamala's wolf mother adopted another human cub. And again it was a girl—Kamala's foster-sister who was some day to be called Amala. Amala too was a tiny baby, but old enough to seek and secure sustenance as Kamala had done, and old enough to listen to sounds that had significance for the common life of the den and of the pack.

At three rather regular intervals throughout the night, at ten o'clock in the evening, and at one and three in the morning, the wolves would howl as though to announce their whereabouts to one another and to distant packs—a language cry, not an expression of rage or fear. Kamala and Amala both joined in this eerie cry.

It was a lesson they learned well; for later when they had been restored to a human abode in the Orphanage of Midnapore, they would howl as of yore, three times in the dead of night, at ten, at one, and at three. Kamala's cry was a peculiar one, "neither human nor animal." It began with a hoarse voice and ended with a thrilling, shrilling wail, loud, continuous, and piercing. It was one of her first and most important utterances, molded by the group life. It was her vocabulary.

III

"Ever since 1907 I was fired with a zeal to explore human habitations in the jungle area—a large tract of land in this district, covered with stately trees, bushes and creepers, innumerable, and thickly grown. A path for a cart could not be found. We had to cut our path for a bullock cart. We had no destination. We were open to the wide jungle area before us.

"It was not my area as jurisdiction of the parish of Midnapore. It was through an inspiration I was impelled to preach the Gospel to these people, in addition to the cares of the Midnapore parish."

Thus wrote the Reverend J. A. L.

Singh in the Introduction to his notable *Diary of the Wolf Children of Midnapore*. And thus the pastor and his small party came upon a village named Godamuri bordering on Mourvanj.

"We took shelter in a man's cowshed in the village. The man's name was Chunarem and he was Kora by race (one of the aboriginal tribes in India). At night he came to us and reported in great fear about a Man-Ghost in the jungle close by. The *Manush-Bagha* (Man-Ghost) was like a man in his limbs with a hideous head of a ghost. On inquiry, he told me that it could be seen at dusk. The spot he cited was about seven miles from the village. He and his wife begged me to rid the place of it as they were mortally frightened of it.

"The same Saturday, October 9, 1920, evening, long before dusk, at about 4:30 or 5:00 P.M., we stealthily boarded the *Machan* (a high platform from which to shoot wild animals) and anxiously waited for an hour or so. When all of a sudden, a grown-up wolf came out from one of the holes, which was very smooth on account of their constant egress and ingress. This animal was followed by another one of the same size and kind. The second one was followed by a third, closely followed by two cubs, one after the other. The holes did not permit two together.

"Close after the cubs came the ghost—a hideous-looking being—hand, foot, and body like a human being, but the head was a big ball of something covering the shoulders and the upper portion of the bust, leaving only a sharp contour of the face visible, and it was human. Close at its heels came another awful creature exactly like the first, but smaller in size. Their eyes were bright and piercing, unlike human eyes. I at once came to the conclusion that these were human beings.

"The first 'ghost' appeared on the ground up to its bust, and placing its elbows on the edge of the hole, looked this side and that side, jumped out. It looked all round the place from the mouth of the hole before it leaped out to

follow the cubs. It was followed by another tiny 'ghost' of the same kind, behaving in the same manner."

These two "ghosts" were Kamala and Amala.

On a Sunday morning several days later arrangements were made to dig into the den. Two grown wolves emerged and fled for their lives. The third—it was the mother-wolf—stood her ground, gnashed her teeth with ferocity. In the confusion (for it had not been so planned) "the men pierced her through with arrows and she fell dead."

Kamala and Amala now were orphans indeed, and it was meet that they should be brought within the mercy of a missionary orphanage. But before this could happen they had to pass through an ordeal which almost cost them their lives.

Capture was gently effected. Kamala and Amala were put in a corner of a courtyard in a little area eight feet square, barricaded by slender poles. Two earthen pots for rice and water were placed inside. Chunarem agreed to care for the children until the pastor's return a week later.

But Chunarem was only human. He fell victim to a mass panic which seized him, his family, and his neighbors. Poor Amala and Kamala almost starved. The pastor found them "lying in their own mess panting through hunger, thirst, and fright." They opened their mouths. He poured in water and they drank. He made a wick of handkerchief soaked in raw milk and they suckled. He nursed them for a few days, and placed them in a bullock's cart. A jolting journey of a week and they arrived on November 4, 1920, at the Orphanage of Midnapore.

The new environment into which Kamala was thrust was extremely complicated when compared with the accustomed den. We must not overlook the difficulties of the novel surroundings, even though these were moderated at every turn by the humane spirit which pervaded the Orphanage at Midnapore.

Here Kamala was to live the nine remaining years of her bewildering life.

It was a commodious, airy, sunlit establishment, with a cluster of closely related buildings, including a dormitory, dining room, laundry, and schoolroom, a courtyard, many nooks and corners, pavements, paths, windows, doors, pan-kahs, cupboards, a well, a swing, and surrounding all a compound of over three acres. Of course there were books, rugs, carpets, dishes, toys, beds, big chairs, small chairs, middle-sized chairs, and an infinite variety of utensils and gadgets, so conspicuously lacking in Kamala's previous abode. There was a hen house for the chickens, a shed for the cow, shelter for puppies, goats, kids, and cats; a cage for the hyena cub. The grove of mango trees, the garden, the hayfield, the stream and the thick clump of lantana bushes,—these must have seemed most "natural" of all to Kamala, particularly at night.

There were a score of children, most of whom walked upright, and made queer sounds with organs of speech, who laughed and scampered, and wore garments over the skin. These curious creatures in raiment must have seemed strange to Kamala's senses, in so far as there was any seeming at all.

There was a clock which guided and signalled the events of the day: the rising, the morning prayers, the bath and massage, the meals, lessons, the play hour, the stroll hours, church service, teatime, and bedtime. These events impinged upon Kamala, day-in-day-out, in recurrent routine and endless variation. To much she was at first indifferent, unaware, or actually resistant. To all she was unattuned.

The food she understood best. But there was one occasion each day which in the end made the most profound penetration into her bewildered being. This was the morning massage. Every morning at four o'clock with rare devotion Mrs. Singh gave Kamala the benefit of her expert ministration. Bishop H. Pankenham-Walsh gives us the picture: "This massage was skillfully and tenderly

done with many endearments from the top of the body down to the bottom, very special attention being given to those parts—the arms, hands, fingers, legs, feet, toes, etc.—whose normal human development had been interfered with by the mode of life of the wolves. Mrs. Singh was a skilled masseuse and always stopped the massage of any part when Kamala seemed to be tired of it. The massage had a wonderful effect in strengthening and loosening Kamala's muscles for human use and in drawing her to trust in and love her tender foster-mother."

Wolf ways Kamala retained, but she was also weaned from them. And in the long weaning process nothing proved more influential than the systematic massage—a truly therapeutic laying on of hands.

Kamala had adopted the ways of the wolf. How could she have done otherwise? And how could she be expected to shed these ways at once, even under the benign humanizing influences of her newfound home?

So wolf ways persisted. She ate her food by lapping it up; she slept and dozed by day or "mused" for long periods, sitting almost motionless with face directed toward the wall. She prowled about at night, and thrice in the night she howled in an unearthly manner which first startled the workers on the staff of the Orphanage. But they soon became accustomed to this from sheer repetition. For some time the weird nocturne remained in the ingrained behavior both of Kamala and Amala.

Night and day, reasoned the Pastor, are by God's approving sanction differently apportioned between man and animals. "As the day is for man, so the night is for animals. The whole creation is thus divided to suit both mankind and animal."

Wolf ways persisted most strongly in Kamala's postural behavior. The basic framework of the action-system of all vertebrates is posture. Even in man the finer and subtler patterns of behavior are

grafted on postural sets and postural attitudes. Kamala had basic ways of squatting, reclining, inspecting, sniffing, listening, and locomotion acquired in the wolf era of her developmental career. These motor sets constituted the core of her action-system and affected the organization of her personality. She used the hand-and-knees method for ordinary leisurely moving about in the den; she used the all-fours method for rapid transit outside the den and in pursuit of food. Even after several years of sojourn with upright human beings, she resorted to quadrupedal locomotion whenever speed was necessary. On two feet she never learned to run at all; on four feet she ran so fast it was hard to overtake her.

Nevertheless, it is recorded that on February 27, 1922, a year and a half after she was brought to the Orphanage, Kamala *stood on her knees* whenever she chose to reach for something high. This was distinctly a developmental advance toward the mastery of standing. As a behavior pattern it was the counterpart of the spontaneous, independent standing observed in ordinary children soon after their first birthday. Kamala was at this time in her tenth year.

Three days later she walked forward on her knees, a significant achievement. In spite of a decade of quadrupedal locomotion the hereditary determiners for bipedal locomotion were still available for a revised line of growth.

The social behavior of Kamala likewise bore the impress of wolverine ways and prejudices. The younger children tried to allure and entice her to play, but to no avail. She would sit aloof in a corner for hours at a stretch, her back to the children, her face to the wall, bestowing only forced or furtive glances on her well-meaning, would-be companions.

Toward Amala alone she showed a semblance of companionship; toward others, a mixture of shyness and aggressiveness. If approached she assumed a fierce expression and even showed her teeth and on several occasions scratched and bit.

Kamala brought no table manners to the Orphanage. She had never known a table. Hers were ground manners, and these she persisted in for at least two years. She brought her mouth to things, rather than things to her mouth. And since the Orphanage had to adapt to Kamala (no less than Kamala had to adapt to the Orphanage), food was habitually placed on the floor or ground rather than on a table. But in August, 1922, when Kamala was feeling the urge to stand upright, it was discovered that with a support to lean on, she could stand on her knees at the edge of a table and use both hands to bring a plate of rice to her mouth.

Here was nothing less than an upward step toward true table manners. It was a fundamental step away from wolf manners. Noting this new behavior pattern, the Singhs stopped putting the food on the floor. They made nineteen small tables, thirty inches high, for Kamala and the younger babies, all of whom now began to take their food from the tables, kneeling.

Amenity came slowly. Kamala ate ravenously, rolled her eyes and made harsh sounds when anyone approached while she was eating. Unprotected food, especially meat, she would steal. On the 6th of March, 1922, she found a dead chicken lying in the courtyard. She seized it in her jaws, ran on all-fours into the bushes, and emerged with a tell-tale feather and particles of raw meat on lips and cheek. Questioned, she nodded a "yes," possibly with a trace of contrition. She did much sniffing, trying to locate food both inside and outside the house. As late as September 22nd (two years after entering the Orphanage) she was caught red-handed eating the entrails of a fowl which she had tracked down some eighty yards from the dormitory.

In varied directions wolf ways persisted even after human ways had been adopted. Before new habits became firmly fixed rival old habits asserted their force. This conflict, however, was not

severe enough to produce an abnormal split of personality.

IV

By degrees Kamala grew more and more accustomed to her new environment. As she became more deeply habituated she also became better prepared for further adaptations. Impeded potentialities of growth were released. Nevertheless wolf ways persisted; for wolf ways were *her* ways, not by birth-right, but by long usage.

Amala was an important factor in this process of readjustment. Poor Amala! If she had only lived she would have hastened and eased the transitions which it took Kamala years to achieve, for Amala was only a year and a half old when taken from the wolf den and she survived for less than a year more. Her wolf ways were much less firmly wrought. Amala had been in the Orphanage only two months when she said *bhoo* (water) to indicate thirst. Kamala made the same indication by licking her dry lips. By reason of her tender age Amala gave promise of assimilating much more rapidly the human culture of the Orphanage.

For fully three months however (that is, up to February, 1921), there was complete absence of social approach and almost complete shunning of everything human. Kamala and Amala crouched in their corners, taking only swift, stealthy glances toward the babies. They would not even snatch a biscuit from Mrs. Singh's hand, so she had to place it on a stool. For ten months this withdrawing timidity continued. Not until the following August did they take a biscuit from her hand; and even then they darted at once to their corner.

In all the social contacts with animals and with human beings, Amala would take the lead and give the cue to Kamala. While Amala lived she was a support and a refuge for Kamala. Round Amala clustered a host of associations, tracing back to the ruined den, now so sorely missed.

The windowless den with all its snugness and coziness was gone forever. But there was Amala, a living familiar of the den, another wolf-child with whom she had literally rubbed shoulders, day after day, in the huddled companionship of waking and drowsing hours, and in the more intimate huddle of sleep. This was the tangible and visible Amala; there was also a reassuring olfactory aura about Amala. With Amala she had trooped at night. At Amala's side she had gorged many a meal. Perhaps she was even more attached to Amala than to the mother-wolf who on that fateful morning died, pierced with arrows.

The drastic separation from den and foster-mother, Amala and Kamala had suffered together. The death of Amala, Kamala suffered alone. For her departed foster-sister Kamala shed her first recorded tears, one from each eye!

This second desolation coming within a year after the first was almost too much for the wolf-girl to bear. There are no more pathetic lines in the diary than those which describe the grief and confusion of Kamala after the death of her human companion of the den.

Kamala clung with doglike tenacity to the spot where Amala lay dead. For two days she would neither eat nor drink. Water had to be forced upon her. For six days she sat in a corner all by herself. Ten days later (October 8th) she was found smelling all the places where Amala had been. She no longer pursued the fowls in the courtyard as she had done. With panting tongue she remained outside in the heat. She moaned and roamed about in a dazed manner.

On the 16th of October, on the very anniversary of her removal from the den, she again began to howl and prowl by night, as though seeking an answering howl. It seemed as though she might revert to her former ferocity. To prevent this relapse, Mrs. Singh intensified and prolonged the daily massage. This brought marvelous results, for within a few weeks Kamala returned to her former self, that is, the self that she

had displayed with Amala. She even showed new signs of self-dependence.

Ultimately the crisis threw her more upon her own resources. Thus in death as in life, Amala aided the weaning of her foster wolf-sister. On the first of November Kamala crept across the floor to the young pet goats, sat up, and took one and then two in her lap. Seventeen days later she was found sitting among the goats, passing her hand affectionately over them and talking to them in a prattling manner. Occasionally her face would brighten briefly with a faint smile.

Estimated in terms of its psychological significance, we should call this incident an important landmark in the weaning from wolf ways. For now Kamala was clearly achieving a rudimentary distinction between herself and animal kind. A goat was reacted to not as a co-member of a pack, but as something which children play with. This judgment was not of course verbalized or abstracted in any way; and yet it registered a kind of re-orientation. Soon thereafter she showed a similar extroverted interest in the chicks, in a hyena cub, in a pet cat. Later (also in November) she came trustfully to Mrs. Singh, took hold of Mrs. Singh's hand, drawing it to her chest to indicate that Kamala wished to be massaged. Soon thereafter she voluntarily chose to sit by Mrs. Singh's side and accepted food fearlessly from her hand. Still later she showed a similar tolerance and trustfulness toward her fellow-orphans.

Thus the psychological gradations by means of which she weaned herself into human society were somewhat as follows: (a) consorting with Amala; (b) taking the cue from Amala in social contacts; (c) watching with some vague identification dogs and puppies; (d) playing with the pet goats; (e) seeking out Mrs. Singh; (f) associating with fellow-orphans. By these steps Kamala returned to the human fold where the first growth of her personality had begun in early infancy before she was abandoned in the stubble field.

In 1922 Kamala said *Ma* for Mrs. Singh, and later *bhoo bhoo* when hungry or thirsty. She learned to pull the pankhah. One day she sat beside the large cloth frame and of her own accord seized the rope and began to pull it rhythmically. This became a favorite occupation. She liked to sit for hours at her self-appointed task, which she performed so well that the official pankhah-puller was greatly relieved.

She had become so socialized that she voluntarily went for strolls with the Singhs and the babies, though at these times she was animal enough still to run on all-fours. She also co-operated in driving the crows away from the chicken feed. She had given up her previous ways so completely as to be afraid if left alone outside in the dark. She even howled on the old note when thus left alone.

In 1924 no marked advances in motor behavior were made. Language, however, increased rapidly. By February, 1924, she had six words, and understood questions addressed to her, making verbal replies. She combined two words. By the end of the year it is noted that her vocabulary increased "by leaps and bounds, with small sentences." In this year she could name one color. During this year she exhibited even more fear of the dark than formerly, keeping close to the others when out at night for a walk. She showed a very human lonesomeness and peevishness when Mrs. Singh went away for a visit and exhibited great pleasure when she returned.

During the year 1925 the change from animal to human ways continued. She improved her postural control by standing alone on her feet. Her use of words steadily increased. Food tastes changed markedly; she began to like salt which she had thus far refused. Her motor control at meals progressed so that she could now drink from a glass which she held herself. Slowly but consistently Kamala was becoming more human in her ways and in outlook. She was being weaned from wolf ways.

V

The trend toward human ways was now unmistakably strong. Many of the human qualities came like a thief in the night and so subtly that they escaped notice in the diary. And yet the cumulative effect of these progressive changes made such a great impression on Reverend Singh that he wrote in summary as follows: "In 1926 Kamala was a different person altogether."

Her formerly rigid countenance took on more expression when she talked. Her gestures of arms and trunk showed more animation. She used these gestures for communication when she could not find words to express herself. She added numerous words to her vocabulary. By actual count this vocabulary increased from thirty words at the beginning of 1926 to forty-five words at the beginning of 1927. She used conversational jargon, she comprehended verbal instructions, she went on simple errands. When interested she would tug at a person to attract his attention and lead him to some object. By the spring of 1927 she had left off her more childish babbling, had taken up singing, and was speaking in small sentences as complicated as "*Bak-poo-vo*," which may be translated into "Dolls-inside-box." This item alone reflects an appreciation of prepositions and suggests more than two-year maturity in language.

Her general behavior throughout the day showed a more complete rapport with her associates, more desire to communicate, and more emotional identification with events as they occurred. She was made extremely happy by praise. Certain "eccentricities" began to diminish. Her distaste for salt disappeared; she now permitted a blanket to be placed over her at night; she preferred tepid water for bathing; and she lost or restrained completely her previous fondness for carrion. Whereas earlier she had preferred darkness, she now shared the timidity of the other children in the dark. Where before she had felt most

friendly with animals, she now feared dogs and went out of her way to avoid them. During her first years at the Orphanage she refused to wear clothes and would tear them off unless they were sewed on securely. But now she would not go for a walk unless she was dressed like the other children. She blushed with bashfulness and displayed an altogether new interest in clothes. She would not leave the dormitory until she had asked for and received her frock.

She showed an increasing degree of responsibility, initiative, and self-reliance. Occasionally she would do tasks of her own accord. Once she went into the henhouse, altogether on her own decision, locked the door so that she might collect all the eggs, unlocked the door, brought the eggs to Mrs. Singh with a sense of completion, and was gratified with the praise received. This complex pattern of behavior, in spite of the retardation implicit in the advanced age of Kamala, bespeaks a normal quality of mind rather than true feeble-mindedness.

By the end of 1927 Kamala was responsible enough to take care of the younger babies of the Orphanage for short periods. She was now attached to the babies whom in 1920 and '21 she had avoided. Kamala herself, as a member of the Orphanage, had become the favorite of all. As the diary puts it, "All the children loved her very much and everyone in the house was ever ready to help her." She became accustomed to accepting such help, but not always. For instance, she persisted in an effort to tie the strings of her pajamas (1927). She persevered to the utmost but no one ventured to help her because she refused help; and she was human enough to cry when she failed.

From the standpoint of personality development this homely incident sums up a good deal and shows a relatively normal balance between sociality and dependence. Kamala had now been long enough in human abode to adopt human ways as previously she had adopted wolf ways.

By 1926 Kamala was leading an essentially human existence. Her "behavior day" was comparable to that of other children in the Orphanage. She now preferred daylight to darkness; human beings to animals. She spent the night in sleep in the dormitory as did the other children; she not only did not choose to roam around outside but was afraid if left alone outdoors. Of her own accord she spent most of her waking hours in the company of Mrs. Singh or of the other children, taking part in their activities. In contrast to her earlier solitary behavior, she now spent about twelve hours a day in sociable contact with others and not more than three waking hours alone.

It is not without significance that after the year 1927 the entries of the diary are very meager. They make no mention of retrogressions. It appears

that Kamala was now sufficiently normal to be taken for granted. Her behavior had become conventional and apparently she made consistent progress in speech; for it is explicitly recorded that in her last illness she clearly distinguished by name between the two strange doctors who attended her. Although she became very weak and suffered long, she talked a great deal, and she talked "with the full sense of the words used."

But her life course had been run. In the quaint phrase of the diary, "Kamala, the wolf-child, thus lingered in her last illness and gave up the ghost on the 14th morning at 4 A.M. in the month of November, 1929." The very word *ghost* startles memories of that earlier incarnation of the year 1920, when the terrified villagers of Godamuri reported the *Manush-Bagha* (Man-Ghost) that emerged at dusk from the great white-ant mound.





HUNGER AND THE HOUSE MOUSE

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

HUNGER is a pain. It is the body's defense against lack of fuel, a succession of pangs that come as impartially to the man who has plenty on his ribs as to the underfed. It is a gnawing round the middle, beginning, growing till it seems unbearable, subsiding for a half to two and one-half hours, there again, lasting half an hour, subsiding, the torment increasing till men have gone mad, and in their madness killed their children and eaten them. A swallow of water temporarily allays it or cold on the abdominal wall or exercise or a cigarette.

Appetite is a pleasure. It is not merely the first stage of hunger. At the end of a dinner that slumps you in your chair you will sit up again for the hot plum pie. Difficult exactly to locate appetite. Sometimes it seems in the mouth, sometimes in the throat, sometimes farther down. A smell may start it or a sight or a sound or something actually dropped into the stomach—a cocktail that warms it and makes you desire food. A usual order of events: dishes rattle in the kitchen, the mouth runs with saliva, the mind runs with pleasure, and in five minutes the stomach runs with gastric juice. Bad smells, bad sights, bad sounds—a dinner gong that reminds you of one on a ship where you were seasick—may throw an appetite into reverse. Appetite depends on previous experience. Appetite sets in motion the digestive machine, hunger is that machine's empty grumbling.

This that follows deals less with hunger

and more with appetite, with a nightly banquet, and with mice.

The first mouse entered the laboratory by the side of a pipe. The opening in the wall is larger than the pipe, and there is an iron ring to hide the rough edges of concrete. It was ten at night, the College of Medicine quiet, when the ring lifted and the mouse slipped out. She was no stranger. She went straight to the southwest corner, and there is the food table where I feed the laboratory birds. One of the birds was lame and I had built it a small ladder. The mouse went up the ladder. She came the next night too, then night after night, grew plump, whereas the space in the wall remained the same, and so she came no more. However a female mouse need not grow plump only because of food, and one night instead of one mouse six baby mice slipped out. They went straight to the ladder.

I found myself lying awake, adding, multiplying. And I still worry now and then when I rout one from my typewriter and right after discover another hiding between the stacks of books, but the total remains small. This, I think, is because mice have wanderlust in the blood, and because their size and nature expose them hourly to accident. Also alien mice are driven off by those in possession. It is that way with sparrows. I have known nine close-fisted sparrows keep for themselves a huge manure pile all through a winter. Men do it too.

To-day there are strict rules about that ladder. All morning it lies flat on

the floor, at six in the evening is leaned against the food table, and immediately they come. As if the farmer's wife had called in the field hands. (Not the same farmer's wife who cut off the tails with the carving knife!) If I once forget the ladder there is a spreading restlessness, mice at all angles across the expanse of the floor, squealing, measuring their lengths against the walls, attempting every means of ascension but flying. And as soon as I do remember, the harvest dinner begins. Five purple hours, that break up only when the merry-makers hear me getting ready to clean up their swill. Even then there is always one or another that will not let itself be hurried, that I must literally pat on its posterior to shoo it down.

We see odd things at that ladder. A mouse starts up, hears a noise, stands still, ears alert, tail hanging, after a moment cautiously continues, hears another noise, stands still, ears alert, tail hanging, and so to the top. Or, a big one coming down the ladder will meet a little one coming up, the big one simply will shove the little one off, but the little one catches a rung by one paw, hangs on till the big one has passed by. Or there will be a round soda cracker too heavy for a mouse to carry, a mouse will nevertheless try, get half down, let the cracker fall between two rungs, go down, not be able to locate the cracker, come back to the same two rungs, establish bearings, go down again, find the cracker. In all such business it is plain that there are wise mice and less wise mice and downright stupid mice.

Late at night, the ladder again flat on the floor, I have watched a mouse go first to one end of it, then to the other, then walk along it, one rung, two rungs, three rungs, but so slowly that anyone would recognize there was no hope in that mouse's heart.

Thirst differs from hunger and appetite. Thirst may be either pleasure or pain. The body needs water for secretion, for excretion, to carry dissolved

food through the walls of the digestive tract, to carry nutriment and oxygen and carbon dioxide in and out of the walls of the vessels, to lubricate, to allow evaporation. Thirst seems in the throat, though it is usually the total body that wants the water. This has been satisfactorily explained. The body lacks water, so the salivary glands lack it, so they pour out no saliva, so the throat dries, and that dryness excites the thirst. If water is not forthcoming the mouth begins to swell and burn, the skin to parch, the expression to get pinched, the eyeballs to fall back, and in hot parts of the world and where the victim has to exert himself death may ensue in as short a time as a day.

The vermin in your kitchen are seeking drink as much as food. I have seen a thirsty mouse get up in the middle of the morning, lean over the edge of the bird bath, sip a drink, go back to bed. I have seen a mouse lean out under a faucet that was shut off, return again and again, confident that sooner or later there must be at least one drop. A mouse will lay its head over on to the floor, energetically work its lips and tongue, slake its thirst on moisture that to my eye is absolutely soaked into the concrete. A stubborn instinct, because only those creatures have survived who have known how to take water where it was vanishing.

I spilled a blotch of ink. A mouse came, drank, went away. A cockroach came, drank, drank, drank. So they drink ink! In an experimental state of mind I fetched a handful of water, and am pleased to report that the cockroach at least prefers water.

Rodents are the most abundant of all mammals in the world. Like the house rat, the house mouse came originally from the Orient, and is the only terrestrial mammal that has successfully crossed the East Indies and reached Australia without man's help. But it also has not utterly scorned man's help. It has followed his commerce lines, spread over the globe, gone into the most extreme

climates, from pole to equator. Man by his large and choice brain has occupied the earth, and the house mouse, the field mouse, the house rat, the cockroach, the bedbug, all have followed man around, may, to that extent, be said to have recognized that large and choice brain and to have cast in their lot with it. In its travels the mouse often has employed the channels dug by other rodents, likewise man's gas pipes, his sewer mains. In broad daylight last summer in New London, Connecticut, I saw a mouse employing man's railroad track, walking along it, right into the station! The fossil mouse, some say, goes back thirty million years. There are many kinds of mouse. There is the elite, domesticated, birth-controlled, white mouse. There is the meadow mouse, the red-backed mouse, the jumping mouse, the pocket mouse, the grasshopper mouse, and so on. The kind here in this laboratory is *Mus musculus*, common house mouse.

The foods on the food table are the same eaten by the laboratory birds, a planned and elaborate menu as the basis for an experiment. Boiled egg every day, apple every day, orange, banana, fig, melted ice cream left over from lunch, even on one high noon soft lemon pie. Strawberries from Christmas till about the first of August, for the seeds. Good cheese. In summer, corn on the cob, raw. I have seen a mouse so motionless on such a cob that first I thought it was playing dead, then feared it was dead, then saw it move on a quarter of an inch. The mice accept the food without inquiring whence, as any other faithful accept the blessings of the Lord. The mice also accept recently squashed insects with a relish that makes it nearly impossible to drive them from the scene of the squashing. They have, besides, their daily bowl of canary seed. I have known as many as five squeezed into that bowl, so snugly that when one more forced its way in on the right one bulged out on the left. As the night advances the level of the bowl sinks, till you see

not a mouse, only the tails that droop limply over the edge, and you can count them like hats in a hall and tell how many guests.

There was a hole in the wall west of the food table. I replastered the hole. In a few nights it was there again. It has become a kind of lounge to retire to between courses. A tail stuck out straight. I pulled on that bellrope, but no one answered. I pulled again. Indignantly out came a head, expected to see a colleague, saw me, disappeared so fast I could not follow with my eyes, and this time the tail disappeared too. Another time two heads came out side by side, like two maiden sisters from a second-storey window. Another time one head and one tail. Another time two tails. Often a buttock will stick out, as if it were airing, the head in and hid, so that you think *ostrich*, and when I have pinched such a buttock the head end has just pulled the tail end in a little farther.

You never see a fat mouse. I see skinny mice in spite of all the food. I see no end of well-fed ones. But I rarely see one who just stuffs. Occasionally a sick one may, especially one sick in the brain, when each piece of food becomes a fatal lure. Usually a mouse dines for only about an hour, after that begins to be selective, dallies, smells its neighbor as a dog does, and with that same localized interest. Of course even a sated mouse, and even one of my regular customers here, may forget itself for a second, snatch a piece of food from the food table and run away with it a short distance and eat it there. The one-time beggar cannot prevent himself from stealing a sandwich and slipping it into his pocket though the days of his beggary are long ago.

Men eat by fashion, one fashion for the male and another for the female. The ideal for the female may be a paper-thinness, yet the blue-ribbon man has a prosperous thick chest. If some of the chest drops between the hips that is a subject of humor. I know one physiologist who believes in a diet all meat,

another who believes no meat, another all raw. There have been medical cures of all oranges, all grapes. I knew an Italian who believed all alcohol and went a long way to prove it. I also knew a boy who in the critical years of growth fed on various shapes of sugar rolls, with Swiss cheese on Sunday morning, to-day is a man of fifty years and still able to climb three flights. He had a cousin who used to steal cold potatoes from the pantry. She got fat. So did a neighbor of hers who finished everybody's desserts. So did her mother who, complaining of no appetite, would take doughnuts out of the hot grease, drop them into powdered sugar and consume them before they cooled. My own mother dined on her hospitality, cooked bounteously for others, never was seen to eat. In the Oriental village everybody lives on rice and fish, sometimes not much fish. I know a cat who eats nothing but kidney. I know a cat who eats bread.

I am not meaning by this to suggest that any food at all will do. I know perfectly how in my own time the old caloric diet has had to add one after another of the essential vitamins. Yet I think a certain point does deserve notice: life wants to live, and in the course of ages the bodies of creatures have learned to digest and assimilate a great variety of foods, and this learning will go on, and the rules must not be too rigid. Perhaps the earnest student does not always give our digestive mechanism enough credit for what it can do, how it can adapt itself to the food and not require always a too precise adaptation of the food to it.

By a coincidence, just as a low-rent district may lie below a hill where a stiff-shirt suburb perches, three storeys below these laboratory windows are mice of a very different class. Up here it is appetite, down there it is thirst and hunger and starvation. Frankly, down there is a dump. It lies west and south and north. The filling in goes on year after year. It takes about twenty years for the ground at any one point to settle,

time for the cans to rust and crack up and disappear. So there is always a broad advancing edge, and on that frontier you have the savage war, the raw life. There you find the subterranean cities of this world. There is the crust of earth as honeycombed as the granite of Manhattan. Think of the boulevards and streets and alleys. Imagine a plaza with an old bucket at its center, the pride of the vermin citizenry, traffic racing round that rotunda, busiest at midnight, quieting toward dawn, not a soul in the streets at noon. The rats are in control. The rats eat the mice if the mice cannot keep ahead of the rats. But the mice do creditably, because they are fast and small and can duck into a crevice, watch and nibble as the fierce brown Norwegian dashes by.

I went down at 5 P.M. on an October day. Suddenly two shot out, the one escaping, the other pursuing. Then for a time nothing. Then came the cripples. The cripples were in search of the garbage smuggled in with the ashes brought fresh that day (there is no garbage, technically) and since they search slowly they search long, therefore come early, while it is still light. Hairless patches on their sides, born lacking one limb, no ears, or a third of one ear, blind, spines so bent they seem animals of another species, never once in their whole lives sated, children of misery.

The place to study human starvation has often been Russia. Famines there are estimated to come once or twice in every seven years. Concerning the famine of 1128 a Novgorod manuscript tells how the dead were piled up in the markets, so the living must shut themselves into their houses to escape the stench. Ten million Russians died in the famine that followed the last war. I saw photographs in Leningrad, rows of starving, body next body, in the freezing air, withered limbs and swollen abdomens. The hungry would heat a paste of flour and water, eat just enough to head off the pangs, stretch out their poor allotments

as far as they could. A woman who was a child during the famine later in life would steal out of bed in the middle of the night, ravage the icebox, till locks were put on all doors to prevent her eating herself to death.

Indeed, when a Russian company makes a film there is apt to be plenty of eating, and you are shown all the details of the food, the soup, the fowl, the cakes, the steaming tea. The people of Russia like to see that, as would the people of China and the people of India. They would not be satisfied with a cursory shot of a long table, then the faces of the diners with a microphone in front of the principal guest. Food adds no special interest to a scene in America. We go to a banquet and to a lunch counter with about the same apathy.

After several days of starving the hunger pangs stop, there comes a disgust with food, even a sense of well-being, the sufferer eased thus into his death. The sugar and fat stores of the body go first, the brain and heart last. The body temperature drops. The pulse drops. The basal metabolic rate drops. A dog can be starved for one hundred and seventeen days—God forgive the experimenter who found that out! A man dies ordinarily inside of ten weeks. In the Middle Ages the period was prolonged for the sport. They would build prisons over kitchens, the smells of the kitchens keeping the digestive juices of the unfed prisoners flowing, the miserable lives lasting. MacSwiney, Irishman, Mayor of Cork, in 1920, went on a hunger strike, died in seventy-four days.

With so many mice at their dinner you would expect this laboratory to be as noisy as a cafeteria. It is, but the scale such that to get the full force you have to come late at night when all other noise is hushed.

Then you hear the feet on the food table, like rain on a roof. You hear the scattering of seeds from the seed bowl, like hail on a window. That last is a fastidious mouse trying to find the one

perfect seed among several thousand less perfect ones. You hear a mouse chew, a very delicate noise. You hear a mouse gnaw, one sound for wood, another for plaster. A mouse steps into an egg shell, wants a bit of yolk, the shell scuttles back and forth on the zinc-top table like a skiff in a squall. Suddenly there is a terrific bang, because a mouse's weight has upset a saucer that stood in such delicate balance that a mouse's weight could. "Still as a mouse." Only uninformed people say a thing like that. "Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." Poetry! Here we call them squealers. But among all these noises the one you remember is the occasional cry of pain which because it is so small makes you think of the secret and suppressed pain all over the world.

A man will walk down a city street. He will see and hear the young, the busy, the healthy, and the earth will be to him for that moment a fair place. What he is hearing is what goes on above the crust of the earth. If he should happen to be a physician, or have an imagination, all of the houses of that street may of a sudden open, and then the earth be not so fair. For what he hears now is what goes on under the surface. He hears old Anne with her liver complaint and young Anne whose teeth ache. He hears dyspeptic Joe groan weakly over the misery in his stomach. He hears the huge world of the chronics. He hears the dying and the near-dying and they who think they are dying and they who wish they were. He hears the complaints of the mind, the sleepless, the worried, the politician who was not elected, the pretty girl who was not flattered, the artist who was not paid—the whole immense symphony of dissatisfaction. He hears that other huge world, the hungry. In short, as it is among mice, so it is among men. And as it is in America so it is in Spain and in the Congo, and so it has been for millions and millions of years, hunger and appetite and thirst going far to determine the character of life.

This building, the College of Medicine, brick and steel and glass, its day will come too. The windows will be broken by boys, the wind will blow in, the rain swish, the mice multiply. The mice on that day will be as bold as those down there in the dump. But for the time being they are well-bred, and the place is clean and brisk. Only I, who work at night, and a few friends who I thought

might have a taste for it, know anything whatever of this Hamelin town on the third floor. Not even the lean janitor knows. One midnight I stepped from the laboratory into the swept corridor, down the swept stairs, and there I met him. He touched my elbow and said with some surprise: "Do you know, Doc, what I saw streakin' up them stairs? A mouse!"

ON SLUMBER IN THE WEST

BY MYRON H. BROOMELL

*L*EST I should hear the eagle scream,
I laid me down to sleep and dream.
And while I slumbered those awoke
Who cried no truce with sleeping folk.

*Plunder they eyed in portions three—
For one the land, for one the sea,
For one the treasures underground:
While I slept on and heard no sound.*

*But after all my sleep was done
The eagle screamed from sun to sun.
The world interminably wide
Disclosed no room where I might hide.*



EMBATTLED COLLECTORS

HOW TREASURES OF ART AND CULTURE FLEE FROM WAR

BY DOUGLAS AND ELIZABETH RIGBY

DURING the cataclysm of war it is in human lives lost or wrecked, wasted or uprooted, that we first see tragedy. Yet there is something more, something that will force itself upon our awareness more gradually: not until peace has again become a reality perhaps shall we realize how dangerously the human disaster can be duplicated in an endless procession of lost and broken works, works which contain the very core, the material heart, of our civilization.

This civilization is charted and attested largely by numerous collections, great and small, possessed by the Western world. The stuff of art and the testament of thought, relics of political and social history, the materials of science—these are the physical symbols, the direct and tangible evidence of our common heritage, our Western culture, all that remains of our ancestors, all that can one day remain of us. Even though many of the ideals and practices evolved through long centuries of that culture are to-day being seriously mutilated, our past and present values may still be of service to the future so long as the symbols can again be conjured up, so long as the passwords continue to exist. Yet inevitably, in all times and all places, war obliterates much of the assembled fruit of human accomplishment, grinds away portions of the cultural record.

It is true that many of the materials which go to make up that record—as, for example, books and paintings—are

subject to disease even in peacetime; but the only plague to threaten them sweepingly, over an entire country or continent, lies in the ruthless use of arms. More certain of death by the sword than man himself is the collected evidence of man's achievement.

This was especially so in very early times, when total war was commonplace, when invader and usurper-dictator often tried wholeheartedly to wipe out not only the entire enemy but all his works as well. Perhaps in the immediate future we of the West may be forced to face just such bleak determination once more. But whether or not the crime is deliberate, the cultural deposits of civilization are in grave danger to-day—danger of accidental destruction through bombing; of plunder, which has accompanied conquests throughout history; and of ruin through the ignorance or fanaticism of conquering soldiers.

II

Custodians of public collections are well aware of these dangers which are, moreover, greatly heightened by modern methods of warfare; and on a wider scale than ever before lively efforts are now made to forestall them. In September, 1940, bombs smashed at the world-renowned British Museum and gained access to London's Wallace Collection, the Tate Gallery, and several other repositories of historic and scientific treas-

ure; but officials were able to report that many, though not all, of the more important items had been previously removed. Even some provincial institutions, including the famous Hancock Museum of Natural History located dangerously near military objectives, had been evacuated early in the war.

But England, less accustomed to the thought of disaster at home than a France experienced in invasion, was apparently less thorough in this matter than her former ally. As early as September, 1938, for example, officials of the Louvre, heeding the ominous drumming that seemed to roll ever closer, had begun to provide for future contingencies. Everything in that great gallery and other French national museums was classified according to relative importance and tagged with inconspicuous colored discs indicating which things should be removed first in an emergency, which would have to wait. Plans were made for proper storage facilities, and a system of action was worked out to the last detail.

In August, 1939, this system had to be translated into fact. "Those who were present at the beginning of the evacuation of the Louvre will never forget it," wrote one who was there. Workmen took down the Rembrandts and the Leonardos, unframed them, and packed them as carefully as though they had been headed for an international exhibition. Department stores lent their expert packers to supplement the museum staff. A specially constructed apparatus was employed to lower the great Winged Victory from her perch at the head of the grand stairway. Scene-shifting equipment from the Comédie Française was pressed into service for the removal of some of the largest paintings, among them Géricault's "*Le Radeau de la Meduse*." And, in contrast to 1914, even the cellars were emptied. "No one," wrote our eyewitness, "knows how many tons of dust were shifted during the torment!"

Thus began the greatest single move-

ment of armored art in the history of Europe. A caravan of moving vans, drawn up on the Quai de Conti, made ready to shift the enormous cargo to the safety of the provinces. Some of the vehicles were so tall they had to be preceded by scouts in search of a passable route; and on the journey itself post-office engineers had to cut low wires along the way, repairing them immediately after the procession had passed. In this fashion three thousand five hundred canvases, thousands of tons of sculpture and *objets d'art*, moving over the roads in convoy at ten miles an hour, came at last to some ten or more châteaux "south of Paris." Here—for there had been ample warning—all was ready for their disposition, with precautions taken against fire, theft, and deterioration. In these châteaux, and in the vaults of certain banks, were all the collections of all the national museums of France, as well as many of the prize pieces from such private collections as had not already been shipped to English and American museums for safekeeping. The Louvre itself became a skeleton, its immovable beauties protected as well as possible by bastions of sandbags.

Nor were England and France alone in their attempts to save the great collections. Holland, in this instance wisely mistrusting the efficacy of neutrality, had also prepared plans. This flat country was little suited for hiding even an Easter egg, as one letter writer put it. So there the surface was deserted for the underground; paintings were taken out of the Rijksmuseum and the Mauritshuis in Amsterdam and the Hague and stored in bombproof cellars, in bank vaults, and secret hiding places; and here daily inspections were made of the subterranean chambers to guard against dampness, an insidious enemy of old paintings. Collections of books and archives were similarly protected, as were the many collections of fine porcelain. Notable among the latter was the important group in the Friesland Museum at Leeu-

warden, its fragile pieces stacked in a deep cellar, carefully encased in a thousand American crates that had once contained canned peaches.

But when the five-day blitzkrieg struck, with its horror of devastation, were these cellars then sufficient? Are the great Hals paintings still alive in Haarlem? Does Rembrandt's "Night Watch" now exist, and if so, where is it? Berlin has made no reports.

And what of Belgium? When Hitler's armies crushed through that country every city in their way was smashed. Perhaps the Belgians had prepared too, remembering another war; but if so the preparation was inadequate in the face of the enemy thrust. As the lightning kept striking someone thought to lift out of the holocaust the greatest heirlooms, so that they, at least, might be delivered. Thirty trucks started out, bearing more than seven hundred paintings, tapestries, and historic treasures. They left Brussels only a few days before that city's fall. In the cargo were world-famous masterpieces by such titans as Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Breughel. In one of the camions was the Dutch-owned "View of Delft" by Vermeer, priceless among the too few paintings from that master brush.

Heading for France, the trucks lurched through and around shell-holes, dodged destruction from the sky in a long caravan of nightmare days and nights. Somewhere near the border they disappeared, and no word has been heard of them since. The "View of Delft" and its rare company, where are they now? Were they bombed and burned, were they seized and placed under "protective custody," or did some of them, by chance, reach a safe and secret haven?

The story is not yet ended, for even escape may prove to be more apparent than real in the days to come. England's treasures, some of them no doubt stored in places never intended for such a purpose, may deteriorate through unavoidable neglect, as did some of the great Spanish paintings that were moved

from pillar to post under such heart-breaking conditions during that country's recent civil war. France emptied her frontier museums and moved their contents to t' e interior—but now she has neither frontiers nor interior. All that is potentially safe to her and to the other conquered lands is that which is still hidden (and cared for) plus whatever may have been shipped abroad by private collectors.

III

As for these private collectors, the prudent ones in Europe have for several years, very quietly, been shipping their valuable possessions to the United States; and to-day, in addition to those buried in the New York storerooms of international dealers, our museums are holding intact a surprising number of privately owned foreign collections. This is in marked contrast to the action usually taken by governments, which are prevented by red tape and "face" from using such extreme measures. Thus although Britain expected total air warfare from the outbreak of hostilities, her great treasures were not sent beyond her own borders, not even to Canada. Now that the island is sorely beleaguered, time, money, and ships are lacking for such a purpose, and even were these available, the authorities would argue, the risk at sea would be too great.

That private citizens are freer to do as they please in this regard is a fact that leads, curiously enough, to consequences reaching far beyond the fortunes of those individuals immediately involved, or the fate of a few collections. When, long before war had become a certainty, uneasy collectors began to seek sanctuary for their treasures there was nothing in this to suggest that they were taking a step which often in the past has led to new and violent post-war enmities. Certainly it was natural enough that owners of fine paintings, sculpture, books, art objects, and other highly prized items should make an effort to thwart plunder and destruction of their property.

And so—from the Scandinavian countries, from Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, France—collections were crated and shipped. These escaped in time (though owners themselves may since have been trapped), and many were received here by temporary guardians in much the same spirit of humanitarianism as are refugee children.

In the emergency some collectors on the Continent thought England safe enough, but more turned to America. Of these many had resort to the dealers; for to provide storage for a fee falls naturally within the professional's function. The canniest owners, however, hit upon the idea of placing their possessions "on loan" in American institutions, where special advantages accrue. Of course museums, like good collectors, cannot consent to clutter up their rooms with inferior exhibits in response to any and every private distress signal, but they are more than happy to house unusually fine items, if only temporarily; and in time of crisis they will go a step further and if requested to do so will obligingly refrain from publicizing the ownership of fugitive treasure, or, if pressed, may in the interests of valuable art agree to store certain things without even exhibiting them.

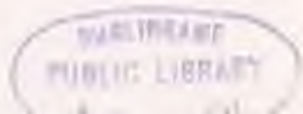
Many of the foreign collections now in the hands of American museums and dealers are being kept thus in strictest secrecy, and in the case of some on exhibition, the owners' names are withheld; for if it were generally known that valuables had been exported, there would probably be unpleasant repercussions. The collector's own government or the invader might become troublesome in various ways; and even though the collector may have succeeded in saving himself and his immediate family, as well as his collection, there remain at home ties in blood and possessions wherein he is still vulnerable.

Few of the refugee collections have so far been put up for sale. Tempting offers have been refused. Yet it is safe to say that most of the items "tem-

porarily" stored in this fashion will finally remain in America—under new ownership—and it is in this important fact, among others, that seeds of discord repose. For when the current upheaval subsides many a European amateur will be forced to acknowledge, ruefully enough, that his collection is all that remains to him of once numerous assets. Actually no matter how disinterestedly he may have loved his paintings, his books, or his art objects, no matter how tenaciously he may have held out, collector-fashion, against relinquishing them, the realization of their potential value in a time of ultimate emergency has long been in the back of his mind and partially explains his foresighted action in shipping these things to a place of safety. But when the day comes when he is forced to sell he will not be reconciled to the necessity; and he will feel a deep, if unreasonable resentment toward his successor.

During and immediately following all great wars some of the nations involved suffer temporary impoverishment, so that it becomes essential for once-wealthy individuals and even governments to raise cash quickly; and famous collected items are among the most readily convertible of all assets. Yet the consequent shifts in ownership, occurring on an international scale, engender a curious aftermath: the peoples with ample money are first swamped with eager offerings from the war-scarred countries, then afterward blasted with curses and scathing accusations.

Thus through an extended multiplication of entirely legal and peaceful transfers there may grow up international animosities of extreme bitterness. When, as often happens, a devaluated monetary system gives a further advantage to outsiders, that bitterness is increased; and of course it is doubled when the man with the money is the conqueror, who may step in to purchase at a discount what he has not plundered or destroyed—as Nazis are now said to be buying *objets d'art* (as well as corsets) in France. But



even an innocent bystander or a former ally when he comes to pick up the pieces is an object of such resentment, as were Americans after the last war.

Long before 1914 American men of wealth had begun to invade Europe on a treasure hunt for Old-World relics. They were not long in learning that much was unpurchasable: to their amazement and chagrin, they found the doors of many great houses closed to them, no matter how impressive their golden knocking. But when war shattered so many European fortunes it also broke down the barriers that formerly had kept American buyers out—and thus an unprecedented migration of artistic treasure began. Nothing now was sacrosanct, or too big to be taken away. Rooms full of heirlooms, historic houses, entire castles complete with the proud accumulations of many generations—all were embarked, to be set up again on the other side of the Atlantic. Whole boatloads—in the aggregate a full convoy of ships—made the voyage in those booming times. American fortunes seemed ilimitable, American appetites fantastic.

Although European treasuries profited hugely, public resentment soon ran high. The number of foreign sales became a subject for dispute in chambers of government. Laws were proposed—and in some instances put into effect—forbidding the removal of objects considered a part of the national heritage. Here was a continent bled of millions of its sons. Hundreds of its monuments had been destroyed. Was it now to be ravaged of its remaining inheritance? This crowd of crude, stomping outlanders who understood nothing but the "Almighty Dollar"—were they to be allowed to make off with treasures whose true value they could not even appreciate? Such was the hue and cry. Yet England, for one, found it impossible to pass the proposed bans because these very sales were needed desperately by her land-poor gentry, whose families had been among the greatest collectors. And from Italy, where there were such laws,

a great deal was smuggled out none the less: Americans might be loud-mouthed, tasteless simpletons, but their despised dollars were useful enough.

IV

So it has been throughout history. Twenty-three hundred years ago, when Alexander acquired a great slice of the known world for Greece, putting the untold riches of Persia into circulation in the West and initiating there a period of fabulous prosperity, the Greeks became impassioned collectors of art objects on a scale never before known among them. The crudest soldiers then learned to value the precious plate, the colorful pottery, the fine carpets and hangings that had long been the pride of the East. Yet suave Persian aristocrats regarded with pitying disdain Alexander's rough followers—who still "smelled of goat."

Later, when strong Romans had made good their military challenge, the Greeks themselves had similar words for those Latin collectors who made the Grand Tour of the Hellenistic provinces but were compelled to employ Greek experts to advise them on their purchases. "An ape is still an ape though adorned with jewels and gold," said the Greeks. The first Roman conquerors well merited those words—witness the Consul Mummius, whose classic order to his troops is still relished as an epic of ignorance. Should they damage any of the antique master statues—so he decreed at the sack of Corinth—the soldiers would have to make others themselves in replacement; and he meant it. Yet this same boorish official was stopped short when during the sale of some of the spoil he heard the King of Pergamum offer a staggering sum for a single painting by Aristides of Thebes. Using a logic not unfamiliar to us to-day, Mummius refused to sell the picture after all; he argued that an object worth so much money must have something more to it than he had realized. No doubt he surveyed such masterpieces with more

curiosity thereafter; and though it is questionable whether any message beyond money value ever was conveyed to him, it is nevertheless true that from such beginnings as this true connoisseurship was eventually born in Rome.

Again, in the early Renaissance Roman noblemen detested the rich bankers and wool merchants of Florence (the enterprising Medicis were among them) who were buying up the choicest antiquities unearthed in their ancient city. And later still, in the wake of successive invasions and waves of internal turmoil, Romans and Florentines alike viewed with bitter distaste the departure of great numbers of Italian masterpieces to the "barbarian" French court—although most of those masterpieces (including the "Mona Lisa") were bought, not plundered. Italians then felt themselves despoiled by their inferiors, but the court of France, after first aping Italian ways in flattering fashion, became in time the most highly civilized in all Europe.

As England in turn rose to challenge the collecting supremacy of France, the effort took on the aspect of a tug-of-war—first one side then the other favored. In that age, when fashionable young Britishers like Horace Walpole made the Grand Tour of Europe, Paris and Rome were their chief ports of call. From the Eternal City itself Walpole wrote home, pityingly, that the best families had grown so poor they were being forced to sell everything of value. He, for one, was quite willing to take advantage of this situation; but, he added, in a few years the old town would hardly be worth visiting any more. How different his tone when later he came to Paris—no longer patronizing; he admitted wholehearted wonder for the riches of art that adorned the homes of a city which, in the eyes of a collector, seemed destined long to remain the capital of all the world.

The French Revolution smashed that picture completely. When it first broke over the heads of a terrified aristocracy,

art dealers and connoisseurs from all over Europe swarmed into Paris to pick up bargains from the unfortunates, who were so nervous they were ready to sell their treasures for anything they could get. In those days of mounting horror cash soon became the most crying need—cash for bribes and quick escape. Jewels and handsomely bound books, Chinese porcelains, courtly furniture, tapestries, paintings, marbles, bronzes, and elegant knickknacks were all poured out, to the tune of endless intrigue.

One young dealer disguised himself as a milliner and, at Du Barry's request, was smuggled into the lady's château, where she disclosed fortunes in jewels and every sort of valuable object and implored the shocked youth to buy them all—a single incident among hundreds of similar ones.

The holocaust provided a heyday for those English collectors who had so long played second fiddle to the French. Through the good offices of his emigré chef, the English king himself is said to have assembled much of the bric-a-brac, china, furniture, and the rest of his imposing collection by purchases from French emigrés. Endlessly repeated, this sort of thing occurred also among the king's commoners, with whom proud but helpless French aristocrats were now forced to deal.

When Napoleon strode forth, the trend was temporarily reversed, and not alone by plunder. For one thing, he purchased on behalf of France the great Borghese collection of antique marbles, and paid well over two and a half million dollars to the owner who, impoverished by political events, was eager to sell. But after the Napoleonic debacle France again held the short end of the purse-strings, and Englishmen—many of them raw parvenus of the industrial revolution—continued for years to buy cheap in the French market. In this way many of England's finest art collections were founded or greatly enriched during the first half of the nineteenth century.

V

Probably collectors are always more or less aware of the money reserve embedded in their valuable possessions. In peacetime they are prone to minimize, even to deny, this aspect of collecting; but in wartime it is inevitably magnified. For popular cultural objects—easily portable, mind!—can, even if depreciated in value, almost always be turned into cash. And in wartime life itself, seeking escape, sometimes hangs in the balance for a little cash.

Surely it never occurred to the complacent French aristocrats of the eighteenth century as they filled their palatial homes with costly articles of *virtu* that those ornaments might one day become starkly useful. But when the deluge, so laughingly predicted by Louis XV, finally engulfed them, those same elegant ladies and lords were glad enough to swim to shore when they could on the backs of their fine possessions.

A century and a quarter later another revolution swept down upon the aristocracy of Tzardom, and again much the same thing happened: many of the White Russian refugees in our own time have lived for years on the art objects they once smuggled out of their country. In this matter individuals have a great advantage over governments which, seeing the writing on the wall, might also want to send invaluable national treasures to safety well in advance of probable invasion. Governments, however, have complex responsibilities. They must consider both the internal and external effects of such a course, and besides it is more difficult for them to act secretly. To secure it from the hand of the invader in 1914, for example, the Belgian government wished to move that masterpiece of the Van Eyck brothers, the "Adoration of the Lamb," from its place in the church of St. Bavon at Ghent.

Yet to do this presented serious difficulties; for in addition to the danger of spreading alarm among the Belgian people by this evidence of official fear

(a problem officially acknowledged later), a certain "friendly" power, rife with cut-throat plans, might well have protested the move bitterly, as a studied insult aimed at its lamblike innocence. Only when the peril was undeniable, therefore, did the unfortunate government dare action. Then at last the painting was snatched to safety, secretly, at a time when the church was sure to be empty; and afterward a successful hoax was whipped up—a false letter was written, entirely for German consumption, indicating that the prized "Adoration" had been shipped to England, although actually it remained well hidden in Belgium.

Such dilemmas hardly confront the private collector who can, moreover, arrive at vital decisions more quickly than a cabinet and parliament. If he chooses to lend his collection indefinitely to some foreign museum no one can *prove* that prudence or fear rather than sheer magnanimity is the reason; and if his possessions simply disappear into the shadow of an alien warehouse few people but his intimate friends need be any the wiser. Successful collectors, generally men of considerable acumen, are well aware that a neat bundle of fine art can, in times of world stress, be the means to a new life if the old one should be ruined, and to take out this form of insurance is relatively easy. As any business man will agree, it is no simple matter to shift one's affairs overseas within a few weeks, nor would most men care to do so while there was still a chance that the threatened storm might fail to materialize. Neither can industrial investments be abruptly torn out after the storm has broken—a limitation which also applies to real estate holdings. In such circumstances the collector finds himself in a more favorable position than his fellows—one's house cannot be shipped abroad, but collections of worth, easily transported, may be moved in ample time without disrupting one's entire mode of living.

However, the devotion of the amateur

is proverbial, and there are individuals on record who have cherished above life itself their carefully assembled items. Among the disinherited Frenchmen of the revolutionary period there were some who, although given the opportunity, refused to sell their treasures, burying them instead—in the wan hope of retrieving them some day. Meanwhile such men were willing to live in misery. Among them were many bibliophiles who resorted to the simple but effective trick of pasting together the fly leaves of valuably autographed books which had to be left behind. They fled, clinging to the hope that one day they or their children would return to unlock these fragile secrets once more, and occasionally such a volume still is discovered, the last relic of a tragic collector.

Nor is such attachment always reserved for treasures of art and literature. There is the authentic case of a refugee who entered the port of New York in the wake of the Russian revolution. A man of gentle birth, he arrived with little else than a valuable collection of stamps. To get here he had gone through tortuous privations, and holding on to his precious albums must have called for great resolution. He was, however, not met by fortune. Failing in efforts to find work, slipping, he still clung tenaciously to a collection that could have been converted into several years of reasonable comfort. At last he committed suicide. He would not, he could not bear to sell.

Even among amateurs, however, a more balanced realism usually prevails, and in times like these, in Europe especially, that realism extends beyond the mere salvage of existing collections. Collectors continue to buy now—and more than ever are their purchases keyed to investment. Late into 1940 international art dealers were still doing a big business in France and England. Rare books were rarer than ever in the London market, according to *The Times*. Rare stamps were still bringing high prices. Jewels, valuable ornaments, and other easily portable objects

were noticeably at a premium, while more ponderous objects fell in favor. The reason for this becomes apparent when it is remembered that the Rothschilds, emigrating from France after the defeat of that country, carried a million dollars' worth of jewels in an over-sized portfolio: prime collateral, these can be used as security or disposed of if necessary. If that portfolio had been crammed with French currency, and if all the family's hopes had been in it, the Rothschilds would now be practically penniless.

In New York in August the highest priced stamp in the world was sold—for forty thousand dollars—to an Australian who kept his name secret and immediately locked up his purchase in an American bank vault—for the duration. It will make a nice little nest egg if his more orthodox bank accounts are depleted or demolished by the war: unique and with an unimpeachable pedigree, it should always find a market not seriously affected even by the gyrations of Wall Street. For there are always people in various parts of the world, citizens of still solvent countries, able and eager to pay fat prices for the rare and famous items of the collecting world. Of course if the owner is forced to sell hurriedly he may have to take a loss, but not nearly so severe a one as a plunging stock market might inflict. It is relevant to recall that the sale which first shot the Australian's world-renowned morsel of paper into the rank of a record-breaker was a hotly contested post-war auction in Paris nineteen years ago when, for possession of it, the British King bid in vain against an American millionaire.

In periods of economic retrenchment, we are given to think, people do not buy luxury objects of the rarest and most valuable sort, and yet the opposite is most often true. The forty-thousand-dollar stamp is one example. And today, although American fortunes are less directly involved in wartime risks than those abroad, even in our country apprehensive citizens have sniffed the

battle smoke, and in looking about for ways of diversifying and protecting their assets considerable numbers have turned to those top-notch collectibles which, so often in the past, have proved to be more stable in value than gilt-edged securities. So it comes about that despite the economic worries of wartime and the certainty of increased taxes, brisk sales totaling over two million dollars for one firm alone were reported in New York for the first auction season of this war.

Not that all collected items retain their highest value during and following the great wars. Obscure items, items not particularly distinguished for rarity, for intrinsic worth, for major qualities of historical association — these, with things no longer fashionable to collect, are likely to drop in price at such times. In all post-war periods, because some people become poor and have to sell at any price, there are many bargains at first available. But because, by the same token, other people are suddenly richer and a little drunk with the transformation, competition for those bargains rapidly rises, until in time there are no bargains but instead a booming market in collectors' items. And because there are always individuals canny enough to realize that this evolution is bound to occur, the spirit of commercial gambling is more rife among a larger percentage of collectors at the end of a war than it ever is in normal times: even those amateurs who never intend to sell what they buy are affected; for they look forward to the day when they will be able to point in triumph to some prize, purchased at rock-bottom, which shall attest their superior connoisseurship by its sky-rocket rise in quotable value.

So the caldron of collecting is stirred by the spoon of war. Items of every sort

when saved from actual destruction may, even though plundered or sold through necessity, still live for to-morrow's world. Among the nations a new collecting leader often emerges, its culture enriched by foreign treasure. After the last war Americans shouldered ahead by sheer force of financial superiority, and since then we have led the world in many fields. As an example of this, students now forced by war to remain here are discovering that some of the great American libraries and museums offer facilities in many respects equal to those so long sought abroad. And to-day this country has become a haven not only for the refugee collections of Europe but also for those of old China. Moreover, impoverished China, unlike the waiting Europeans, is selling now. To these shores come bronzes, jades, and other relics of great beauty and antiquity; unique libraries that had been the sacred possessions of single families for centuries are pouring by the thousands of volumes into our homes, our universities and our public institutions; and it is said that henceforth a scholar of Chinese history and philosophy will go to Washington rather than to Peiping, just as a Shakespearean scholar seeking the richest deposit must go to our Folger Memorial instead of to the British Museum.

Shall we continue to hold such a commanding position when this war is over? Or shall we find ourselves deposed, perhaps by the Nazis, cut down even before reaching our cultural maturity? That depends, it seems, on two factors — whether or not America can remain strong economically, and whether she can ensure herself against military defeat. It is one thing to have and another to hold, as many nations have discovered.



DOES AMERICA NEED MORE CHILDREN?

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

RECENTLY I have been talking with a military man of high rank. He has been reading some figures on the decrease in the birth rate and is quite upset by them. "Our women will have to have more children," he said. "For a long time to come, as our only guarantee of peace, we shall have to maintain a defense system so formidable that it will certify annihilation to the forces of any nation or group of nations disposed to attack us.

"This demands continuous relays of young men in training and ready for service and a steady supply of workers for our basic defense industries. Where are we going to get them from if our young people limit their families to one or two children or perhaps have none at all?" He added that most military men with an eye to long-range necessities were saying the same thing.

The military are not alone in saying it. Ever since last June, when General Pétain blamed the collapse of France upon the decline in her birth rate, a number of scientific men, urged on by some of the clergy, have taken his assertion as the text for a series of mandates to the women.

At a Conference on To-morrow's Children, held at Harvard University last July and sponsored by the National Conference on Family Relations, outstanding authorities insisted that unless our birth rate is stepped up we shall be facing the same fate as the destroyed European nations.

Professor Carle Zimmerman, of the

Department of Sociology at Harvard, who served as Chairman of the Conference, said: "If the decrease keeps up, our population is in for a dangerous decline. . . . If America wishes to, or can, revert to a second-rate power, this may be accepted." He did not think it could and went on to say that "when a country has set its sail on a course of action, it must carry through a population policy to support it." Setting the number of children which the average woman must have at four at the very least, he advised grandmothers to keep away from their women's clubs and stay home to take care of their grandchildren so as to make motherhood "less restrictive and more desirable to their daughters."

"A nation needs man power," declared Professor Zimmerman, "and until you get the upper and middle classes having children it would be poor policy to discourage poor people from having them. . . . Right now in our recruiting campaign for the army we find that the poor sections of the country are doing the best recruiting."

Ralph Borsodi, economist, commented on the "degeneracy of our population," especially in the cities, and recommended the abolition of all metropolises and the substitution of "country estates or homesteads" for public housing projects. He gave as his definition of the "normal family" one with eight to twelve persons and at least three generations—presumably two to four grandparents, two parents, and six to eight children.

Another "must" for women was that

of Dr. George Gilbert Smith, president of the Massachusetts Society for Social Hygiene, who advocated compulsory courses in home-making for girls in high school, with supplementary training by mothers in the home. "Too often in America," Dr. Smith said, "daughters are looked upon as lilies of the field."

I have picked these specimens out of a report including many other such pronouncements. While some of the conferees were against large families among the poor, all apparently agreed that the middle- and upper-class women must provide children enough to speed up the growth of our population. The question was how to bring them to a sweet reasonableness. Persuasion, they felt, might work better than any attempt at coercion. As a slogan for such persuasion Professor Zimmerman urged, "Make Big Families Stylish."

So the campaign was started. First, newspapers all over the country, both in news stories and editorials, gave it publicity, which was added to by the deluge of letters that came in from those on different sides of the controversy. (At present writing—early November—the clippings are still coming into the scientific research bureaus at the rate of three hundred a week.) What the professors said has acted as a tonic for the old sport of baiting the women, by the religionists who believe that every woman should have as many children as the years of her fertility allow, and by those laymen who still see no virtue in women outside the home. In a syndicated editorial, unsigned, which appeared recently in a number of papers, we find the suggestion that "women be removed from the labor market, thereby releasing them for the childbearing which we must have if the nation is not to be destroyed."

We are warned by Monsignor John A. Ryan, in an article in *Catholic Action*: "Once the population has begun to diminish, the trend can be checked only by heroic measures which are not now within the range of probability. So long as the decline continues it will

mean progressive national decadence, with the ultimate result of either national extinction or conquest by an alien nation or alien race."

A whole group of churches have followed the example of some in Trenton, New Jersey, which had a special Sunday for prayers and sermons pleading for larger families.

Echoing these alarums, an increasing number of the lay pontiffs, taking a page from *Mein Kampf*, are prescribing as a panacea for all of our ills the wholesale dusting of the women back into the home where their chief occupation shall be their "biological functioning."

Curiously enough, the women who are most vitally concerned have not been consulted. Since they are the only childbearers, and it is from them alone that childbearing exacts a penalty, it seems to me it is about time they spoke up. And so, as an older woman who is the mother of two grown children, yet not so old as to be quite out of key with what young people are thinking, this is what I am presuming to do.

II

To clear the air of false premises, let us have a few facts about France, which did not fall because her women had refused to bear enough sons for her soldiery. In Germany and Occupied France there are more than two million French soldiers who were captured by the German army, not because they were outnumbered, but because they were ill-equipped, low in morale, and betrayed by some of their commanders. The real reason why France collapsed was the disunity of her people, and the corruption and perfidy of powerful factions in her political, economic, and military life.

Now to our own man power. If all our young men of draft age were to be mustered in we should have an army of more than seventeen million. Allowing for the rejection of a third on the ground of physical defects, we should still have a potential army of over eleven million.

As to the need for workers for our defense industries, we now have close to seven million unemployed. Surely there is no shortage here.

But what about to-morrow?

That is the whole question. It is the question our young people, not of the poorer classes, but of the wealthy and the middle-class, are asking themselves. It is the question to which women of all ages are demanding the answer. And it is on that answer that much of their response to the request for more children depends.

They are asking this question not as an excuse for not having children, as is sometimes said of them. Most young people in love want children. Most women want them. For they know that motherhood is a woman's supreme experience. And the great pity to-day is that it is the young people who are the best circumstanced for having children, and really want them, who are hesitating to have them, or really determined not to have them, until they are sure of the world and the way of life that lies ahead.

Their hesitancy is not caused by economic fright. What kind of a life, they are asking, can we promise our unborn children? Are we, the living, going to be strong enough to withstand and prevail against the threat of the dictators? Are we going to save this free world of ours? Will our children be our own to train to ways of self-respect and human dignity? What reward can there be in motherhood, what recompense for being born, what grace in living, if twenty-five years from now our sons must still be counted in terms of soldiers? Must we go on from now to then keeping up an armament race, directing all our scientific and creative energy to the cause of ugliness and destruction until even we are brought to choosing between guns and butter? Suppose democracy fails? Are the mothers of America, like the mothers of most of Europe, to bear children to become the property of a state that will train and harden them in impiety, intolerance, hate, and cruelty?

These are the questions which our young people, especially the women, are pondering to-day. And they call for an answer.

Only a few days ago I went to an afternoon party given by a friend for her daughter who is married to an Englishman and has come home with her two little girls for the duration of the war. My friend and I were the only older women there, the others being young married women in their twenties or early thirties. It was not a large tea, so the conversation became general. Not unnaturally it drifted to conscription and the war in Europe and what might be happening here. The guest of honor asked one of her schoolmates whom she had not seen since her marriage how many children she had.

"One," her friend answered. "We both come from large families, as you know, and we always had so much fun that we planned to have a large one ourselves. Now we're not so sure about it. How can anyone be sure of anything these days? War perhaps. Or a revolution. We want to have children that will belong to us, and not robots shoved around by some dictator. I don't see how, living in England, with war always so near, you had the courage to have two."

"The countryside where we lived was so peaceful and so remote, we never thought much about war," the girl from England responded. "We still want sons, but I doubt if we'll have any more youngsters. It's not much fun dodging bombs with a baby in your arms and another one hanging on to your skirts. In the future I shall want to know what kind of a government is in power, and where it is taking us. But how can one be sure?"

The American equivalent of "Hear, hear!" greeted her from all sides. Some of the guests had one or two children each. Some had none. Most of them said they had planned to have the four the scientists said they should have. Now they didn't know. As one of them

put it with unanimous approval, "If life isn't worth living—and it isn't for a lot of people to-day—it isn't worth giving. I have to be shown."

This sense of responsibility toward the unborn and the very young is not felt by women alone. Within the past week three young husbands have spoken to me emphatically about their own sense of uncertainty. One, most happily married and with the means for providing the kind of home in which children thrive, said, "Often I find myself worrying about my three youngsters. Not financially, as I am strong enough to dig if I have to. And I think we'll come through with democracy in the saddle. But many things could happen in the meantime. A thousand years and more elapsed between the fall of Rome and the Renaissance. Events could easily shape themselves so that for sheer self-preservation we should have to go into the war. That would mean the old cycle of inflation, deflation, and depression. Whichever way things go we shall pass through an unpredictable and difficult period. Until I know what the change is going to be my wife and I are not going to have any more children. I'll be damned if I'm going to produce wooden soldiers for some Hitler's toyshop."

Another young man spoke to me of a moving picture short that he had seen. It was not posed, but was taken surreptitiously and smuggled out of France by an American photographer. It showed a group of German soldiers on holiday in France not far from Biarritz. They came down to the beach in a phalanx in their bathrobes. Standing in a straight line, they took off their bathrobes, folded them up in identical bundles, set them in order on the sand, walked forward, raised their arms above their heads, dived into the water, swam out and back, put on their bathrobes and walked away, all with the same gestures, pace, strokes, and distances. "My wife and I were horrified," said the young man. "When you see things like that and listen to what is going on in the

world you're afraid not only for the children you have but for those you hope to have. I would rather have none at all than run the risk of their being brought into a world where they would be regimented into human machines without any mind or choice of their own."

I know a couple who have been deterred by similar fears. They are people of high intellectual attainments: the husband is professor of political history in a great university, the wife is a sociologist of standing. She was in her late twenties when they were married. They had planned to have four children. The second was born when she was thirty-three. In 1938, the year they had set for their third, their plans were upset by the Munich Conference. "We knew," she explained, "that it meant war in Europe, and confusion and perhaps war over here. As I'm not getting any younger, my family may be permanently curtailed. Certainly I'm not going to bring children into a world which is not good enough for those I already have."

The inclination to wait and see is not confined to any special group or class. Dr. Janet Nelson, Director of Family Relations for the Y.W.C.A., whose work takes her into hundreds of cities and towns and among all types of young women, tells me that the most sensitive and thoughtful of them, whatever their income or place in life, are talking in terms of fewer and fewer babies. It is not that they are looking for an excuse. They want families but they are afraid to have them. And their bogey has three heads—war or prolonged militarism for this country, an eventual fascist state forced upon us from within or without, and economic insecurity. To quote from Dr. Nelson, "If they are going to contribute their quota to maintain the population needs they are determined to be sure of a free and peaceful world and one in which they will be assured of enough work to go round."

Who can blame them? Many of them have taken an awful beating during

the past ten years. They have had to defer their marriages because they could not afford to marry; or, marrying, they have been unable to start a family of their own because they had to support or help support their parents. Now, though we are not at war, we are already going into uniform. As our defenses grow we shall have to have more and more men for them. The vast majority of all armed forces are enlisted men. A private gets thirty dollars a month. So here again many of the young will have to choose between childless marriage or no marriage at all. That is, they will if they are awake to what it means to have children born under such circumstances, unless their parents are able to help out, which most of them are not.

"To try to push us into an increasing birth rate at a time like this," declared Dr. Nelson, who is herself the mother of three young children, "is a betrayal of human rights—the rights of the born as well as of the unborn."

We must have defenses of course. Rather than appeasement and subsequent conquest, we may have to accept war as the only alternative. Either way we are in for difficult times if democracy is to be saved. The women know this and they are ready to do their bit and take what comes, just as they can be depended upon, in any instance, to answer their country's needs. But at the moment a high birth rate is not one of this country's needs. And it will not be for long years to come. In spite of the drop, between 1924 and 1940, from 23.1 births to 17 births per thousand people, our population increased during that time by 15,000,000. Experts forecast that, if the present ebb keeps up, by 1985 the population is likely to come to a standstill, then level off and decline. In this we are at least not worse off than Italy and Germany; for in spite of the commands and penalties and subsidies by which Mussolini and Hitler have tried to induce the women of their countries to bear more children, their birth rates have gone down and down.

We have, however, a real population need. To understand what it is we shall have to face some unpleasant facts. Close to one-third of our people, and a much larger proportion of our children—as the poor have larger families than the well-to-do—have only a sub-marginal living. The five hundred thousand inmates of our mental hospitals are equal in number to the daily average of all other patients in all other hospitals. Two out of every hundred children are born with feeble minds. In spite of all that has been done and is being done for the care of mother and child, the infant and maternity death rates are high. So is the percentage of malnutrition among children of the lower economic classes, and even among very large families in the middle class. One of our recruiting officers tells me that as many as thirty-two out of every hundred of our young men applying for enlistment in the army must be rejected for physical defects such as stomach disorders, blood deficiency, bone malformation, bad teeth, or weak hearts, most of which are the result of poor environment. There are other discrepancies which I could go into, but these are evidence enough that before we talk about the mass production of human beings we had better improve the condition and, therefore, the quality of the present output.

And that is what the intelligent mother of to-day is thinking about. She wants her children to be strong and able. She wants to give them the care and education that will make them so. She wants peace for them and a chance not only to survive but to do so in an atmosphere of freedom.

In this she has the support of the eugenists. While the latter are not happy over the birth rate, their cry is not for human hordes but for human substance. And they are no longer snobbish about it. Scientific research and experiment has shown that good health, brains, competency, and character are not divine favors to any class or race. The kind of man into which a child will

grow depends upon the kind of home into which he is born, the kind of people his parents are, the kind of food, shelter, care, discipline, and training they give him. Many parents who, ten or fifteen years ago, started out with the intention of doing well by their offspring, have had their ability to do so impaired, either because of the times or because they had larger families than they could care for.

Frederick Osborn, an authority on population, advocates in his *Preface to America* "freedom of parenthood—freedom not to have children unless they are wanted—freedom for responsible parents . . . to have children without their being an economic burden."

Here some critics contend that if such a policy were allowed to prevail we should be running the risk of lost genius, and they count over on their fingers the few among the renowned who came from large families in the city slums. But so also, I might add, did most of the big shots among the gangsters.

III

Nor is that all. This question reaches down to the very foundation of human liberty—the right of all human beings, as free men and women, to be the masters of their own bodies and souls. This attempt to dictate how many children a woman shall have or what her work shall be is one of the acute symptoms of totalitarianism. It is a danger signal to all that women have won for themselves. If not put down it could easily lead us into the same trap in which the women of Germany, and now France, have been caught.

When he came into power, Adolf Hitler forced all the white-collar women of Germany back into the home. Then he found that in spite of his subsidies, they could not, without the money they had earned, maintain standards of living calculated to raise strong relays of sons and daughters for soldiers and the labor army. Also he found that under the war economy there were not enough men

workers. So the women were sent back, not to their old work, nor any work of their own choosing, but wherever they were told to go, to the fields and the sweatshops and the factories for long hours a day, while their children were turned over to day nurseries or to the youth camps, to be trained in the ways of the Nazi terror.

This is not what the American woman wants for herself and her children. And I don't think it is what our men want for us either.

I am not trying to agitate a strike against motherhood. It would be futile, for women will go on having children because it is the high peak of their destiny. Nor am I trying to set any limit to the number of children women should have. Large families, decently circumstanced, are their own gay Eden—sometimes. But I *am* challenging those well-meaning and learned gentlemen who are urging women to produce children in quantity for the supposed future military good of the State.

Motherhood at its best is not an easy process. Woven in and out of its satisfactions are endless threads of pain, sacrifice, anxiety, and sorrow that men can know nothing of. It is a responsibility much greater than that of fatherhood. When fathers fail, as some of them do, mothers stand by, taking over the double duty of caring for and protecting their children and working to support and educate them. There are many marriages of the past ten years and many children that would never have been had it not been for the earning power of the wives and mothers. And since motherhood has become so much their business, the young mothers and prospective mothers of to-day are defining their own code. This is that woman, as a free agent in a free land, has the sole right to determine how many children she shall have, and when she shall have them; and that the number and the time shall be circumstanced by the kind of world she can look forward to for those she brings into it.



SOUTH SEA WAR BABY

BY BRUCE AND SHERIDAN FAHNESTOCK

WE'VE found a spot on earth to which the war has brought happiness. It's a deep valley before dark hills where the surf pounds out of Pacific swells that have traveled four thousand miles—the valley of Atuona, on the island of Hiva Oa, in the group of the Marquesas.

The people of Chief Timo are happy indeed—there's no mistaking it in their songs, the old songs. The deep-throated *raris* are coming back and there are dances in the evening that haven't been seen since Herman Melville's time. The valley is full of food. The river is full of shrimp. The sea is abundant in fish. The young fruit of the coconut tree is filled with water as sparkling as champagne.

And, believe it or not, the war in Europe, ten thousand miles away, has done all this.

It began when ships from faraway France, which owns this island group, stopped coming regularly. France is a long way from the South Seas, and French ships going half way around the world would offer fine targets for enemy submarines. So the ships didn't come so often and when they did, their coming was shrouded in secrecy and they brought little with them in the way of bright calico and canned goods and other things the people of the islands used to throng to buy at the store of the trader on the beach road.

The trader's shelves are fast emptying now. A few knives are still there, and the wine the French have taught the native to drink in place of his fiery "coco";

but already there are no more bright pieces of calico for the *pareus*, *sarongs*, *lava lavas*, or what you will. There's little thread and no sugar now, and the tinned things are just what was left over from a shipment that got through from California months ago. Soon it will be gone.

And the Marquesans don't watch those emptying shelves with much regret. There won't be that pang of jealousy when Taté parades a new knife, nor that stab of envy when Turia wears a bright French buckle in her hair. There won't *be* any knives. There won't *be* any buckles. What one has he'll make himself. If there is a new canoe, it will be because some strong Marquesan has carved it out of a log himself and not because he was able to buy planks and nails at the trade store.

Our old friend, trader Bob MacKit-trick, met us as we walked up the green shore from the landing place last spring. We hadn't seen him in five years when last we dropped our anchor in Taahuku Bay. He looked years younger.

"I've never seen the people so light-hearted," he said, "and I've been here since 1911. No squabbling, no fights over land. The gendarme hasn't had a moment's work in six months. Why, would you believe it, the children don't cry any more."

Bob told us how the change had come about. First the ships stopped coming. Then, slowly at first, but growing in scope, came certain restrictions from the government in Tahiti to the south. No more pastry might be baked in the

Chinaman's big stone oven near the trade store. Care must be taken to conserve flour. Sugar became scarce.

Then Chief Timo called his people.

The valley must ring again to the voices of those working. The ground must be turned and food coaxed out of it with all the tricks their fathers had known. And if the tin roofs the people had learned to regard as necessary should rust away, then the old practice of using neatly woven pandanus must return. Perhaps if no calico came, then the ancient art of beating bark cloth out of the white skin of the mulberry tree would be known again too. And intricate designs in berry dyes would grace the thin fabric of the *tapa*. Yes, many of the old things, the good things, would come back. The valley would hear again the musical tomp, tomp, tomp of the women's *tapa* hammers beating out the cloth and the men would chase over rock and stream and high crag the long-tusked boars that had grown fat because of the popularity of canned beef from the store. The lazy way of using cheap scent in bright bottles would be gone and in its stead the South Sea gardenia—*tiare* Tahiti—would be crushed with little hammers and mixed with the oil of fresh-squeezed coconuts to make the exotic *monoi* with which to anoint one's body.

All this would have to happen and then, if the white man's war went on and on and still the ships did not come, then—and the old chief's eyes looked back into the days in these islands when the men and their big canoes were thought the greatest in all the Pacific—then perhaps sinnet and log would be set together and the lost art of the carvers would return and great canoes would be built and the voyages to distant shores would begin again.

To Peru for yams, to Hawaii in the far north for ironwood and seeds; and a chief would be a chief again, a chief in a tall reed hat and a club weighing a hundred kilos.

Chief Timo told his people all the secrets of agriculture he knew that they had forgotten, and to a man they left him with promises to fill the valley with fruit again.

The first cock crowed and a star paled and through the wet of the forest went the soft-footed men to till the valley. The planting went quickly. Women wove the old wide-brimmed hats for those who labored in the sun.

Soon the *taro* burst to rise above the ground. The big-leaved trees of the breadfruit bent beneath their load. Mangoes grew full of sweet juice and turned orange at the time they were ready to be picked. Pistaches filled green baskets of woven palm and the bananas of the valley and the *fei* of the hills couldn't be picked fast enough. All the way back to the steep rock of Temeti, where nothing will grow but clinging moss, the valley was planted, the plants bore, and the fruit was harvested. Suckling pig was roasted *hima* on white-hot stones in a pit at the site of the work, and the girls danced and sang when the men rested. Chief Timo sighed in contentment. For the first time in his life he had his people to himself. He was a chief again, chief of a rich happy valley. The ship wasn't coming. Well, what of it?

The rains come and the waterfalls feed the soil of the valley. The fish come hurrying to the torches of the fishermen at night. The land is good, and so is God because even when an ear is strained, imagination stretched, no whimper of guns comes down on the wind from the east.



One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

RECEIVED my allotment of ground limestone from the government last month. They gave me three tons of it, and it cost me nothing save a nominal charge for trucking. I have already spread it on my upper field and harrowed it in. Thus the New Deal comes home to me in powdered form, and I gain a new alkalinity and acquire some fresh doubts and misgivings.

I've been thinking a good bit about this lime, this handout; and it seems to me that it is the principal ingredient of the new form of government which Mr. Roosevelt is introducing, an ingredient which I must try hard to identify in order to clarify the stew on which I feed and on which the people of America (or Amarrica) are so sharply divided. By applying for and receiving this lime I have become a party to one of the so-called "social gains" which we heard so much about during the political campaign. I don't know whether I like it or not. The lime for my field was a gift to me from all the taxpayers of the United States, a grudging gift on the part of about half of them who disavow the principles of the AAA, a gift in the name of fertility, conservation, and humanity. In so far as it is to the advantage of the nation that the soil of America shall be maintained in all its chemical goodness, the dispensation from Mr. Roosevelt is justifiable. Most farmers need more fertilizer than they can afford to buy; when the government provides it free of charge the land improves. But this of course isn't the whole story.

To be honest I must report that at the time I got the lime I experienced a slight feeling of resentment—a feeling not strong enough to prevent my apply-

ing for my share in the booty, but still a recognizable sensation. I seemed to have lost a little of my grip on life. I felt that something inside me, some intangible substance, was leeching away. I also detected a slight sense of being under obligation to somebody, and this, instead of arousing my gratitude, took the form of mild resentment—the characteristic attitude of a person who has had a favor done him whether he liked it or not. All I had to do was spread the lime on a five-acre piece, together with barn dressing; but the Federal government had a harder spreading job than that: the government had to spread the cost of it over the entire citizenry, over not only those who had reelected Roosevelt but those who had despised him. So much Republican acidity for the lime to sweeten, it must have lost much of its strength before it reached my clay soil.

I don't know. It is something for every man to study over, with the help of his God and his conscience. I do begin to feel the friendly control over me and over my land which an Administration exerts in its eagerness to "adjust" me and to change the soil reaction of my upper field. I believe in this Administration, on the whole; in its vision and in its essential vigor. I even voted for it again. It has been called crackpot, but that doesn't disparage it for me. Genius is more often found in a cracked pot than in a whole one. In the main I prefer to be experimented on by an idealist than allowed to lie fallow through a long dry reactionary season. I believe in this Administration, but I am also trying to make out the implications in a load of limestone.

I think it is an unusually important question, and I wish I could be as sure of it in my mind as the President is in his. (Query: does he ever get any free lime for his Hyde Park place?) The gift of fertilizer is an arbitrary benefit, bestowed by thinkers who agree that soil fertility is a national concern—a matter which touches *all* the people and, therefore, which may rightly be charged against all the people. That much is true, I think, even though there are millions of Americans who will never feel any direct gain from the increased alkalinity of my little bit of ground. But I believe it also is true that a government committed to the policy of improving the nation by improving the condition of *some* of the individuals will eventually run into trouble in attempting to distinguish between a national good and a chocolate sundae.

To take an extreme example: through indirect taxation my lime is paid for in part by thousands of young ladies many of whom are nursing a personal want comparable to my want of lime. We will say that they want a permanent wave, to bolster their spirits and improve the chemistry of their nature. Theirs is a real want, however frivolous. Hair-dressing, like any other form of top dressing, is a vital need among many people, and the satisfaction of it, in a sense, may be termed a national good. It doesn't come first, as soil does, but it comes eventually at the end of a long line of reasoning or unreasoning. I think that one hazard of the "benefit" form of government is the likelihood that there will be an indefinite extension of benefits, each new one establishing an easy precedent for the next.

Another hazard is that by placing large numbers of people under obligation to their government there will develop a self-perpetuating party capable of supplying itself with a safe majority. I notice that a few days after my lime had come I received a letter from my county agent which started, "To Members of the H—— County Agricultural Conser-

vation Association. Dear Member . . ." You see, already I was a paid-up Democrat, before ever the lime had begun to dissolve.

Well, I'm not trying to take sides. I'm just a man who got a few bags of lime for nuthin', and whose cup runneth over, troubling his dreams.



STARTED using lights on my pullets to-day, the days being so short. Tomorrow my birds will experience a false sunrise at 4 A.M. when the alarm goes off and the light snaps on. I used to think that electric lights in a henhouse was a barbarous idea, but I don't any more, now that I am better acquainted with hens. The nights here are fifteen hours long, and a hen almost starves to death waiting for morning to come. It is not enough that a hen have food—she must be able to see to eat.

Am reading *The Formation of Vegetable Mould, Through the Action of Worms, With Observations on Their Habits*, by Charles Darwin. I borrowed it from the keeper of a tavern, who seemed surprised that his library included so unsuitable a volume. "I was thus led to conclude," says Darwin, "that all the vegetable mould over the whole country has passed many times through, and will again pass many times through, the intestinal canals of worms."



THERE is a book out called *Dog Training Made Easy* and it was sent to me the other day by the publisher, who rightly guessed that it would catch my eye. I like to read books on dog training. Being the owner of dachshunds, to me a book on dog discipline becomes a volume of inspired humor. Every sentence is a riot. Some day, if I ever get a chance, I shall write a book, or warning, on the character and temperament of the Dachshund and why he can't be trained and shouldn't be. I would rather train a striped zebra to balance an Indian club than induce a dachshund to heed my

slightest command. For a number of years past I have been agreeably encumbered by a very large and dissolute dachshund named Fred. Of all the dogs whom I have served I've never known one who understood so much of what I say or held it in such deep contempt. When I address Fred I never have to raise either my voice or my hopes. He even disobeys me when I instruct him in something that he wants to do. And when I answer his peremptory scratch at the door and hold the door open for him to walk through, he stops in the middle and lights a cigarette, just to hold me up.

"Shopping for a puppy presents a number of problems," writes Mr. Wm. Cary Duncan, author of *Dog Training Made Easy*. Well, shopping for a puppy has never presented many problems for me, as most of the puppies and dogs that have entered my life (and there have been scores of them) were not the result of a shopping trip but of an act of God. The first puppy I owned, when I was about nine years old, was not shopped for—it was born to the collie bitch of the postman of my older sister, who sent it to me by express from Washington, D. C., in a little crate containing, in addition to the puppy, a bar of Peters' chocolate and a ripe frankfurter. And the puppy I own now was not shopped for but was won in a raffle. Between these two extremes there have been many puppies, mostly unshopped for. It is not so much that I acquire dogs as it is that dogs acquire me. Maybe they even shop for me, I don't know. If they do I assume they have many problems, because they certainly always arrive with plenty, which they then turn over to me.

The possession of a dog to-day is a different thing from the possession of a dog at the turn of the century, when one's dog was fed on mashed potato and brown gravy and lived in a doghouse with an arched portal. To-day a dog is fed on scraped beef and Vitamin B₁ and lives in bed with you.

An awful lot of nonsense has been written about dogs by persons who don't know them very well, and the attempt to elevate the purebred to a position of national elegance has been, in the main, a success. Dogs used to mate with other dogs rather casually in my day, and the results were discouraging to the American Kennel Club but entirely satisfactory to small boys who liked puppies. In my suburban town, "respectable" people didn't keep she-dogs. One's washerwoman might keep a bitch, or one's lawn cutter, but not one's next-door neighbor.

The prejudice against females made a deep impression on me, and I grew up thinking that there was something indecent and unclean about she-things in general. The word bitch of course was never used in polite families. One day a little mut followed me home from school, and after much talk I persuaded my parents to let me keep it—at least until the owner turned up or advertised for it. It dwelt among us only one night. Next morning my father took me aside and in a low voice said: "My son, I don't know whether you realize it, but that dog is a female. It'll have to go."

"But why does it have to?" I asked.

"They're a nuisance," he replied, embarrassed. "We'd have all the other dogs in the neighborhood around here all the time."

That sounded like an idyllic arrangement to me, but I could tell from my father's voice that the stray dog was doomed. We turned her out and she went off toward the more liberal section of town. This sort of incident must have been happening to thousands of American youngsters in those days, and we grew up to find that it had been permanently added to the record by Dorothy Parker in her short story "Mr. Durant."

On our block, in the days of my innocence, there were in addition to my collie, a pug dog, a dachshund named Bruno, a fox terrier named Sunny who

spent many years studying one croquet ball, a red setter, and a St. Bernard who carried his mistress's handbag, shuffling along in stately fashion with the drool running out both sides of his jaws. I was scared of this St. Bernard because of his size, and never passed his house without dread. The dachshund was old, surly, and disagreeable, and was endlessly burying bones in the flower border of the DeVries's yard. I should very much doubt if any of those animals ever had its temperature taken rectally, ever was fed raw meat or tomato juice, ever was given distemper inoculations, or ever saw the whites of a veterinary's eyes. They were brought up on chicken bones and gravy and left-over cereal, and were all fine dogs. Most of them never saw the inside of their owners' houses—they knew their place.



The "problem" of caring for a dog has been unnecessarily complicated. Take the matter of housebreaking. In the suburbia of those lovely post-Victorian days of which I write the question of housebreaking a puppy was met with the simple bold courage characteristic of our forefathers. You simply kept the house away from the puppy. This was not only the simplest way, it was the only practical way, just as it is to-day. Our parents were in possession of a vital secret—a secret which has been all but lost to the world: the knowledge that a puppy will live and thrive without ever crossing the threshold of a dwelling house, at least till he's big enough so he doesn't wet the rug.

Although our fathers and mothers very sensibly never permitted a puppy to come into the house, they made up for this indignity by always calling the puppy "Sir." In those days a dog didn't expect anything very elaborate in the way of food or medical care, but he did expect to be addressed civilly.

Mr. Duncan discusses housebreaking at some length and assumes, as do all writers of dog books, that the owner of a puppy has little else to do except own the puppy. It is Mr. Duncan's theory

that puppies have a sense of modesty and don't like to be stared at when they are doing something. When you are walking the dog, he says, you must "appear utterly uninterested" as you approach some favorite spot. This, as any city dweller knows, is a big order. Anybody who has ever tried to synchronize a puppy's bowels with a rigid office schedule knows that one's interest in the small phenomena of early morning sometimes reaches fever pitch. A dog owner may feign disinterest, but his masque will not suffice. Nothing is more comical than the look on the face of a person at the upper end of a dog leash, pretending not to know what is going on at the lower.

A really companionable and indispensable dog is an accident of nature. You can't get it by breeding for it, and you can't buy it with money. It just happens along. Out of the vast sea of assorted dogs that I have had dealings with, by far the noblest, the best, and the most important was the first, the one my sister sent me in a crate. He was an old-style collie, beautifully marked, with a blunt nose and great natural gentleness and intelligence. When I got him he was what I badly needed. I think probably all these other dogs of mine have been just a groping toward that old dream. I've never dared get another collie for fear the comparison would be too uncomfortable. I can still see my first dog in all the moods and situations that memory has filed him away in, but I think of him oftenest as he used to be right after breakfast on the back porch, listlessly eating up a dish of petrified oatmeal rather than hurt my feelings. For six years he met me at the same place after school and convoyed me home—a service he thought up himself. A boy doesn't forget that sort of association. It is a monstrous trick of fate that now, settled in the country and with sheep to take care of, I am obliged to do my shepherding with the grotesque and sometimes underhanded assistance of two dachshunds and a wire-haired fox terrier.



The Easy Chair

THE MUGWUMP ON NOVEMBER 6TH

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THIS is written less than eight hours after it became clear that Mr. Roosevelt had been reelected. It is written by one of the Mugwumps whose votes elected him, the two million uncommitted independents who decide elections. This particular Mugwump voted for Mr. Roosevelt, and suspects that many of his breed did, in the mood of an American folk character: goin' down to Portland to get drunk and, gosh, how I dread it. Asked by a magazine whom he wanted for President, Mr. Elmer Davis answered that he really wanted George Washington but would settle for Andrew Jackson. There were times during the campaign when the Easy Chair would have settled for a less celebrated President, Grover Cleveland. That granite monument of a soapstone age kept coming to mind as a voter sat listening to the speeches of his candidate, speeches which, we were to understand, were not political exhortations but only replies to misrepresentations. Mr. Roosevelt's style was superior to Cleveland's in many ways but in one way it was conspicuously inferior. Cleveland also ran for the Presidency three times and there is no record of his being unwilling on any occasion to state a plain fact in plain words.

This was a complex and confused campaign. It settled two paramount issues, but the more important of them was never stated to the electorate by either candidate. A minor issue, the third term, has also been settled for all time,

and reassuringly: tradition weighs heavily in our politics but does not weigh enough to prevent innovation when there is good need for it.

On the one issue that was clearly defined and adequately debated, the election reaffirmed the historical function of the Democratic Party in our history. Our political continuities are tenuous and, in the round, rough continuities rather than exact ones. But, except for the sixteen years immediately preceding the Civil War, when it represented a sectional and reactionary interest, the Democratic Party has, usually and in the main, represented a continuity of interests and has been used by the Mugwump vote to perform a recurrent function. Since it was first formed under Jefferson it had mainly been composed of people of inferior economic status and people whose economic interests were bound up with theirs. Since Aaron Burr, and more particularly since Jackson, it has, in the main, been a working alliance between those people and the professional political machines of the cities—an alliance that has produced its historic paradoxes and instability. But equally important is the fact that it has periodically been used by the forces in American democracy which permit the accomplishment of revolutionary ends peacefully and within the framework of our political institutions.

In 1800, 1828, 1884, and 1912, and again in 1932, the Democratic Party came to power charged with the duty of

repairing situations and arresting trends which had carried the nation dangerously out of equilibrium. It has thus acted as our revolutionary party, and has been able to act so for two reasons: because an element in it—the liberals, intellectuals, and reformers—has wrested control from those who had a vested or professional interest in it, and because, each time, the Mugwump vote has supported it. Five times a campaign charged it with what amounted to a revolution. Each time it accomplished the revolution. Each time its success proved the ability of the American system to rectify abuses in an orderly, peaceable, and democratic manner. And each time its victory was the result of the Mugwump vote.

On each of those five occasions the abuses rectified were primarily those associated with concentrations of economic or financial power. One meaning of yesterday's balloting is that a majority of the American people have decided to maintain the measures taken for the control of such concentrations following 1932. This is the issue that was not hidden from anyone. The Republican campaign was unusually vigorous, and its vigor was expended in advocating the repeal of the controls of industry and finance established by the New Deal. Three strikes are out and will be out for a long time. 1932, 1936, and 1940 show that the majority are determined to use the government as a dynamic, rather than as a passive or perfunctory, regulator of industry and finance. That determination is now proved and industry and finance must accommodate themselves to the fact.

So far, so good. Yet throughout the earlier history of the Mugwump vote it was never cast with the misgivings that attended it yesterday. A plain fact to which the Administration must accommodate itself is that the two million Mugwumps who retained it in power voted rather for a lesser sum of evils than for an unequivocal good. It would be a mistake of the first order for those in charge

of the New Deal, which must now find a different name for itself, to interpret the election as a mandate to continue certain of the practices it has been given to. In particular, Mr. Willkie's analysis of its fiscal philosophy, which was realistic, and his monody on production, which was considerably more wishful, expressed the Mugwump desire. Because of still more urgent matters, a Mugwump could only shrug them away and hope that an invigorated opposition or the progress of events would force the leaders he was voting for to recognize them. But one reason why his trip to Portland was so melancholy was that he knew how insubstantial the hope was.

His first anxiety of the morning after election is whether the Administration he has maintained in office will pull out of the Presidential hat such a mandate as it got delusions about following 1936. The limits of the Mugwump intention—which are, effectively, the sanctions under which the Administration can operate—were defined in the period between the introduction of the Supreme Court Bill and the elections of 1938. It is well to remember that at the end of that period the Administration stood defeated, that the Mugwumps had deserted it, and that they came back to its support only because of developments overseas. If there be any among the advisers of the Administration who believe that yesterday's election repealed the teachings of the earlier defeat, or if there be any who desire to use the exterior emergency as leverage for the implementation of a political philosophy or a domestic policy clearly repudiated by that defeat, then the whole thing will have to be done over again. It was the withdrawal of the Mugwump support that broke the last mandate, beginning with the Supreme Court Bill, and the same forces will break any new mandate that starts out in the same direction. But now we cannot afford the time, risk the emotions, or spare the energy.

But the Mugwump who went down to Portland to vote yesterday felt a still

more serious anxiety. The outrageous, the all but intolerable fact is that the attitude of both candidates toward the most important reality in the contemporary world was, throughout the campaign, somewhere between the irresponsible and the dishonest. It is certain that both knew how meaningless were their promises that the United States would not go to war. Every adult mind in America knows that any day's developments may force war on us, and that fact dominates every other fact in our national life. Its suppression during the campaign was a failure in public courage and a betrayal of democratic interests—and a profoundly disturbing misjudgment of the American people.

Some two million Mugwumps voted for Mr. Roosevelt in the belief that, though he chose not to say so, he was aware that the greatest crisis in the history of mankind long ago inexorably involved the United States and will increasingly affect it, whereas nothing that Mr. Willkie said showed an adequate comprehension of the facts of life. But to assume that Mr. Roosevelt had that awareness was in a measure to agree with Mr. Willkie's accusation that he had lost faith in the American people. If not Mr. Roosevelt, then his board of strategy had decided that it was unsafe to tell the Americans hard, alarming truths about their status in the modern world. The possibility of war is indeed alarming, but is there nothing alarming in a measured decision by a Presidential candidate or his advisers that the people lack either courage or the sense of reality? Nothing in the history of the United States, and nothing now evident in the behavior of the American people, justified that conclusion. That it was deliberately made and acted on is a harrowing omen for the days to come.

Nevertheless, it was of one piece with other parts of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign which, though less disturbing in themselves, contributed to the Mugwump's anxiety about his vote. All political campaigns beget fictions and pretenses,

but it has been a long time since we have seen pretenses so blithely adolescent as those which the Democratic campaign urged on us. The Mugwump vote is not going to forget the Democratic convention, whose smell will linger on in history. The pretense that Mr. Roosevelt was being drafted by a united people, or even by a harmonious party with one united will, was, however, corrected by the universal knowledge that the draft consisted of Mr. Roosevelt's personal machine using the powers of a President in office. That was an adolescent pretense, with an ugly overtone of contempt for the public intelligence, but it was not dangerous unless some of those who used it as an instrument have ended by believing it. Also on the adolescent level was Mr. Roosevelt's pretense that he was above the political battle at a time when every resource of his party and position was being used to procure votes for him. This too had an ugly overtone, an implication that the people could be induced to vote for him in a conviction psychologically allied to the mystical leadership-principle which we denounce among our enemies. Happily that pretense also was punctured, pulverized, and blown away. It became apparent that Mr. Willkie was making headway, whereupon Mr. Roosevelt began asking for votes with the earnestness of any specialty salesman soliciting a housewife to buy a combination potato-parer and mousetrap. It was just as well. In a democracy you ask for votes, and the tangential pretense that Mr. Roosevelt was a horse named Abraham Lincoln half-way across the Potomac in 1864 ignored the historical fact that Lincoln worked for votes publicly, clamorously, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up. If Mr. Roosevelt had not ended by doing likewise, the Mugwump vote would have deserted him on the simplest of all principles, that no man is safe in the White House who has not got a sweating forehead to remind him that he was put there by the suffrage.

He did not, however, follow the real-

ity-principle quite far enough for our comfort. Half-way across the Potomac in 1864, Abraham Lincoln, campaigning to succeed himself in midstream, had no difficulty whatever in remembering that he was the Republican candidate, that he was opposed by a Democratic candidate, and that the name of his opponent was George B. McClellan. In 1940 Mr. Roosevelt never got round to admitting that there was an opposition candidate. He referred, very effectively, to the "Republican leaders" of several years ago; he did not refer to the candidate who was opposing him by admission of the candidacy or by name. That was hardly adult enough to be called adolescent; whether Mr. Roosevelt's policy or his strategy board's, it was childish. The Republican party, supported (as the event showed) by the votes of twenty-two million Americans, was in the campaign and was making things very hot indeed. The American political system is solidly established on a two-party basis, and only one party had nominated Mr. Roosevelt. But at a time of crisis only less desperate than November, 1864, the President of the United States chose to run for reelection in the pretense that he had no opponent. If that was not childish then it was—something more disturbing.

If such things as these were political blunders, then they can be written off, though the Mugwump vote is hardly cheered by a demonstration that its candidate, the master politician of our time, has been fumbling. If, however, they signify a state of mind, either the President's or his advisers', then they provide sound reason for alarm. In times like these we cannot afford the indulgence of adolescent emotions in high places.

There are straightforward ways of doing things, and there are cunning, shifty, and backhanded ways of doing the same things. If the President really likes the tricky way, or if his counselors really believe that it is the more effective way and succeed in convincing him, then the teaching of the first two years of his second Administration, as plain a lesson as any in our history, will have been lost and the future will be in peril.

On the day after election both the press and the radio waves are full of exhortations to national unity. The Mugwump voted for Mr. Roosevelt after the most solemn and agonizing casting-up of accounts that any voters now alive have ever had to make, because he believed that national unity would be best served by such a vote. He is content with the outcome—it is in the interest of unity. But there is no way of unifying a nation by stealth, cunning, or sleight of hand. You do not hypnotize, cajole, or trick a nation into unity—not at least a democratic nation whose I.Q. is normal and whose channels of information and debate remain open. You assume that it is adult, intelligent, and courageous. You move openly and in the light of day, and you tell it the truth. If you soften the fact or the word to a people you make clear that you do not trust them, and there can be no unity. Two contrasting examples are on view overseas, and the Administration can choose whichever it thinks the more effective. But twelve o'clock will presently be striking in America, and whether it is to be midnight or noon will depend on the frankness of the Administration. If it is anything less than absolute frankness there will be no point in exhorting the nation to unity.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages



Harper's *Magazine*

GERMAN PLANNING FOR TOTAL WAR

BY FLETCHER PRATT

TOTAL war is based on three concepts—planning, surprise, mass. Its grand strategy is one of pure attack, each move rising from the last, in a development of the system Napoleon inherited from the French Revolution and expanded—that of living off the conquered, making war feed war. This is both logical for a militarily strong nation which has discarded the conventional moral code and a logical implementation of the aggressive totalitarian creed. Which reason produced the other is a hen-and-egg question that need not now concern us.

The system is not new. Esarheddon of Assyria, three thousand years ago, was sending captives from conquered Jerusalem to fight Urartu in the north, and using northern horsemen against Egypt. But upon it the totalitarian states have superimposed a principle new to war, or at least not previously exploited on a strategic scale—that of attacking weakness only, not so much defending against strength as refusing to encounter it.

The old strategy taught that this was wrong. When the enemy's strongest

force was broken the rest collapsed, and until that army or fleet had been dealt with, side-shows against weak points were an exhausting dispersion of force. This is true of the old, limited war, in which a Dardanelles expedition could be a ghastly failure. It is not true for total war, in which captured Poland yields many thousands of prisoners who are practically slaves, to be worked till their feet drop off.

Had the Allies waged the First World War on the new principles, for example, they would have replied to the invasion through Belgium by attacking Germany through Denmark—thus also cutting off a food source from the Germans—with the help of Russian troops brought down through a Baltic thrown open by their own attack. Lord Fisher wanted to do something like this later, but too late. Had Lincoln been a totalitarian leader he would have kept a fortified line along the Potomac while the major Federal armies were thrown into Arkansas and Texas, where the Confederacy was weak, and into east Tennessee, where Union

sentiment was strong. These districts overwhelmed, veteran troops, supported by the conscript labor and seized resources of the conquered territories, would have thrust into the weakened South.

But both the First World War and the American Civil War were fought by democracies. They balked at the Fisher project in the first instance. In both their grand strategy was directed by public opinion, which in the total state is a synthetic product, manufactured to support decisions already taken on pure military grounds, in an atmosphere free of "bourgeois morality."

With the single exception of the Russian drive for Viipuri in February, 1940 (and this is probably an exception chiefly because the force of the resistance was underestimated), all the totalitarian campaigns exhibit similar characteristics. They are stages in a long-range plan. They are delivered suddenly, by surprise, so that the military operations of each stage are closed out before the slow-moving spontaneous public opinion of the democracies can reach flash-point. The force exerted is beyond all apparent proportion to the resistance expected. They are accompanied by protestations from the total state that this campaign will be the last, that henceforth they wish only to live at peace. They are launched against immediate objectives so small, defenseless, or apparently remote that in a military sense the democracies are faced with a major offensive conflict for the recovery of a minor outpost; and in a political sense with an exhausting war to reverse a *fait accompli*.

"Why should we go to war for a few Czech shoemakers?" asked Paul Palmer, editor of the *American Mercury*, at the time of Munich, and "I will never die for Danzig!" cried Marcel Déat, ex-Minister of Air, in the French Chamber, with the bugles of the Second World War already sounding in the street outside.

Finally, these campaigns are followed by an intense process of exploitation and absorption.

Thus the Japanese advance into China opened in Manchuria, the most remote and militarily weakest province. Even among Chinese leaders of the time there were many who regarded the operation as a haircut rather than an amputation. Jehol and Chahar came next, still territories beyond the Great Wall, out of sight and mind of all but a few of the most intelligent—Chinese and Westerners alike. In the main assault once more overwhelming strength is thrown against weakness—the whole advance moving with the beat of Japanese sea power against the coasts and river basins of the attacked country.

Thus also Italy threw so much of the force of a modern military state against Ethiopia that the conquest was complete before the democratic conscience—or sense of menace—could be aroused to anything more than sanctions, which would only have been effective had the war been a long one. Suez Canal statistics show that over 400,000 Italian troops were sent through to deal with defenders who, according to Lawrence Stallings (he was there), amounted to no more than "100,000 syphilitic niggers." Similarly Albania was blitzkrieged out of existence in a couple of days.

Both places became invaluable base areas when Italy joined the war against England. Without "remote" Ethiopia the campaign against Kenya and Egypt would have been impossible. That against British Somaliland and the southern flank of the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb must certainly have failed. Without Albania the Adriatic could hardly have been closed against a dangerous British naval offensive right up to the gates of Venice, and any drive across the Balkans must have been impossible.

The case of the Russian march to the Baltic is particularly instructive. The sudden demands on Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania came by surprise, at a time when the Western Allies were neither psychologically nor physically capable of preventing Russian action there. The destruction of these small independent

states was the indispensable preliminary to the Finnish campaign, and through that, to the German seizure of Norway and Denmark.

To perceive this chain of operations it is only necessary to consider the situation from the opposite aspect of a Russia making war on Finland first, with the undominated Baltic states striking at the flanks of her armies, Allied help pouring through an undominated Sweden, the Scandinavians all thrown in on the Allied side, making an offensive down the Baltic against Germany. The Russian grand strategic plan was so sound that it could survive many errors in the actual prosecution of the war.

Yet the classic example of working through little, "not worth the trouble" objectives to major results is the case of Germany. From the publication of *Mein Kampf* there was never the slightest doubt about the ultimate aim of German strategy—the destruction of France and Russia as military and industrial powers, leaving Germany supreme on the European continent.

Italy, cut off by her mountains, protruding into the Mediterranean, is rated by the Nazi geo-politicians as a sea and colonial power of the same type as England. Nazi doctrine held there would be no irreconcilable hostility with either Italy or England for many years to come provided they were not committed to the support of one of the true, continental rivals. It is worth noting how *Mein Kampf* hesitates and balances between the two as to which is the better ally.

The book's choice fell on England, but that was before the events of 1935 proved the Entente indestructible. If war with England continued after the fall of France it was, in the German view, only because England refused to make peace. Or, as it would be expressed in Naziland, because the control which British public opinion exercised over Imperial grand strategy would not permit the government to take the obviously wise and rational step of accepting the French defeat, coming to terms with her former

enemy, and making an alliance against the Soviet.

Whether even a totalitarian England without "bourgeois" moral scruples would have been wise to accept such an alliance at any time is doubtless a speculation in which future historians will find interest. It is of no such immediate importance as an analysis of the method Germany used to bring down her ancient transrhene enemy. That there was a technical progression of violence from the purely political (the Ruhr) through the politico-military (Czechoslovakia), the pure military (Battle of France), to the current police phase makes no difference in the essential character of the movement. The phases might as well have been reversed. In the case of Norway they were reversed.

War—total war, the new kind—was actually declared on France the day of the Reichstag fire, which eliminated from the German body politic those elements either actually or potentially opposed to the dynamists. That fire enabled Hitler's minority party to become a majority by the ejection from the Reichstag of the largest single body of irreconcilables. It brought him to power in command of a party of planless violence, with no program but opposition to "Jewish Marxists," the Versailles Treaty, and the French, who were considered the servants of both.

II

The institution of total war in its perfected form may be viewed as the child of the marriage between the Nazi party and the German army. For when Hitler became the government he automatically acquired the full loyalty of that army, a remarkable institution. Its officer corps constitutes more a caste than a service, handing down the tradition from father to son. Even weddings are made with the blessing and permission of the colonel rather than God.

That army thinks war all the time and repeats with special approval the story about old von Schlieffen, its one-time

head, looking across a valley with his wife into a gorgeous sunset.

"What a beautiful view!" she said.

"The hills afford no concealment for artillery and the stream is without value as a military obstacle," he replied.

Institutionally the army is deaf, dumb, and blind to politics, though an occasional member may mix in them on his own responsibility, as an occasional soldier may collect stamps or play the flute. (Von Schleicher played politics and got shot for it; von Brauchitsch did and became generalissimo.) It conceives its whole duty to be the furtherance of the German government's ends. All its thinking processes are sublimated to the business of discovering how to accomplish those ends. Had the German political pendulum gone to the Communist end of the swing in 1933 the army would have turned out to shoot down Nazis and march off to the conquest of Italy.

The General Staff is the brain of this army. Like every other general staff the world over, its normal peacetime occupation is to produce war plans for every possible contingency. The details of this function vary a good deal from one nation to another, but the main lines are similar save for the differences totalitarianism has introduced.

A "class" of officers is selected from the service for study and instruction as staff men. They may be of any rank down to captains, and in the German army there is a rather consistent effort to get young blood in, but the bulk of a staff class is apt to consist of majors and lieutenant-colonels. Appointments to staff college are much prized, as they carry an officer into the inner circle, with almost positive guarantees of promotion to high rank. The effort is to select the more brilliant men. Human institutions undoubtedly plays some part in the selections, but probably less in Germany than in most places, thanks to the army caste system.

When the class assembles it is divided

into two sections, each under the presidency of a high staff officer. One of these sections considers itself temporarily as the full staff of the country in which the exercise is being held; the other is supposed to be the staff of a possible enemy.

Let us suppose that this is a German staff college considering a war with France. It divides into a German and a French section. Both sections receive the fullest possible reports on the military forces of the two countries—in the case of the German section from records, in the French section from information furnished by military attachés, espionage reports, and that patient perusal of foreign newspapers which the German intelligence division carries on so unremittingly.

These reports are detailed to the last degree. They cover the number of divisions available, the number of troops and machines connected with each, where the men are located and how organized. They have notes on the morale and training of each division and its probable performance as a fighting unit, just like the similar reports prepared in wartime.

Captured German staff notes on the first American divisions to reach the Western Front, for example, described them as excellent troops, especially on defense. They were, however (the staff notes said) prone to make rash advances without proper mop-up operations. Therefore they should be dealt with by strong parties concealed in deep dugouts and well-hidden machine-gun positions, which should go into action after the first wave of attack had passed.

High commanders, of corps and army rank, are usually honored with special memoranda, taking cognizance of their personal peculiarities as men and officers. General Corap of the French army, who commanded at Sedan, was thus listed in a report as a vain man, given to the use of influence, and probably incompetent. Similar reports describe reserve divisions, their mobilization points, the railroad

net on which they will travel; where the supplies for them will come from; where the bottlenecks in the supply chain are likely to occur.

The "German" and "French" sections of the staff class, with this information in hand, then plan war against each other, striving to take advantage of this information. Neither side knows what the other is doing. Let us take a hypothetical case to show how this works out.

III

An imaginary General von Pretzel is head of the German section. He plans a two-pronged thrust into France by way of Mulhouse-Besançon in the south and through Metz to the Meuse in the north, the two prongs to meet behind the Maginot Line. To the Metz end of the operation he assigns a bright young officer named Major von Schnickelfritz.

That officer looks over the reports on the French defensive dispositions at Metz, not in a theoretical light, but as these arrangements are actually known. He calculates how many men and guns would be needed to overwhelm each of the forts, and whether they could be moved through the outer attack zones without suffering heavy loss. Metz is well fortified; it is evident his task is going to be an arduous one.

Therefore he looks into the possibilities of surprise. Say he discovers a chain of back-country roads by which the railroad yards that supply the Metz forts can be reached. The Major accordingly writes an elaborate paper, describing the makeup and number of the forces needed to hold the Metz forts in play, and adds to it a supplement asking that an extra brigade of fast tanks be assigned to the army of attack to take advantage of the route to the railroad yards.

The roads he has selected are not improved, therefore his report demands that the operation be undertaken in dry weather. At one spot the route crosses a ravine somewhat wider than the length of a tank and the bridge across it is an

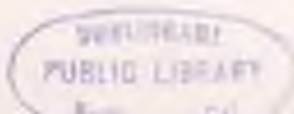
old one of wood. An engineer battalion, with a portable bridge in sections, will have to be attached to the tank brigade for this crossing.

At another point the trees that cover most of the route from observation fall away, leaving the road exposed to the guns of Fort Belote. It is a dangerous spot. Major von Schnickelfritz asks that the engineer battalion carry an extra supply of chemical smokes to cover the progress of the tanks across this gap. A squadron of bombardment aviation should also be assigned to keep Fort Belote busy, and some long-range artillery, preferably railroad guns, should be brought up to smash at the fort while the attack is in progress. According to the "Skobeleff maxim," artillerymen under fire from directly ahead will not turn their pieces to shoot off at an angle, no matter how attractive the target over there. They insist on replying to the guns that are popping at them, and Major von Schnickelfritz counts on using this psychological fact.

The Major is now in a fair way to become a Metz expert, and until he reaches high command will probably continue to study that place and its surroundings. Every army has these experts on special localities. In 1914 it was an expert on the Masurian Lakes, Paul von Hindenburg, who was called from retirement to win Germany's greatest victory. In 1939 the French put in command of their armies Maurice Gustave Gamelin, an expert on Belgium. Unfortunately the decisive actions of the war were not fought in Belgium.

Von Schnickelfritz, his plan complete, turns it over to General von Pretzel. It looks all right to him, but the general cannot afford to leave any doubt, so he turns the whole thing over to a third staff officer, Lieut.-Col. Hausfrau. This man is in the Quartermaster Corps, an expert on troop movements, and it is his duty to make certain that the formations asked for can be moved up without a hitch.

There are a good many of these forma-



tions, and Hausfrau finds himself with a rather tough job on hand. He finds that the preliminary movement of troops for the attack can just about be made. However, a bad bottleneck is apt to develop at Coblenz under war conditions when the supplies of food, fuel, ammunition, and reinforcements begin to come along to support the movement. The roads and railroad through this place are only just barely sufficient to carry the supplies of the army attacking Metz under the best conditions. As the French may confidently be expected to bomb the place, the conditions will not be of the best. Lieut.-Col. Hausfrau will have to find an alternative route to carry some of the load.

But Hausfrau notes that an excellent motor road runs from Limburg to Nastätten. If this were carried only some ten miles farther and a bridge across the Rhine built to St. Goar, the Coblenz route would be paralleled. He includes in his paper a request that this stretch of road be built up.

General von Pretzel is very much pleased. His big double encirclement is going to work, provided only that this one section of road is built. He rules that Major von Schnickelfritz and Lieut.-Col. Hausfrau have achieved solutions, and these two officers are thus placed in line for promotion. The mass of his plans for the attack, including similar calculations for the other wing, are now submitted to the General Staff, with a request that the strategic road and bridge connecting Nastätten and St. Goar be undertaken at once.

Meanwhile the staff has received a solution from the "French section." These officers have of course been working out a plan for a French war against Germany. Their paper says that in their opinion the German forces will probably attempt a double encirclement of the Maginot positions by way of Metz and Mulhouse. Their war plan is, accordingly, to trap the force coming through Metz in a maze of entanglements, allow the Mulhouse force to penetrate a

certain distance, and then throw on to its flank the entire mobile French army.

As for Major von Schnickelfritz's tank thrust, the officers of the French section have also spotted that same link-up of back-country roads. They expect that the German section will prescribe a push by armored cars (not tanks—their error) through there. They have detailed a couple of regiments of mobile artillery to hold the ravine the Major wanted the portable bridge for. (The places from which these regiments will come, the roads they will use, the time of their arrival are part of the report.) Moreover, they will mine the roads at certain points specified on the accompanying maps. At another point an engineer group will chop down a line of trees which conceals the road from another of the Metz forts, Fort Atout.

It is evident to the General Staff that if two of their own men have found that net of back roads into Metz the real French General Staff on the other side of the border can hardly be expected to miss it. But General von Pretzel's whole solution really rests on that surprise tank drive. When his plan is laid side by side with that of the "French section" it is clear that the road and railroad net behind the fortress is better than that in front of it. The French will thus be able to reinforce the place faster than it can be attacked, unless the attack is an overwhelming surprise.

The General Staff accordingly rules the von Pretzel plan "no solution" and sends that officer to command a garrison in East Prussia, where he can meditate on the folly of planning a campaign without reference to the enemy's actions. Meanwhile the entire class is convoked, and a lecturer from the General Staff delivers a critique, pointing out instances where the two plans have made each other unworkable, and adding comments.

IV

Most of the class now goes back to its duties with the troops, and another class

is appointed. Since the last one achieved no solution of the problem of a war with France, the new one takes up the same question. General Beerholder, who replaces General von Pretzel at the head of the German section, naturally wants the help of the men who have done well previously, so he has Major von Schnickelfritz and Lieut.-Col. Hausfrau retained at headquarters for the new study.

Naturally also, General Beerholder starts by studying over the von Pretzel plan to see what went wrong. He is impressed by the basic soundness of the idea for a double thrust; and the more he thinks of the von Schnickelfritz idea for a tank push into Metz the better he likes it.

The Major is accordingly placed in charge of a special division, with instructions to find means of making his scheme work in the face of the French counter-measures.

He looks over the papers. The most serious threat, he decides, is Fort Atout, which will open fire on his tanks when the screen of trees along the road is chopped down. There are several ways of handling this problem. If secret agents are planted in the locality in sufficient numbers they may be able to keep the trees from coming down. Fort Atout, like Fort Belote, can be put out of business by heavy air bombardment, accompanied by long-range shelling from heavy guns. It is located near an airfield. If this can be seized by airplane troops they can spread out from the field and attack the fort close in, or at least break up its observation stations.

The matter is so important that von Schnickelfritz prescribes all three methods, noting among his papers that the observation stations for Fort Atout must be carefully located through espionage.

Now he undertakes the other obstacles to the success of his plan. The anti-tank mines are the next most serious. These are placed in position only after the outbreak of war, when attack is imminent. The French section's plan of course described what arsenals the mines

were to be drawn from and by what routes the trucks would bring them into position. These truck convoys loaded with mines can be attacked. The Major accordingly asks for an extra squadron of aviation, light scout-bombers, which are to scour the roads for these mine-bearing trucks and attack them on sight.

But aviation against truck convoy is one fluid force against another, with too many elements not subject to calculation. Von Schnickelfritz asks therefore that his light tanks shall be preceded by an armored-car battalion, which shall run fast into the back country, dispersing along all the roads by which mine-laden trucks can come up. They are to station themselves in concealment along the roads and shoot up any trucks that come along.

The revised von Schnickelfritz plan is now submitted to General Beerholder. He considers the tank dash has now been made workable. There is, however, no safety factor in the general plan. It still rests on that tank attack. If for some reason that should not jell, this plan, like von Pretzel's, will be "no solution." He must have an alternative method of breaking through at Metz.

The best alternative, he decides, is to threaten the large French mobile forces that will gather at Metz with attack from another direction. A fixed fort can always be reduced if there is only the garrison to deal with. A feint from the east to draw the Metz forces in that direction is not to be thought of. The run of the hills and roads in that direction is lateral, east and west, with strong fortified positions along the way. The guns in these positions will take in flank any movement along roads or valleys. But on the west Metz is crowded in so close under the angle of Luxembourg, that any approach to it from other than the east must come straight against the fortress.

However, General Beerholder observes that a series of excellent roads, supported by a double-track railroad, run through Luxembourg city and Longwy. An

army moving down this route would be so serious a threat to the flank of Metz that the French would have to put all their mobile forces in against it and might have to bring troops up from the south. The Hannover-Westfalen Army Corps of the German army could penetrate this area without interfering with the main Metz movement.

General Beerholder directs that the plans be drawn for such a movement, and when they are drawn, turns in the complete plan as his solution for a French war.

When it is checked against the new plan of the French section, the General Staff finds that no one there has anticipated the move through Luxembourg and Longwy. The Beerholder plan is accordingly accepted as the full solution for a French war in which Luxembourg is involved, either on the side of France or Germany.

V

At this point we see the special advantage to each other of the total state and its military machine. In such a moralistic democracy as the United States the critique of the Beerholder plan would describe it as an interesting exercise and the plan would then be filed away for reference in the unlikely case in which little Luxembourg wanted to join one of the great powers in a war. After several more efforts the problem of an aggressive war against France without the use of the Luxembourg gap would be listed as practically insoluble. Succeeding classes at the General Staff college would take up plans for fighting a defensive war, to exhaust the enemy's resources. This is exactly what happened in France at the close of the First World War. The Maginot Line may be viewed as the projection into material form of the French staff's reasoned conviction that a war of attack on Germany was impossible without using the territory of the small neutrals.

But here the French staff went astray. The Line, from the standpoint of military

theory, was nothing more nor less than a wall. This type of structure has not a single success to its credit in all recorded history, save when used as a *point d'appui* by a powerful and mobile striking force. The only value a wall has aside from this lies outside the military field—in discouraging attack. But the French did not build a striking force to accompany their Maginot Line. The wall thus became an expression of a profound French will-to-peace, an announcement of national determination to wage a "phony war," merely stalling off an attacker.

Germany is the home of military theory, and the essential nature of walls has been studied there by Clausewitz and Delbrück among others. The very fact that there was a Maginot Line thus had a considerable influence on the strategy of the early stages of Germany's war against the Western world. Its existence tipped off the French war plans—made it certain that the Gauls would not retort to the recovery of the Ruhr, the rearmament of the Rheinland, or the seizure of Austria by pushing an army into Germany. The assurance against counter-invasion at the time of the Czechoslovakian attack was almost equally but not quite so good; Hitler's Siegfried positions were already well under way when the latter took place.

In Germany the idea of defensive war, except locally and while aggressive operations are going on elsewhere, has always been regarded as false theory. For that matter it is considered false theory in most military establishments except the British, which looks to the Navy for decisive results.

When Hitler came to power, then, this German army, with its aggressive theory and training to attack, was placed at the service of a government which substituted the fundamental philosophy of a will-to-combat for the democratic will-to-peace. It was also a government which officially regarded "small area formations" as "forms of dissolution and evaporation." This cuts considerably deeper than a mere willingness to walk

through a small neighbor's territory as though it were a farmer's cabbage-patch. It means that a war plan providing for such an invasion of a small neighbor would be more cordially received than one that did not; and it means the German war plan for the spring of 1940.

The Beerholder plan, including the move through Luxembourg, is thus not merely the subject of intelligent comment in a total state. Submitted to the government, it is officially approved, becomes "War Plan A," and is turned back to the staff for the preliminary execution necessary before it is put in force.

VI

The first thing the General Staff considers is the complaint of Lieut.-Col. Hausfrau, the supply and troop-movement officer. Appended to War Plan A is his report on transportation facilities. The road and railroad net, he says, is entirely inadequate for the strains that will be placed on it. In addition to the original difficulties, von Schnickelfritz has now asked for extra armored cars, and the artillery which is to batter Fort Atout. General Beerholder's move through Luxembourg will also use up some of the roads down which the original Metz army was to be supplied and wants room for new troops, not provided for in the old plan.

The General Staff, looking over Hausfrau's road-movement schedules, agrees with him. Nor is it merely a question of War Plan A as far as they are concerned. Checking against the war plans drawn by the French sections, they find that the French counterattacks will not unlikely consist of a series of stabbing and dislocating assaults on nodal points in the inefficient German road system. Thus on any broad view the road net must be improved.

The staff therefore informs the government that War Plan A, already approved, requires the improvement of the road system, particularly with reference to the bad bottleneck at Coblenz. Specifically,

they would like to have that road from Nastätten to Limburg improved into a four-lane highway. It should be carried on to the point on the Rhine opposite St. Goar, and a bridge put across the river at that point.

Such general staff requests are not uncommon in all countries. They are one of the reasons why in our own the War Department's approval must be secured for such projects as the proposed Battery-Brooklyn bridge in New York City. But in democracies generally the staff has only a kind of veto power. It can rarely get things done. Ever since it was organized the American General Staff has been protesting against the system of parcelling the regular army out in little posts all over the country, where they were once useful against Indians, but now only furnish partners for the local bridge club and customers for the local stores.

But in totalitarian Germany, the country which prints on its posters the motto *Schlagobers oder Schlagmacht* ("whipped cream or whipped enemies," for a free translation), staff requests are a matter of vivid concern. A commission is sent down to inquire whether there is any reason the road and bridge should not be built. They find that a rich and influential manufacturer of cuckoo-clocks has a factory at Nastätten, squarely in the path of the proposed extension. If Germany were a democracy this gentleman would trot to his representative as soon as he got wind of the project. There would be trouble and the road would not be built at all, or it would be built round the factory on a hairpin curve of the kind bombers love to caress.

But in the totalitarian state no business is more important than the business of war; no influence is superior to that of the General Staff except in broad matters of policy. The factory has to move and the manufacturer is lucky if he gets compensation.

This is not all. In a democratic country the moment the cuckoo-clock maker protested to his representative the whole

question would be launched on to the tossing sea of debate, with communities up and down the river presenting their superior claims to the road and bridge in question. Sooner or later one of the debaters would be fairly certain to pop out in public with the information that the road as originally designed had some strategic value. Whereupon the enemy General Staff takes note and begins to figure what strategic purpose such a road would serve. This is rather bad for War Plan A, which depends upon surprise for its effect.

The locations of the Polish military airdromes were thus revealed to the Germans so completely that the latter had no difficulty in bombing them out of existence before noon on the first day of the war. Similar debates told the Nazis where the Polish army assembly areas were, and it was a simple matter for them to deduce the Polish campaign plan, adjusting their own accordingly.

The implementation of War Plan A thus begins with the provision of the supporting road net. If it occurs to the General Staff that the French across the border may become suspicious about this road they will build two or three other *Autobahnen* in the same region but pointing off in other directions—dummy military roads. The labor cost of such a project would give a democracy to pause, but this does not trouble totalitarianism. It has unlimited labor on what is practically a slave basis available from its concentration camps. If the totalitarianism is Germany there is an additional labor supply at no cost in the *Arbeitsdienst*, the one year's compulsory physical labor required of every youth. Better yet, the concentration-camp prisoners need not be spared; they can be worked to death, in the quite literal sense of the phrase, with advantage to the state.

Other staff officers under direction of Lieut.-Col. Hausfrau now take up the question of redistributing the forces so they will flow smoothly into the movement on Metz. The location of each

formation is worked out according to a rigorous timetable for its future movements. For example, the 134th Tank Regiment may be stationed at Coblenz. The timetable prepared for this regiment calls for the men to be turned out of their barracks at 5 A.M. on M-day plus one, that is, one day after the declaration of war. They will be allowed an hour to get ready and fall in. At 6 A.M. they will take the road southwest out of town, traveling slowly, at an average speed of 15 kilometers an hour. They should be in Karden by 8 A.M. Until this point no breakdowns will be "recognized." That is, any tank unable to make the very low speed demanded in spite of mechanical troubles will be run off into the ditch and left behind. The reason for this is that a mechanized infantry regiment is to use the same road from Coblenz to Karden right behind the tanks, turning into it at 7 A.M.

At Karden, however, the road forks and the mechanized infantry are to turn off in another direction. Any cripples in the tank formation may limp along behind to Köchem, where a repair depot will be set up. The main body will carry on to Ehrang, where they will lunch at noon and be joined by the 168th Tank Regiment, which will come in from Linz in the north. From that point they will speed up, cross the frontier and enter the battle area.

This is a simple timetable for a single unit. Normally the unit timetables will call for far more complex movements. These timetables are checked against one another to make certain that no two units occupy the same roads at the same time, and none have been asked to perform impossible feats. In the course of this checking it will not infrequently appear that a road is too narrow, a repair station located in the wrong place, an ammunition dump is insufficient to supply the unit working from it. Very well, the totalitarian state orders the necessary alterations in the national physical geography.

Normally these changes are given a

plausible civilian cover. For that tank-repair station at Köchem, for example, a mechanic-sergeant in the reserve will be selected. Through some dummy finance corporation the government will loan him money to start a nice little garage. They will see to it that the equipment of the garage falls within his means and is of the right quality. He will have no more official connection with the German army than the Japanese reservists who run tuna-clippers off the California coast have with the Imperial navy.

More than likely, the mechanic-sergeant in question will not even know why he is there. He attributes his success in getting the nice little garage on such reasonable terms to sheer good luck, to the kindness of an officer under whom he has served, or something similar. He is led to do this, and after having started him out, the government does not even try to prop him up. If he fails to make a commercial success out of the nice little garage it will be sold out from under him, and another mechanic-sergeant will take over.

VII

When the timetables for all units involved have been made out, commanders are assigned for the higher formations, and a few of them—generals of corps or army—may be allowed to see the plan. Specialist officers also consider the scheme. Let us suppose that one of these is Lieutenant-General von Erdbreen, a famous engineer, who has specialized in fortification.

His eye lights on von Schnickelfritz's plan for immobilizing Forts Belote and Atout. He does not believe it will work and compiles a report saying so. Von Schnickelfritz and perhaps other officers produce counter-reports, and in a democratic country the process degenerates into a *katy-did*, *katy-didn't* argument, with the General Staff as umpire. But under totalitarianism war is important to others beside soldiers. The matter has to be settled empirically.

Reproductions of the two forts are

ordered built, somewhere up in the Schwäbischer Alb, and they are painstakingly subjected to the system of attack provided in the von Schnickelfritz plan. Undoubtedly details not previously thought of develop, and require minor variations in the plan; but even so it is evident that the capture of the two forts will be a touchy and chancy business.

The troops who are to conduct the actual assault operations may even be taken from their stations and sent through a special course of training against the reproductions of the forts they will attack in war. This was frequently done during the First World War, and not by the Germans alone.

The railroad artillery which is to do the long-range shelling also gets practice. The tracks at the reproductions of the two forts are built at the same distance and angular bearing from the replicas as the functional tracks from the actual structures. The big guns are moved to and fro along these tracks until the best spots for firing are discovered. These points are marked and the markings transferred to the tracks that will be used up there in the north.

Elaborate experiments of this kind were carried out by the Germans against sectional replicas of the French Maginot Line, the Belgian Little Maginot and the Dutch defenses. After Hitler took over Sudetenland the process of experiment became intensified. The half-complete Czech defenses in this region had been built under the direction and to the plans of the same French military engineers who made the famous Line.

The Sudetenland experiments were the beginning of the end for that great system of fortification and the key of the break through at Sedan. The German army then deliberately built its weapons and trained its men on a system designed to exploit the experimental weaknesses of the French forts into a single major weakness. Meanwhile the French were continuing to train their men merely to use the defenses instead of analyzing the far less formidable Siegfried positions.

The Germans discovered that the big-gun cupolas could be paralyzed by infantry close in, using flame-throwers and artificial smokes. This method of attack had been foreseen by the French, and their heavy gun positions were surrounded by machine-gun turrets designed to keep infantry at a distance from the former. The Nazis' problem was that of getting their infantry through the machine-gun positions without ruinous losses.

Now the specific weakness of the French machine-gun nests, as developed in the Sudetenland trials, was lack of protection against dive-bombing aircraft. Dive-bombing had hardly been invented when the Line was built. The anti-aircraft positions were recent additions, put in without the same care as the rest of the fortifications. Accordingly the dive-bombing arm of the German air force was strongly developed. Mass production of the Junkers Ju-87, which was to become known to the world as the Stuka, dates from just after the Munich agreement and the experiments on the Czech forts.

But if the dive-bombers were to do their work, local command of the air was a prerequisite. The French were known to rely for protection against aerial attack not so much on the forts themselves as on pursuit aviation operating from the rear. The German war plan and its subsequent execution provided for terrific attacks on every French airdrome from which a pursuit plane could reach the Sedan region days before the thrust was actually delivered against that place.

This did not entirely solve the problem of getting infantry through the French positions. But the Sudetenland experiments also showed up another weakness, which led to a development quite as effective as the spectacular operations of the Stukas. By the use of "asparagus beds" of rail or concrete, and of water obstacles just a trifle wider than the length of a tank, the terrain round the French forts had been used to canalize tank movement down definite avenues. (No

attempt was made to bar tank movement altogether, as this would eliminate the counter-attack which was an integral part of French doctrine.)

Along these tank roads were installed numbers of the 25 mm., high-velocity French anti-tank gun, each calibrated for every inch of the passage. It was an excellent mechanism, but relatively light for anti-tank duty, similar guns in other countries running between 37 and 47 mm. The French 25, however, would penetrate the armor of any known tank—in fact would penetrate any tank of the 25–30 tons which cannot be exceeded without producing a slow and ponderous vehicle.

But if the tanks were made bigger than this and the handicap of size accepted, for just one purpose? The Nazis built secretly a small number of a new type of tank, an 80-ton monster, with armor over 2 inches thick, and quite impervious to the 25 mm. gun at almost any range. They were assigned the job of leading the rush into Sedan and knocking out the anti-tank guns to prepare the way for the light and medium tanks behind them, which in turn were to take care of the machine-guns.

VIII

Let us once more return to the theoretical von Schnickelfritz-Beerholder plan. Up to this point, and including the French fort experiments, all the steps have lain in the region of analysis. From this point on the process becomes one of synthesis, of discovering how many steps can be eliminated, how the process can be simplified.

The ideal is the famous and possibly apocryphal story about the elder von Moltke, who was roused from sleep with the announcement that the Franco-Prussian War had begun.

"Look in the third drawer in the cabinet there," he is said to have said. "You will find a small envelope marked Plan 7. Follow the directions." And he went back to sleep.

There are always accidents in war—if

from no other source, accidents provoked by enemy action. Units display a courage, intelligence, or skill quite beyond computation. At Jaulgonne, toward the end of May, 1918, a German attack fell on the American 3rd Division. The division was expected to be there; the attack had been calculated to have strength enough to drive it in. But the 3rd was a crack rifle unit. When the attack had spent itself without gain three thousand German dead were found on its front, each with just one bullet-hole through him.

It is to provide against such accidents that there are subordinate commanders in the field. Otherwise an army, especially a totalitarian army with good planning behind it, could be commanded by sergeants with instructions in one hand and maps in the other. The German army makes the most painstaking effort to develop the initiative of the individual minor officer.

Hence the process of synthesis. The sample timetable given above is simplified by allotting the road from Coblenz to Karden to the 134th Tank Regiment for the hour between 6 and 7 A.M. on M-day plus one. At 7 the motorized infantry that follows it will have the right to use this road. But both tanks and infantry are found to be under the same divisional command. Consequently it is possible to wipe out separate timetables for the two units, and merely to make a memorandum to the divisional commander, informing him that he will have full use

of the road for three hours on that day. The divisional commander may use the road in any way he pleases provided he brings his troops to the right spot at the right time.

Similar combinations eventually produce a simplified, streamlined plan, in which each divisional commander is assigned nothing but certain troops, an area in which to work, and a task to be fulfilled by a certain time. Careful preliminary training—"indoctrination"—is counted upon to produce similarity of method in the various divisions. Normally also, the division and brigade commanders are assisted by Chiefs of Staff who have been through General Staff college, know how the war plan was worked out, and whose business it is to see that the divisional leaders do not exercise initiative in the wrong places.

With the stage of synthesis complete, men and materials assembled, nothing remains but for the head of the totalitarian state to provoke a war. His advantages at the beginning of that war are obvious. In the planning stage the totalitarian state secures a mechanical advantage, perhaps even transcending those it obtains through psychological preparation and the propaganda that produces the offensive spirit. Thus far these combined advantages have been in every case rendered decisive by the totalitarian states. Democracy is bound to vanish from the world unless it can find means of unifying and co-ordinating its efforts in response.



THE GERMAN FINANCIAL REVOLUTION

BY DAL HITCHCOCK

AS POTENTIAL defendants in Hitler's total war, a part of our task is to examine the enemy to see wherein lies his strength. We must not let the front-page drama of blitzkrieg and luftwaffe, or the brutality of German political and social policy entirely divert our attention from the German financial program. It is revolutionary and it is successful. If we will look behind the political pathology of Nazi dictatorship it may be possible to find clues to the nature of our own recent financial ills, indicating what has been wrong and what can be done to strengthen economic democracy now and in the future.

Behind the haze of irrelevant Nazi ideology and authoritarian bureaucracy, a group of men of unquestioned genius have been at work on the problems that have beset capitalism during the past quarter-century. From data rapidly accumulating in the periodic statements of the Reichsbank, the reports of Berlin's German Institute for Business Research, reports from the League of Nations and the United States Department of Commerce, it is becoming increasingly clear that Germany's internal financial program is removing the limitations of her financial environment on rates of productive activity. For years prior to the present war German industry operated at capacity. To do these things she is changing capitalism but she is not destroying it.

When Hitler launched his vast public works and armaments programs in 1934 and 1935 authorities on finance an-

nounced that he would bankrupt Germany in a matter of a few months or years at most. But the Nazis have not bankrupted Germany. To-day the facts stand clear and incontrovertible that, instead of being bankrupt, Germany has created vast public improvements, expanded her industry, and built the most expensive and terrible war machine the world has ever seen. All this has been done in a nation that at the start was debt ridden, impoverished, and deep in depression.

The late British Ambassador, Lord Lothian, returning to his post in Washington late in November, expressed fear that war is exhausting the funds of the world's richest empire; but Germany has evidenced no financial difficulty. Why? . . .

The presumption that the Nazi financial system is merely a fiat structure whose acceptance can be enforced only by the Gestapo is a facile but unsatisfactory answer. Brute force alone could not have produced the results achieved had the financial mechanism been defective. The Nazis were forced financially to do the impossible, and the fact that they have succeeded makes it essential that we understand what they have done.

Hitler assumed power with two basic and related objectives in view. The first was to make Germany a dominant world power; the second, to raise the operating level of Germany's internal economy. He began by strengthening the nation from within, working with the materials that then were available. The

program required money. Hitler decided that financial obstacles were not to bar the way. From the moment of that decision the Nazi financial revolution was under way.

There is reason to believe that the new government itself feared the ultimate consequences of its financial sins, for it moved very cautiously in its early years of power. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht was recalled by Hitler to his old position as Governor of the Reichsbank, and it was not until 1937 that the Nazis felt sufficiently confident of themselves to curb the hampering influence of what they regarded as Schacht's conservatism. Meanwhile they had been experimenting, sometimes blundering, sometimes succeeding, but always working with controls designed to forestall the evil day of financial retribution which to the outside world seemed so inevitable.

In the early days of the new regime Schacht advised Hitler that with careful control of the banking system, currency, and foreign exchange the German financial structure could be made to sustain a pump-priming expansion of government debt without immediate risk of collapse. In the beginning the financial program was simple. The government issued short-term obligations to pay its expenses. This government paper was then sold to the controlled banking system (discounted) or retained by individuals and corporations as a form of liquid investment. Free domestic trading in government securities was allowed, ostensibly, but to have bid down prices would have been regarded as unpatriotic or "non-Aryan," with S.S. men ready to show reason to the doubters. Consequently the prices of government obligations in Germany have stood firm from that early day to this. The result has been that the Nazi regime has had an inexhaustible supply of funds that could be used to produce or buy anything within the Reich.

There is nothing new or unique about the Nazi method up to this point. It has been used by many governments in

the past and for that matter is used by the United States to-day, except of course that we have no Gestapo. It is beyond this point that the Nazi program loses all kinship to that of the "pump-primers."

The German financial system no longer places any limitation on rates of domestic production, as we feel ours still does. They have achieved and sustained what the economist calls "full employment" and they are not headed for the financial rocks, no matter how ardently we may hope and believe that such a fate must be their end. In the long run, as shall be seen later, the size of the German government debt will have to be limited and controlled. That part of the financial program presents one of the most significant implications of the Nazi financial revolution and will be dealt with later. For the moment, however, we are concerned with the things that made up the early chapters of the Nazi career.

Of first importance at the outset was the establishment of a tidy control over bank credit. To keep the banking system in order it was necessary to prevent the undue expansion of bank deposits that normally would have resulted from financing the Nazi government's deficits. The process is the essence of simplicity. A complete cycle is as follows:

When the government needs funds its securities are sold to the controlled banking system. As a result of the transaction the banks' assets are increased by the government paper added to their portfolios and liabilities are increased by an equal amount representing the resulting credit to the Nazi checking account. Everything within the banking system is then equal and as it should be, but the transaction has produced a net increase in the nation's total bank deposits, the amount credited to the Nazi balances. The plan must include also the means for getting deposits out of the banking system after they have served their useful purposes.

Let us assume that the particular

deposit we are discussing was used to purchase armaments from the Krupp works. A check would be issued to Krupp, which means that the bank balance would be transferred from the government's account to the Krupp account. Let us also assume that, owing to profitable operations, the cash position of the Krupp works had become stronger than was needed for comfort or, in other words, that they were in position to invest a portion of their cash holdings, just as General Motors is when it invests surplus cash in American government securities.

If at this juncture the Nazi financial experts felt that bank deposits in the Reich had become larger than was needed, that the supply of liquid funds was becoming so large that interest rates would tend to fall below the desired level of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent, Krupp would receive a "suggestion" that their excess cash (bank balances) be used to buy a block of government securities from the Reichsbank. The suggestion would be heeded, and the result would be a transaction reversing the effect of the sale of bonds to the bank, which originally created the deposit with which the armaments were purchased.

Now, to summarize: The sale of the government securities to the Reichsbank created a new bank deposit and increased the total of the deposits then existing in the German banking system. The purchase of armaments transferred the deposit from the government's bank account to that of the Krupp works. Krupp's purchase of securities from the Reichsbank used and extinguished the bank deposit that the nation's financial strategists wished to remove from the banking system. The net result was that the government got its armaments and Krupp got the securities and the whole transaction was handled by capitalistic financial procedures inspired, despite the restrictions of dictatorship, by the profit motive as the stimulus for private enterprise—an astonishing demonstration of the vitality of that belea-

guered institution. This method brings the volume of bank deposits in Germany under the absolute control of the Nazi regime. Furthermore, it allows the profit motive and individual enterprise to function in German economic activity.

The next and the simplest element of the Nazi financial program was the establishment of control over the volume of currency outstanding in the domestic economy. Germany's memory of one currency inflation created popular support for measures taken by Dr. Schacht to prevent a second similar debacle. So far as the public was concerned, all that was necessary was to discourage the hoarding of currency in any form. In other national economies an accumulation of bank deposits sometimes draws currency from the government or the public into private banks, owing to a lack of investment opportunities, with a consequent increase in the total outstanding. The reason for this is that if deposits, or liabilities of the banks, increase when desirable loans or investments are not available, cash holdings are increased on the asset side of the balance sheet. But with bank deposits controlled and an ample supply of government short- and long-term securities available for the investment of liquid funds, circulation in Germany, including currency held by the banking system, has shown only a normal expansion as business activity has increased.

The rest of the capitalistic world has been so skeptical of German finance that little effort was needed to prevent the exportation of Nazi paper money, and the export of metallic currency or bullion was *verboten* to private individuals; so all avenues of currency expansion were closed effectively.

II

While the Nazis were perfecting their methods of safeguarding the currency and banking system against the effects of a growing government debt an important comprehension gradually dawned on them. They saw that the financial

properties (government securities and bank deposits) which they were creating by going into debt would circulate and finally come to reside with owners who were accumulating savings that made it necessary for the government to go into debt. This is difficult to see offhand, and while it is being made clear the inference must not be drawn that saving is bad. Contrariwise, saving is good, and the Nazis saw its real significance in this new phase of capitalism. Confusion over this vital point is one of the prime sources of to-day's financial weakness in Great Britain, the United States, and the other capitalistic national economies.

If the German program could have been paid for through taxes, then savings accumulated by individuals or corporations would have shown up in some form of financial wealth other than government securities; for no such securities would have been created and made available. Furthermore, if no investments from any source were available, then profits or other income saved would for the most part be accumulated in the form of bank balances, no extensive hoarding of currency being allowed; and such savings, being financial income unspent for consumption or investments, would represent funds siphoned into idle pools out of the commercial stream needed to sustain going rates of business activity. When this happens funds essential to sustain operations are taken away from business or out of its markets, and the result is depression or limitation on rates of commercial activity until some form of investment becomes available to draw such savings back into the stream of commerce. On the other hand, as long as attractive vehicles for the investment of savings are plentifully available, savings can take the investment form, funds will flow steadily in commerce, and literally anything that is produced in the national economy can be bought and paid for.

Hence when commercial investment opportunities are scarce or not sufficiently attractive to absorb all liquid funds that

are being saved, the government, if rates of activity are to be sustained, must sell its securities to the savers and then re-spend the funds so obtained, thus returning them to the stream of commerce. In this sense the savers force the government to go into debt.

Once the Nazis had perceived this secret of the capitalistic system no time was lost in achieving and sustaining full-blast rates of economic activity. The earning of profits was not forbidden, rather it was encouraged within limits; but care was exercised to see that all savings of individuals or corporations were invested in government bonds or business enterprise. Funds that were invested in governments were promptly returned to commerce by government expenditures. Thus the government supplied capitalism with the return flow of funds to commerce, which in times of depression in the past the system has failed to supply.

During the nineteenth century, when capitalist national economies were growing more rapidly than they have during the past twenty-five years, a government which ran itself into debt was properly regarded as being headed for trouble. The debt was a true indication that the people were unwilling currently to pay the essential costs of government or that the government was extravagantly spending beyond its power to tax. In those days government debt merely represented deferred taxes. Under such circumstances it served no constructive purpose except to tide nations over periods of heavy expense, such as wars, national calamities, extension of domain, etc. Government securities were not needed for the absorption of savings and as a medium for the transfer of savings back into the stream of commerce. The growth of business provided ample opportunity for investment which automatically sustained the flow of funds.

Nineteenth-century capitalism, except during periods of temporary dislocation, provided ample opportunity for the investment of savings. For more than

a century this condition of ample investment opportunity prevailed and gave rise to the assumption that capitalism automatically provides for the return flow, or investment, of all savings. The Nazis, and gradually the rest of the world, are coming to see the error of this assumption.

This error of capitalistic theory was recognized and discussed in England by J. M. Keynes * while the Nazis, by experimentation, were learning what to do about it. The discovery did not require a change in program or abandonment of capitalism but only an extension of thinking. It became evident to those guiding German policy, if we may judge by their actions, that the chief concern of a modern capitalist economy should not be as to whether a nation's income is large enough to support its debt, which was the traditional attitude growing out of the mistake of analyzing a national financial structure by analogy to the financial relationships which applied to one of its component individuals. On the contrary, the real concern of a twentieth-century capitalistic state must be whether its total internal financial wealth, including the national debt, is large enough to permit the production of the national income that its physical capacity affords.

If the debt, or financial wealth, is too small, opportunity for the investment of savings of individuals out of current income, either in new business activity or through the sale of wealth from those who are consuming past savings to those who are currently accumulating, will be inhibited, with the result that funds will be siphoned out of the stream of commerce and economic activity will be restricted. Measures designed to prevent savings in excess of investment, such as taxes on unspent income or on undistributed profits, surtaxes on middle-class incomes, the outlawing of savings, control of profits, and tampering with money, all strike at freedom of initiative

and private enterprise—the mainsprings of capitalism. In essence such measures are attempts to conform the operation of the economy and the behavior of its people to the limits imposed by a volume of financial wealth which is insufficient to support a higher and physically attainable income.

As population and per capita income increase under capitalism a larger proportion of the nation's total income is saved. In highly industrialized nations such as Germany or the United States the annual volume of savings seeking investment during normal, prosperous times reaches enormous proportions. Funds are made available annually that would pay for the duplication of whole major industries which in the past were financed over a span of decades. Since the maintenance or raising of a given income level means that all savings must be absorbed in investment to prevent the siphoning of funds away from industry and commerce, it would seem that capitalism requires the continuous growth of business enterprise, as some students have said. This would be true if our only available source of financial wealth were business loans and investments. But business is not at all times willing or able to digest all of the funds that are available from current savings. The Nazis have instituted a program which will handle the problem. They are managing the expansion of their national debt at a rate which keeps the economy running at practical capacity and which eventually will adjust the nation's total financial wealth to a workable relationship with income and the desire to save.

This adjustment of the financial structure will not require an expansion of the national debt *ad infinitum*. Nor does it mean that taxation required to service the expanded supply of government securities will be a burden on the national income. These questions, however, are too complex to be dealt with here, so for the moment only general relationships need be noted.

Interest paid on domestically owned

* Cf. J. M. Keynes, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1936.

government securities, when financed by taxation, neither adds to nor subtracts from the nation's total financial income; for taxes collected out of income flow back as interest. Consequently the nation's supply of financial wealth can be expanded by expanding the supply of government securities without necessarily affecting the flow of financial income from business enterprise. Thus the nation's total financial wealth can be increased independently of increases in business income and capitalization.

The annual amount of a nation's financial saving is a function of its income and tends to increase with each increment of business growth, represented by physical saving. If physical growth tends to slow down, the amount of physical saving diminishes from year to year (as it has tended to do in the United States since 1912), while total income, both physical and financial, and the amount of financial saving still tend to increase. Without the expansion of the supply of government securities the preservation of the right to save under these conditions, while avoiding the inflation of the value of physical wealth or the expansion of liquid funds, would require the imposition of a tax, payable in liquid funds (to be returned by government to the nation's income), that would force the sale of a sufficient amount of existing wealth to absorb all uninvested savings.

When the annual amount of uninvested savings represents a significant percentage of the nation's total financial wealth the tax required to preserve the right to save would be high. But if uninvested savings are absorbed in government securities, producing a progressive expansion of total financial wealth, a relationship between wealth and financial saving ultimately will be reached at which a tax, in the form of inheritance and gift transfer levies of the kind used to-day in both Germany and the United States, would throw enough wealth on to the market each year to absorb all savings not used for new busi-

ness investment, while still allowing beneficiaries of estates to receive amounts of wealth as large as those passed on to-day. When this adjustment, of the relationship of a nation's total financial wealth to its income and desire to save, has been achieved the preservation of the right to save will not require the disruptive taxation of accumulated wealth. Then the expansion of the supply of government securities can be brought to an end. Additional government securities no longer will have to be created to sustain the flow of funds in commerce.

Now before turning to the Nazi program for international trade and economic war, a brief word about their use of taxes will complete the essential story of how the Germans have modified capitalism to date.

We have been told that taxes in Nazi Germany reflect the enormous burden placed on the people by Hitler's program. The statement is a half-truth. Taxes in Germany could be as high or as low as the Nazis wish to make them, for the government is not dependent on tax income. The policy has been to maintain a fairly high level (by German standards) for wages and salaries, and to maintain prices for staple commodities that will not be too much above present relatively low world prices. The attaining of these two objectives without politically difficult and endlessly complex administrative problems makes high taxes necessary.

The purchasing power of Germany's financial income has been running in excess of the availability of consumers' goods and services, because, of the total of all salaries, wages, and profits earned in the Reich so large a proportion is derived from the production of military goods and other things not sold to the public. Without control this situation could have produced increased prices which would have equalized purchasing power with the availability of goods and services; or it could have added uselessly to the accumulation of idle funds or savings in the form of unused bank deposits.

To avoid both of these developments, while preserving the political advantages of a high national financial income, the Germans use taxes to limit the purchasing power of the nation's financial income. Taxes are an effective supplement to price control because price increases affect the purchasing power of all incomes, large or small, while taxes can be designed to control, progressively, incomes of the medium and higher brackets where surplus purchasing power makes itself felt.

The foregoing pages have sketched the elements of the Nazi financial revolution which give Hitler his strength both within and without the Reich. With this background established we can turn to an examination of the equally significant Nazi international program that constitutes an immediate and diabolical threat to the smaller nations of our own Hemisphere.

III

The Nazi brand of military war is easy to understand, even though our minds revolt at its comprehension. It is concrete and can be seen in pictures and word descriptions. Their economic warfare remains more mysterious and difficult to understand, probably because in international commerce as in domestic finance the Nazis are violating the rules that all of our teaching has made us believe were inviolable. The Nazi explorers, in effect, have discovered and are making use of the fact that the financial world is round, while our financial geographers are still telling us that the heretics will sail off its edge.

Traditional financial experts tell us that government credit has narrowly defined limits beyond which lies destruction. Yet the Nazi course of sailing straight into a sea of debt that seems endless, as judged by nineteenth-century preconceptions, has brought them back to the Fatherland with many nations hanging to the yardarms or chained in the brig. It is time we had a look at the new charts they are using, for some of the

economically threatened nations lie south of our border. We must not turn our attention entirely to military defense when the war between Hitler's Europe and the Americas already has been launched on the economic front.

When Hitler came to power in depression Germany the country's exports and imports were trifling as compared with the needs of the program the Nazis were formulating. Germany lacked exports, credit, and gold, without which a nation cannot buy imports. But the fact to-day is that necessary imports have been obtained by the new Nazi financial procedures.

First, the Nazis looked to their internal resources to determine which items could be exported and how much could be sold if internal consumption were cut to the bone. Next they looked at their imports to see what could be eliminated or reduced if, again, domestic consumption were reduced to a minimum and domestic substitutes were fully exploited. This brought about the famous *ersatz* program.

The result was that the German economy was put on a wartime economic basis of operation that gave Hitler sizable surpluses for export. Then came the question of markets in a world whose warehouses already were bulging with surpluses. The Nazis turned the pressure of these stagnant world stocks to their precise purposes.

The plan executed with such disturbing success was this: Looking down the list of things that Germany needed, the experts would note a group of commodities that a small neighbor was crying to get rid of. Meanwhile this neighbor's economy would have been carefully studied to determine what important products Germany might supply in exchange for whatever she wished to purchase. Preferably, Germany would elect to supply materials vital to the economy of the small neighbor, either for domestic consumption or re-export. Having thus worked out the plan, the Nazis would be ready to spring the trap designed to make

the small neighbor at least an economic vassal of the Reich forever. Dr. Schacht then would pay a visit to the small neighbor and work out a deal between the two nations in which the small country's surpluses would be exchanged for the vital products or services that could be supplied by the Reich.

After a year or so of trading on the basis of the original deal the Doctor or one of his students would reappear on the scene. By this time the small nation would be enjoying a degree of prosperity such as it had not experienced in a decade. That prosperity would be dependent on the commodities sold to the Reich, the bargain prices that Germany put on her exports, and credits accumulated in Berlin which could be used only to purchase German exports. With the economic stage thus set, Schacht would be in position to dictate bargain prices for the Nazis' imports, completing a pressure deal that would give Germany a maximum exchange value for her exports.

This whole program, as far as we have traced it, is all too well understood by governments and industrialists throughout the world. But what is not so fully understood is the series of financial operations within the Reich that make it possible for the Nazis to employ these deadly weapons in international trade. The plan is being executed while the democracies stand helpless to assist those small nations whom we are desperately anxious to win away from the totalitarian bloc.

When a Nazi commercial agent offers one of these seductive bargains to a small nation he, as an agent of the German government, is offering products of privately owned German business organizations, not goods produced in government-owned factories. But the prices which he offers would bankrupt the individual producer were the Nazi government not to bridge the gap between the producer's cost and the export prices. So the government subsidizes such exports to the degree necessary to cover

costs plus a limited but acceptable profit. The result is that with a moderate increase in the Nazi deficit, and consequent expansion of government debt, deals are made possible through which precious foreign exchange—or external purchasing power—and imports are acquired.

Import transactions are handled in essentially the same way. Often in buying foodstuffs or imports vital to German industry the prices paid (as a result of cheapening the mark in foreign exchange) are higher than those at which it is desirable to sell them to German consumers or manufacturers. In this event a price designed to fit the German internal price structure, or to hold industrial costs down to desirable levels, will be selected. The goods then will be offered at wholesale prices allowing again for a limited mark-up and profit. Consequently the loss between importing price and domestic selling price is absorbed by the government and, despite the evils of expanded bureaucratic control, capitalistic private enterprise, with a limited profit incentive, is preserved as the integrating mechanism for the bulk of Germany's commerce.

How much simpler and more effective than the Russian attempts at State-operated production, distribution, and international commerce! The Russians have to blueprint the complete detail of the production and flow of every commodity handled within their national economy, and each detail must be based on arbitrary decisions of the commissars of this and the commissars of that. The Nazis, by contrast, have put their fingers on a few key controls that give them complete mastery of their domestic economy and then have let the otherwise normal and automatic operation of capitalism do its effective work. The Russians, who call themselves revolutionists, have made not one revolutionary change in capitalistic financial procedures, but they have destroyed the effectiveness of capitalism by eliminating the private ownership of business enter-

prise, without which it loses its primary virtue of automatic operation. Such confusion of thinking the world has rarely witnessed. . . . But back to Germany, where we have things to learn.

The ability of the Nazis to play fast and loose with prices in international commerce, as a method of obtaining foreign exchange, by no means indicates that a way has been discovered to get something for nothing, though on the surface it almost seems so. What it does mean is that in international commerce (or domestic commerce for that matter) they have devised a means of breaking the log jam caused by price that private enterprise acting alone cannot always overcome. An individual manufacturer cannot sell his wares consistently at less than cost, for to do so means self-destruction; but if a nation as a whole wishes to have products manufactured and exchanged in international commerce at less than cost it can do so with a net economic gain if it has otherwise idle men and resources with which to produce exports.

The relationship which clarifies this type of international transaction is between the effective cost to the national economy of the goods exported and the selling price of imports obtained in exchange. When goods are imported from a nation with whom a "bi-lateral" agreement has been made the foreign producer is given a credit in Reichsmarks deposited at the Reichsbank in Berlin. These Reichsmarks can be used only to purchase in Germany whatever commodities have been stipulated in the deal and at stipulated prices. These prices will be current domestic prices and the bargain, if any, is granted by depreciating the value of the Reichsmark when it is used to buy the imports. For example, an exchange value of 15RM to the pound sterling rather than the standard rate of 12RM may be allowed on Rumanian oil, giving the foreign producer 20 per cent reduction in his cost of Reichsmarks and in effect a 20 per cent reduction in the selling price of

German goods. In terms of such transactions the domestic cost to Germany of her imports is not the price paid in the foreign market for those imports but the cost in Reichsmarks (including the producers' profit and any subsidy) of the goods exported and exchanged for the imports.

If either an export or import subsidy is employed the money spent by the German public, as consumers, to buy the imports will be less than the money received by them, in the form of wages, other manufacturing expenses, and profits, as a result of manufacturing the exports that were involved in the transaction. In a capitalist economy this would tend to produce rising prices, and if the government's deficit were to be financed by selling securities to the banking system it would produce a net increase in bank deposits. But in the managed Nazi financial system an unwanted expansion of deposits is avoided by selling government bonds to individuals and corporations, rather than to the banking system, or taxes are imposed to finance the subsidy, in which event the public pays in effect a price for imports equal to the cost of the exports.

A distinction must be drawn between the financial rules that govern an individual and those which apply to a capitalistic national economy as a whole. An individual corporation cannot consistently capitalize its losses; but the economy as a whole, being made up of an aggregate of enterprises and legal entities, all operated within the governing financial structure, can capitalize losses at one point to facilitate economic activity and offset that creation of liquid funds or long-term debt by canceling debt, or funds, or both, at other points where no ill effect on economic activity will result. If the transactions employed create bank deposits when the economy is operating at virtual capacity or full employment, offsetting transactions must follow to cancel the bank balances thus created. But if the economy has not yet reached full employment, liquid funds

created will do no harm; and the long-term debt or securities which are used to finance the transactions simply add to a desirable growth of financial wealth.

The irony of this financial revolution that has been unfolded in Germany lies in its implications for the future of economic democracy. What the Nazis have done, in essence, is to begin to chart the unknown realms of the dynamic use of government securities. Tragically for Germany and the whole world the brilliant contribution of her financial genius has been obscured by its diversion to the uses of tyranny and destruction.

But can any of these financial methods be utilized so that a wise, self-governing people, determined to preserve individual freedom and anxious to make full use of individual initiative, could make private enterprise and capitalism better serve the purposes of economic democracy? If this is so—and I believe it is—we shall do well to examine the potentialities of this new arithmetic of finance as carefully and dispassionately as we should study, let us say, those of a new German development in aircraft manufacture, and seize upon whatever we can use for our own democratic ends.



BLIZZARD

BY FRANCES FROST

THE first snow in November came with wind
 The northwest had been saving up for years
 To drive the white stars parallel to earth
 And blind a boy's eyes into sleet and tears.

*The barn was warm with cattle-breath. He stamped
 And shook his shoulders free of flying night.
 The farmer's deep voice called from the farthest cow:
 Hello, kid! Start down there. Are you all right?*

*He heard his father's voice across the world,
 He heard planes coming like the wild geese ranks.
 The lantern on its rusty nail threw small
 But steady light upon the pungent flanks.*

*O.K.! he shouted, and the stanchions creaked
 As the tan cows turned their heads. Their quiet eyes
 Told him that this was home now, that no man,
 Aching for barns in England, ever cries.*



OUTPOST NO. 1: NEWFOUNDLAND

BY MALCOLM H. CLARK

THE necessities of hemisphere defense have added an unexpected problem to America's growing list of tribulations. When England leased Newfoundland naval and air bases to the United States this country acquired a new outpost and a new anxiety. Without capital or valuable natural resources, Canada's little cousin is the economic problem child of the British Empire.

Seven years ago, in an effort to stave off impending bankruptcy, she submitted to British control. In February of 1934 a Crown-appointed commission assumed the authority of government, and with it the task of straightening Newfoundland's muddled finances. The commission has had little success. The value of the cod fisheries, upon which two-thirds of the people depend, is steadily declining. A large section of the population is ill-housed, ill-fed, and ravaged by tuberculosis. England, locked in a death struggle with her totalitarian enemies, is able to give little financial assistance. Yet such assistance is necessary if the colony is to survive. The problem devolves upon Canada and the United States. Newfoundland is vitally important to our plans for hemisphere defense. Her economic instability is a weakness that cannot be tolerated.

The colony's condition is not the result of some temporary delinquency. Rather it is the culmination of a half-century of social stagnation, economic inequality, and political corruption and inefficiency. For fifty years the plight of the individual Newfoundlander has grown progressively

worse. Lack of education, an iniquitous economic system, and an unequal and ever-increasing tax burden have been contributing factors. A succession of political adventurers has plundered the public till. The exploitation of the island's meager resources has been given over to outside interests. Attempts at reform have been stifled by interested obstructionists. To-day the situation is both appalling and alarming, a modern parallel of the Ireland of a century ago. More than 60 per cent of the people (the population is something under 300,000) are improperly housed; a like number are ill-provisioned, if not actually in a state of semi-starvation; and nearly 50 per cent suffer from active tuberculosis. Adequate education is lacking, the illiteracy rate being estimated at 40 per cent. The public dole, on which some 40 per cent of the islanders are, either wholly or in part, dependent, amounts to less than \$22 per person per year—a quite inadequate amount.

No country, however impregnable its defenses, is, or can be, stronger than its social and economic systems. Newfoundland cannot be regarded as an exception to this universal rule. It is weakened by problems which defy internal solution. The seriousness of the times has brought those problems to American interest, as affecting American security. Canada and the United States, aware of the tactical value of Newfoundland, must move, and move immediately, to restore the colony's financial equilibrium.

II

The basic cause of the island's poverty is its physical nature. It is a chill, forbidding land. The elements mix harsh medicine; long icy winters, gales, gusty squalls, and summer fogs contributing equally to the sub-Arctic climate. The coastline, like that of Norway, is high and rocky, and riven by innumerable bays. The interior is a bewildering blend of lakes and low hills, cut now and again by an occasional river. More than 75 per cent of the total area (42,000 sq. mi.) is agriculturally irredeemable. Even where the land is tillable, the shortness of the growing season and the perpetual threat of frost offer severe handicaps to production.

Nor does Newfoundland abound in mineral wealth. Stories of huge, untapped deposits are simply not true. At Bell Island is one of the world's greatest producing iron mines, but lack of coal makes smelting impossible. Lead and zinc are mined at Buchans in the interior. This deposit at the present rate of exploitation will last no more than ten years. Careful mineralogical research carried on by the government and by private interests has been unencouraging. A former member of the Commission of Government (Mr. Thomas Lodge, writing in *Fortnightly*, October, 1938), has stated flatly that there is not enough evidence of real mineral wealth to attract the capital needed for expansion.

It must not be supposed that, because most of Newfoundland is made up of barren rock and thin moss, the island has no natural vegetation of value. Many of the valleys are literally choked with small timber—spruce, balsam, and fir—that may be cut for pulp and pit-props. About two-thirds of the available pulp lands are now in the process of exploitation. Mills have been established, and newsprint paper is a considerable item of export. But the exploitation of these properties brings little advantage to the colony. The lumber industry, like the mining industry, is controlled by inter-

ests outside the island. The Newfoundlander shares in the wealth derived from his own resources only as a wage earner. And, as is always the case where cheap labor is plentiful and unionization not far advanced, these wages are shockingly low. Efforts toward wage-hour legislation, or toward other measures that would afford the laborer some protection, have not been successful.

Twenty-five per cent of the people of Newfoundland are supported, after a fashion, by the lumbering and mining industries. Two-thirds of the people are dependent upon the fisheries. Part of the fractional remainder are non-producers—professional men, clergymen, and the like. The rest make up the middle and upper classes, tiny islands of wealth and privilege in an immense sea of privation. In Newfoundland it is literally true that nine-tenths of the population work to support the remaining one-tenth. Especially is this true in the fishing industry, base-rock of the colony's finances. Here the brutal exploitation of the individual assumes proportions unimaginable elsewhere in North America.

In order to understand these conditions it is necessary first to examine the fishing industry as a whole. Great dependence upon a single resource is responsible in a large measure for Newfoundland's present precarious situation. Figures illustrate this fact with terrible clarity. In 1918, the last of the war years, the export value of Newfoundland cod approached \$26,000,000. The general collapse of foreign markets that followed the War left the industry crippled. By 1939 the yearly export value of the fisheries had dropped to \$5,000,000. During that same twenty-year period the public debt increased two and one-half times. Economic and political considerations drove the responsible government in 1922 to embark on the calamitous policy of spending which, just twelve years later, was to end in the loss of the colony's right of self-rule. Inefficiency and corruption made any great measure of effective relief impossible, while the

dissipation of public funds pushed the national debt from \$42,000,000 in 1922 to \$101,000,000 in 1938. This tax load, nearly \$400 per capita, becomes monstrous when it is remembered that the yearly income of the average fisherman, on which he must maintain a host of dependents, is no more than \$100 a year.

The impossibilities of such a structure are obvious to the merest novice at finance. But the roots of the evil go deeper. They stem directly from the basic pattern of the fishing industry itself, the so-called Merchant System. The Merchant System is capitalism at its worst, a method dedicated to the aggrandizement of the few at the expense of the many. Its principles are simple. The fisherman, since he is without capital, must rely on credit. This the local merchant supplies, in the form of nets, gear, and the necessities of life. At the end of the season the merchant buys the fisherman's catch at such price as he, the merchant, may specify. The amount is applied toward the reduction of the fisherman's outstanding debts; such residue as may remain being granted in additional credit. The merchant then ships the fish to St. John's where it is sold to the final exporter.

On the surface such transactions seem innocent enough. The merchant, since he is risking his capital, must be assured an adequate return on his investment. The fisherman, on the other hand, since his is the labor, should be allowed an adequate wage. Such is not the case. Mr. Thomas Lodge has written, with delicate irony, that Newfoundland merchants are not philanthropists. By a system of high prices, monumental carrying charges, and, when possible, pure fraud, the merchant reduces his customers to a condition that can be described only as economic slavery. The fisherman finds himself in a well of debt that grows deeper with the advance of years. Lack of financial independence, coupled with abysmal poverty, robs him of hope and dissolves his spirit of enterprise. While the merchant becomes more and

more affluent, the fisherman is engaged in a bruising, futile scramble for the mere necessities of life.

Apologists for this system point out that the local merchant is frequently driven to the wall. This is due not to the ordinary risks involved in a capitalistic enterprise, but to the merchant's refusal to live within the limit of his means. He is ever busy furthering the prodigious advantages he enjoys over his customers. He dresses well, makes frequent trips to the capital, educates his children at the better schools in St. John's and even at the colleges in England, Canada, and the United States. Continued credit is his downfall—credit gained against his business, but turned to private purpose. For the merchant, like the fisherman, is dependent upon credit, in his case advanced by the great wholesalers and exporting houses in St. John's. This fact makes his large margin of profit the more unreasonable since, in almost every case, he is risking not his own capital, but the capital of others.

A large factor in the breakdown of the fishing industry was the cheapening of the commodity. As early as 1880 attempts were made toward improving the methods of curing and packing Newfoundland cod. At that time the island's fisheries enjoyed an enviable position and her fish obtained top prices throughout the world. But the attempts to introduce innovations failed, and gradually the more progressive fisheries of Iceland and Norway assumed command of markets once monopolized by the colony. Today Newfoundland fish is a poor product sold to poor people in impoverished countries. No major change in the method of curing and packing has taken place since the first Portuguese fishermen followed Cabot's course across the North Atlantic, more than four hundred years ago.

Want of proper leadership is in part responsible for this condition, but the greatest cause is lack of proper education. Without education any advance is impossible, since it cannot be made understandable to the masses of the peo-

ple who are affected. This is especially true in Newfoundland. The fisherman dries and packs his own fish. He uses the only methods he knows, the methods of his father and grandfather. He is not likely to adopt any other since he lacks both learning and the opportunity to acquire learning. In St. John's and in a few other communities public schools have been established. But throughout the rest of the island the advance of government education has been steadfastly and successfully fought by the churches, who find government grants to parochial schools a convenient and useful source of revenue. The denominational character of the learning, the low quality of the teaching, and the lack of adequate facilities make these schools most unsatisfactory. Education seldom proceeds past the grammar grades; is intermittent and ineffective. Recently the government compiled a list of subjects from which the curricula must be chosen, but the list allows considerable latitude, and lack of definite direction frustrates any attempt toward uniformity. In considering the educational system of the colony it would not be fair to overlook the work of the Memorial University College, work aided in no small degree by the Carnegie Corporation. But that success, however heartening, is only a beginning. In Newfoundland the church and the rich have joined forces to prevent popular learning. Their reasoning stems from their interest in maintaining the status quo.

The consequences of any economic calamity are visited most heavily upon the poor. In Newfoundland can be found ample evidence to support this aphorism. Living conditions comparable to those of the average fisherman cannot be found anywhere in the Anglo-Saxon world. His pitiful revenue is soon exhausted by prices that are from sixty to one hundred per cent higher than those in the United States. In the outport coves public or private sanitation is unknown; houses are drafty, ill-lit, ill-heated, and underfurnished. Nor are

cold, starvation, and discomfort the worst. Deficiency diets produce deficiency diseases. Tuberculosis is endemic. Dr. Roy Siedemann, Boston researcher, after a survey of the northern peninsula, estimated that 45 per cent of the outport inhabitants have active tuberculosis, and that more than 95 per cent of the entire population suffers from the disease in either the active or the incipient stage. Lack of means of isolation makes preventative medicine impossible. Where a family of ten may be crowded into a single-room shack every communicable disease brings the threat of epidemic.

The one bright line in these black pages of injustice, inequality, disease, and privation is the Grenfell Mission. No survey of Newfoundland would be complete without mention of this organization, probably the most worthy charitable institution in the world. Upon it is saddled the tremendous and overbearing responsibility of helping to feed, clothe, nurse, and educate some four thousand families in northern Newfoundland and Labrador. It manages the only un-denominational schools on the northern peninsula. Its home-industries bring part-time relief to thousands. Its main hospital at St. Anthony is generally conceded to be the best equipped and manned in the entire colony. Its doctors, nurses, dentists, and social workers, many of whom work without recompense, undergo incredible hardships in line of duty. But the mission, strive though it may, can do little to alleviate the general suffering. Its chief source of funds is the donations of charitable persons in the United States and the British Isles. These donations are limited and inadequate, and at best provide no more than the minimum necessities. The Mission is interested chiefly in the problems of Labrador and northern Newfoundland, and because of the restricted area in which it works it has not been of great benefit to those living in the body of the island. Further, its success has been less than it might have been had the

maximum degree of co-operation existed between it and the government.

III

American interest in Newfoundland springs from the island's position. The easternmost part of this continent, it is also the natural focal point of both defense and attack. In the past American strategists have considered the island's rigorous climate and broken terrain as sufficient barriers against aggression. But the invasion of Scandinavia has controverted this argument. Newfoundland, both in climate and terrain, does not differ greatly from that part of Norway in which Trondheim and Narvik lie. Germany has demonstrated that effective military operations can be carried out under conditions comparable to those existing in the colony.

Already the island has played a role in our military history. During the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, St. John's was the advance base for the British Fleet, and the jump-off point for invading armies. To-day control of Newfoundland by an invader would be a tremendous threat to American security. Possession of the island means domination of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and gives access to naval bases from which American shipping might be harassed, and air bases from which the great cities of the industrial East might be destroyed. An invader able to maintain himself in force could push down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, then strike south at New York, thus cutting New England off from the rest of the country. He who thinks this impossible need only recall the successes of German arms and balance against them the present unsatisfactory state of our own defenses.

If control of Newfoundland would be of great advantage to an invader, so also is it of incalculable advantage to a defender. Air and naval bases on the island have greatly strengthened America's position in the North Atlantic. Our first line of defense has been pushed

nearly six hundred miles to the east. This will make it possible for our navy and air force to discover and intercept any move against Iceland or Greenland, potential bridge-heads of attack. Any invader who strikes directly against New England or New York will find himself outflanked, his line of communication and transportation constantly harassed, and his rear in danger of attack. Nor are the offensive possibilities of the island to be despised. From Newfoundland bases it would not be impossible for new, long-range American bombers to strike directly at continental Europe, proceeding even as far east as Berlin.

But America must not expect that these advantages can be gained without labor. At the present time Newfoundland is extremely vulnerable to attack. Transportation facilities which might be turned to military use are practically non-existent. The island's single railway, an ancient, narrow-gage affair, could never be utilized to carry heavy artillery. Further, destruction of that line would break cleanly all transportation, except by water, between the east coast and the west coast. There are no highways; no roads along which an army might move rapidly and a line of supplies be established. The entire northern peninsula and most of the south coast are completely without means of land transportation. Here an enemy might disembark and establish himself in force before a defending army could reach his position.

Obviously it is to the advantage of the United States to make the defense of Newfoundland as simple and effective as possible. In order that this end may be accomplished it is necessary that means of transportation and communication be so extended that all parts of the island can be defended with equal ease. But there is another, and as pressing, necessity. The rehabilitation of the colony is inevitably bound up with its defense. This problem Canada and the United States must meet in the interests of their own security.

IV

In what manner can the economic stability of Newfoundland be most readily secured? It cannot be brought about under the present Commission of Government. Mr. Thomas Lodge, quoted above, has stated categorically that the commission has failed to bring solution to any of the colony's pressing problems, and that it never can effect any solution. The commissioners are without sufficient authority. Rulings of a purely local nature may be vetoed, months later, by orders from London.

It would be neither logical nor politic for the United States to assert the right of active direction over the colony. In 1938, and several times subsequently, members of the United States Senate have proposed that this country accept Newfoundland in part payment of the outstanding war debts owed the United States by Great Britain. Anyone who has had the opportunity of noting at first hand the reaction of native Newfoundlanders to these proposals will realize that an assertion of authority on the part of our government would only arouse ill-will in the colony. Nor is there any need of such action. The absorption of Newfoundland into Canada was foreshadowed in the British North American Act of 1867. Such absorption is a solution to the present-day problems. The governing of Newfoundland should be placed in the hands of the Dominion, while the United States should make guarantees of necessary financial assistance. These countries, acting in concert, can take the steps needed to secure the colony's economic stability.

It must be realized that, even with the most efficient management, Newfoundland can never become rich. The reforms here projected would tend only to bring some measure of self-support. Four steps are necessary to obtain the desired end. First, a large section of the fishing population must be established in agriculture. Second, government ed-

ucation must be set up. Third, the power of the merchants must be broken and government co-operatives instituted. Fourth, the entire tax structure must be so reorganized that the burden falls on those best able to bear it.

Let us examine these reforms in their order. The first is both the most necessary and the most difficult of accomplishment. An industry furnishing a yearly revenue of only \$5,000,000, or even \$10,000,000, cannot hope to bring adequate support to nearly 200,000 people. No matter how thorough the reorganization of the fisheries might be, the value of the exported product cannot pass certain limits. At least 10,000, and perhaps 15,000, families must be taken from the industry and put into agriculture. About 8,000 square miles are arable, though probably no more than half of that area is capable of profitable production. Part of the remainder, however, can be utilized in the raising of sheep, cattle, goats, and pigs. On the arable land, oats, timothy, rye, and various garden vegetables can be grown. Increased agricultural production would reduce the imports now necessary, and Newfoundland would become in a large measure agriculturally self-supporting.

The necessity of government education has already been considered, but its relationship to the pattern of reform cannot be too strongly emphasized. The school must serve as the nucleus of each new and reorganized community. Schools should be built in the most habitable parts of the island where sizeable communities may gather. As an added incentive to the growth of settlements, sewage and water systems should be established in conjunction with the school. Government town sites, given superior advantages over the old outposts, will soon attract families. Centralization of the population can be achieved to some extent, thus simplifying the institution of reforms.

Rehabilitation is impossible until the power of the merchants is destroyed. This can be accomplished by the estab-

lishment of government co-operatives, so regulated that the individual fisherman will receive a fair and living wage. Further, improvements in the curing and packing of the fish can be carried out only under directed supervision. Co-operatives would make this possible, with the result that the export value of the yearly catch would be appreciably increased. At the same time the organization of agricultural communities would gradually decrease the number of families dependent upon the industry.

The final, but not the least important, step in Newfoundland reform, is the entire reconstruction of the tax system. Newfoundland has no income tax. The cost of government is carried by import taxation. This results in high prices which work a terrible hardship on the poverty-stricken Newfoundlander. On the other hand, the wealthy and the moderately wealthy assume no proportionate share of the burden. Further, large interests outside the island, by their control of the mining and lumbering industries, reduce Newfoundland resources without having to pay any tax on their profit. The absence of an equitable tax system is one of the major causes of the colony's inequalities. Income taxes should be set up. Wage-hour legislation, enforced by a stringent excess-profits tax, should be instituted. Where necessary, the government must not hesitate to acquire resources in the interests of conservation or public utility. By proper taxation and regulation the colony can hope to acquire some share of the profits brought by the exploitation of natural resources. At the same time it is of the greatest importance that the

system of import taxation be so modified as to relieve the poor.

The success of Father Jimmy Tompkins in organizing co-operatives among the Nova Scotia coal miners has strengthened in many the belief that similar methods of self-help could be instituted among the Newfoundland fishermen. There are, however, barriers present in the island colony which do not exist in Nova Scotia. In the first place, there are few communities large enough to support successful co-operatives. Besides, the Newfoundland fishermen have already had a most unpleasant experience with private co-operative organizations. The failure of Sir William Coker's institution brought ruin to its members. The Newfoundlander, once bit, is twice shy. Only an organization directed by the government and responsible to the government could gain the trust and support of Newfoundlanders of every class.

The need of immediate action cannot be demonstrated too strongly. Newfoundland to-day teeters on the brink of disaster. Her people, suffering from starvation and disease, must soon give way completely. The seeds of discontent are already sprouting, and agitation against the Commission of Government has already begun. The danger is grave and immediate. It must be met firmly and without hesitation. The first necessity is simple. It was best expressed by a native Newfoundlander who listened patiently while a group of Americans discussed the problems of the island. His own contribution was brief and poignant:

"What Newfoundlanders want, sirs, is enough to eat."



ENTENTE CORDIALE

A STORY

BY E. B. ASHTON

THEY were holding Jim on the London trunk line before the broadcast. I sat in the short-wave room, hoping they'd let me talk to him. Transatlantic calls cost the network money and aren't supposed to be used for private conversations, but I thought if Jim asked for me they'd let me talk to him.

One of the news men called me. "There's a good husband, Marcy. They have a raid on now, but he has to know if you're all right."

I said, "Hello, Jim."

"Hello, puppy." His voice was far away and uneven. He always sounded much better over the air. "I got your letter," he said. "I'm worried."

He was worried!

"You've got to get them over it," he said. "I don't know how—but I'm sure you can make them snap out of it. They're only kids."

"They're awfully pigheaded about it," I said. "Have you seen the parents?"

"Wouldn't tell them even if I could," Jim said. "Crain's on a mine-sweeper; with a swell chance of getting blown up any minute, and Chauvel's a prisoner. The girls are on A.R.P. Out in raids day and night. Don't you see, Marcy?"

"Yes, Jim, I see. It'll be all right."

"Of course it will, puppy. How's the skipper? She'll fix it."

"She's fine," I said, and then an engineer broke in: they were going to give Jim the air. I didn't stay to listen.

The skipper is our daughter. Her

name is Marie-Louise, but Jim has taken her sailing ever since she was three; she's come honestly by "Skipper." Now she is ten, and feels superior to the boys who are her elders by a year. When I first told her there'd be two other children with us I had a long speech rehearsed on how we had to help the less fortunate ones out. She didn't let me make it.

I let her read Jim's letter about his two friends, the Briton on his trawler and the Frenchman who had always lived in London and was now in the Maginot—the letter was written when there were still Frenchmen in the Maginot—and about their wives. Jim wrote, "I'm one of a pretty hardboiled crew here, Marcy, but to see these girls getting ready to take it—it chokes you." As if I wasn't taking it. They were with their men. No, I thought, that was unfair—they weren't; but at least there was not the whole ocean between them.

"They're nice kids," Jim wrote. "Entente Cordiale' we used to call them. They'll hate to go—but they know they'll be doing their bit by being out of the way when it gets messy. You'll be a little cramped, I guess, you and the skipper; but it seems like the least one can do." The skipper nodded earnestly when she got through. We would fix it.

We had a wonderful time together fixing it. She went with me to all offices and committees; we put an extra bed into Jim's room for the boys and cleaned out the library because the skipper said

you couldn't expect boys to play in a girl's playroom. She dropped most of her girl friends at school; I suspected her of "boning up" on how to handle boys. When vacation came she wept so many tears about being away in camp when they would come that I let her stay in New York. By that time I didn't care if they never came. London was beginning to get bombed. I used to wait for Jim, by the radio. I knew the studio would call me if anything was wrong, but for the half hour before I heard his voice I never felt I could breathe.

I took the skipper with me when they finally came. On the pier I was nervous, but she was as cool as Jim would be during an air raid. She hung over a fence, and people kept looking at her and smiling; but she didn't notice them, she was too busy inspecting the decks of the ship. They were black with people, and all of them seemed to be children. They looked like a hundred thousand. I wondered how we'd ever find them.

"Don't worry," said the skipper. "We've got their names."

They were Crain and Chauvel; Victor Alastair Hall Crain and Jean-Marie Chauvel. The skipper's problem was what she was going to call them. You couldn't call a boy Victor Alastair, nor Jean-Marie either. Perhaps you could in England, but not in New York. She decided that Vic and Johnny would do.

The ship was being eased alongside the pier by the tugs and the crowd was pushing forward, and suddenly the skipper said, "There they are—look." She was pointing at the top deck, and then I saw too. They stood next to each other, two of a mob lining the rail. How did we know them? By the mikes of course. Each of them had a toy microphone in front of him. Jim, I thought, Jim.

Then the gangplanks went up and a man began calling out names. When he reached ours and we stepped forward, he said, "Oh God, lady. There's too damned many kids up there already," but the skipper said, "That's all right; we won't make any fuss," and the man

had to laugh. We found them still on the deck, still carrying the mikes. They were sitting on a coil of rope and got up when they saw us heading for them. I said, "Hello, Entente."

Funny—they sort of flinched. But when I looked again they were merely poised and serious. "I'm Marcia Kelly," I said. "I'm awfully glad you're here."

One of them was dark and the other fair, but otherwise they looked very much alike and both very British. "How do you do, Mrs. Kelly," they said.

"Say Marcy," said the skipper. "I do."

"This is Marie-Louise," I said quickly. "I guess Jim's told you about her."

She sized them up and then grinned and cuffed them in the ribs. "Call me Skipper." The boys looked surprised and a bit embarrassed. They decided to grin too. "O-kay," said the dark one. You have to hear a Britisher say, "okay." It sounds queer. But the skipper didn't seem to notice. "Come on," she said. "Let's get off this old tub." To her everything is an old tub except Jim's yawl.

She kept hopping from one foot on to the other while we passed the immigration people and the customs. The boys took it calmly. Their faces were frank and at the same time inscrutable. I couldn't imagine what went on behind them. I had figured on their holding on to each other in a way, but they weren't doing it; each was on his own and very British—the French one too. Of course he had grown up in England. Surprisingly, he was the fair one.

In the car I had them both with me in front, and behind us the skipper was watching over the luggage and sticking her head through between ours. "Did you see a U-boat?" she wanted to know.

"Wish we had," said Victor. "We had a six-incher aboard. Wish I'd seen the chaps give one a packet."

"Not much chance for one here," said Jean-Marie.

"I shall go back before it's over," said

Victor. "I'm not here for good. We're not through yet, you know."

So that was it. That was why they had flinched. I threw a glance at the skipper and found her looking uncertainly from one to the other; she didn't know just yet what was at the bottom of it.

I drove uptown and cast about for a topic. "Did you like the skyline?"

"Oh yes, rather," unenthusiastically.

I pointed out a few sights and felt the skipper poking me in the neck. I looked back and met a disapproving eye. A "shut up, Marcy" lay in the air, though of course it wasn't said. She was right too. After a brief silence their heads began to move freely, up and down the tall buildings.

"I say—" This was Jean-Marie; "what floor are you on?"

"Didn't Jim tell you?" I said. "We have a house for the summer. It's like in the country." I thought they'd be delighted.

"Oh."

"Just till October. Then we're on the twentieth again, thank God," the skipper said. It nearly floored me. She'd never had a good word about living in town. But the boys seemed relieved.

It was late when we got home, and Jessamine was in a huff. "Dinner's gittin' all cold." She was the first thing that almost cracked their reserve; later I found out why. Jessamine is pretty but pitch-black. She said, "Miz Curtis done called, ma'm."

I laughed. The Curtises are old friends and our landlords in the summer; they get terribly excited about the war. Sheila was fit to be tied probably. I told the boys, "You're the big news here, you see. Let's eat."

They thought they would have to dress. "Lawsy me," said Jessamine. "Yo' all jes' go wash yo' hands. Dis way, gen'mun." It was a quiet dinner. The skipper slid round on her chair and took in everything with her eyes but talked less than usual.

The boys were glad to say good-night

right after dinner. I went to watch the skipper get ready for bed. She was thinking furiously. When she wiggled into her pajamas a muffled query came through, "Marcy—what *is* the matter with them?"

"I don't know, Skipper."

"Think they're homesick?"

"Perhaps. They'll get over it." If that was what she thought I was glad to let her.

She frowned. "I don't think they like each other really. But don't worry. We'll fix it." I gave her her good-night kiss and went back to the radio and listened to the war news. They were bombing London. It took my mind off this thing that had come to us.

In the morning they were up even before I was. From my bedroom window I saw them in the garden and heard the skipper telling them the names of my flowers. They looked friendly enough now. I saw a car pulling up before the driveway—Sheila. At eight! "Marcy isn't up yet," the skipper announced.

Sheila hadn't come to see me. "I just wanted a peek at your guests. My, they're big. Tell Marcy to bring them over for a swim, Skipper—will you?"

I put something on and went into the boys' room. They were all unpacked and the room was in beautiful order. Over the French boy's bed a piece of paper was tacked to the wall. There was something written on it. I bent down and had a look.

It was three words, in English, underlined. "*Remember the Dunkerque.*"

Sheila sat by her pool with me, chewing a grass leaf and splashing her legs in the water. Sheila has nice legs and likes to show them off, and her pool is a thing of beauty and she likes to show that off too. She had all of us over day after day, and every time there was a new crowd to pat the boys' shoulders and tell them how splendidly the R.A.F. was doing and how sure we all felt here that Britain would win.

Sheila spat the grass leaf out and

looked thoughtful. Across the pool Roy, her husband, played badminton with the kids.

"You ought to do something about Jean," said Sheila. "He's a lovely boy but he has a poisoned mind."

"It isn't his mind. It's the war."

"No, no," said Sheila. "The war has nothing to do with it. It's propaganda. They feed it to children."

I said he could have been fed only British propaganda. "He's lived there all his life. Jim says they were inseparable."

"Well, don't say I didn't tell you," Sheila said.

"I won't. Thanks just the same."

Sheila put her shoulder straps back and yawned. "Getting chilly. I think I'm going to cut in on that game." I knew what was coming. I watched her going round the pool, and as soon as she took up a racket Jean-Marie dropped out of the game and came over to me. Sheila is very good at that sort of thing.

I thought, poor Sheila. She had been so embarrassed. An hour earlier at tea (Sheila always serves tea) one of her guests had sounded off about France—"bunch of yellow rats leaving their friends in the lurch"—and Jean-Marie had said aloud in his dark voice, "That isn't true. They left us in the lurch. And now they are kicking us when we're down." It was an awful moment. Nobody knew whether to laugh or what to do. And Jean got up and walked away from the table, with the skipper following him like a faithful pup, and Victor looking bland as if he hadn't heard. But now they had played together, against Roy and the skipper, until Sheila edged Jean out.

He looked sullen, squatting on the grass beside me. I said, "We'll cut in for Marie-Louise and Victor in a while."

"Oh, that's all right. I didn't mind quitting." He said, "You know, about this thing—I won't pop off again."

I said idly, "Forget it, Johnny," and he said, "I'd rather you'd not call me that, Marcy—if you don't mind."

I was amused. "You're very English, you know."

"I should hope I'm not."

"What's the matter with the English?"

The boy struggled a moment, and then it was as if a dam burst. "I hate them."

"Just because of those ships?"

It slipped out before I knew, but Jean-Marie wasn't thinking of his note to himself. "Well, that rather topped it. But I've always hated them. Everyone in France does."

I pointed out that he had never lived in France.

"No—I haven't of course. I wish I had. I know though. That business with Victor and me—I did that for *mon papa*. Silly show." He looked at me. "Victor's all right, you know. It's just that he's English. And he hates us too; so we're even."

A nursery feud. I asked how long this had been going on. For some time, apparently. The two fathers worked for one company and the boys had been together from their kindergarten days. At first it was just that they hadn't taken to each other. But then the fathers had told them about their countries, and that they *had* to be friends, and the boys had tried, and liked each other less. Then—in school or God knows where—they had picked up the uncomplimentary things that Englishmen have said about Frenchmen—and vice versa—forever. And then came the war. Victor's father swept mines so the English could be fed, while Jean-Marie's stood watch for France. Then came Flanders. And then Oran. And now we had Damon and Pythias hating each other.

That was how I figured it. What I heard was the incoherent story of a little boy glaring across a pool, and who was bitter and quite nasty under his polish. I couldn't be bothered with nasty, squabbling little boys. I got up and stepped on the board to dive: "Well, don't start a war here, you two. This is America."

They were so much alike it was ridic-

ulous. They had the same manners and the same mannerisms, and wore the same blazers and caps and talked alike and thought alike—on everything else. They even had the same preferences and distastes. One thing that they couldn't get used to over here was Negroes. They kept looking at Jessamine as though she were a monster. Jessamine enjoyed it, I think; but the skipper felt bad about that too.

She felt worse about the other thing. She did not understand it. Few children here would, thank God. They would not talk to her about it either. It was awful for her, I thought often, angrily; she made such an effort to be friends with both of them and not a day passed when she didn't have to take sides.

I sent Jim a cable, suggesting that we find another place for them—or at least for one of them. I wrote it cautiously, not mentioning the real trouble, so that he would be able to show it to their families. He took his time answering, although when I heard his next broadcast I knew it was addressed to me; there was little about bombs and a lot about people sticking to their jobs, and I knew it meant me; I could almost see him before me giving me a lecture. But that was no answer. I waited three days, and the third one "rather topped it."

It was Sheila again who started it. She said since Victor's father was a sailor, Victor had to sail. Our boat was locked up—Jim doesn't trust me at a tiller—and the Curtises keep one in the Sound, a big forty-foot cruiser. It was late in the season but Sheila's mind was made up. We drove to the club together, and Roy got the boat out and half a mile off shore he turned it over to Victor.

There was not much wind and that against us, but we went all the way up to Port Jefferson on a series of tacks, and the boy handled the big boat like a veteran. He had crewed for his father, he said, in the Solent. The skipper watched him like a hawk, and ap-

plauded every move. She and Roy did the work; Roy seemed to get a kick out of being ordered round his own boat by a twelve-year-old. Sheila and Jean-Marie and I lay on the planks, sunning ourselves and grunting when they made us move over. Jean did not seem to know that Victor was there.

On the home beat the breeze died almost entirely. We went crawling along, close to the Long Island shore. Roy kept telling Victor how good he was. "It's in the blood," he said. "The English are sailors. They've got guts. I bet no kid his age of any other country could sail a strange boat like that."

Victor grinned at the French boy. "He thinks *they* can."

"We're as good as you are," said Jean-Marie.

Victor laughed. "You're like your friends, the Jerries."

"They're not bad," said Jean-Marie. "Blowing the *Royal Oak* out of the Flow wasn't at all bad."

"You frog," said Victor.

The French boy was across the deck like a cat. But Victor was ready. There was a scuffle and a splash, and no Jean-Marie. All I could do was gasp.

"Victor!"

"He can swim," the boy said calmly.

Jean-Marie came up about thirty feet behind us. By the time he had the water out of his mouth and the hair out of his eyes it was fifty feet. He struck out after us but didn't come nearer. "We're only making two knots," said Roy. "He ought to do that."

The skipper had laughed at first. Now she stopped. I saw her kicking her shoes off. She swims like a fish but I had had enough of this nonsense. I said, "Stop the boat, Victor."

He looked at me. "This isn't a motor boat, you know."

I knew that much. "You can take in some sail."

"Not on my boat, he won't." Roy laughed. "Let the little Nazi swim a while. Cool him off."

It was September, I thought. The

water must be freezing. Jean-Marie had stopped; he was treading water and taking his shoes off. Then he swam again—not after us. He made straight for the shore.

Sheila took a hand. "You're an idiot, Roy. Get him."

They brought the boat round and headed Jean off. It took some time. They missed him once and had to come again. When they finally drew up with him Victor held his arm out. "Ahoy, Admiral."

Jean shook his head and kept on swimming. "Not as long as you're in there, you—"

"Oh, rot. Don't be a bally beetle."

We were past him and had to tack once more. This time I told him to come up at once, and he did. He was shivering, and we had no blankets to wrap him in, and he had lost his shoes. He wouldn't talk to Victor, and was icily polite to the rest of us. The skipper was in tears. It was as beautifully spoiled an outing as anyone could wish.

His teeth were still chattering when we got home, so I put him to bed and gave him his dinner there. I was praying that he had not caught anything. I put Victor in the skipper's bed for the night—in case Jean was ill and also so there would be no more fighting. I was furious at both of them and did not try to hide it. They were quite subdued.

The skipper rolled over happily in my bed. "Don't be mad at them, Marcy. They're only kids." Then a sigh, "But I wish Jean wasn't a Nazi!"

"Did Victor say he was?" I asked.

"No. Roy."

"Roy's a fool," I said.

"But Victor says they're quitters. That's true, isn't it?"

"They were defeated," I said. "They had to quit."

"The English didn't. They'll never quit, Victor says. And Dad said so too, on the air the other day."

"They haven't been beaten yet," I said. "Maybe then they'd quit too."

"But they mustn't be beaten, Marcy!"

Dad says if they're beaten the Nazis can make us stop sailing in the sea."

I got up and rummaged through a drawer and found a little costume pin I had with the Stars and Stripes on it. My daughter made eyes. "Oh—can I keep it?"

I said, "Put it on your dress to-morrow, so you'll know what you are. Don't worry about the English or the French or the Nazis. As long as we have this we've got nothing to worry about."

She handled the thing like a jewel. The awed look was for the pin, not for the flag; but I wouldn't have had it any other way. I didn't want her bellicose about her country, like those two.

Late that night came Jim's cable. It was very short. "*Puppy do your job, Jim.*" I might have known.

I sat down at my desk and started to write him a letter. I wrote all night; pages and pages and pages. I didn't hold anything back: my sleepless nights and bad dreams, when I woke up in a cold sweat after seeing Jim crushed, trapped in some house that was afire; the skipper, the boys. I put everything down that had happened. The note over Jean's bed, and the scene with the man at Sheila's, and this last, from which he might have caught pneumonia as likely as not. I made it plain that this could not go any farther. It was as bad for them as it was for us. And I wasn't going to sit by and watch it hurt the skipper. The skipper was Jim's too. Perhaps their people could do something with them—not take them back, but write perhaps so they would behave.

I poured it all into the letter, and didn't read it over because I knew if I did I wouldn't send it. It was a very confused and hysterical letter and every word in it pleaded with Jim to come home. This was the letter we discussed, a week later, on the 'phone, when I said everything would be all right, and knew it would not.

The day after our talk Jessamine asked

for the afternoon off; her sister was about to have a baby. I told her to take my car and be back in time to fix dinner. The skipper heard it and pestered me to let her go along. She would sit in the car while Jessamine was visiting; she had done it before. And she wanted the boys to see Harlem, she said, and whispered to me: "Y'see, Marcy—they mustn't be scared of colored people all the time." Jessamine promised she would have them home before six.

I was glad to let them go. There were pictures in the paper of people carried on stretchers. People who hadn't taken shelter during raids. I knew Jim wouldn't take shelter. Perhaps once, to see what it was like. Or at night, to get some sleep. But mostly he would be on roofs or in the street pursuing explosions. Not that he would have suicidal intentions, but he would want to see what went on. To Jim, death is bad but not half as bad as missing what goes on.

I put the paper away and watched the clock. His broadcast was due soon but I didn't get my usual jitters. I was beyond them. If you love somebody as badly as I love Jim you can only stand so much.

I turned the radio on and tried listening to a program. It was a silly one, and the studio audience was having a great time. I sat with my eyes shut and heard them tittering against the flame-lit skies of London. Station identification. Time signal. Plug for a watch. Another for a magazine. "And now for the report of James D. Kelly—direct from the beleaguered capital of the British Empire. Go ahead, London."

I never hear what he says. He talks, talks, tells what he saw, as much as the censor lets him. But I don't hear that. What I hear is a tired voice—no one else would know; it still is strong and crisp—but I know him so well. As if I were there, I can see his eyes burning in a lined and gray and desperately tired face.

"Our last alarm has been on now for

five hours. There is heavy stuff coming down and the barrage is intense. I found a cab to take me to Broadcasting House, and the driver told me . . ."

The human-interest story. The inevitable human-interest story. Do listeners ever think of the human-interest story behind a reporter?

"These people are brave. And they claim no credit for it. They carry on and do their jobs; no man can do more, and they feel that no man should do less. I return you now—"

No man could do more, and he felt that no man should do less. Oh Jim, if it were as easy as all that! I thought of the children. They were doing their bit, Jim said, by being out of the way. They had a horrible time. So had I. So had the skipper. Did it help anyone to keep them here, under one roof, hating each other?

"At the signal the time will be seven P.M."

And so it struck me that they should have been back at six. I didn't know where Jessamine had gone. There was no way for me to reach her. This was a sudden, small, private hell—not to be compared with that other. I didn't dare leave the 'phone. At eight I called up the police. They were nice, knew nothing, promised to look into the matter and let me know. By then a bomb would have been merciful.

What had happened was not really anything. Jessamine found her sister alone with a half-hour-old baby; and promptly forgot all about the children and the car she had parked round the corner without telling them into which house she went. They had no money to 'phone and didn't want to leave the car unattended in Harlem, so they waited until the police found them. That was all. There really was nothing to it—except the darkies.

First it was only pickaninnies crowding round the car with the white children in it, gaping at them, making faces. That was all right with our boys. They

felt like Englishmen in the colonies. The Harlem kids weren't sticking to the script though. They weren't awed. They made cracks. When the skipper talked back to them the two boys stopped her: mustn't argue with "natives," y'know. Got to keep your distance. That angered the pickaninnies.

Soon—it was dark by then—bigger black boys came along, future middle-weight champs of fourteen and fifteen. They heard the white chillun were snobbing their little brothers. They also heard the white boys had a funny way of talking. They thought it was an uproariously funny way of talking. They stood round the car trying to talk Oxford English and walking with mincing steps and having a fine time. They meant no harm. But the white boys didn't know that. They sat in the car, pale and grim, and scared by the jeering black faces and white teeth—and when the skipper saw them scared she did something silly. She wouldn't have been Jim's daughter if she hadn't. She jumped out of the car and said things you don't say at night in Harlem, not when you're on a side street in the middle of the block.

Suddenly there was a tight ring round the car. There were about fifty of them. Those on the outside played and sang and lindy-hopped on the streets and on the sidewalks, but round the car was a wall of big ones who just grinned and wouldn't move. Our three held a war council. They tried blowing the horn but it didn't work—it only does when the key is in, and Jessamine had that. The boys said they could box their way through, but what about the skipper? The skipper said never mind that—what about the car? They agreed on sitting tight and waiting for Jessamine.

Actually of course there was no danger. The colored children had fun. But I was in Harlem with Jim after a Joe Louis fight, and heard Jim say, "They're having fun, but I wouldn't want them mad at me," and saw grown men shrink and step off the sidewalk before the cele-

brants. The boys didn't know Harlem. It was night and the swing fragments in the air were like drums in the jungle, and what they caught of the chatter wasn't friendly. They were in my car, with the skipper, and felt responsible for both.

They tried acting unconcerned, and that made the darkies angrier. There was a little one, of the white boys' size, who kept challenging them to come out and fight him. The rest thought it was a fine idea. They set up a chorus: "Dey's yellow! C'm out'n fight, white boys!" Jean-Marie lunged for the door but Victor grabbed the handle. Jean-Marie said, "Let me out—I haven't got the wind up," but Victor held on with set teeth. The colored boys raised a howl: "Let'im go! Let'em fight! Yeah man!" and one big one wrenched the door open and tried to drag Jean out. He only wanted to promote the fight—which might have ended with everybody friends—but Victor leaned over and hit him in the stomach and in the jaw and pulled Jean back and slammed the door on the big one's fingers.

He got it locked, but the big fellow's hand was bleeding. It was getting later in the evening, and there were drunks in the crowd now. In the darkness the latecomers couldn't see who was in the car, and when the big boy said he was hurt things began to look ugly. They had a debate about smashing the windows. They didn't do it. They just kept milling about the car—which was why the police cars missed it at first. The siege dragged on.

When I picked them up at the station they were proud and happy. I had carefully powdered my face in the taxi, but the skipper noticed something anyway because the first thing she said in my arms was, "Marcy darling—I'm sorry." But they beamed when the sergeant said to me, "Glad to've met them, ma'am. They're soldiers."

The skipper talked a blue streak on the way home, and the boys were a bit unsteady on their feet but they seemed all right. They got fidgety when the

skipper mentioned them. I knew better than to ask questions. Their upper lips were in the best tradition but it was as well that the thing was over now.

They asked me what was new from the war. I didn't know. I seemed to have missed Jim's broadcast. The news I had been waiting for was not of Jim, who was on his own, but of the skipper and the two others who also were mine to take care of. Suddenly Jim's broadcast was not so important any more. It was simply his job. I had never thought of it that way before.

I told them I hadn't listened but there was news on now, and they could get it in the library. It was past their bedtime, but I saw they were too keyed up to sleep. It would let them forget the evening. There was no more need to make them forget the war. They had a job too, and it had to do with the war.

I left them in the library and sat down to write another letter. I hadn't begun when the skipper came out again, to say once more she was sorry.

It was touching, I thought. "Little goose. You couldn't help it."

"I guess I could have," she said. She looked round first to see if the boys could hear her, and then talked. She wasn't like ten years at all at that moment.

"I knew those kids were only fooling, really. They'd have let us through and we could have gone to the Avenue and borrowed a nickel in a drugstore and 'phoned you." She gulped and went on bravely. "But I didn't tell them and—well, we just kept sitting in the car. I wasn't worried about it either. I knew you'd be more worried about us than about the old car."

I should have felt angry. "What did you do that for, Skipper?"

She thought it over. She always does things first and then thinks them over. "Well—I guess I figured if they'd stick it out together maybe they're going to like each other better?" She looked at me. "I think it's awful, the way they carry on."

"They'll get over it, honey."

She gulped again. "I didn't mean for you to be worried, Marcy." She studied my face to see if I believed her.

I said, "I wasn't worried. I know you can take care of yourself." She glowed with pride. I said, "Better go in now. They'll think we've got secrets." She ran into the library. The boys had a broadcast going; another one from London.

It was one of the worst nights over there. It was one of the nights when you didn't think there was a stone unturned, when you heard the nerves of the reporters snapping while they talked, when you heard them drag in the "unbroken spirit of these people" to show there wasn't much else that was not broken. It was quiet in the library and they had the radio on loud, switching from station to station to get all the news as if they could not get enough of it. Finally they got the B.B.C. on a Canadian station, and at the end of that there came a piece of music—I didn't know what it was. And then I heard them singing it. It wasn't the radio. It was the three of them singing.

There'll always be an England,
And England shall be free—

I could hear Jean-Marie's dark voice under the two light ones.

—if England means as much to you
As England means to me—

I got up and tiptoed to the door. They lay sprawled on the rug, looking up at the radio. The skipper held her hand on the little Stars-and-Stripes pin on her dress as if to tell it she wasn't being unfaithful. But her eyes were on the radio and so were the French boy's—and they were singing, the three of them, loud and brightly as they had heard of people singing in life-boats and under debris: "There'll always be an England—"

I went back to my letter. *Darling, it's all right.* Even silly girls can do their job if they have their eyes opened. I blew my nose and wrote to Jim. "The skipper's fixed it," I wrote.



BEVIN AND MORRISON

BY PATRICIA STRAUSS

IF a Nazi pilot should inadvertently drop a bomb on 10 Downing Street when Winston Churchill was within most people in Britain believe that their next Prime Minister would be either fifty-six-year-old Ernest Bevin or fifty-two-year-old Herbert Morrison.

Ernest Bevin, short, squat, and serious, is now Minister of Labour. He looks like a bull. He has many attributes of that animal, which is said to see so quickly through the matador's tricks that he learns the whole game in a few minutes, and even if he escapes death can never be put into the ring again. Ernest Bevin is a wily and shrewd tactician. He has the courage of a bull, and will face a disorderly conference, massive shoulders hunched, thick neck bulging, head down, eyes grim behind his glasses, and fight with a combination of strength and guile. They say he reacts to red more quickly than any bull in his antagonism to the Communist Party.

Chirpy, smiling Herbert Morrison is Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security. He swoops down on inefficiency as quickly as a sparrow on a crumb, and looks rather like one as he cocks his head on one side to see better out of his one eye. His Cockney wit makes him a lively debater rather than an orator. He has an enormous capacity for work. He sits at his desk with his sleeves rolled up, his tie unknotted, his hair standing on end. But his mind is as neat and orderly as a filing cabinet, and he can turn from matters of major policy to minor detail as quickly and

completely as one opens a drawer and shuts another.

They are two of the seven Labour Party leaders who joined the Churchill Government in May, 1940. It is a strange thing that they are in the Government at all, for the Conservatives still have a two-thirds majority in the House of Commons; so by all the rules, Britain should have a Conservative Government. But democracy has proved to be more than a cold count of seats in the House of Commons.

When it became apparent that this was a people's war, and not a war of government departments and the armed forces, the Government had to represent all the people, not just a small section. If the workers were to be asked to make sacrifices for democracy they had first to be convinced that they were part of that democracy. Britain found the only way to fight a total war was with total democracy. The workers, who had been anti-Fascist through all the years of appeasement, knew what had happened to their own kind in Germany, had recognized the Spanish war as the first round of this war, were only too anxious to fight Fascism; but it must be with a full share of responsibility and behind men they trusted. Not only the workers, but the middle-class also, realized that the policy of appeasement had failed, that, in spite of the vast sums voted by the House of Commons for armament expenditure, the country was unprepared. They read with increasing interest the speeches made by the

Labour Party in the House of Commons, they saw men training with insufficient equipment, they knew of factories still not working full time. When the British failed in Norway their doubts became certainties.

The Chamberlain Government lost the confidence of the nation. Conscious of their loss of prestige and unpopularity, the Conservative Party had to invite Labour to share the responsibilities of government if the war was to be waged efficiently. The Labour members of the Churchill Government are not there solely as men of ability, but as representatives of a large and important section of the population. They are politically strong because they command the confidence of the workers. If Bevin and Morrison lose that confidence they become just two able men. Of their ability there is no question. When they first joined the Government neither was in the War Cabinet, and Ernest Bevin was not even a Member of Parliament. Yet from the first day of taking office they overshadowed all members of the Government except the Prime Minister.

II

Ernest Bevin has never been a politician in the usual sense. Millions of people in England had never heard of him until he became Minister of Labour, yet as the unquestioned boss of the trade union movement he had been one of the most influential men in Britain for the past twenty years. He has an exaggerated dislike of politicians, which was increased to a contemptuous distrust in 1931 when Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, and J. H. Thomas deserted the Labour movement and went over to the Conservatives. Bevin never wanted to be a Member of Parliament. He could have been one any time in the past twenty years, but he preferred the comparative obscurity of his position as secretary of the Transport and General Workers Union. He avoids publicity. Even within the Labour movement he

is an aloof figure, respected for his undoubted ability, powerful but not popular.

But the very qualities which made him unpopular before have become virtues in the Minister of Labour. His combativeness and intolerance have been turned against incompetence and inefficiency. Even his dour and forbidding appearance reflects the determined mood of the workers. His harsh voice and his brutal statement of unpleasant facts have made him one of the most effective radio speakers in the Government. Facing a desperate situation, the people are irritated by cozy platitudes and soft accents. They respond to the economy and astringency of Bevin's broadcasts, and he talks to the people in their own vernacular. When in a recent broadcast he told Mussolini to "remember our murdered comrade Matteotti" he showed the world that he is not fighting for the playing fields of Eton; he is fighting for the shipbuilders on the Clyde, the miners in South Wales, the dockers in East London, and the factory workers in the Midlands.

Ernest Bevin is working-class himself. He was born in 1884, in the village of Winsford in Somerset. Both his parents died while he was still a child. His only education was at a village school which he left when he was ten to work on a farm, earning nine pence a week. He went on strike, and moved to another farm where he earned a shilling a week. He worked seven days a week; the only difference being that on Sundays he was given jam on his pudding. Tiring of this, he went to Bristol, hoping there to find jam on his pudding every day. His goal has always been "jam to-day." In Bristol he worked as a page boy in a restaurant, truck driver, tram conductor, and shop assistant. Then came five terrible years of unemployment. In those days there was no unemployment benefit. Describing those years he has said, "One had to get food, so I stole." When an unemployed movement was started in the city, twenty-six-year-old Bevin, as its secretary, had his first ex-

perience of organizing his fellow-workers.

Eventually he found work driving a milk cart, and joined the Carter's Section of the Dockers' Union. In 1910 the Dockers' Union elected him their delegate at Bristol, and soon he became their National Officer. Ever since then his work has been building up the trade-union movement.

When he first fought Winston Churchill in 1920 he was already a trade-union leader. That was when the Council of Action effectively prevented Churchill's proposed war of intervention against Russia. The men who now work together to save England from defeat have been lifelong political enemies.

In the same year Ernest Bevin established himself as the outstanding figure in the trade-union movement. A hundred thousand dockworkers were striking for a minimum wage of sixteen shillings a day and stable employment. The Shaw Committee was set up by the Government to conduct an inquiry into the dockers' claims. Burly, thick-set Bevin, afraid of no man, pleaded the dockers' case in an eleven-hour speech. Arthur I. Bowley, statistician of the University of London, had presented as evidence complicated charts and a maze of figures showing the cost of living for a dock worker's family. Bevin revealed a surprising understanding of the statistics presented to the Committee. He examined them, analyzed them, and refuted them. At the end of his speech he dramatically opened a paper parcel on the Conference table. There lay two loaves of bread, a small packet of margarine, a small packet of tea—the average provision of a docker. Picking them up one by one, Bevin roared, "Bread? Margarine? Tea?" The dockers won their demands. Every working man in England heard the story, and Bevin won his place as the leading trade unionist.

Although Bevin would seem to have had little time for study his intellectual capacities are considerable. He was a member of the Macmillan Committee

appointed by Philip Snowden, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in November, 1929, to inquire into the relations of finance and industry. He astonished the experts by his swift and firm grasp of the essentials of the highly technical and difficult problems of finance and currency. He did invaluable work at the International Labour Conference of the League of Nations at Geneva. Since 1929 he has been vice-Chairman of the *Daily Herald*, the Labour paper, which has the second largest circulation of all the daily newspapers in Britain.

Although not a politician, Bevin has had great political influence, for the trade unions dominate the Labour Party, and Bevin dominates the trade unions. But even in the Labour movement, in which Bevin has spent his life, few people know him personally. He has a few close associates among the trade unionists, but in the Labour Party he is known of, but not known. Delegates meeting constantly at Labour conferences get to know one another and there is an atmosphere of easy friendship. Everyone talks to everyone else, and no one need be alone. Bevin is usually to be seen at such conferences walking rapidly to and from the Conference Hall with one or two trade union friends, but he never mixes with the political delegates. He does not bother to hide his prejudice against politicians, which arouses antagonism against him in the Labour Party. He has a dominating personality, which easily becomes domineering. With his forceful character, his control of the big trade-union vote, his ability to put a logical case and sway emotions, he is the most formidable figure at Labour conferences.

At the Labour Conference at Brighton in 1935 he used his talent for impromptu oratory to decide once and for all the Labour Party's attitude to foreign policy. Until 1934 the policy of a General Strike against a capitalist war appeared regularly on the Agenda, side by side with support of the League of Nations. When Hitler smashed the German trade unions

and undeniably began to rearm, the pacifist part of the Labour movement was in a quandary. The problem appeared in concrete form when the Labour Party had to decide if it would support the policy of sanctions against Italy. The late George Lansbury, highly respected leader of the Labour movement, had resigned from the Executive Committee as a protest, and he put the pacifist case in an eloquent, sincere, and moving speech. Ernest Bevin was called upon to reply. In a terrific oration of passionate hatred of Fascism and contempt of the completely pacifist stand, and of those who, having supported the League of Nations, now ran away when faced with the clear issue, he swept the conference like a tornado, leaving only a few convinced pacifists shivering in their isolation. The Labour movement was committed to a strong anti-Fascist foreign policy. The trade unionist had used his political power to decide the most important point of policy since the advent of Hitler.

The Transport and General Workers Union, secretaryship of which gives Ernest Bevin such enormous power, is largely his own creation. With the Dockers' Union as a foundation, he amalgamated 36 small unions of kindred trades. With persistent patience he has built up the union until now the Transport and General Workers Union is the largest trade union in the world, with over 650,000 members.

Bevin is a trade-union leader who does not like strikes. He will negotiate tirelessly to reach a satisfactory settlement and prefers compromise to coercion. This may be partly due to the disastrous failure of the General Strike in 1926, for which, as leader of the largest trade union, he had a great share of responsibility. Having decided to use the coercive power of the General Strike, the trade-union leaders gave in when Stanley Baldwin, then Prime Minister, called their bluff. The miners, who had had a worse deal than any workers since 1918, were left to carry on their long and

bitter struggle alone, and the other workers were bewildered and indignant at being ordered back to work without victory. The possibility of calling a general strike had for years given the workers a sense of power in reserve. When this ultimate weapon was used and failed they felt like men whose stock has become worthless overnight. Stanley Baldwin, determined there should be no more general strikes, immediately passed the Trade Disputes Act which greatly reduced the funds and restricted the power of the trade unions, and made general strikes illegal. The workers found they had lost much and gained nothing, and Bevin saw a loss of heart in the movement he had helped to build.

The courageous young Bevin who pleaded the dockers' case in 1920 would scarcely have recognized the elderly Bevin of 1937 who, when the London busmen struck at the time of the Coronation for better working conditions, refused to recognize the strike and refused strike pay, charging that it was Communist-inspired. He fought his own workers with grim severity, and when the busmen were forced to abandon the strike after four weeks, he expelled the strike leaders from the union.

The man who was once looked on as a potential leader of the left wing of the Labour movement has now become its bitterest opponent. There has been much muttering in recent years that Bevin is dictator of the trade-union movement, dealing ruthlessly with any who disagree with him. Younger workers complain that his early ardor has yielded to a cautious respectability, and that having built up the largest union in the world and seen working conditions so greatly improved since his own youth, he is now satisfied with his life's work and will not help them fight for further gains. They say that, as in the bus strike of 1937, he tends to identify himself more with the employer with whom he negotiates than with the workers he represents.

But that he would fight to defend the

movement he has done so much to build, they do not doubt. They know his hatred of Fascism is passionate. They know he recognizes it as the greatest enemy of trade unionism. When he said recently, "If a working boy is good enough to handle a Spitfire he is good enough to govern the country," he showed that he is still aggressively conscious of his origin. So when in July, 1940, he was given powers never held before by any man in a democratic country he had the confidence of the workers. As Minister of Labour he has complete power over civilian jobs. He can decide which industries are essential to the war effort and which are superfluous. He can fix hours and wages. He has shifted thousands of workers from other industries into armament production. He has stated squarely to employers that there must be no cutting of wages. And he has stated squarely to the workers that they are as much part of the war effort as men in the army and must consider themselves soldiers of industry.

In defeating Nazism he resolves to win a better England. At Bristol in October he said, "The society that is established at the end shall be upon the broadest possible basis, and privilege that we have known hitherto must entirely disappear into the common pool." And in London in November he said, "Things can never be as they were. The old age has passed. A new age has to be built."

III

In contrast with heavy, grim Ernest Bevin is genial, smiling Herbert Morrison, the only man in the Labour movement universally known by his Christian name. Men and women in all parts of England who have never met him talk of him as "Herbert," and no one remotely connected with the Labour movement would ever ask "Herbert who?" The most obscure members of the Party feel that they know him personally. The workers of London look on him as a

friend. Walk down any ordinary street in London with him, and policemen, newsboys, women shopping, and truck-drivers will shout, "Hullo, Herbert!" Hurrying along, usually hatless, carrying a briefcase, he waves back with a friendly grin, a twinkle in his only eye.

When London was bombed with a severity that made Guernica and Rotterdam look like trial runs, civilian morale became a factor of major military importance. Air-raid shelters could not be built by the wave of a magic wand. But civilian morale could be strengthened by putting at the head of the responsible ministry a man the very mention of whose name would convince Londoners that everything possible would be done in record time. Herbert Morrison, the Londoner, was removed from the Ministry of Supply and given the job which only he could do. He became Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, one of the three most important positions in the Government. East Enders, huddling together in their pitiful makeshift shelters, said to one another, "It'll be all right. Herbert's there."

They all remember Waterloo Bridge. For ten years there had been wrangling over the old bridge, which was unsafe and closed to traffic. Should it be pulled down or not? Would Parliament give a grant toward the cost of building a new bridge? Year after year old gentlemen in clubs wrote letters to the *Times*. Londoners were sick and tired of the controversy. Ten weeks after the Labour Party won control of the London County Council and Herbert Morrison became virtually Prime Minister of London the controversy was over. Londoners woke up one morning to find workmen pulling down the old bridge. Morrison blandly told newspapermen that, whether Parliament gave a grant or not, he was determined London should have the new bridge. Parliament did give the grant eventually. London had its new bridge. Traffic in the Strand, which had been congested for years, moved once more and bus

conductors said proudly to passengers, "Ten weeks, when the others had been talking about it for ten years. That's our 'Erbert, 'e don't arf get things done!"

That was back in the peaceful days of 1934. Now that speed and mobility are so essential, the new wide bridge greatly facilitates communication with the heavily bombed areas south of the Thames. That London has stood up as well as it has to the continuous crisis of bombing is largely because Herbert Morrison has been strengthening its legs for years.

The man who is now responsible for the complex organization necessary to maintain the services of water, heat, gas, light, sewers, food; putting out fires from incendiary bombs, removing time bombs, demolishing damaged houses, shoring up others, removing the dead, rescuing the injured, accommodating the homeless, and providing shelters for a city of eight million people, was born in Lambeth in January, 1888, the son of a policeman and a housemaid.

Morrison, who began work at fourteen as an errand boy, discovered early the fascination of local government. "Living in" as a shop-assistant, only allowed to leave the premises between 9.30 and 11 P.M., he spent his scanty free time in the public gallery of the Town Hall listening to the debates whenever the Borough Council was in session. He left the shop and worked on a telephone switchboard to get more time for reading. The boy who had won no prizes or distinction at school haunted the public library, borrowing books on history, economics, and philosophy. Already interested in politics, he joined the Labour Party as an active worker, and became an energetic member of the National Union of Clerks. He studied the theories of local government of Beatrice and Sidney Webb, Fabian Socialists, and in 1912 he became assistant manager of a new Labour paper, the *Daily Citizen*. After three years the paper closed down, and at the age of twenty-seven he became secretary of the London Labour Party.

It was not a very grand position. The London Labour Party was small, and his salary was one pound a week. Herbert Morrison is still secretary of the London Labour Party; and under his leadership Labour Members of Parliament for London have increased from 2 to 27, Borough Council majorities have increased from 5 to 17, and Labour representation on the London County Council has increased from one man to the present majority of 75 Councillors and 12 Aldermen.

Morrison never tires of urging his audiences at public meetings to take more interest in local government. Standing on the platform, head on one side, spectacles gleaming, he points at the audience and says, "How many of you have ever been in the public gallery of County Hall to see what the London County Council's doing? You elected us to represent you. It's your money we're spending. Come and see how we get on with the job."

In 1923 Morrison was elected Member of Parliament for the London division of Hackney. A year later he lost his seat, but he returned to the House of Commons in the General Election of 1929 and has been there ever since. In MacDonald's Labour Government as Minister of Transport he tackled the chaotic traffic problems with gusto. In January, 1931, his Road Traffic Act became law. He abolished the speed limit, formed the mobile police, made it illegal for an employee to drive continuously for more than five and one-half hours, and reorganized passenger bus services all over the country. He was made a Privy Councillor and two months later joined the Cabinet as its youngest member, and presented to the House his second major bill. This brought all London traffic under a public utility known as the London Passenger Transport Board, which on a normally busy day carries two and one-half times the population of Norway. There was some criticism at the time of the amount of compensation paid to shareholders of

the companies superseded, and when the London busmen struck in 1937 the dividends still being paid to ex-shareholders were given as the reason for refusing the men's demands. But the increased efficiency of the reorganized services is of great benefit now that maintenance of transport is so essential to the war effort.

Morrison had only just presented his Bill to the House when the defection of Ramsay MacDonald in 1931 put the Government back into the hands of the Conservatives. Morrison, having publicly demonstrated his organizing ability, was immediately offered the post of Chairman of the Electrical Development Association at a reputed salary of £5,000 a year. He refused the offer, preferring to remain secretary of the London Labour Party at £500 a year, with another £600 a year as a Member of Parliament.

In 1934 came his opportunity to realize his dreams of twenty years before. Labour won control of the London County Council, the government of London. Backed by an enthusiastic team of Labour Councillors, Morrison began spring-cleaning London. The spectacular demolition of old Waterloo Bridge was only an *apéritif*. Four hundred years ago William Shakespeare heard talk of limiting the size of London by a girdle of green acres. But nothing was done until Morrison announced his Green Belt scheme and began buying land on the outskirts of London for parks and open spaces.

So determined was he that there should be no graft that he even forbade Councillors to meet the permanent officials socially. No one may grant favors. No one may recommend a friend for a job. As the London County Council has 76,000 permanent employees, Councillors are constantly being asked "Can you get me a job?" and the answer is always "No, you can apply like everyone else, but no jobs are got by influence."

Employees were told that anyone taking a rake-off, however small, would be instantly dismissed. The Council has been spending 36 millions sterling an-

nually, more than the national budget of Switzerland, mostly on goods. The purchases include such odd things as 43,000 doors, 10,000,000 eggs, 19,000,000 envelopes a year. All contracts are strictly competitive.

No one knew in 1934 that Morrison's work at County Hall would, six years later, be a factor of major importance in the second World War. At the time Londoners were gratified by the visible effects of their new administration. Buildings which had long obstructed traffic were demolished. Streets, through which now the ambulances and fire engines race to the bombed areas, were widened and improved. The ambulance service and fire brigade were overhauled and modernized, laying the foundation for the present A.R.P. services. The Council's seventy-two hospitals—three-quarters of the total hospital beds of London—were re-equipped and reorganized to the great joy of patients, doctors, and nurses then, and to the deep thankfulness of all London now. Acres of workers' houses, long condemned as unfit for human habitation, were pulled down and neat blocks of apartments at low rents took their place. The new apartments withstand the blasts of war. On the outskirts of London, tree-lined workers' housing estates were built. Their tenants came from the most congested, and now most bombed, parts of London. The London schools, which cost £12 millions a year, were improved and enlarged, and many new schools were built. They are now used as centers for the A.R.P. and depots for the homeless. All the social services, sewage, main drainage, lunatic asylums, orphanages, public assistance, care of the blind, were overhauled. But when their three statutory years in office had expired the Labour Party had only had time to accomplish a few of the improvements they had hoped to make.

The London County Council election of 1937 coincided with the United Front campaign. Advocates of the United Front were urging joint action of all left

parties, including the Communist Party, to oust the Chamberlain Government. Herbert Morrison is bitterly opposed to the Communist Party. Many London Labour Parties were supporters of the United Front. The Conservative press picked on this as an election issue, as Morrison had said they would. Headlines screamed that a Labour victory would mean Communist control at County Hall, although not a single Communist candidate was standing. A red scare was started. Morrison publicly declared that Communist help would lose the election for Labour. Feeling ran so high that many people who wanted to help were turned away. In Bethnal Green, in the East End, two young men came into the Committee rooms to offer their help. The Labour organizer asked who they were. They replied, "We're friends of the workers." The organizer shook his fist at them and roared, "Get out of here, we don't want you down here."

But in spite of the anti-red press scare, when the votes were counted Labour had increased its majority. When the Labour Councillors reassembled at County Hall, Morrison publicly degraded the leading United Fronters. And when, in the following year, Sir Stafford Cripps, M.P., Aneurin Bevan, M.P., and G. R. Strauss, M.P., were expelled from the Labour Party for Popular Front activities, Morrison approved their expulsion. Yet through all that bitter controversy he retained the respect of the left wing of the Labour Party, because no one doubts his intellectual integrity. He opposed the Popular Front from a conviction that the Communist Party is politically untrustworthy. He still thinks so. "The Communists," he said in April, 1940, "are a contemptible body of servile instruments of a foreign Government. They now share with the Fascists the miserable task of finding explanations for the evil deeds of Hitler and company."

Soon after their re-election Morrison and his team had to plan for another and less happy social service. The Labour

Party in the House of Commons badgered the Chamberlain Government to plan seriously and quickly for the defense of the civilian population in case of war. At County Hall every possible preparation was made. When war was declared every L.C.C. schoolteacher had explicit instructions, schoolchildren were collected, labelled, taken to suburban railway stations, each with gas mask and provisions for the journey. Morrison was in his office at County Hall day and night, snatching a few hours' sleep on a camp bed by his desk. Plans for the emergency had been prepared months before. They were carried out smoothly and efficiently. But the Council could deal only with those services legally within its powers.

As Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, Morrison now has a gamut of responsibilities ranging from aliens to air-raid shelters. Both he and his Parliamentary Secretary, Ellen Wilkinson, the only woman in the Government, know there are British Nazis and German anti-Nazis. Among the first of the aliens who had been interned without trial by the previous Home Secretary and were released by Morrison were F. G. Friedlander, the distinguished mathematician who was recently elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Dr. Flehinger, who was for some time in the German concentration camp at Dachau; and Friedl Scheu, for years *Daily Herald* correspondent in Vienna.

Within three weeks of taking office Morrison had introduced a ticket system to obviate the necessity of queueing for shelters; ordered 1,750,000 bunks for shelters; opened private basement shelters to the public; provided first-aid facilities in all rest centers, large air-raid shelters and subway stations; speeded up the care of the homeless; made arrangements for warming shelters during cold winter nights; started extending the tunneling of subways; and announced the continuation of daylight-saving time throughout the winter. He realizes that his job is wider than the top of his

desk. When Coventry was unexpectedly bombed he left London immediately and directed the relief efforts at the height of the attack.

Not only has he an intimate knowledge of the existing services, and a fine disregard for red tape; he has the confidence of the workers. With no powerful trade union and "block" vote behind him, he is a leader of the Labour Party because he is trusted as a man who would never temper the wind to the shorn industrialist. Although very much a party man, he can take an independent line. He disagreed with the Labour Party's acceptance of non-intervention at the beginning of the Spanish war, and when the Soviet Union invaded Finland he again stood with the left in the Labour Party, midway between the hysterical anti-red ravings of the other Labour leaders and the eulogistic apologies of

the Communist Party. He is a strict disciplinarian; for him rules are not for guidance, they are for obedience, and he will always defend the old rule against a suggested new one; but his bureaucratic strictness is tempered by a lively sense of pity. When he talks of one and one-half million unemployed it is not just figures; he speaks with a consciousness of the human tragedy of one and one-half million families. Yet he is not a sentimentalist. Social injustice arouses in him cold anger and a heated desire for immediate remedy. As long as there remains a human being ill housed, ill clothed, ill fed, or ill educated, Herbert Morrison will not be satisfied.

The late Lord Haldane said of him, "He has a cool head in a crisis, he knows his own mind. His administration is competent, clean, and effective. He won't let us down."





THE FISHERMEN ON THE SEINE

BY STEFAN ZWEIG

IN a history of the French Revolution I found years ago a little episode that seems to have escaped general notice and that at the time seemed wholly incredible to me. After four eventful years—so the story ran—the dramatic day had finally arrived when Louis XVI was to be executed. Early in the morning, to the accompaniment of a muffled flourish of drums, began the last journey of the condemned to the Place de la Concorde. There, looming high above an impatient crowd, stood the scaffold. Arms tied, the King was led up the steps; the blade flashed down, and the crowd broke out into a single wild roar of exultation as the bloody head of the anointed King of France rolled into the basket. The Republic was celebrating its climactic triumph; the greatest, the most far-reaching event of the century was over. But a mere stone's throw from the Place de la Concorde and the guillotine—so the contemporary chronicler related in some vexation—there stood all the while a whole row of anglers on the banks of the Seine fishing during this historically unforgettable hour with the same unconcern as on any other ordinary day. Their backs turned to the unique spectacle, they paid attention solely to their bobbing floats. They did not even turn their heads when the roar of the crowd announced that the greatest historical event their country had ever seen had been consummated.

When I read this little episode for the first time as a young man I could not bring myself to believe it. Something

within me resisted the possibility of such selfish indifference during a historical moment. I had grown up in the calm, peaceful, and wholly undramatic atmosphere round the turn of the century, and I thought that in the dramatic years of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars all people in Europe must have lived in a perpetual state of fever. I pictured to myself Paris on that day—the shops deserted, the inns and workshops empty, all the people surging toward the route of the King's fatal journey, the attention of everyone riveted to the guillotine, in enthusiasm or consternation, as the individual political view might be. It seemed to me altogether absurd that there could have been a single person on the Place de la Concorde to give his attention to so trifling a business as fishing, a business so lacking in urgency, instead of to the greatest event of his time.

But it seems that only he can truly read and understand history who himself has lived through history. To-day I would not like to see this little episode of the fishermen on the Seine missing from any history book. On the basis of our present-day experience I regard it not only as true but as indispensable in the sense of historical truth, for we are receiving daily practical lessons in history. We live in a time at least as dramatic as that of the French Revolution or the Reformation. For us too every week, every day is filled with historical events; centuries-old empires topple; the greatest struggle ever waged in the name of

human liberty is in progress; every day, every hour brings new tensions, and the youth of the future will envy us for having been witnesses and participants of this, the world's greatest upheaval.

But we who are its contemporaries—do we really participate fully and constantly in the events? Rather, do we have the strength, do we have enough sympathy at our disposal, to follow the headlong rush of events day by day, hour by hour, with an open mind? If we ask ourselves honestly we must reach the conclusion that we are not equal to such a constant state of high tension, that we merely cast an occasional perplexed and despairing glance at those events. Of the millions upon millions of contemporaries, few live close to the core of historical happenings; they merely live their own lives. When we look at ourselves we must admit that in this year of 1941, when every hour brings limitless horror, when ships are sunk, bombs smash defenseless children, men are hunted by the thousand, ancient empires topple, and every law, every commandment of humanitarian tradition is violated—that in such a time the theaters, the places of amusement, the beaches, the streets are as crowded with busy or idle people as in a peaceful, “non-historical” period—and this not merely in the neutral but in the belligerent countries as well. In the midst of the extraordinary, everyday life continues unconcerned. This coincidence, at first so hard to understand, was made particularly clear to me by an air view printed in a newspaper. The camera's eagle eye showed a murderous assault upon some trenches, and in a neighboring field a farmer calmly plowing behind his horse, no more turning his head toward the battle than did the fishermen on the Seine toward the execution of a King. If we are firm in our resolve to renounce all romantic illusions in favor of truth, then we, witnesses of an age crowded with events, must confess that, rather than make efforts to be part of history, we try to forget our times.

II

At first cry this seems to be humiliating for all of us. It seems to deny to the majority of men the capacity for actually taking part in the events of their time, of experiencing deep inside its horrors and sufferings. But such a charge would be unfair. The vast majority of men have the most sincere intention to take a prominent part in every extraordinary happening; they are inspired by the will and the desire to be shaken to the very roots of their being. But all of us are at the same time liable to a higher law of nature, which in wise economy limits our capacity for participation. Strong and continual excitement inevitably causes mounting fatigue; every excessive tension, when too long maintained, turns into a form of paralysis. Even two thousand years ago the Greek dramatists recognized this as the law of tragedy; Sophocles as well as Æschylus knew why they limited the duration of their dramas to two or, at most, three hours. For if tragedy continues to mount beyond measure it reduces rather than expands its capacity to affect us. To-day we are all experiencing this fateful reciprocity. The longer the world drama before our eyes lasts, the more ghastly its scenes grow, the more exciting its episodes—the more our inner capacity for taking part in the events slackens.

Thus if at the end of the first year of the war we no longer seem to take sufficient interest, it is not for the reason that we are inhuman, but on the contrary because we are merely human. Each of us is equipped with but a single heart—a single small, narrow heart incapable of holding more than a certain measure of misery. It is not that we feel too little but that too much happens in such “historic times,” and if at times we allow our thoughts to drift away from events, if our feelings no longer respond passionately, it is the strength which we lack and not the good will.

— A single example may serve for many.

A few months before the war the submarine *Thetis* sank in England with ninety or a hundred men aboard. I was in London at the time and was able to witness how the whole city, indeed the whole country, was dominated by this single event. At the street corner the passers-by snatched the newspapers from the hands of the newsboys. The theaters and motion-picture houses were empty. Everyone felt that he could think of nothing but the fate of these ninety or hundred hermetically sealed men who were doomed to death or already dead. All of a sudden it was intolerable to see an indifferent motion picture unroll, to mind one's business. One could see from the faces of the people how deeply the event affected and preoccupied them. They had a remote look, a different gait—each one thought of the tiny ship and its crew of several dozen. Each one pictured to himself how the air within the crowded space grew more stifling, how consciousness, still dimly hoping for the miracle of liberation, was gradually dulled, how the wives and mothers stood by the shore waiting to see whether their sons, their husbands might not be among the few who were saved. For two or three days forty million Englishmen lived and identified themselves with these ninety or a hundred men; an entire nation painfully bent all its senses toward this single, tiny boat of the huge fleet. But a few months later the war began and now at least one submarine sank each week—a British, French, or German submarine, with men suffering, waiting, and at last dying within them in exactly the same way as in the *Thetis*. And the original force of sympathy became used up more and more with each repetition. The millions were unable and unwilling each time to picture to themselves the tortures and the fate of these handfuls of men. We soon had to recognize that the longer the world catastrophe lasted the more glaring grew the disproportion between suffering and compassion. Today, after more than a year of war, the

death of a thousand men has long since lost the power to command the sympathy once aroused by the death of hundreds. The dispatches in the newspapers remain drear—they reach the brain, but no longer the exhausted imagination, the fatigued, weary heart. And when I ask myself what makes me suffer most deeply in this time, it is the fact that I must confess that I am no longer able to respond to all the suffering. The excess of suffering murders not only men; it kills off the power of compassion.

Thus I think again and again of the fishermen on the Seine whom I once held in such contempt. May I not have been a little unfair to them? Perhaps these fishermen too were not always so indifferent to their time as on that day. To-day I can visualize that in the first year of the Revolution, during the first triumph of the people, they were carried along in the storming of the Bastille, ardent citizens, a song on their lips; that in the second year of the Revolution they avidly followed the speeches in the Convention; that time and again during all this time of general enthusiasm they had forsaken their fishing rods, their profit, their business, their play to take part in the meetings of the clubs and the events of the day. But in the fourth year a weariness had come over them. Perhaps they began to realize how impotent and worthless they were; that they might perhaps best serve that age by attending to their work instead of senselessly looking upon political events whose meaning they were unable to fathom. And in the end they were merely serving the stronger will of Nature; for Nature's will is continuity; she brooks no interruption. While heedlessly crushing some, she requires others to be patient and cling to their daily work. Indifferent to the sufferings of her own creatures, it is she who bears the blame if we sometimes appear indifferent. We are merely obeying her command when, instead of keeping our eyes fixed upon the ruins of a toppling world, we try the while to build a new and better one.



AUTHORITY FOR OUR CHILDREN

BY DORIS DRUCKER

DURING the past twenty years it was "Youth shall have its fling." Now everybody has his fling at Youth. Almost every day somebody of name and rank comes out with the statement that never since the world began has youth been so defeatist, demoralized, and materialist as now. We are told that American young people deny the existence of absolute truth, that they believe in the relativity of all moral concepts, and that authority just does not exist for them.

Whether or not this charge is justified (in the last issue of *Harpers* it was sharply challenged by several writers), one is struck by the fact that those who press it—like Archibald MacLeish and Mortimer J. Adler—blame the writers and the college teachers. It seems to be the opinion of Mr. MacLeish and of Professor Adler that the young man or woman of seventeen or eighteen who gets acquainted with contemporary literature or who enters college is a blank. The influence of the years of primary and secondary formal education, experiences in camps or clubs and, above all, the seventeen or eighteen years of life in and with the family do not count.

But the freshman is not a chrysalis shedding all at once his previous beliefs and associations. If he has learned earlier that there is no authority in moral or intellectual matters he will not submit to it then as a matter of course. If he has been taught only rationalist approaches to each and every problem he will most likely continue to approach absolutes in a rationalist way. If he has

never heard of the validity of positive values it is improbable that he will suddenly recognize them purely on the say-so of his professor or of some writer.

We expect as a matter of course a certain scholarly standard from the freshman because we know that he cannot master the courses given at college unless he has some elementary knowledge of the subject. But we—or at least Mr. MacLeish and Professor Adler—apparently believe that no moral education is necessary or possible before the age of seventeen or eighteen.

Family, school, and church are the three institutions which play a decisive role in child development. They have always been decisive in shaping society and the individual. What is their influence on moral and intellectual issues to-day? Do they try to give the child positive values? And if their efforts are ineffective, why is this so?

It is easy to say that family, school, and church have to have authority and meaning. It is also easy to start impressive-sounding organizations to promote such an end. But it seems obvious that any attempt, however well-intentioned, to restore authority and absolute values in the traditional institutions will fail unless youth accepts it. If we wish to give more than a declaration of generalities we must find out what the adolescents themselves think. They are the product of an education without authority and without absolute values; they are also the fathers and mothers of to-morrow.

Where do they look for authority, and where do they find it?

In an attempt to analyze the influence of family, school, and church, the Research Bureau of America under my direction recently polled a representative number of students—both male and female—in colleges throughout the country. We investigated how much and what kind of authority the three institutions exercise and what their impact upon the child is. And we tried to find out which one, in the opinion of the adolescent, is best able or qualified to provide education in moral principles.

Before we could begin our investigation we had to find a yardstick by which to measure the authority exercised by family, school, and church that molds the child's character. It is obviously impossible to request an adolescent to describe and weigh the moral values and the intangible spiritual and intellectual guidance which he received during a childhood which he has barely outgrown. Probably very few adults ever attain enough detachment to be able to do this; and society itself justifiably regards as indelicate and destructive an impersonal attitude which allows the individual to diagnose his own family and his childhood background.

But while the intangible intellectual and spiritual influences cannot be measured or described objectively, the positive commands to do this or to refrain from doing that *can* be reported free from emotional evaluations. At the same time these commands furnish an index of the extent of authority exercised by family, school, or church. For it can be assumed that in the great majority of cases external discipline has been maintained long after the spiritual and intellectual contents of authority have disappeared. Our survey, therefore, was restricted to straightforward questions: whether family, school, or church laid down definite rules regarding the outward behavior which could be expected to further or to retard the intellectual, spiritual, and personal growth of the

child. As typical activities we selected reading, movie going, radio listening, social contacts, smoking, drinking, and staying out late at night.

II

It will not come as a surprise that we discovered that on the whole neither the family nor the school nor the church had tried to exercise much authority. But the worst misgivings of the conservative or the fondest hopes of the radical are likely to be surpassed by the extent to which the adolescent feels that he has been left all to himself. The answers we received to our questions are shown in the following table.

	<i>Per cent of Students</i>	
	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
Did your family ever request you:		
Not to listen to a certain radio program?	5	95
Not to see a certain movie? . . .	7	93
Not to read a certain book or magazine?	12	88
Not to see other boys and girls? . . .	45	55
Not to smoke?	57	43
Not to drink?	60	40
Not to stay out late at night? . .	74	26

It is generally acknowledged that radio and the movies have the greatest direct influence upon the imagination and the intellectual development of the modern child. Yet the family seems to take no notice of these factors. Apparently it is content to delegate to the Federal Communications Commission and to the Hays Office the task of molding the children's character. The figures above are perhaps distorted in so far as they do not indicate the indirect influence exercised through the Parent-Teachers Association and similar agencies. But the tendency of the modern parent to entrust the enforcement of his own moral standards to such impersonal organizations exercising pressure upon the industry, rather than to bring pressure to bear directly upon his own children, shows that he hesitates to assume authority of his own. He is on safer ground with health questions—restricting or forbidding smoking or drink-

ing—where he is backed up by the one remaining absolute authority of our times—science. He is also comparatively secure in the decision not to let the children stay out late at night where he is supported by community standards. But in matters in which only his own conviction can decide he dares not trust his own judgment.

Neither school nor church has taken up the authority which the family has relinquished. They too concentrate on requesting the children not to smoke and not to drink. They too do not exercise authority with regard to character and intellect-forming activities, radio, books, and movies. In two-thirds of all cases the school requested children not to smoke and drink; but only 20 per cent of the students reported that the school tried to keep the children away from certain radio programs, and 27 per cent that it tried to keep them away from certain reading matter.

Even less authority is exercised by the church. It tried to influence the children in only one-half of all cases with regard to smoking and drinking, and in only one-fourth of all cases with regard to movies. It refrained from interfering with the radio and reading habits of seven-eighths of the students questioned. Even if we consider that the students' replies did include a certain number of answers from young people who did not go to church or to Sunday school and who were therefore not exposed to church authority, the abdication of the church as a spiritual authority appears striking.

What makes the results of the survey even more significant is their uniformity. The colleges polled represented every region in the country and every income level of the student population. The sample was weighted, if at all, in favor of students from rural and small-town backgrounds where authority on the part of family, school, or church might have been expected to be stronger than with city children. The sample included students whose families had but recently come to this country and others whose

families had been here in colonial days. It contained a fair proportion of only children, oldest children, and youngest children. And yet the replies were startlingly uniform, in spite of the widely different backgrounds of the individuals. Episcopalians, Lutherans, Roman Catholics, Jews, Methodists, Presbyterians, and other denominations were represented in the sample. There was no difference between the attitudes of the various Protestant sects, nor between those of the Jewish families, schools, and churches and the Protestant ones. Only in the case of the Roman Catholics were there signs that their church tried to exercise definite authority. However, the Roman Catholic students too reported that their families and the schools to which they went exercised just as little authority as the Protestant or Jewish families and schools.

Altogether it appeared from the survey that, with the exception of the Roman Catholics, whose church is still trying to assert its influence, family, school, and church have renounced their authority almost completely apart from matters of purely outward obedience to health rules, and apart from matters which, like the selection of one's friends, have a direct bearing upon one's ability to get on in the world.

Though non-interference on the part of the parent and self-development on the part of the child have been proclaimed as the great discoveries of progressive education, an intelligent parent has always known the value of tolerance and of restraint from over-education. It is certainly often better to let the child find out that a certain book is trash than to stop him from reading it, especially as normal healthy children can digest a great deal without harm. The same applies to movie and radio programs. But the family of to-day, broadly speaking, does not take this attitude of benevolent non-interference and tolerance. It simply presumes that it has no authority; and it refuses to exercise authority and to give guidance to the children even

though, as we shall see, the children themselves demand it.

This is remarkable because it reflects the insecurity of parents who have lost their old values and standards and who do not know how to cope with the situation. They may fear that their authority is not firmly enough established in the changing order of our days to be obeyed. They feel inept to assume the responsibilities of giving orders in the insecure society in which we live, and last but not least, they are afraid to lose the affection and the esteem of their children if they exercise their parental authority without the will to enforce obedience. They believe they must give rational reasons for every command or prohibition; but what is a rational reason for asking a child not to read a certain book? All one can say is that the book is no good—which presupposes that one has convictions of one's own—or that it is too advanced for the intellect of the child—which again presupposes that there are certain definite steps according to which one judges the child mature or not mature enough to read certain books.

III

Spiritual authority is maintained in many homes, schools, and churches although parents, teachers, and priests do not find it necessary to regulate what the individual child reads, sees at the movies, or listens to at the radio. This is the ideal of the progressive school and of the progressive home. The evidence available in our psychological and educational literature indicates, to be sure, that that ideal is rarely attained—at least not in the modern family. But in spite of that it seemed imperative to make sure that the limitations of the survey to questions of outward behavior did not falsify the conclusions regarding the spiritual and intellectual authority wielded by the family. We therefore asked the students also what in their opinion constitutes the most important function of the family, and what they

missed most in their own experience. In defining these functions they were given a choice between material support, emotional security, and social background.

One-half of the students questioned said that the main function of the family should be to give the child emotional security. And yet the great majority must have come from homes where material problems were uppermost during the past ten years, and many of them must have felt the lack of material security. But the number of those who said that the provision of material support was the main function of the family was no larger than that of those who rated emotional security first.

If we believe the critics of modern youth, our adolescents want nothing better than to be left alone and untrammelled. But our survey shows precisely the contrary. What the adolescents want is guidance, the security of firm ground under their feet, the knowledge of right and wrong. They want a home that is more than a provider of food, shelter, and clothing—a place that has absolute standards and definite authority. This present generation is perhaps the first generation of young people in modern history which does not clamor for more freedom but wants less freedom and more security.

The desire for emotional security expressed in the survey is not a general statement but extends to the field of everyday experiences. This is shown by the students' replies to the question whether they would have wanted or not wanted their parents to interfere more actively with their own reading, movie going, radio listening, and so on. Only 7 per cent of the students maintained that parents should never interfere at all with any of these activities. The overwhelming majority—93 per cent—wanted supervision, with the one exception of radio listening, where one-fifth of the students felt that it was all right for the parents not to interfere.

Even more surprising for the critics of modern youth will be the age limits

which the adolescent himself sets for parental control. Only in the case of radio was the average opinion inclined to the view that parental control should stop before high-school age; and while some felt that parents should not interfere with the child's listening after the age of 10, others held that control should be exercised up to the age of 16. The majority believed that radio listening should be under supervision up to the age of 12, and movies and reading up to the age of 15. As to smoking, drinking, making friends, and staying out late, most students wanted parental authority right up to college age. Many felt that even this was too early an age to be left without parental guidance. And although some of the students questioned must have been below 21, a considerable percentage held that parental authority on these activities should continue up to 21, that is, up to the time when the average college student goes out into the world to earn his own living.

Of course the college students may be inclined to put maturity later than the average non-college youth who has to be on his own at the age of 16 or 17 and who feels himself grown-up by then. But even with this reservation, it is certain that the adolescent of to-day feels that a greater volume of parental authority than he received would be justified. This is illustrated also by the answers to the question whether the students regarded it as necessary or important for the parents to give reasons for each request made—the sacred cow of modern “progressive education.” The consensus of opinion seems to be that when possible the parents should state why they did not wish the child to do a certain thing, or why they wanted him to do something else, but that there should be no rule in such matters, and that the child should be expected to obey solely on the strength of parental authority, and not because he was convinced by a lengthy explanation. The answers to that question depend a great deal on individual circumstances, on the num-

ber of children in the family, and so on, so that a general agreement on the subject is impossible. But even those students who wanted the parents always to give reasons thought it necessary to qualify their views by citing special circumstances.

In striking contrast to their wish for greater authority at home is the complete indifference of the adolescents toward school and church. As shown above, neither exercises more authority than the modern family; but whereas the lack of authority in the home is felt as a weakness of family life, non-interference on the part of school and church was not criticized. Against 93 per cent of the students who maintained that parents should interfere with the child's activities, only 50 per cent held that it was the business of the school to lay down any regulations on these activities. And a very sizable proportion of those confined the legitimate sphere of the school to the regulation of smoking and drinking. The church fared a little better, largely due to the weight of Roman Catholic opinion. Sixty-five per cent of the students thought it right for the church to take a stand—again mainly in the field of purely external behavior.

Thus the only source of authority which is acknowledged by the young generation is the home, and any revival of authority must begin there. But, it must be asked, whose authority, that of the father or that of the mother?

Asked to describe the division of authority in their own families, the students revealed how strikingly the mother's authority has succeeded in suppressing authority on the part of the father. After deducting the number of split homes, or homes where one parent was dead, we found that only 14.8 per cent of the interviews divided parental authority equally between father and mother; 57.9 per cent stated that the mother had had more to say on the upbringing of the children than the father, and in only 27.3 per cent of the families had the father more to say than the

mother. In other words, twice as many homes were said to be dominated by the mother than by the father.

It is beside the point whether this renunciation of paternal authority constitutes an improvement or a weakening of our civilization. For the adolescent—and it must be remembered that our survey included both sexes—wants the father to regain some of his lost status. Almost none of the children from homes where the father's authority outweighed that of the mother expressed a desire for a change. But of the children who came from mother-dominated families, nearly one-half expressed the wish that Father should have had more authority.

We know all the drawbacks and the disadvantages which the father-dominated over-disciplined family of fifty years ago held for the children. But the reaction of the present young generation raises some doubt as to whether they feel more at home in our contemporary mother-dominated family life.

IV

That there has been a progressive disintegration of the family as a unit, at least since the beginning of the century, nobody disputes. It is equally recognized that its breaking-up is not an isolated phenomenon but one of the aspects of the social revolution in which we live. What is, however, surprising is that the family has accepted the weakening of its position so diffidently and has even collaborated in its self-destruction. The family chose tacit submission as the line of least resistance. It could not and did not approve of the demands advocated by the proponents of the "new order"; but it dared not raise its voice in protest. And where economic and social circumstances prevented complete acquiescence of the family in the demands raised in the name of youth, there was such a whittling down of vetoing power and such a relaxation of principles that it amounted to abdication for all practical purposes.

It is symptomatic that the father-and-

son conflict, which once was so prominent a plot for writers and poets, has almost completely disappeared from our contemporary literature and the theater. To be sure, children and parents often do not see eye to eye, not even in the most progressive circles. And there is a great deal of dissatisfaction on the part of the elders with the way of life of the young generation. But the conflict, if indeed it comes to a conflict, is individual and no longer a universal experience. The majority of the parents withdraw from authority.

The breakdown of everything the family stood for, and of its internal bond, is perhaps the best barometer by which to measure the pressure of the revolutionary forces released by the general disintegration of values. For the family, in contrast to all other institutions, is cosmic in character. Its biological function and its inherent principle of conservation not only set it apart from all other institutions, but render it doubly immune from historical upheavals and temporary unsettlements. Its membership is not dependent on any social or political functions; it cannot be chosen or relinquished at will. Nor can the family banish its members. But this mutual relationship requires a set of rules which must be accepted as binding by the members. And if the parents are to fulfill their task of bringing up the children they must have, as a necessary corollary to their duty, the right to use their authority whenever they see fit to use it.

There are certain institutions which may renounce certain of their rights and privileges without suffering any damage to their own organism. A trade union may voluntarily refrain from using its authority in a certain field and yet remain for all practical purposes a trade union. A political institution may sign away certain privileges and still remain effective as a political institution. But the family, just because it is an organic unit, cannot dismiss its function of guarding over and ruling the children without ceasing to be a unit.

There are, however, indications that the young people of to-day no longer regard authority and freedom as incompatible. Whatever absolute freedom meant to them, they have at least begun to appraise it critically. To be sure, the discussion on freedom has only just begun; but the fact that there is a critical approach to its positive as well as to its negative aspects is already a significant step forward from the unqualifying and unthinking propaganda of freedom for freedom's sake. Of course there is still a lot of talk about the relativity of freedom, of the "right to lead one's own life," and of the non-existence of moral values. But on the other hand, we cannot very well expect our young people to demand on a platform more authority and more regulation of their own personal life.

Moreover, the young generation is still too preoccupied with the lack of authority they experienced at home and during their adolescence to define in general terms what they want in the way of more security. They cannot yet formulate the goal or the methods to reach it. They feel that the absolute freedom they "enjoyed" gave them considerable in-

security. They know that the freedom to select any one of numerous possibilities did not help them in their development but rather retarded them. It gave them the torment of doubt or made them dependent on purely external incidents which finally influenced them to choose one or the other way. But there was no generally valid standard by which to go—only individual experiences and individual solutions. That is why authority to-day can be defined only in individual terms. Youth can only deduct from its own personal experience the desirability of more authority; it has not yet found a way to project it from the personal to the social sphere.

But at least our young generation feels the problem. It is still shouting the old slogans, but underneath it is working toward a new integration. The college youth of to-day may be all that he is reproached for being: callous, cynical, egoistic, materialistic, and anarchic. But subconsciously he is ready to grow beyond that. Perhaps he will be able to give to his children a new set of values which will have authority and yet embody all the freedom which the past two generations have fought for.





THE MYSTERY OF AGING

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

PROGRESS in medical science has been, in large measure, progress in the technics of postponing death. We escape more childhood ailments than the children of George Washington's day, but it is only to fall prey to other maladies in later life, and if we recover from them it is only a lease on health that we get. The postponement prolongs our vulnerability into old age, where we linger uncertainly, perhaps by now a patched-up product of man's collaboration with God, an "animal of the wig, the ear trumpet, the glass eye, the porcelain tooth, the wooden leg, the silver windpipe." But all deferred payments mature with time. Eventually comes the inevitable hour that tips over the delicate biological balance and inclines the scales from life to death.

Some medical men, perhaps most of them, believe that the balance tips because the body's mechanism grows deficient or overburdened with age. The vital strand breaks because it wears thin with the passage of years. On this hypothesis aging is an inescapable deteriorative process which faces us with a Hobson's choice: either wear out or rust out. Aging is death's ultimate marksman which always gets its man. Even if a person could wholly escape the ills of childhood and maturity, if he could be so lucky as never to suffer from any serious infection, poison, shock, or other assault from the external world, he would nevertheless eventually die of old age.

Other students of the human body question this. They note that aging is relative, more rapid in some individuals

than in others of the same sex, often correlated with the onset and velocity of certain organic diseases, and they doubt if anyone ever died of old age. Indeed, they question if aging can properly be regarded as an entity. Some tissues begin their involution before birth, some bodies are senile at fifty, others preserve their mental and physical vigor beyond the seventh decade. The same heterogeneity applies to the incidence of certain diseases which are commonly associated with aging. It is true that the great majority of victims are past forty, but in any large population appreciable numbers of young people, even children, are suffering from cancer, arteriosclerosis, hypertension, heart disorders, kidney disorders, and other so-called degenerative diseases. It may be argued that aging does not produce these diseases; it simply increases their probability. As a life's span lengthens, more time is allowed for the encounter which is necessary to produce the morbid condition; but always some morbid condition of body fluids or tissues must arise, some meeting with germs or other accident must happen, for death to occur. We do not die; we are killed.

Here are two diametrically opposed concepts, and it is a major problem for science to determine which is correct. In the first speculation, aging is an inevitable progressive condition which accompanies life and eventually defeats it. In the second, aging is only a consequence of disease, the state of disrepair which results from a lifetime's conflicts with microbes, poisons, starvation, and

overstrain. If there were no accumulation of unrepaired injuries there would be no old age. Indeed, on this theory there is no biological necessity for senility, and the possibility exists of prolonging human life in health indefinitely, certainly far beyond the present span.

II

Longevity raises questions other than the medical ones. Society is already feeling the pressure of economic issues magnified by the increasing proportion of the aged in the population. Psychologists and sociologists are discussing the importance of providing appropriate employment to occupy the aged and save them from neuroses of idleness—and this in an era when our industrial system finds difficulty in providing employment for its youth. If the present rate of population change continues—a change influenced by such factors as the restriction of births, the control of infections and other diseases, and the increase of sanitation—it is predicted that by 1980 more than fourteen persons out of every hundred in the United States will be sixty-five years or older. This compares with a present percentage of about six, and a percentage in 1900 of only four. Thus forty years from now there will be three to four times as many old people in our population as was the proportion forty years ago. These people of 1980 are already present among us: they are the ones who are just finishing college, just looking for jobs, just entering business, just getting married, just responding to the military draft—though which will survive to sixty-five and beyond is written only in the scroll which mercifully is hid. For, whatever the impending problems of old age may be, whatever it may threaten in insecurity, infirmity, and frustration, human nature is an incurable optimist, eager to bet years and ever more years for Fate's grudging jackpot of mingled misery and happiness. We all want to live longer—at least the almost unanimous majority do.

Although medical science can contribute only indirectly to the economic panel, it has already done much to relieve the physical pains and disabilities of old age, and there is no reason to believe that its service in this field has reached a limit. In surgery, for example, operations are now performed on elderly people whose age would have forbidden such procedures as too dangerous twenty or even ten years ago. Recent advances in the control of anesthesia have contributed; and yet to anesthesiologists is not due all the credit, for new skills of the surgeon, new methods of applying the healing knife, have relieved many a seventy-year-old who in an earlier day would have been compelled to suffer unassuaged. In a recent public address, Dr. Barney Brooks, professor of surgery in Vanderbilt University, called attention to the introduction of "the present operative technique for fracture of the neck of the femur in old people." This is the injury commonly known as broken hip joint, and as recently as ten years ago the usual treatment for this accident in old age was "the abandonment of the patient to a remainder of life in suffering and almost complete disability." To-day surgeons find that most of these cases are operable, and the ratio of success is very high, with the patient usually recovering the ability to walk without pain.

But it is not only the surgeon who has added to the amelioration of old age. The physician, the internist, the dietician, the bacteriologist, the biochemist, and many other collaborators in the vast teamwork of medical research have each contributed his mite to the reduction of disease, and in doing so have blessed the old along with the middle-aged and the young. For example, pneumonia strikes the old a blow that often is peculiarly deadly—and the current contributions of sulfapyridine, sulfathiazole, and serum therapy have served these aged victims along with their children and grandchildren.

Perhaps the most significant element

in the present situation is the fact that both clinicians and laboratory men are beginning to specialize in the medical problems of old age. Pediatrics, the science of the medical treatment of disease in children, is one of the established specialties: it has its *materia medica*, its authorities, its training schools, its clinics and practitioners. Geriatrics, the science of the medical treatment of disease in old age, is far less advanced; indeed, it is only in its very young infancy. One sees the word occasionally in medical literature, and it is likely to become increasingly common as societies of geriatrics are organized, and journals of geriatrics begin to appear from the printing presses, and research laboratories of geriatrics begin to explore the mystery of aging. Interest is germinating in each of these aspects of the subject and during the past three years has taken root in several developments.

Thus in 1939 a comprehensive book, *Medical Problems of Aging*, was published under the editorship of Dr. E. V. Cowdry, the distinguished professor of cytology at Washington University in St. Louis, with contributions from twenty-six leading medical men of North America. Each organ or system of the body provides the subject for a chapter reviewing the present status of knowledge of it with respect to aging. This 756-page technical book supplies the physicians with a fairly complete synopsis of what was known in 1939 of the phenomenon of growing old, and it may be regarded as a landmark in the present movement for systematic study of aging.

The Josiah Macy, Jr. Foundation, which financed the publication of this book, has provided the wherewithal for many other projects in gerontology, and is continuing to serve as an important catalyzing agency in this field. Other foundations too have made small grants here and there, but more and still more funded gifts will be necessary if the projected laboratory and clinical studies are to be undertaken on a basis of adequate trial.

Another related event of 1939 was the visit to the United States of Dr. V. Korenchevsky, professor of pathology at the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine, London. For a number of years Dr. Korenchevsky has been interested in the physiology and biochemistry of aging. He has made himself the subject of an experimental study, has pursued investigations with animals, and his experience impressed him with the need for more concert among workers in this field. He conceived the idea of an international club for the study of aging. He selected certain American physicians, biologists, and chemists as the nucleus for such a group in the New World, and during the summer of 1939 called on these men and enlisted their interest. Dr. Korenchevsky had hardly completed this American mission when the German invasion of Poland began, and the war has necessarily postponed all plans to extend the movement to the European continent. However, a British group was successfully organized, and early in 1940 some twenty of the Americans met in Washington and formed the American Club for Research on Aging.

The membership of this club, limited to twenty in order to keep its proceedings on a basis of free informal discussion, includes some of the most competent men in modern medicine. Heretofore scientific societies have occasionally listened to a paper on some aspect of aging, and once in a while there has been a colloquium on the subject; but now for the first time there is a definitely organized group of scientists who meet periodically to discuss the phenomena of growing old, to report experimental results, to exchange ideas, to develop leads and co-ordinate plans for new attacks on the problem.

A further item of 1940 is the adoption of aging as a subject for research by the United States Public Health Service. For some years it has been investigating problems of industrial hygiene, contagious diseases, nutritional diseases, drug addiction, cancer, and other public

health subjects. Now a unit in gerontology is added as part of its National Institute of Health in Washington. As the first project of the new unit, Dr. Edward J. Stieglitz is making a survey of American scientific institutions to learn what problems are under investigation, what fields are awaiting attention, and it is understood that the unit's program will be formulated on the results of this inquiry.

In all these efforts that are under way or projected it is not mere increase of years that is sought. "Our goal should be: Health in old age," said Dr. O. H. P. Pepper, presiding at the Symposium on Medical Problems of Old Age held last September as part of the University of Pennsylvania Bicentennial Celebration. "Any assumption that old age must of necessity be a period of ill health is a supine surrender to the sorry state in which to-day most of us come to old age as a result of earlier ignorance and neglect. Even if longevity is assured chiefly by heredity, who would want any great extension of existence unless at least reasonably good health, physical and mental, accompanied it."

Indeed, it is fair to say that most of those who dread old age are thinking of the decrepitude of old age. They have in mind the failing senses, the tremor and uncertainty of the muscles, the stiffness of joints, the loss of memory and fading of other mental faculties. Are these infirmities necessary to length of years?

III

There was a dog at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York who bore many marks of senile decrepitude. Eighteen years in a dog is comparable to 80 or 90 in a man, and this animal showed it. He spent most of his time curled up in a corner, so feeble that he could hardly stand to eat. His fur was scant and getting scarcer; his eyes were dim; his eyelids stuck together; he slept all day and rarely showed any interest in the outside world.

Certain studies in which Dr. Alexis Carrel was then engaged had suggested that aging was reflected in changes in the blood, and Dr. Carrel thought he would see what a fresh circulation would do for this senile dog. The following account is taken from Dr. P. Lecompte du Noüy, who gave the first report of this incident in his book *Biological Time* in 1937, though Carrel's experiment was done many years before.

The animal was anesthetized, put on the operating table, and treated as follows. "Carrel bled him by the carotid artery, and removed nearly two-thirds of his blood. This blood was collected aseptically and immediately centrifuged, so as to separate the red cells from the serum. The red cells were washed in Ringer solution, recentrifuged, and mixed with fresh Ringer solution to reestablish the initial volume of the blood. It was then re-injected to the dog. The circulation was restored by massaging the heart, and the skin was sewn up. A prince of royal blood, heir to the throne, on whom the peace of the world depended, could not have been the object of more attentive care than this old animal. After several days he had regained strength and appetite. The same operation was repeated so as to eliminate practically all the serum of his blood and replace it by this artificial solution which, besides the blood cells, contained only salts such as the chlorides of sodium, potassium, and calcium in the same proportions as those found in the blood. The animal lived. Not only did he live, but, once over the operative shock, he was a different dog. He ran and barked, a thing he had not done for years. His eyes were clear, his eyelids normal. His coat started to come in again. He was gay, active, and, most important of all, he was no longer indifferent to the charms of the other sex. He was regenerated.

Dr. Carrel explored this matter farther through his tissue-culture technic. This is the procedure by which he kept a piece of the heart of a chicken alive for more than a quarter-century by keeping it immersed in an appropriate nutrient solution and protected against temperature changes, microbes, and other hostile environments. He found that if he took blood from a young chicken and added its liquid part to the nutrient solution very little change occurred in the growth of the tissue culture. But if the blood was drawn from an old chicken,

growth was retarded, and the degree of retardation was in direct relation to the age of the donor. Furthermore, the longevity of the culture was affected. "That is to say," explains du Noüy, "if a culture lived four or six days in the plasma of a 9-year-old cock, it would live forty-six days or more in that of a chick six weeks old."

Another aspect of aging was explored with beautiful precision by Dr. du Noüy himself. During the First World War he was associated with Carrel in a French military hospital near the battle front, where it was discovered that the rate at which a wound healed depended on the age of the wounded person. From the data of numerous cases du Noüy worked out a mathematical formula by which from a determination of the size and shape of the wound and the age of the patient he could predict the time that would be required in healing. For example, if a wound required twenty days to heal in a child of 10 years, a wound of the same size and shape would require thirty-one days in a man of 20, forty-one days in a man of 30, fifty-five days in a man of 40, seventy-eight days in a man of 50, and a hundred days in a man of 60. On one occasion early in these studies and before his formula had been published, du Noüy received a letter from an officer in another hospital describing the case of a soldier whose wound was not healing at the rate expected for the medical treatment. The letter made no mention of name or age, but after consulting his chart du Noüy replied that the "patient, assuming he was in good general health, must be between twenty and twenty-two years of age and that his wound was long and narrow." Greatly surprised, the officer sent an answering letter confirming the calculation. The wounded soldier was Jacquemaire, the 21-year-old grandson of Clemenceau.

It is Dr. Carrel's belief that the slowing down of the healing process which comes with years is a direct result of the aging of the blood as demonstrated in the tissue-culture studies and in the ex-

periment with the dog. But merely replacing old blood serum with fresh is not sufficient to reverse the arrow of biological time. The aging tissues are continually pouring into the blood stream their varying production of hormones, enzymes, wastes, and other compounds. This outpouring was found to have reached an appreciable accumulation in the dog within a fortnight of the operation, and repeated removals of the old blood and its replacement with new serum had only a temporary effect of rejuvenescence.

In the 15th century the 60-year-old Pope Innocent VIII had a transfusion of blood from three young men. His death soon after the operation is probably attributable to the fact that there was an incompatibility in the blood types. Nevertheless, it seems doubtful if he could have benefited very long even if the young blood had been completely compatible. For the aging of the blood is apparently a secondary effect, a reflection of the aging of the tissues which manufacture the hundreds of compounds that are released into the circulation. Even the digestive juices of the aged appear to be different from those of the young. It has been shown, for example, that in persons around 81 years of age the quantity of ptyalin, the starch-splitting enzyme in saliva, is only one thirty-fourth that of the ptyalin in the saliva of a 25-year-old. No wonder many oldsters find starchy foods a difficult morsel!

Medical history records various efforts to attain rejuvenescence through glandular extracts or surgical operations, but practically all have been concerned with the sex glands. Brown-Sequard was a pioneer in this field fifty years ago in France, and at the age of 70 administered gonadal extracts to himself and other aged men; but the effects were transitory and he died. Others famous as rejuvenators are Steinach, with his ligation of the glandular duct as a means of stimulating the gonad to activity, and Vornoff, with his operation for grafting the glands of chimpanzees into human

beings. Each of these procedures was followed by indubitable cases of improvement in appearance and general condition and by revival of the sexual function—but the grafts withered and were absorbed, the other changes relapsed, and rejuvenescence was temporary. Indeed, in the light of modern endocrinology, one could hardly expect that renewal of these glands alone would give the body a longer span of life, since so many organs are involved in the inner balance that is health.

It seems a reasonable inference, as Carrel has suggested in his *Man the Unknown*, that "if an old man were given the glands of a still-born infant and the blood of a young man, he would possibly be rejuvenated." But the "ifs" are very large, as he admits. "Many technical difficulties remain to be overcome before such an operation can be undertaken. We have no way of selecting organs suitable to a given individual. There is no procedure for rendering tissues capable of adapting themselves to the body of their host in a definitive manner. But the progress of science is swift. With the aid of methods already existing, and of those which will be discovered, we must pursue the search for the great secret."

IV

The great secret is the nature of aging. What causes the tissues to change with age, why should they release different quantities or qualities into the circulation, bringing about those profound effects noted in the experiments just described? These phenomena are but counterparts, recorded in the precise minutes of the laboratory, of changes we see every day going on about us in other human beings, and which we occasionally feel in ourselves, modifications so common and universal that we take them for granted—and yet so mysterious, so hidden in their processes, so little known, so unexplained.

"Aging is either disease or not disease," is Dr. Alfred E. Cohn's succinct

phrasing of the alternatives. This suggests that it is either fortuitous (and possibly curable) or inherent in the organism (and therefore incurable).

Analyzing the implications of the first hypothesis, Dr. George Lawton has pointed out that aging may be a consequence of one or more of three disease patterns: (1) "the result of avoidable toxins, traumas, nutritional disturbances, or impairments which have caused tissues to react with changes heretofore styled degenerative," (2) "the result of the prolonged, cumulative, insidious damage inflicted by the imperfect environment in which we live," or (3) a condition "due to disease processes which happen to occur most frequently in the aged but which are themselves not directly related to the passage of time."

The human organism is such fertile soil for disease, is host to so many infectious agents, that mere observation of the aged body can hardly be conclusive in determining a choice among these alternatives. But it may provide presumptive evidence. Dr. Howard T. Karsner, director of the Institute of Pathology at the Western Reserve University in Cleveland, has been searching the records of autopsies to check the causes of death, and last September reported his findings at the University of Pennsylvania Bicentennial. In more than 19,000 autopsies on persons of all ages he found no record of death from old age. He cites the Freiburg pathologist Ludwig Aschoff as having performed 400 autopsies on persons over 65 years, and finding no deaths attributable to old age. "Groddeck," he continues, quoting another authority, "did not mention it as a cause of death in 285 autopsies on persons over 80." Another European investigator, G. Nebendahl, took "the average life expectancy of 58 years as a starting point and stated that in over 2,400 autopsies, old age caused death in 9.2 per cent." The same autopsy material was studied by another pathologist, R. Uffer, and he credited old age with only 0.032 per cent of the deaths. Dr.

Karsner is doubtful of the validity of even this small percentage, and thinks it "likely that death is ascribed to this cause (old age) in cases in which thorough microscopic examination would disclose other causes."

The most frequent cause of death in old age is failure of the heart or its associated circulatory system. It might therefore be argued that aging takes its highest toll of these organs. But Dr. Karsner finds that here too infections and other specific diseases invariably leave their telltale sequels. In examining the hearts and arteries of elderly people dead of endocarditis, pericarditis, and arteriosclerosis, and whose hearts and arteries bear the grossly visible signs of these diseases, a microscopic examination often reveals a variety of inflammatory and degenerative lesions left by earlier injuries. Tiny foci of acute myocarditis, an inflammation of the muscular walls of the heart, are commonly observed following death from a number of causes. Similarly, in the great artery, or aorta, minute areas of degeneration, dead tissue, and inflammatory exudation show up under the microscope, though they would not be suspected in examination with the unaided eye. This being so, Dr. Karsner suggests that the changes so often attributed to old age may be, in part at least, the consequences of diseases long past.

Several years ago Dr. Gregory Schwartzman, of the Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, discovered a phenomenon which seems to bear on this question. He found that substances released by bacteria in the course of their growth have a remarkable effect on blood vessels, causing the capillary walls to become fragile, to gather clots, and to rupture—conditions similar to those of thrombosis and hemorrhage which afflict old people. His experiments were performed on rabbits. He inoculated them with a fluid obtained by filtering a colony of bacteria. The porcelain filter was too fine to permit any bacteria to pass, therefore there was no living agent

in the filtrate, a fact confirmed by other tests. Dr. Schwartzman found that when this filtrate was diluted and a very small amount was introduced into the skin of the rabbit, no significant response was noted; but if he repeated the injection twenty-four hours later, violent reactions occurred locally, with the small blood vessels breaking and releasing hemorrhages attended by the destruction of tissue. Apparently the first injection was preparatory; it seemed to alter the cells of the blood vessels in such wise that a sort of invisible trigger was set, and the effect of the second injection was to pull this trigger. Later experiments, in which Drs. Paul Klemperer and I. E. Gerber collaborated, have shown that the preparatory injection need not be a local inoculation; the trigger is set just as effectively by introducing the filtrate into the general blood stream. Drs. Schwartzman, Klemperer, and Gerber found that in this way a repeated injection in young rabbits could be made to produce diseases of the blood vessels of various organs similar to coronary thrombosis, cerebral hemorrhage, kidney failure, and other degenerative processes associated with aging in man.

These findings suggest a mechanism by which bacteria may contribute to that aging of the blood which Dr. Carrel reported, and at the same time fix the pattern for eventually disastrous tissue changes to follow repeated encounters with the same bacterial wastes.

Another agency which has long been suspect is diet. In 1938 at the University of California Drs. Agnes Fay Morgan and Helen Davison Sims were experimenting with the residue which remained from yeast after the known vitamins had been extracted. This residue contains a substance found also in liver, rice bran, and other foods. To test its nutritional importance the experimenters fed young rats carefully prepared diets from which the substance was lacking, and found that black-haired animals soon turned gray. Moreover, the young rats became wrinkled, their skin was dry

as in old age, and on examination it was found that their adrenal glands had begun to shrink.

Since these studies were begun a new vitamin has been detected in the yeast residue by Professor R. J. Williams at the University of Oregon; and as it has been found present in practically all tissues and is acidic in form, Professor Williams named the substance pantothenic acid. It was first obtained in pure chemical form in the spring of 1940 through a co-operative research between Professor Williams and Dr. Randolph T. Major of the Research Laboratories of Merck & Company, Inc., and is now being made synthetically. At the Merck Institute for Therapeutic Research, Dr. Claus Unna began to feed the pantothenic acid to a colony of black rats, beginning in infancy, and found that they lived through their entire life spans without turning gray. Others of the same colony were fed diets deficient in pantothenic acid, their hair soon was iron gray, but when the acid was restored to the daily rations their gray hairs began to drop out and new black hairs grew in. Other studies with pantothenic acid made by Dr. W. H. Sebrell and his associates at the National Institute of Health have demonstrated that the damage to adrenal glands which Drs. Morgan and Sims reported from California is apparently caused by deficiency of this vitamin. Various other symptoms of bleeding, roughened, and thickened skin, and falling hair have been established as effects of pantothenic-acid deficiency. Meanwhile an experimenter at Western Reserve University, Dr. Alfred H. Free, has found that diets deficient in iron, copper, and manganese also cause rats to turn gray, and he reports that when the minerals are restored the hair color returns.

Up to the end of November, 1940, no formal report of human experiments with these substances had been published, but rumors were current. According to Science Service, there are laboratory people whose graying hair has been re-

stored to its former color, or is in obvious process of restoration, following their taking of pantothenic acid.

But perhaps gray hair is only a superficial sign, and diets that make their subject look young may not necessarily prolong his years. An actual extension of the average life span has been demonstrated in animals by Professor Henry C. Sherman and Dr. Harriet L. Campbell at Columbia University. For twenty years they have been experimenting with rats, separating them into groups, feeding each group a carefully controlled diet, and recording the results. During this period they have accumulated data on thousands of rats that have lived on wheat, milk, table salt, distilled water, and added portions of vitamins and minerals—rats that have never known any other food, neither they, nor their parents, nor their ancestors reaching back through forty-six generations. This evidence indicates that rats fed diets rich in Vitamin A, riboflavin, and calcium live ten per cent longer than the rats of the same stock that are fed less fortified diets. From these animal studies Professor Sherman is convinced that a direct human application is justified.

"The chemistry of human nutrition and of rat nutrition is strikingly similar in most respects," he points out, "and on the chief items of known difference we are more responsive to dietary improvements than are rats. Hence the possibilities of betterment revealed by experiments with rats are almost certainly within the scientific probabilities for us human beings." Instead of the Psalmist's threescore years and ten, Professor Sherman suggests that the expectancy of effective human life may be increased by ten per cent—to threescore years and seventeen. The foods which are rich in Vitamin A, riboflavin, and calcium are fruits, vegetables (especially the green and yellow ones), and milk (including such of its products as cheese, cream, and ice cream), and the Columbia chemist recommends that these deserve a prominent place in the human dietary.

V

A hundred years ago Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was asked how to attain long life. The first thing to be done, "some years before birth," he advised, "is to advertise for a couple of parents both belonging to long-lived families. Especially let the mother come from a race in which octogenarians are very common phenomena." There was no scientific data on the inheritance of longevity at the time this prescription was given, and it was based on the general impression of a wise physician who had observed the succession of longevity in New England families. To-day we have many records to confirm this impression. Professor Raymond Pearl and his associates at Johns Hopkins University collected pedigrees of more than 2,000 persons of 90 years and older, and among them found 365 individuals whose immediate ancestral records are well authenticated, *i.e.* the ages at death of their two parents and four grandparents were accurately known. Study of these 365 cases discloses that the average life span of their parents was from 12 to 17 years longer than that of the parents of a representative unselected group from the population generally, and of their grandparents from 7 to 9 and one-half years longer. One 100-year-old man was descended from parents who had lived to be 97 and 101 respectively, and from grandparents whose spans were 104, 98, 106, and 93 years. Pearl is convinced that persons who live to be 90 and beyond are individuals whom nature has chosen by its law of survival of the fittest. They survive because they have "organically superior constitutions, resistant to infections, soundly organized to function efficiently as a whole organization, and to keep on doing so for a very long time."

Numerous animal experiments confirm this acceptance of the role of heredity. Nor is it surprising that such should be the case. For heredity determines how the living machine is put together, how its parts are organized into bodies,

the degree to which a part is strong or well adjusted, even its faculty of resistance to infection. Inasmuch as death comes from the interruption, weakness, or failure of some part or function, it seems reasonable that the degree to which a particular body might postpone death is related directly to its original constitutional endowment. These considerations favor the idea that at his conception each individual is started in life with a certain capital, a given potentiality of years. And barring encounters with superior germs, overpowering poisons, speeding automobiles, and other accidents, he should find it possible to live out his allotted span.

If heredity fixes a life span, can man extend it?

Professor A. J. Carlson of the University of Chicago has suggested that part of the hereditary factors in longevity may consist in "the capacity to overcome, resist, or adjust to unfavorable environmental factors." If this be true a modification of these unfavorable influences may affect the longevity of large numbers of the population, perhaps of all.

Four kinds of unfavorable environmental factors are listed by Professor Carlson: infections, diet, work, poisons. The only one of these which has been studied extensively for its effect on longevity is diet, and Carlson suggests the importance of continuing the nutritional studies as well as of inaugurating investigations of infections, work, and poisons. By poisons he means such things as gases released into the atmosphere by automobiles, factories, and other artificial agencies, as well as toxic chemicals in preserved foods, drinks, and smoke. Regarding work, he thinks it high time that we try to find out what is "the optimum mental and physical work for the most complete realization of the hereditary potentialities of longevity." Of infections—"some leave greater scars and impairments than others, but I know of no evidence to the effect that any infectious disease is favorable to longevity."

Considerable attention has been given

to the possible relation of diet to longevity. The nutritional research at Columbia was mentioned in the preceding section, and Professor Sherman is convinced by these studies that it is out of date to hold that the only way to lengthen life is by the selection of a long-lived ancestry. Heredity and nutrition are both positive factors in his observation, and he believes that it is possible, by means which are within our control, to add "life to our years" and years to our life.

A different approach to the dietary study of aging was taken by Professors L. A. Maynard and C. M. McCay, who have been investigating this problem at Cornell University for a number of years. They wanted to see what would be the effect on longevity if the rate of living were slowed down. So they put young rats on a diet that was adequate in vitamins, minerals, and other building materials, but low in carbohydrates and fats. With this reduction of fuel food, the rats received fewer calories, grew more slowly, remained slender, and—lived longer. In a report last October to the American Dietetic Association, Professor McCay described groups of the rodents that have lived to be 900 days old, equivalent to about 90 years in human beings. He gave the data on one thin but rugged rat that reached the extraordinary age of 1,400 days.

But it is not only overnutrition, with its consequent burden of overweight, that speeds the rate of living and wastes the vital store. Violent exercise, overwork, the predatory processes of disease, and prolonged emotional strain also consume energy, accumulate excessive fatigue products, and add infirmity to encumber the body's natural processes of repair.

Dr. T. Wingate Todd of Western Reserve University has defined aging in its functional aspect as "a continual repetition of injury and repair, with repair dominant." So long as aging is permitted to pursue its slow course uninterrupted we respond to injury with repair, we increase our tolerance of environ-

mental factors, build up our resistance, establish our immunity. But if something happens to weaken the response to injury, so that repair is delayed and injury gains the upper hand, then aging is replaced by infirmity.

This contrast of aging with infirmity—the first a process of slow change in which repair is dominant, the other a process of more rapid change in which injury is dominant—carries a hint for those in search of an elixir of life. For, as Dr. Todd explained, "it is not in the physical structure that we should expect to find objective evidence of the first deterioration of health, but in those morbid moods which tarnish the joy of living and particularly in the irascibilities and impatience of fatigue." These are portents of disaster throughout life—in youth, in middle age, in the twilight years.

"Fatigue, apprehension, despondency are the signals set to warn us when we must take steps to maintain constructive healthy aging and not fall into the clutch of infirmity. The very scaffolding of intellect gives way if its load of morale is overstrained. We are concerned by the tragedy of recognizable disease which cuts off a man before his time. But we should be infinitely more moved by the pathos of a tragedy which cripples seven out of every ten of the so-called healthy men and women who have docilely accepted the substitution of infirmity, which they might have avoided, for aging, which is their birthright."

Professor Pearl found emotional stability the predominant trait among more than 2,000 nonagenarians and centenarians whom he studied during his many years at Johns Hopkins. In only one conspicuous respect, other than longevity, did they differ from the generality of mankind, he says. "That is the fact that a vast majority of these extremely longevous folk were of a placid temperament, not given to worry. They had taken life at an even, unhurried pace. In this respect this human material agrees with and confirms a generalization that has emerged from experimental studies

of life duration. It is that the length of life is generally in inverse proportion to the rate of living. The more rapid the pace of living is, the shorter the time that life endures."

An earlier article of this series has discussed many physical ills that derive from fear, anger, frustration, and other feelings of conflict. Now it appears that aging too is affected by emotional tensions. This is not to be wondered at when we remember that intense feelings release potent chemicals into the blood, thereby altering its homeostatic balance and over-exciting the responsive tissues. The effect is to pour extra cargoes of fuel into the circulation, quicken the heart beat, constrict the muscular walls of arte-

rioles, heighten the blood pressure, concentrate the blood in certain areas, and by these and other means to speed up the pace of living. Such reactions, oft repeated, may inflict irreparable injuries which poison aging with infirmity.

Very likely many agencies are at work to shunt us into the state of disrepair which we know as old age. Some suspects have been mentioned earlier in this paper, and we may depend on the laboratories of geriatrics to pursue them and expose them. But wouldn't it be a judgment on our high-gear, high-speed, high-priced civilization if the chief betrayer should turn out to be our suppressed fears, our overstrained emotions, our habitual attitude of anxiety?

EDITORIAL

BY MYRON H. BROOMELL

T*HIS was the war we would and would not enter
To save the friends we cared not much about.
Then was the time when prudence was our mentor,
Passion our guide, and our adviser, doubt.
For one said, Hark! I hear the bombers winging,
And one, Beware! their snares are subtly laid,
And they will lure you down with their sweet singing,
And one said Tush!—who yet might be dismayed.*

*This was that time when he who flouts the past,
Lies in his teeth—and may be right at last.*



ESCAPE FROM STALIN

BY ALEXANDRE BARMINE

GREECE in early summer is a land of blue and gold and that morning in June, 1937, began like any other under the cloudless skies of the Aegean Sea. From the doorway of a small cottage near Athens I saw the scattered pink and white houses of the peasants, the hillside covered with terraced vines. The main road skirting the sea divided our village of Kalamaki from the rich villas on the beach. It seemed like a corner of the world that unhappiness and misery and crime had left untouched. Could such things exist anywhere?

An hour later I brought my Ford to a stop at the gates of the Legation.

It stood close to the Royal Palace. The comfortable building with its spacious halls had once been the Imperial Russian Legation and we had inherited it. Everything here was going well. Athens was not a fighting post. There was no reason for the U.S.S.R. and Greece to fear each other. Moscow was not much concerned about Greece just now and there was little work to be done. Acting as Chargé d'Affaires in the long absence of Minister Kobetsky, I could not have wished for a better situation. The diplomat who serves his country in such a post, free from dangers and complications, should be the happiest of men!

The Greek papers and a bunch of letters lay on my desk. The news columns were monotonous. Even the envelopes of the letters had been stamped: *Hellenes, sleep in peace; Hellas is strong. Jan Metaxas.*

The telephone rang. "The director of the Greek Press Agency insists that he must have a few words with you," my secretary told me. I took up the receiver.

"We have just heard by radio, sir," said the voice at the other end, "that one of the Defense Commissar's deputies has committed suicide. We did not get the name. Can you confirm the news and tell us what lies behind it?"

I had a moment of anxiety. But my reply was quick and diplomatic. "I have received no such information from Moscow. Marshal Voroshilov, the People's Commissar for Defense, has four vice-commissars, Commissar Gamarnik, Marshal Tukhachevsky, General Alksnis, and Admiral Orlov. I trust that all are well. . . ." *

I hung up the receiver. Suicide? Whose? I hoped that it would prove to be just another false story from the Fascist press. There were many of them in those days.

I returned to my letters. But two hours later a member of the Legation staff burst into my office with an evening newspaper in his hand. His face was white.

"Gamarnik has killed himself!" he said.

Neither of us betrayed how he really felt. No matter what happened, a Russian diplomat in those years had learned never to express his feelings even before intimate friends. I read the news story

* The three other vice-commissars were shot one after another within six months after Gamarnik's suicide.

and replied with as much calmness as I could muster:

"We must wait for news from Moscow. The devil knows what may happen to anyone."

That evening the Legation staff gathered to hear the Moscow broadcast as usual. We exchanged small talk and even tried to joke. Nobody dared mention what was uppermost in his mind. Over the air came the voice of the Moscow spokesman. The subway was progressing nicely, he reported. A Party conference was in session. He read off figures concerning the housing campaign and the latest total of ore production. And then, without any change in his colorless voice: "Gamarnik, ex-member of the Central Committee of the Party, fearing that his anti-Soviet machinations would be unmasked, has committed suicide. . . . Weather report—the Central Observatory forecasts for to-morrow . . ."

So the political Commissar-General of the Red Army was dead. An Old Bolshevik, whose long face with big fanshaped beard was familiar to millions of Russians, Gamarnik had been prominent in the October Revolution.

"Moscow is expecting stormy weather," the announcer concluded. I felt he was more than right.

The next few days added to my feelings of impending disaster. Worse news came from Moscow. Marshal Tukhachevsky and seven of the most famous generals of the Red Army were suddenly seized. The communiqué said that they had been secretly tried, sentenced for high treason, and executed. Over the radio we heard the Moscow announcer read out the resolutions passed by numerous meetings of intellectuals, workmen, artists, scientists, and students. The familiar phrases from the old trials were all there. The executed leaders were "Fascist traitors," "mad dogs," "criminal off-scourings of humanity," and "stinking vermin."

I knew better. Most of the men who had been shot were personally known to me. Tukhachevsky, conqueror of Ad-

miral Kolchak and brilliant generalissimo of the Polish War, had been a close friend in the past few years. In Moscow I had worked in intimate collaboration with him. I felt affection and deep respect for Ouborevich, perhaps the most gifted in this constellation of great soldiers. He had defeated General Denikin in 1920 and the last remaining White forces of the Far East in 1922. He had been the first advocate of mechanizing the Red Army. There were others—Yakir, Primakov, Eydeman, Kork. All of them had won their spurs in the revolution and civil war. Now Stalin had accused them of treason, of having dealt with Germany. I knew too well their spirit and patriotism to believe these fantastic charges.

Some days later an official of the Foreign Office, an old friend of mine, arrived from Moscow. He told me of events which the Press had not reported. I heard that my former chief, General Hekker, of the Commissariat of Defense, had disappeared; that some twenty of the younger Generals recently in charge of various departments of the Headquarters Staff and former colleagues of mine at the Moscow General Staff School were reported executed; that hundreds of senior officers bound by long years of collaboration to the murdered men had been arrested.

The only military chiefs of distinction who now remained alive were Marshals Yegorov and Blucher, Admiral Orlov, General Alksnis, Chief of the Air Force, and the former Admiral of the Fleet, Mouklevich. (Now, as I write these lines, all of them have been shot or have disappeared.)

In the days that followed the execution of the eight generals nobody at the Legation breathed a word about the unfolding tragedy. I could no longer sleep. I have never lived under a darker sky than the beautiful sky of Greece. I knew that no further doubt was possible. The trials were not as we had hoped, the end, but only the beginning of the tragedy. Stalin, haunted

by the revolutionary past in which he had played an undistinguished role, was determined to root out every one of its traces. He could do this in only one way—by physically exterminating all the Old Bolsheviks who shared the memories of the past, and thus burying once and for all the socialist dream, the principles which had kept the Old Bolsheviks going for twenty years.

A few weeks earlier I had been discussing plans for our future life in Russia with a young Greek woman, an architect of Athens, who was dearer to me than ever. How could I make her understand that my whole life was crashing down in ruins?

At the Legation our daily routine continued with apparent smoothness. But there are limits to discretion.

One evening when an assistant of mine hung about the office, I could no longer restrain myself. Suddenly I burst out, "What on earth's happening there? This is too horrible. The best men—the flower of the army—executed!" I tried to control my feelings. "Let's take a walk." I grabbed his arm and we went out into the street. As we walked on I told him the many things I had learned from my friend in the Foreign Office.

I spoke of Tukhachevsky's last appearance in public, which took place six weeks before his death, at the May Day review in Red Square. Tukhachevsky had just learned that he was not to go to London as the Soviet Representative at the Coronation of King Edward VIII, as had first been announced; Admiral Orlov was to replace him. For Tukhachevsky this was the writing on the wall. Everybody knew it. On May Day Tukhachevsky had walked across Red Square, a tired man, his hands on his belt. He stood isolated on the tribune reserved for the Marshals at the right of Lenin's Tomb. Icy coldness surrounded him. None of the high officers present wished to risk disfavor by approaching the army chief who had fallen from Stalin's grace.

As he stood impassive on the tribune,

his lusterless complexion seemed grayer than usual. He watched the troops of the Red Army he had helped mold file past him for the last time. Shortly afterward the papers announced that Tukhachevsky had been relieved of his duties as assistant to Voroshilov and appointed Military Commander of the Volga district. As soon as he reached Saratov he was arrested and brought back to Moscow in a prison van.

According to the papers the eight were shot during the night following the trial. Foreign papers printed a story that Marshal Tukhachevsky had been carried wounded on a stretcher into the courtroom. These details were probably invented. I doubt that a trial ever took place. Stalin would scarcely have dared to parade his victims before the eyes of their companions-in-arms, ordered to pass death sentence upon them.*

I speak of other incidents of Tukhachevsky's downfall: His daughter, a child of twelve, had not been told of her father's fate. When news of his execution was published she was greeted by her schoolmates with abuse; they would not sit in the same schoolroom with the daughter of a Fascist traitor. The little girl went home and hanged herself. Her mother who was arrested the following day became mad and was sent away to the Ural district in a strait jacket.

National Defense was not the only Department of the government affected by the bloody purge. The cyclone was sweeping through our commissariat of Foreign Affairs. Krestinsky, vice-commissar, old companion of Lenin, disappeared. Dozens of leading directors and ambassadors were arrested and shot. The purge of the Foreign Department was directed by the GPU man, the new chief of personnel, Korjenko. Hardly the head of a department or director of a service escaped. Youreniev, Rosenberg, Davtian, and other ambassadors mysteriously disappeared from their posts

* As I write this, Marshal Budionny is the sole survivor of the nine alleged judges. Marshals Blucher and Yegorov, Admiral Orlov, Generals Alksnis, Kashirin, and others were shot or disappeared within the year.

abroad. Thousands in all branches of the government fell victims to the fury of the purge. The nightmare appeared to have lost all sense. . . .

While I talked to my seemingly sympathetic colleague I found release at last from the painful tension in my mind. But as I watched him disappear down the street and turned myself toward home, sanity cut through my elation like a knife.

"My friend," I said to myself, "to-night you have talked too much."

II

A few days later the assistant to whom I talked that night was summoned home. We said our farewells in my office, mentioning nothing of our conversation. As we shook hands I wondered whether it was at his own request that he had been recalled to report.

Shortly afterward my friends in the Moscow Commissariat of Foreign Affairs gave up writing to me. Minister Kobetsky had died in a Moscow hospital and Litvinov failed to answer my requests for instructions. I had sealed Kobetsky's desk and written to Moscow inquiring as to the disposition of his papers. One day Loukianov, the Head of the Chancery, came into my room holding a telegram from Potemkin, Litvinov's assistant. He seemed embarrassed.

"I have just had orders from Potemkin personally," he said, "to seal Kobetsky's papers and to send them to Moscow. What am I to do?"

As I was chief of the Diplomatic Mission, this order should have been addressed to me. It was an unprecedented breach of diplomatic procedure and could only be intentional.

"You have to execute the commissariat's orders," I replied briefly.

At this time, I must say, I had lost all keenness for my diplomatic work, and any contact with my colleagues and with Athenian society became painful to me. I kept away from receptions and refused almost all invitations. If I had been

able to bury myself in some desert I should have done so. What could I say to some foreign diplomat who asked me politely what was happening in Russia? I could have answered in the conventional style: "The Red Army is stronger than ever now that the traitors have been weeded out. With a man of genius like Stalin, my dear sir, we need fear nothing." But my lips could not form the words.

A *bon mot* of my friend Dovgalevsky, our late ambassador in Paris, came to my mind. "The diplomat differs in one way only from the witness in a court of law—he must tell the truth and nothing but the truth, but he must never tell the whole truth. . . ." The truth—I could no longer tell it at all!

It was no longer possible for me to serve Stalin's government abroad. I wrote to Moscow asking to be recalled.

Here another problem presented itself. What would my fate be? Even in these times there was no conceivable evidence against me. But certainly something unpleasant must happen. Imprisonment? Or simply exile to some remote corner of Russia? Could I come back with the woman I had met in Greece who was to be my wife?

She was in Paris at the Congress of Architects and I wrote her about my impending departure for the U.S.S.R., asking her to give up, for the time being, any idea of going with me. I told her not to be surprised if I did not write her. However long my silence, she must never lose her faith in me. It might be years before we could join each other.

As the days passed without word from Litvinov, I began to grow more anxious. There were, however, signs that Moscow had not forgotten me. One morning in July, arriving earlier than usual at the Legation, I found a clerk going through my desk. "I was looking for that telegram that came in yesterday on the subject of visas," he stammered with an apology, and left the room.

A few days later through a glass door I surprised Loukianov rummaging in my portfolio. He started, his fingers in my

papers as I entered. There was nothing for either of us to say.

It was hard for me to pass the long evenings alone. On July 16th I arranged to go for a brief fishing trip in the evening with George, my fiancée's brother.

In the afternoon our Commercial Attaché called me on the telephone. We chatted and then, as if in passing, he said, "Well, I shall see you soon, Alexandre Grigorievitch, as agreed, on board. May I call for you about seven?"

"On board what?" I asked. And then to my amazement I learned in this strange way from a third party that the Soviet ship *Roudzoutak* had just dropped anchor at Piraeus and that, unknown to myself, I had accepted an invitation to dine with the captain. By diplomatic custom, the captain should have made it his first duty to call on me. But I had not even been informed of the ship's arrival.

"I shan't be available," I told the Attaché. "I'm booked for this evening."

Ten minutes later the captain of the *Roudzoutak* telephoned from Piraeus. He apologized for having been kept on board by urgent repairs and begged me to come. He wished to present, he said, his new political commissar and first officer. There were several important matters he would like to discuss with me, and besides he had an excellent cook.

"Sorry, I'm going fishing at Voulagmeni," I answered bluntly. "If you need to see me you can come there."

That evening George and I started off, rowing briskly. The bay was ideally calm and stars overhead dotted the night sky, making an unforgettable picture. But I had other thoughts. In the half-light we watched a car draw up on the deserted road. Several men got out and searched the bay. "They're looking for us," I said. "Let's go back."

On the dock I found the ship's captain, accompanied by his two new officers, the Commercial Attaché, and two or three men of the Legation staff. We greeted one another and I invited them to come with me to a restaurant. There

was a note of forced cheerfulness at the table. After dessert the captain suggested that we all return to the ship with him to continue our party, and again I declined. "Are they all in the plot?" I wondered.

One of my guests remained behind with me after the party had gone. I knew well the nature of his secret duties. We sat on the terrace overlooking the bay, facing one another across the table.

"When I was in China," said my guest, with feigned casualness, "we learned that one of the secretaries of the Consulate was making plans to run away to Japan. At that time I was acting as Consul. I instructed him to take charge of the diplomatic pouch as far as the frontier. To avoid arousing his suspicions I warned him not to cross into Soviet territory. The bag would be picked up from the Chinese side of the border. There would be no need for him to carry any papers with him."

My guest paused and slowly sipped his coffee, keeping his eyes fixed on me. Perhaps he wanted me to ask, "What happened?" but I remained silent.

"The chauffeur stepped on the gas and did not stop until he passed the border and reached the OGPU outpost which was waiting for our plotting friend," he continued. "The fellow tried to jump out when he realized that he had been tricked, but of course he wasn't alone. . . . He was lucky to get off with only a few years in jail."

"The story of the dragoman at the Peking Embassy is rather different and more complicated. He fled to Hankow. Our people got on his tracks and two reliable Chinese were entrusted with the job of liquidating him. They managed to get in touch with him and even induced him to accept an invitation to dine at some restaurant. But he began to suspect that something was wrong and did not come to the rendezvous. Next day they shot him on the street. By a miracle he escaped death; a French car picked him up before they could finish the job. . . ."

He waved his fingers. ". . . But he had his lesson. I don't think we shall have more trouble with him."

"Of course not," I agreed with mockery in my glance.

His next words left no doubt of his meaning. "You know," he said, trying to speak casually, "it wouldn't be difficult to get rid of a man in this country. There's always somebody to undertake a little job of that kind for five or ten thousand drachmas, and you can be sure the police will know nothing." He turned his head toward the rocky shore. "An ideal place for that kind of operation."

"Surely," I said.

"That reminds me of another story . . ." my guest began. But I had had enough.

"No, thank you," I said. "I find these gangster yarns less interesting than fishing." I shook hands with him and left.

That handshake of the potential murderer with his victim on a short reprieve remains one of my most unpleasant memories. I no longer had the slightest doubt of what was intended on board the ship. Would they ever believe me if I told them that I had been waiting merely for a reply before returning to Russia of my own free will? My sense of personal dignity was revolted by the alternatives—either to submit to kidnapping or to escape. After the stories I had just heard, I knew that there was no time to lose.

III

The next morning I went to the Legation as usual. In the course of the day I noticed that one of my clerks was expressing a decided interest in my plans for the night. Toward evening Loukianov, who had been chatting with me in friendly fashion, suggested that we take a walk. I declined, I was tired of this game. "Will you sleep at the Legation or at Kalamaki to-night?"

"At Kalamaki," I answered.

Instead, I went to town and spent the

night at Kefissia in a hotel. When I returned home next morning I found signs of nocturnal visitors on the sanded paths of my garden, wet from recent rain. In the driveway that led to the house I saw the marks of tires. "Well," I said to myself, "if you came to look for me at night, that means you are in a hurry."

There was no time for further hesitation. I asked George to go with me to the Legation. Neither of us was armed, but the presence of a companion might be useful to me. I drafted a telegram to Potemkin, informing him that I intended to take my annual leave immediately and asking that arrangements be made for the attaché to take over my duties. I called Loukianov and ordered him to code and dispatch this message.

Then George and I went to the second floor, where I had a private apartment. In a few minutes there was a knock on the door. The attaché entered. Apparently he already knew about the cable. Seeing two men instead of one, he visibly recoiled. Our short interview was conducted according to the rules of usual politeness. He had heard, he said, that I was going off at once on a holiday and had come to inquire after my health. I thanked him and after an awkward pause he left. I removed my passport and some photographs and letters from my desk and for the last time glanced round the familiar rooms.

Slowly we walked down the stairs—to all appearances this was merely a routine sortie of the Legation head with a friend. No attempt was made to stop us. But I saw the frightened faces of some members of the Legation staff watching our departure from behind half-opened doors. Obviously they imagined that we were armed to the teeth and ready, if need be, to fight our way out. The doorman opened the large double doors of the courtyard. He bowed. I smiled at him. We got into my car and drove away.

The city lay under a dead weight of heat. We drove down the Kefissia Road toward the mountains. I was burdened

with a heavy depression. My diplomatic career was at an end. Twenty years spent in the service of the Soviets were dead and done with. . . .

After a sleepless night I nerved myself for the last effort. I sent a letter of final resignation to Moscow and asked George to book a seat for me on the Simplon Express. I walked to the French Legation and was received by the friendly, smiling Mr. Pierrefitte, the young *Chargé d'Affaires*. We talked briefly of the latest political gossip in Athens. I casually remarked that I was going on vacation and planned to visit France. Would he take care of stamping the passport? Of course he would. The matter was settled in a few minutes.

The previous night I had noticed that a couple of Greek fellow-travelers, who had apparently volunteered their services as GPU spies, never let us out of their sight. They followed us at a convenient distance when we left the hotel for a railroad station and silently witnessed my departure. George, in passing, greeted them with exaggerated cordiality. He brought a flask of brandy to my compartment. "Take a gulp, it will do you good," he said. "Give my greetings to my little sister." We embraced and I heartily shook his hand.

The train pulled out.

IV

The Simplon went swiftly through Italy and Switzerland. My old Italian visa was valid but I had not a Swiss one. The Swiss frontier officers, however, did not disturb me. Fortunately diplomats traveling in Pullman compartments are not troubled with the formalities.

In Paris I registered at a hotel and sought out Marie, my fiancée. Logically I should have immediately reported to the French authorities and taken precautions for my safety. Instead I did nothing. I was disgusted with it all. I simply went into hiding. Marie has helped me through many a crisis and kept alive in me the will to live and fight.

The GPU agents had apparently been caught napping when I took the initiative and departed in haste from Athens. However, they went quickly to work. First, my mother-in-law-to-be in Athens was visited by some friends of the Soviet Legation.

"Barmine is an enemy of the Soviet Union and will be severely punished," they said. "Write to your daughter and tell her to break with him. Give us her address." The poor lady was harassed constantly by visits and 'phone calls. Finally they told her that her daughter's life was in danger because I was already condemned, and the only way to save Marie was for her to give them Marie's address. Threatening the frightened mother, they got the address, but it was an old one; for in Paris we had both changed our hotels.

Forty-eight hours later Marie's mother was again visited by Soviet friends. The address was wrong, she was told. The GPU worked extremely fast, cutting through Soviet red tape and spending money generously.

Meantime the Paris GPU men had more success. Marie, as a visiting architect, had used as her mailing address the *Maison de la Culture*—a club of progressive intellectuals, writers, artists, engineers, and architects. One day when she called for her mail she was told that the director of the club, Mr. Nicolas, was personally holding it, for he wished to see her. Did she know, he asked, of the organization called "The Friends of the Soviet Fatherland"? The head of the organization, Mr. Kovaleff, was eager to meet her. He wanted to discuss an important matter. Would she call him and make an appointment?

"What is this organization and who are its members?"

"It is made up of sundry people friendly to the Soviet Union, chiefly former White Russian émigrés."

"But what does a non-political Greek architect have to do with White Russians in France?" asked Marie.

"Well . . . they are really no longer

Whites. They sympathize with the new regime and wish to return to the Soviet Union."

"So why don't they return?"

The poor French fellow-traveler, inexperienced in such assignments, was floundering in embarrassment.

"You see, they first have to prove their loyalty by their activity here in France." That was clearer. She would think about it, she told him.

In my hiding place that night we decided that this meeting would be unwise. But the next time Marie called for her mail the director faced her again. Why did she not see Mr. Kovaleff? He wanted very much to meet her. Perhaps it was a matter that concerned her deeply. She must call him at once.

We decided this time that it would be best for Marie to see Mr. Kovaleff, so that we might have an inkling into whatever plans were on foot. She telephoned Kovaleff and arranged to meet him the following afternoon at the Greek Pavilion at the Paris World's Fair. She waited but Kovaleff did not come. The same afternoon the Paris papers told why. They carried the story of the assassination of Ignace Reiss, former chief of Soviet Intelligence Service in Western Europe, who had broken with the Russian Government, disgusted by the Moscow executions. An old friend who had become a GPU agent had lured him into a trap, and his body was found riddled with fifteen bullets on the road to Chamblandes.

In the morning, Marie 'phoned Kovaleff's office to inquire about the broken appointment. The secretary answered that Kovaleff had left for "an unexpected trip" for an indefinite period. But on the following day the newspapers published the reports of the investigation of the Reiss murder conducted by the Swiss and French authorities. One of the gang arrested was found to be a member of Kovaleff's organization and gave the name of the other members who participated. Police searched Kovaleff's office. But they had disappeared. Their

traces led to GPU headquarters in Barcelona.

Shortly after the death of Reiss my hiding place in Saint Cloud became known to the Soviet agents. Whenever I left the house I was shadowed. My pursuers made no effort to conceal themselves. At times they were literally at my heels. When I turned round and faced them they would disappear but soon I noticed others take up the hunt. On the subway, in tobacco shops, going to and from the restaurant, everywhere the inevitable shadow went with me. When I returned to Saint Cloud the "death watch" would begin once again. This little war of nerves never ceased.

One afternoon I rashly went for a walk in the woods of Saint Cloud on the edge of Paris. I had intended merely to circle the park. Then I saw that my path was blocked by one of my shadows. I turned in the opposite direction, but there too was another one in my way. The only route that was clear led deeper into the woods. My first reaction was to turn in that direction, but if I penetrated into the woods I should be isolated, away from the courting lovers and idle strollers. Boldness, then, seemed my only course. I turned sharply and walked toward the more populated section of the park. With my hand significantly in my pocket, I walked by one of the men who blocked the path. He hesitated for a moment and then let me pass.

As the news of arrests and executions in the U.S.S.R. continued I felt it my duty to arouse public opinion to the plight of Stalin's victims, and I addressed an open letter to the Central Committee of the French League of the Rights of Men and to the Committee of Enquiry into the Moscow trials. The next day I knocked at the door of the leaders of the French Socialist Party, who at that time were members of the French government. They received me cordially, heard my story, and acted swiftly. The Minister of the Interior, Marx Dormoy, issued permanent residence permits to Marie and myself, and the authorities

assigned detectives for my protection.

Now everything seemed changed. I was surrounded by new friends whom I could trust. Marie and I married. Marie's mother came from Athens to attend the ceremony. Percy J. Philip of the *New York Times*, whom we met in Paris, was my best man. With the aid of French friends I got a job in an airplane repair shop situated in the suburbs of Paris and life once more seemed on an even keel. I went to work in the morning and spent the day at the side of several workers. They asked no questions, although they knew nothing of me beyond the fact that I was a political refugee. I found in them more native tact than I had sometimes experienced in the world of diplomacy.

But one evening I was accosted by the head of the large union which included the workers of the shop where I was employed. He inquired after my health and then informed me that he was recommending me for a higher-salaried position in the airport office. His interest surprised me; it was rather strange for the union leader to wait at the factory gate in order to offer to a minor unorganized employee a better job. It seemed still stranger when I learned that he was a Stalinite. But I took the test anyway and was assigned to the job in the traffic service of the airport.

A few days later I was told that the following week I should have the night shift. This meant that for several hours I should be practically alone in the building. I also knew that the Spanish Paris-Barcelona plane left the airport each dawn. It would be easy for a few men to arrange matters so that I could find myself in Barcelona some fine morning, and there Stalin's secret police were guiding the destinies of heretics in Loyalist Spain. When the French police commissar who was supervising my protection heard that I had been assigned to the night shift, he was shocked. "*Parbleu!*" he exclaimed. "We can't

have this!" After a talk with the airport director I was relieved of the night duty. This proved exceedingly distressing to the head of the union. It was plain that I should not be left in peace. The GPU would never cease pursuing me.

The rest is quickly told. Two years passed; I was with Marie, I was more or less safe, I had a job and friends, I was beginning to reshape my life. But man lives not by bread alone; I felt that something important was lacking. I needed more than the simple fact of material security. I had spent my life working for a regime in which I had now lost faith. I needed a new "community of spirit" in which I might play a part, have my responsibilities. Even in France I remained a "stranger," a "foreigner." I felt that there was only one country in the world where I might rebuild my life as a citizen in the fullest sense of the word. That country, it seemed to me, was the United States—where "outsiders" and "foreigners" had been molded into one nation. I talked it over with Marie and together we came to the conclusion that we would try to find our "new world" in America.

We went to the American Embassy in Paris. The American representative listened attentively to my story. The law required an affidavit for every immigrant. Fortunately Marie's cousin, a New York lawyer, generously helped us. Some months later we received our precious visas to enter the United States.

The immigration officer at New York examined our papers and stamped them; we could enter.

"Thank you," I said with repressed emotion.

"You are welcome." He gave the routine reply.

And to us these conventional words had a literal and very special meaning. "You are welcome." It was an omen of good fortune for us in the new world we were entering.



TRANSPORTATION AND DEFENSE

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

THE American people are acquiring an education in industrial mobilization. They are learning that arms can't be bought over the counter, that tanks and airplanes involve costly, complicated, and lengthy preparations. By this time they have come to realize there are such things as machine tools, manganese, and skilled labor; and that the end products can't be obtained without them. In short, they have grasped the implications of Production, Raw Materials, and Labor. But in their impatience to achieve defense people have largely overlooked another essential—Transportation.

Transportation is not as colorful as Production. Even a machine tool can be visualized as fitting into Defense better than a freight car. Most people cannot foresee the results of a lack of freight cars. But some day, if we get into war, they may all at once discover with a shock as sudden and uncomfortable as a bump by a switching engine that they cannot take the customary train to the city, that there is a shortage of oil-burner fuel or coal, that the new house faces delay in construction because the lumber has not yet arrived, etc. If they hold railway securities the dread specter of Government ownership may loom.

In Washington, however, these matters are well realized. It was no accident that the President created a Transportation Division in the National Defense Advisory Council. Mr. Ralph Budd, head of the Transportation Division, may not be as striking a figure as his colleague Mr. Knudsen, but he is an

extremely important factor in defense considerations. But no sooner had transportation obtained due recognition in Defense than divergent ideas on how best to provide transportation arose. The Association of American Railroads began to explain to the public why the railways thought themselves equal to the task of providing defense transportation without Government control. New Dealers, on the other hand, who had recently attempted to include rehabilitation of railroad equipment in a spending program, wondered if the AAR was right. Accordingly, behind closed doors in Washington, a secret struggle about transportation developed: the traditional conflict between the ideas of *laissez faire* and those of planning. Some day this struggle may break into print, penetrate the halls of Congress, and become one of the problems of the day. Before then, therefore, it is important to answer these questions: Are we amply prepared to carry things from one place to another in this large country if it comes to war? Or are we to suffer again the fantastic congestion of transportation which existed in World War I?

Several generations do not know, and the older generations have just about forgotten, the experience with transportation in the last war. A lot of householders do not remember how fuel ran short in 1917-18 because coal couldn't get from the mine to the local yard; a lot of business men have rather dim memories by this time of their difficulties in making shipments in those years; and only the

older trust officers associate what happened to the capital structure of the railroads with the dread name of William G. McAdoo, government dictator of the railroads in the last war. Hence before we add up our transportation assets as of to-day we must draw a picture of what they were in the last war and how they met the strain then.

Even before we entered the war in April, 1917, the problem of common carriers had become something to worry about. Much as to-day we have Mr. Budd and his Division in the NDAC, so two months before we entered the war a committee on transportation was established in Washington to deal with an already critical railroad congestion. This committee had hardly started to function when Woodrow Wilson called Congress to declare war. Immediately thereafter Mr. Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore & Ohio, persuaded about fifty railroad presidents to come to Washington and form a larger organization—the Railroads' War Board. This was designed to deal with transportation problems raised by the war on a purely private, non-governmental basis.

It came none too soon. Already the effort to supply the Allies had caused serious railway congestion. The railways in fact had not been prepared for this task. They were not a single integrated system co-ordinated efficiently to take care of either a big increase in business or the unified mission demanded by war. They were actually a conglomerate of competing and rival lines, systems, and combinations. There were several hundred companies, with thirty-two systems operating about seventy-seven per cent of the mileage. The railway equipment was inadequate. The number of cars and locomotives had not kept pace with the increase in the volume of railroad business and with the development of the country. Roads had allowed locomotives and freight cars to deteriorate and had not replaced enough of those worn out. Railroads, suddenly called upon to handle the largest volume of traffic in

their history, found themselves short of motive power. It was difficult to obtain new locomotives, even those already ordered, since preference was given to orders for locomotives for overseas. Besides, the shortage of skilled labor delayed adequate repairs of locomotives. Also the preemption of coastwise shipping for war purposes threw an additional burden on the roads. Finally, labor troubles added to the confusion. Mr. Walker D. Hines in his book *War History of American Railroads* gives this picture: "The (Interstate Commerce) Commission in a report of its Car Supply Investigation, January 19, 1917 (42 I.C.C. 657), declared that the car situation had no parallel in our history; in some territories mills had shut down, prices advanced, perishable articles had been destroyed, because of the inability of the railroads to get the cars they needed and which were being held on other lines, while in other territories there had been so many cars on the lines and in the terminals that service had been thrown into unprecedented confusion. Public service companies furnishing light, heat, and power faced a possible interruption through lack of fuel."

After war was declared matters became worse because of priority orders. These were designed to give war goods preference over non-war goods on the railroads. The Railroads' War Board on July 20, 1917, provided for a system of priority tags which were issued to government agents throughout the country. These were affixed to shipments the transportation of which had to be expedited for war purposes. As a result, practically all government agents went about plastering these tags on *all* government shipments whether or not the consignees were ready to receive them. Consequently shipments arrived at points where there were no warehouses or stocking space to accommodate them, and freight cars, sitting on sidings, became in effect warehouses. For example, the terminals at Philadelphia and the side tracks for actually miles about were filled with carloads of material. A lot of

these cars contained wood piling which came all the way from Oregon and Washington destined for the shipyards of Hog Island. Yet this was long before Hog Island had railroad tracks or facilities for unloading them. Old switchmen still shudder when they recall those red priority tags.

The Railroads' War Board floundered in the midst of this situation. The Esch Act of May, 1917, did offer some help. This act gave the Interstate Commerce Commission broad powers to enforce car-service regulations and in times of emergency to supersede them by special orders. But some roads from the beginning bucked attempts to unify and coordinate. There were other obstacles. Mr. Clyde Aitchison of the Interstate Commerce Commission, writing of this situation in the *Virginia Law Review* for May, 1940, says, "Two penal statutes made impossible anything approaching effective unified action—the anti-pooling provisions of section 5 of the interstate commerce act; and the prohibition of combinations in restraint of trade in the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. The danger of prosecution under these acts is real." Even if these legal obstacles did not exist, the tendency of each road to consult its own individual interests would probably have blocked real wartime unification. The Railroads' War Board faced a discouraging task.

By December, 1917, congestion had reached a point where it was evident that something drastic would have to be done. The ICC rendered a report recommending either (1) that the roads should be given power to straighten out matters on their own, provided anti-trust and anti-pooling restrictions were suspended and the roads were given governmental financial assistance; or (2) that the President should take over and operate the roads. The President decided on the second course. On December 26, 1917, he took over the roads and appointed William G. McAdoo Director General of the Railroads. The government assumed full possession of the roads and of their

operation, at the same time guaranteeing to the roads an income equal to their average income during the three years ending June 30, 1917. It appointed a Federal Manager for each road, in many cases the president or some other executive. All managers were made directly responsible to the Director General instead of to the roads. Within a few months each Federal Manager had to resign all official connections with his company and become a representative of the government Railroad Administration. As a result a number of managers had to give up annual salaries of \$75,000 and \$100,000 and take salaries from the government of from \$25,000 to \$50,000.

But what the managers lost in salary they gained in efficiency. The Railroad Administration, unlike the Railroads' War Board, was able to (1) enforce control of shipments, thereby preventing congestion at terminals and waste of equipment and other facilities; and (2) to unify direction of handling and maintenance of equipment and other facilities. By co-operating with other government agencies—Fuel Administration, Food Administration, War Department, Navy Department, War Industries Board, Shipping Board, and War Trade Board—the Railroad Administration stopped the indiscriminate pasting of red priority tags and obtained preferred and orderly movement of war supplies.

The Railroad Administration did many other things, hitherto rare or impossible under private control. It brought peace to a difficult labor situation. It consolidated ticket offices and simplified timetables. Joint use of freight and passenger terminals became compulsory when necessary. Passengers enjoyed such innovations as universal mileage books and tickets good on any road. Various types of locomotives and cars were standardized. Since competition was eliminated between roads, competition in purchases of supplies was also eliminated with resultant economies.

Statistics reveal the immensity of the traffic moved. Thus 250,000 cars passed

Columbia, Pa., on the Pennsylvania Railroad during the month of June, 1918, with more than 6,000,000 tons of freight. Between January 1st and July 1st, 1918, the roads transported 4,304,520 troops. They shipped 177,000,000 ft. of lumber from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast or intercoastal points between January 1st and July 18, 1918. All this was done of course at an increase in costs and a mounting deficit. All rates were increased in June, 1918. But if rates had been increased at the beginning of the Railroad Administration, instead of six months after, it is claimed that additional revenues would have wiped out the deficit. Debate about the good and bad points of the Railroad Administration began of course as soon as it started and continued long after the roads were returned to their owners in 1920. But "Federal control of the railways," says Commissioner Aitchison "was as necessary as gunpowder to the successful conduct of war by the United States."

Can we draw some lessons from this experience? One parallel to the present situation is that increasing pressure on transportation before we entered the war forced an attempt by the roads to co-operate on a voluntary basis; and that after our entrance into war a more comprehensive scheme of voluntary co-ordination proved a failure after nine months and had to be replaced by government administration. This Railroad Administration, whatever its other faults, did succeed in straightening out the difficulties which hindered our war effort. To-day an increasing burden on our transportation looms. But does that mean that if we get into war the present Transportation Division, like the Railroads' War Board, will break down and have to give way to a government administration?

II

Many authorities say no. They claim that to-day we have an abundance of all kinds of transportation which we did not have in 1917-18. Since those years,

truck, pipe-line, airways, and waterways transportation have all grown tremendously. Besides, our railway situation, these authorities claim, has improved. Indeed, a survey of the new and augmented transportation network of the country cannot fail to be impressive.

Airways. In the last war commercial air lines did not exist. Only after the war did the government promote air-mail lines from which grew the present large system of privately owned passenger, mail, and express airways. To-day we have 17 domestic air-line services, covering 295,000 miles per day, served by some 2,345 airports. Great improvements have come since the last war: increases in engine power, variable pitch propellers, retractable landing gears, wheel brakes, automatic control of gyro pilot, sound proofing, use of plastics, radio beacons. Figures for 1939 give some idea of our airways capacity. Miles flown—49,021,661; mail—4,810,812 ton-miles; express—1,474,123 ton-miles; passengers—1,254,555. But the airways are the least important of our categories of transportation and will hardly play a big part in a war effort.

Pipe-lines. Much more important than airways is our network of pipe-lines, greatly expanded since the War. It is estimated by the best and latest available figures that we have about 297,358 miles of pipe-lines, classified as follows:

Crude oil	110,580 miles (trunk lines and feeders)
Gasoline	4,458
Natural gas	182,320
	<hr/> 297,358

In 1937 oil transportation by pipe-line (in barrels) amounted to 846,300,000 of crude and 73,233,000 of refined—a total of 919,533,000. The present operating capacity of pipe-lines is estimated to carry about 14 per cent of the nation's freight.

Waterways. Waterways transportation is even more important than pipe-lines. For it is estimated that waterways carry about 18 per cent of our total freight tonnage. Waterways transportation is divided into the following classes: Great Lakes; Coastal and Intercoastal; Inland

River and Canal. The evidence of growth of this form of transportation appears in the following table:

	Freight tonnage 1920	Freight tonnage 1937
Great Lakes.....	99 million	143 million
Coastal and Intercoastal.....	115 "	288 "
Inland River and Canal.....	125 "	313 "

Of these divisions the Great Lakes is by far the most important. Figures show that more traffic is carried (in tons) via the Sault Sainte Marie (known as the "Soo") canal than through the Panama and Suez canals combined. Most of our iron ore is shipped from Minnesota through the Soo locks. (This, however, is not a post-war development). Mr. Ralph Budd in a confidential address to the Army Industrial War College (made available to me by Mr. Budd and the College) on October 10, 1940, described vividly this traffic system:

I have a chart here which shows the movement of iron ore from its sources, mostly the Mesabi, Vermillion, Gogebic, and Marquette Ranges, down through the Soo Canal to Chicago and the Lower Lake ports of Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, then the distribution to smelters and mills all through the steel districts. It resembles a chart of a man's circulatory system, starting at the heart and dividing into small streams as it progresses. It is the heart of defense transportation.

It is understood that the Army authorities are awake to the danger of sabotage of the Soo and other parts of this system and are taking protective measures.

Considerable expansion of waterways has taken place since the last war. For example, oil is now shipped up the Missouri River to Omaha. Equipment has been improved. The Inland Waterways Corporation has developed a barge to carry cargo upon a 6-foot channel and to double cargo on a 9-foot one. Thus such a barge can start up the Mississippi from New Orleans to St. Louis, carrying 2,000 tons of freight. At St. Louis it can drop 1,000 tons and proceed with the remaining 1,000 up the shallower channel to St. Paul, Minn.

Highway Transport. Motor transportation on the highways has immensely increased our transportation facilities.

Thus in 1918 there were only 5,621,617 passenger cars; in 1939 there were 26,201,396. In 1918 there were only 525,000 trucks; in 1939 there were 1,413,692. In short, to-day there is a total of over 30 million motor vehicles as against about six million in 1918. In passenger traffic the auto buses have cut into the railway passenger traffic. The Interstate Commerce Commission, which now has authority to fix rates for interstate highway transportation business, estimated that there are about 90,000 truck operators with a total of 600,000 trucks. In 1939 it was estimated that 58.2 per cent of all live stock was carried in trucks. Mr. Budd says that there are about 5½ million units, including truck trailers, capable of carrying freight, an increase of 60 per cent over ten years ago. Freight carried by trucks, which may be said to be a part of the load that the railroads otherwise would carry, amounts to about 5 per cent of the total freight load of the country.

Railways. The railways can be relied upon to carry about two-thirds of the transportation load. The way it carries this load, however, differs from the way it carried it in the last war. Total railway trackage has decreased from 429,000 miles in 1929 to 408,000 in 1939, a loss of about 21,000. The number of locomotives in Class I railways in 1921 was 64,400. In 1939 it was 43,000, a decrease of over 21,000. The number of freight cars fell from the peak of 2,357,221 in 1925 to 1,650,031 in 1939. But other facts serve to offset this picture of decline. The average tractive power of locomotives rose from 33,188 lbs. in 1916 to 50,395 in 1939—an increase of over 50 per cent. While the number of freight cars has decreased, the average freight car capacity has increased about 21 per cent since 1916. The average freight train speed increased 45.2 per cent between 1921 and 1936.

The American Association of Railroads claims that by voluntary co-ordination and co-operation they can avoid the bottlenecks of the last war. They

say that they have induced the Army not to consign any freight to destinations unless these destinations have adequate facilities for unloading. They reveal that in November, 1939, a joint committee of the steamship lines and the railroad lighterage agents was formed to co-operate with the Port Control Manager in New York to prevent congestion. As a result of this committee's endeavors, says the AAR, New York escaped such congestion. Mr. M. J. Gormley of the AAR states, "Although we have had in the past months a succession of interruptions to the flow of commercial traffic because of the war in Europe—first in Denmark, then in succession to Norway, Holland, Belgium, Italy and more recently in France, there has been no congestion preventing the movement of traffic at American ports by reason of this fact."

The over-all picture, therefore, of transportation facilities in the United States does offer reassurance. Streamlined barges glide over newly dredged rivers; millions of trucks and trailers undreamed of in the days of Woodrow Wilson drive over hundreds of thousands of miles of our improved highways; beneath the ground flow hundreds of millions of barrels of piped oil. While railway cars and locomotives are fewer than in 1917, they are larger, faster, and more powerful. Their masters meanwhile have combined to prevent the reappearance of red tags and siding warehouses. It is indeed a brilliant picture. And when the Association of American Railroads, like a proud art collector, dwells lovingly on its good points the audience cannot help but feel comfortable about the future.

III

But critics in the audience are already scribbling their reservations. Elements in the government and War Department are beginning to wonder if things are as bright as all that. For the government's National Resources Planning Board has brought out (although it has

not as yet distributed it for public use) a survey, "Analytical Study of Railroad Car Equipment" by R. N. Janeway, Consultant. This study, while dry and statistical, has already caused something like a sensation in government circles. For its conclusions have an important bearing on the railroads in time of war.

To begin with, Mr. Janeway points out that since 1929 the serviceable supply of railroad-owned freight cars has declined 30 per cent as a result of the continuous attempt by the roads to adjust car supply to falling demand. The unexpected upswing of traffic in October, 1939, he says, not only absorbed all the surplus car supply but also overtaxed all the reserves from the unserviceable cars. "Even more serious," says the report, "than the reduced quantity of cars on hand is the quality of the serviceable supply, of which 40 per cent are over 20 years old and 20 per cent are over 25 years old. Almost all of these 580,000 are of obsolete steel underframe and wood body construction. Over 100,000 cars of the 280,000 over 25 years old reported serviceable must be currently in active service, and the balance, comprising the surplus supply, is estimated to be at least 27 years old." It adds, "no increase in maximum efficiency of car utilization has been demonstrated since 1929 even under the utmost pressure . . . it is emphasized that no increase in car utilization efficiency beyond the demonstrated maximum level can be relied upon to materialize in an emergency."

Mr. Janeway doubts that the railroads will have cars enough to meet a great upswing in business. He says, "It is estimated that, including new cars on order, the available supply of serviceable cars will be sufficient to handle the traffic probable at a Federal Reserve Board Production Index of 117 annually and at an October peak of 121 (unadjusted). Recurrence of an October production rate of 124 on the Federal Reserve Board Index, equal to October, 1939, would probably require a minimum additional

supply of 30,000 cars to insure against car shortage." This would be the situation under a moderate upswing of business. But in case of war the situation would prove more serious. The report says, "If a Federal Reserve Board Index of 152 is assumed, corresponding to government estimates of maximum possible production in a war emergency, the resulting volume of railroad freight traffic is found to require 360,000 more cars than are now available."

Could the American railway car factories fill this shortage? "While annual car-building capacity is rated at more than 200,000 units, actual output has not reached 100,000 cars since 1925. Net additions to the car supply must come after necessary replacements, estimated at 75,000 cars annually. At this rate a production of 200,000 per year would add only 125,000 cars annually to the total supply." Another factor must be considered. A number of car-building companies have been given government munitions contracts, which may restrict their capacity for building cars. Finally, as the report says, "even the required steel might be difficult to obtain if car orders are delayed until car shortage is apparent."

Not only the Janeway report but other considerations darken the attractive picture the carriers like to paint. War might bring a shortage in coastwise and intercoastal shipping facilities which would throw a considerable traffic burden on other carriers, particularly the railroads. In view of the sales of American Maritime Commission vessels to the British and of reports of British need for many more, this shortage might come even sooner than war. Moreover, it is assumed that if war comes the Navy will requisition most of our tanker fleet. Since a large part of the oil transport is now taken by tanker coastwise from the Gulf to the Atlantic Seaboard, here is another potential strain on both railroads and pipe-lines. River waterways could not be depended upon to give much relief, for they extend for the most

part north and south while most of the traffic runs east and west. As for highway transportation, there are a number of reasons to doubt its capacity and readiness. For one thing, some experts wonder if any considerable part of the bulky kind of materials needed especially in wartime—coal, iron, etc.—could be transported for any long distances in trucks as at present designed. For another, there is no evidence that preparations for co-ordinating truck transport with the railways have been made. The Truckers Association, as we have indicated, has only a small proportion of all truckers in its organization and offers an inadequate machinery for co-ordination. Over all these considerations hovers the memory of how voluntary co-operation foundered under the Railroads' War Board in the last war.

Finally, the whole picture of railroad transportation and its problems does not give rise to much confidence. To present this picture is outside the scope of this article. But it should be mentioned that the various pressure groups which have prevented more efficient operation of railway transportation could not be expected to retire modestly from the field in a crisis. The Railway Brotherhoods, the big shippers, the insurance companies (which hold large blocks of railway securities), the railway managements—all have played a part in creating the present unsatisfactory situation of railroad transportation. It is difficult to see how these great factors in the railroad situation would fail to play their customary roles, to the detriment of efficient defense transportation, if the roads were left to themselves in wartime.

What actually does happen in wartime appears from a study of the country which has become our tragic guinea pig—Britain. When the war started in September, 1939, the British Government brought under state control the four great railway systems and the London Transport Board. The agency of the control was the railway executive committee, whose chairman was the

Chief General Manager of one of the big railways. When the financial arrangements were completed some months later they were so framed that they gave the companies no incentive to keep down costs. The clear-sighted magazine *The Economist* at the time criticized this arrangement for this reason and predicted that costs would rise and would be followed by demands for increased rates. The *Economist* proved a prophet. Five months later the country was faced with rate increases of $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. General prices were rising rapidly. For by increasing rates, the railways were immediately boosting the whole price structure of the country and starting the vicious spiral of inflation. By September, as the German bombs were pulverizing parts of London, a Parliamentary committee was sadly contemplating another sort of wreckage—the shattered graphs of price levels in the country's economy.

But the actual physical operation of transportation offered an even more melancholy picture. By last spring truckers and inland waterway companies were complaining about control as exercised by the Ministry of Transport and were alleging favoritism toward the railroads. The situation caused the Transport Advisory Council to make a study of transportation problems. In July they rendered a report to the Minister of Transport. The report recommended a systematic division of traffic among the four branches of transport (railways, highways, inland waterways, and coastwise shipping). This, the report claimed, would increase the efficiency of the country's transportation in war by voluntary allocation of traffic under mutual agreement between the four branches. Hardly a revolutionary plan. Yet the Minister of Transport announced that, while the report was of great value, he could not recommend its adoption. In existing circumstances, he said, when the position has become more acute than when the report was drawn, the attempt to make such a drastic change would not be justified. In short, the German attack

on England had caught the Transport Ministry unprepared and it was too late to make necessary reforms.

IV

Now it is fair to concede that this negative picture may never produce a critical situation. We may never enter the war. An early negotiated peace with an altered foreign situation may well shift the entire basis of what we have been calling defense. Railway circles refrain from raising such arguments. Messrs. Buford and Gormley of the Association of American Railroads warn us against "hysteria" but prudently keep from pursuing this argument too far. One can hardly blame these circles for not joining in the isolationist *vs.* interventionist debate. But they do fail, for no apparent reason, to publicize one aspect of the problem which they understand very well. One railway executive pointed out to me that transportation in the present period of defense preparations may suffer from not too much but too little business. He cited the experience of Britain and France. Those countries carried on an intensive defense program just before their entrance into the war. But instead of experiencing a big rise in general economic activity, they actually suffered from a decrease in normal peacetime business which much more than offset the arms business. This was the difficult interval between peacetime economy and the beginning of a totalitarian wartime economy, of which economists have written much. But these are not the sort of arguments which the railways are publicizing.

The Association of American Railways is earnestly spreading the doctrine that we should have no real transportation problems in time of war. They claim that we have a large surplus of transportation of all kinds (the problems which truck and water transportation have brought to the roads impart an authentic ring to this argument). They insist that a few simple measures of a sensible prior-

ity nature would prevent such congestion as reigned during the last war. They say, in effect, to the public: "Everything will be all right if private transportation interests are let alone." Without questioning their sincerity in this matter, the AAR are, after all, interested parties. Their Mr. Gormley falls considerably short of detachment in his effort to prove his case. He will say, for instance, that 200,000 new freight cars have been put in service since 1936, without mentioning, however, the figures of normal replacements which make 200,000 seem much less impressive. The fact is that the railroads live in fear of any measures of government control, of another Railroad Administration as in the last war and at the end of the trail government ownership. Their natural role is to fight any talk which suggests even government control in wartime.

It is necessary, therefore, to provide a corrective view. True, we face no shortage of transportation as do other countries (Russia, for instance); and voluntary methods do exist to prevent much congestion. But even if we discount all criticisms of equipment adequacy, such as those embodied in the National Resources Planning Board report, the problem of co-ordination and control in case of war remains. Co-ordination and control, unless well prepared in advance, may prove very difficult and attended by many delays if improvised after war comes. Moreover this system, as the experience of Britain shows, may develop serious defects if left entirely in the hands of commercially interested parties. Government experts and hard-headed military men who saw the last war say that all the problems, all the stresses and strains of transportation cannot be foreseen. Therefore, they say, we should take no chances and should work out now the greatest possible measures of transportation preparedness.

Now the Industrial Mobilization Plan outlines only the vaguest plans for transportation in case of war. But it is understood in government circles that the

Army and Navy Munitions Board contemplates plans for government wartime control. This Board has no intention of repeating the Railroad Administration experience of the last war, of actually taking over the carriers. But they do insist on "close government control" in case of war. It is generally understood that they want the President to appoint one administrator with full powers to control transportation in wartime. This administrator would not be connected officially with any of the commercial forms of transportation, but he would be familiar with them all. He would, therefore, not be an interested party. Mr. Budd, it is generally agreed, is the most disinterested and efficient railway executive to fill the present NDAC job. But while it is felt that he would perform his duties just as fairly in time of war, it is also realized that selection of an interested party, with compulsory wartime powers, might arouse controversy and discontent. So the administrator described above would best serve the purpose.

Under this administrator, a railroad man (perhaps Mr. Budd) would act as head of all railroad transportation, a trucker at the head of highway transport, etc. All private forms of transportation would remain under the administration and ownership of the existing firms. Such are the reported demands of the Army and Navy Munitions Board. But because of political considerations, neither the Army and Navy Munitions Board nor the government feels disposed to publicize its views or to plump for legislation to implement them in advance.

In short, we are confronting a rather one-sided situation. Silence on the part of the Army and Navy Munitions Board and of the government has left a free field for propaganda to the railroads. Maybe they will convince the public and Congress that government control should be avoided and that transportation will proceed smoothly under private *laissez faire* operation in case of war. If they

succeed, government experts fear that a serious bottleneck and confusion may result in the first few months of war.

Hence it is felt that definite planning for government control, in greater detail than that set forth in the Industrial Mobilization Plan and along the lines advocated by the Army and Navy Munitions Board, should be determined in advance. The planners should avoid the financial pitfalls of the British system. The carriers should be encouraged to keep costs down and some scheme should be devised to prevent increases in rates. Increases in rates in a big industry like transportation would have a very serious inflationary effect on the whole price structure. It is felt very strongly that anything resembling the cost-plus-fixed-fee arrangement would have such an effect. Perhaps the Interstate Commerce Commission might work out a suitable scheme.

Also it should definitely be determined, by government investigation, whether or not there may develop a real physical shortage of transportation facilities, either in peace or war. The National Resources Planning Board report represents merely a preliminary study of the question. While the government has extensively investigated railway finances, it has never performed a similar task for the physical plant from an engineering standpoint. Out of both financial and engineering studies might emerge a

real plan for the solution of our transportation problems. This could be accomplished without encouraging war hysteria on the one hand or railroad timidity on the other. It could be reached in an atmosphere of calm discussion and with conclusions which might bring to all a better appreciation of not only the dangers to our system if we enter war but also the dangers to our economy of our lack of planning in peacetime.

Unless this is done Washington observers see trouble ahead in case of war, or in case of an unexpected emergency short of war. On the outbreak of war, they fear, a sudden economic dislocation may bring a transportation crisis. If that occurs the carriers may face, in the atmosphere of a crisis, drastic government control if not government ownership. Even if transportation difficulties develop more slowly, the problem of government control might become a political football to the ultimate detriment of efficient prosecution of the war. Therefore, it would seem desirable that all interested parties—carriers, public, government, military—would do well to put Transportation in a higher place on the Defense agenda, to take some time off from consideration of Production, Raw Materials, and Labor in order to make sure that the wheels and transmission machinery of Defense are in shape for a war emergency.



EGYPT FACES WAR

BY M. E. RANDOLPH

EGYPT is news to-day. For many generations of Americans it was a Biblical place name; for later generations, a name on travel circulars and cruise advertisements, a name made glamorous by pictures of the Pyramids and Sphinx, with sheiks and their camels in the foreground. But little information was given of anything so unpicturesque as the modern life of the country, its government and place in the comity of nations. To-day Egypt and its Suez Canal constitute one of the two main objectives of the Axis war machine, and their fate will be a determining factor in the future of the world; yet modern Egypt is still so unknown and seemingly remote that many intelligent Americans are still asking, "To whom does Egypt belong?"

Egypt is an independent country, her form of government, a constitutional monarchy, with a Constitution based largely on that of Belgium. The Parliament consists of two houses, a Chamber of Deputies elected by universal male suffrage, and a Senate three-fifths elected and two-fifths appointed by the King. Normally the Prime Minister is the leader of the majority party. Since the outbreak of the War there has been a coalition government, but a coalition in which, at present, the leaders of the two largest parties are not taking part.

The young King, Farouk I, wields actually more power than is given to him by the Constitution. From the moment of his accession he won personal popularity by his youth, good looks, and re-

ligious devotion, which has given him the name of Farouk the Pious. He is a direct descendant of Mohamet Ali the Great, that able and adventurous Albanian soldier who went to Egypt in the Turkish Army, seized the country, and became its ruler, owing a nominal allegiance to Turkey. His family have ruled ever since, but the allegiance to Turkey was ended in 1914. During the years of the World War a British Protectorate was proclaimed, and a new ruler of the same family installed on the throne. In 1922 the Protectorate was ended and Fuad, the father of the present King, was proclaimed first King of Egypt. Egypt remained in the British sphere of influence, but a series of treaties were concluded in the period from 1922-1936 which gave Egypt more and more independence. Complete independence was achieved in 1936, when a treaty of alliance was concluded between the two countries. Egypt entered the League of Nations in 1937. By the Treaty of 1936 an alliance was concluded for twenty years. Great Britain's special interest in the defense of the Suez Canal was recognized, and the responsibility was left to British forces until the Egyptian Government was able to undertake the defense itself. Egypt itself was to defend Egyptian territory only, and the Egyptian armed forces were to be used in Egypt only. This condition was invoked by Egypt when it refused to send troops to serve in France in the winter of 1939-40.

The position of Egypt since the out-

break of hostilities has aroused much curiosity. The Government broke off diplomatic relations with Germany immediately and proclaimed a state of siege. German citizens were interned and German property put in the hands of a Custodian of Enemy Property. Similar action was taken when Italy entered the war on June 10th.

Why did Egypt not declare war actually? The reason for the non-declaration of war on Germany was that Germany seemed very remote to the realistic Egyptian politicians, and the issues of the first period did not seem to touch Egypt. But the invasions of small nations in the spring brought out the real issues of the conflict and when Italy entered, the war could no longer be considered remote. Yet again Egypt did not declare war. The delay—and it most likely is only a delay—is caused by a number of factors. Italian influence has been strong, particularly in the cities. There are some seventy thousand Italians resident in Egypt, the majority prosperous. All the big builders and contractors are Italian, and many of the bankers and merchants. The banking firm of the Mosseri family, for example, has an interest in almost every large business in the country and holds mortgages on a great deal of land. The Italians in Egypt speak Arabic, mix with Egyptians, and employ Egyptian labor. These Italians, long resident in Egypt (some of the important families have been there one hundred and fifty years) and clinging to their Italian nationality, form a fifth column. A fifth column, moreover, organized and led by Italians sent from Italy for that purpose; in many cases they are attached to the legation and consulates, in other cases they are ostensibly there for commercial reasons. The non-diplomatic leaders were for the most part interned when Italy entered the war, but the Italian Minister asked for special permission to leave the country for seventy Italians who had no official status, and whom he took with him on

his special train. The Italian Government maintained Italian schools in every city and large town, schools to which any Egyptian student could go free. Parties of such students were often given free trips to Italy in the summer vacation.

This influence, however, has been countered by that of the Egyptians who studied in English universities. (More than half of these students have married British women, and are sympathetic with British ideas and customs. Many Egyptian students abroad have married citizens of the countries they studied in; this custom has brought a number of foreign ideas into Egyptian home life. It has also tended to cause a shortage of husbands for Egyptian girls of the same class, and has produced a good deal of feminine discontent.)

The Italian diplomatic representatives in Egypt have always been carefully selected, selected not only for their ability and charm of manner, but also for the beauty of their wives. To insure the enhancement of this beauty by art, the government has always paid, and paid generously, for their toilettes. It may be noted here that the concession by Egypt of a large strip of the western desert to Italy some years ago was made at a time when the wife of the Italian Minister was considered the most beautiful and the best-dressed woman in Cairo. The Italian Government has also been generous in other ways. Isotto Franchinis and other Italian cars were often made available to influential Egyptians at a nominal price; decorations were given lavishly, so lavishly that it was the man who did not wear the Crown of Italy who was conspicuous at official functions.

There has never been any diplomatic standoffishness about the Italian Legation, and its officials have joined every club and society available. Its non-official representatives have also been good mixers. The leader of the fifth column was a rotund, genial man, a great admirer of the ladies, a lover of the good things of life, and a leading member

of the Rotary Club and other business men's organizations. His parties were famous for their merry if somewhat boisterous atmosphere and were very popular. He was universally regarded as a good sport, not intellectual but such good fun. The police, however, discovered he was a most capable organizer and efficient secret agent.

Italian tourist propaganda was highly developed. Egyptians were given preferential treatment not only on steamship lines and railroads but at all Italian resorts. Prominent Egyptians were given de luxe accommodations at nominal cost, and were often invited to attend conferences and festivals as guests of the Italian Government. Germany pursued the same tourist policy as Italy. Many Egyptians went to German spas for their annual cures and were treated with great consideration. Hitler always invited a number of political leaders and distinguished lawyers to the Nuremberg Conference as his personal guests.

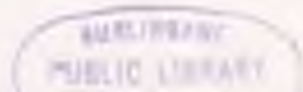
II

Another factor is the King's sympathies. His father before coming to the throne spent many years as an exile in Italy, where he was well received by the Italian Royal Family and became an officer of the Italian Army. His love of Italy remained after he became King and he surrounded himself with Italians. The palace architect and engineer, a Signor Verrucci, exerted enormous influence, and was suspected of being the medium for secret communications. He remained at the palace after King Fuad's death and did not leave Egypt until last June. Reports have been published in America that King Farouk was educated in Italy. This is not true. He was educated by private tutors selected from the teachers of the Egyptian Ministry of Education. The year before his father's death the British Government urged that he be sent to England to study; his father reluctantly consented, and he went to England accompanied by a large

staff. He spent about seven months there and was then recalled by his father's death. The influences of his childhood, however, have certainly given him at least a kindly feeling for Italy.

It is probable also that he has received assurances as to his throne. At the time of his accession there were negotiations for a Treaty of Friendship between Egypt and Italy. These were broken off when the Prime Minister, Ali Maher Pasha, left office. Maher Pasha was then appointed Head of the King's Household. He became Prime Minister again in the summer of 1939 and negotiations were reopened for the treaty with Italy. He left office after Italy entered the war, because he was considered by both the British and the majority of Egyptians too subservient to the King's wishes. He was replaced by Hassan Sabry Pasha, less able, but a friend of Britain.

Ali Maher Pasha was for many years the leader of the Ittehad or King's party, and was closely associated with the late King Fuad as well as with the present King. He is very intelligent, honest, constructive, and energetic. As Prime Minister he worked eighteen hours a day. He not only works hard himself but makes his subordinates work at top speed. He possesses marked executive capacity, and a large number of important administrative changes and reforms were carried out during his regime. He strengthened Egyptian relations with the Arab states and negotiated a treaty with Saudi Arabia which ended a long and bitter feud between that country and Egypt. He has long been influential in Pan-Islamic movements. When he was Prime Minister he sent a number of teachers and administrators from the Egyptian schools to Trans-Jordan and Iraq, he instituted scholarships for students from those countries in Egypt, and arranged conferences in Cairo on law, medicine, music, and a number of other subjects which were attended by the leaders of all the Arab states. His work in this field is probably closely connected with the King's ambition to become Calif.



In addition to these activities, Ali Maher Pasha found time to entertain extensively, to enjoy life, and to woo a young and beautiful wife. He is a man of strong character, and has the courage of his convictions. His weakness lies in his inability to accept criticism or to take advice. He is absolutely loyal to the King and considers the King's interests and Egypt's to be the same.

His brother, Ahmed Maher Pasha, is President of the Chamber of Deputies, and also a leader of the Saad party. He is as much a liberal as his brother is a conservative. He was closely associated with the Wafdist party for many years and was a bitter opponent of both British and palace influence. He fought violently for Egyptian independence in 1922. In 1937-38 Ahmed Maher Pasha, Mostafa Nokrashy Pasha, and a number of other Nationalist leaders disagreed with Nahas Pasha on Wafdist policy and formed a new party, the Saad, named after Saad Zaghloul Pasha, the George Washington of Egypt. The Saad leaders joined the coalition government and remained in the Cabinet until July, 1940, when they resigned because of Egypt's delay in declaring war on Italy. These men who fought England so long and so vigorously, who were exiled, imprisoned, and, in the case of Nokrashy Pasha, sentenced to death, are to-day the strongest advocates of Egypt's fulfilling completely her alliance with Britain and fighting by her side.

Sabry Pasha was an experienced politician, a former Minister of War, and of Finance, and Egyptian Ambassador in London. He was also a close personal friend of Sir Miles Lampson. Unfortunately, he was very tactless and irascible, and made so many enemies that the coalition government lost strength under his leadership. He died recently while reading the speech from the throne at the opening of Parliament. The Minister of War also died a few weeks ago while on an inspection tour. These deaths show the strain under which the Cabinet has been laboring.

The new Prime Minister is Hussein Sirry Pasha, an internationally famous engineer and the greatest authority on irrigation in Egypt. He was Under-secretary of the Ministry of Public Works for a number of years, and was afterward Minister, and has also served as Minister of Finance. His father was an equally great engineer, and was Minister of Public Works in every Cabinet for many years. He was the principal designer of the present irrigation system of Egypt. Hussein Sirry Pasha is a man of great intelligence, but of violent temper and ruthless disposition, and has never brooked interference by anyone. His honesty in an office which offered great opportunity for graft and his outstanding ability always put him in a strong position, and while he is not personally liked, he is respected by everyone in Egypt. His wife is the aunt of the Queen of Egypt. This relationship has brought him into close contact with the King, and it is said that he is the only man who has dared to lecture the King on his responsibilities and to reprimand him.

Sirry Pasha has always been respected by the British and has always been on good terms with them. He is one of the founders of the Anglo-Egyptian Union and is a member of its committee. His taking office seems likely to bring about a rapprochement between the King and Britain. One of his first acts has been to protest to Italy against the bombing of Egyptian territory, an indication that he will pursue a strong foreign policy. Under his leadership Egypt may soon enter the war.

Another important factor in the attitude of the government was the refusal of the Wafdist party to join the government. The Wafd or Nationalist party, which led the struggle for complete independence from Great Britain, was until recently the largest and most influential party in the country. It is so no longer, as a number of its leaders resigned and formed a new party, the Saad; but it still has influence, and undoubtedly

the government has hesitated to declare war without its support. It cannot be considered pro-Italian, and is in opposition to the King's influence in politics. Its refusal to take part in the coalition is due in part to its original policy of opposition to Britain, but still more to the personal dislike of its leader, Nahas Pasha for both the British Ambassador and the members of the present government.

III

Thus far the attack has been in the desert. The average Egyptian is indifferent to the vast deserts which form the largest section of his country. He thinks only of the Nile Valley and Delta, small in area but with fabulously rich soil, whence he draws his living and where he builds his cities. The Nile Valley is enormously long but narrow. It is less than half a mile wide at the extreme end of upper Egypt where great cliffs come almost to the water's edge. This tortured, twisted landscape looks as if an angry god had crumpled these rocks in his fist and hurled them down. At Assuan even the river itself is full of black basalt rocks over which the waters of the first cataract tumble riotously. The huge Assuan Dam was built above the cataract, and back of the dam a beautiful, peaceful lake was formed, its waters surrounded by the granite hills, from which the great obelisks of ancient Egypt were cut.

The valley widens as the river flows northward until it reaches its maximum width of about sixteen miles. This valley, its soil enriched by the silt the river has brought from Abyssinia and the Sudan for thousands of years, produces not only sufficient food for Egypt's sixteen million people, but also a surplus for export. The land gives four crops a year: three crops of cereals, beans and other foodstuffs, and one of cotton, which is considered the money crop. Egypt grows also fine vegetables and delicious fruit: oranges, grapefruit, limes, mangoes, melons, and strawberries. Be-

fore the war these products of Egypt's sunshine went to England and central Europe to enliven the dull winter menus. Egypt raises also the meat, eggs, and poultry consumed in the country, and turkeys, ducks, squabs, and quails are commonplace articles of diet the year round—commonplace, that is, for everyone but the Fellahin who raise them but are too poor to be able to eat them.

The government has hoped by its delay in declaring war to save this area of the Nile Valley and its cities, especially Cairo, from destruction. The vernacular name for Cairo, Masr, is also the name for Egypt, and the city represents everything dear to the Egyptian. The government itself is highly centralized, and everything from railroads to irrigation, public security to education, is controlled from the Ministries in Cairo. Cairo is also the seat of the Azhar University (the oldest existing university in the world; it will soon celebrate its thousandth anniversary), the center of Moslem learning and home of the religious leaders of Islam. Students come to the Azhar not only from the Arab states, but also from the Balkans, the Moslem districts of the U.S.S.R., India, Malaya, China, and the Philippine Islands.

Although Islam has no hierarchy, the Sheik of Al Azhar always has in the Moslem world almost the same prestige that the Pope has in the Roman Catholic world. He is the ultimate authority on all questions of doctrine and of Moslem law.

Another important consideration has been the water of the Nile. The whole country depends on the Nile as its sole source of water. Since the Italian occupation of Abyssinia there has been the possibility of Italy's diverting the waters of Lake Tsana, which flow into the Blue Nile, thus causing the annual flood of the river which produces the enormous quantities of water necessary for the Egyptian irrigation system. That this diversion has not occurred is probably due to the enormous engineering diffi-

culties, rather than to Italian kindness of heart. These flood waters are taken care of by a series of huge dams on the river, and the possible bombardment of these dams forms a great danger. Not only would agriculture be ruined by the resultant flood and subsequent drought, but the water supply of both countryside and cities would be affected; and as none of it has a drainage system capable of carrying off such enormous masses of water, epidemics would very likely ensue. However, the Royal Air Force raids on northern Italy have shown how difficult it is to destroy dams of this kind, so this danger may have been exaggerated.

Still another reason for the government's delay is the difficulty in obtaining reserve supplies of material. Such stores have to be bought from England, and the orders for the English forces have been given priority. It must be added that a good deal of the delay has also been caused, first, by the belief of many officials early in the war that Italy would not actually enter hostilities but would be content with her status as a nuisance in the Mediterranean, and second by an unfortunate situation in the Ministry of War, similar to one which existed in the War Department in Washington for so long. In Egypt the Minister of War, the Undersecretary, and the Chief of Staff of the Army were at loggerheads all during the winter. Third, there was the Eastern tendency of never doing today what can be put off until to-morrow, and the endless red tape of bureaucratic government.

Surprise has been expressed in many quarters that Great Britain has acquiesced in Egypt's policy of not declaring war. Again there are several reasons. Every facility in bases, communications, and supplies has been granted to the British forces. Second, the present policy has permitted normal agriculture, and all the British forces in Egypt can be fed, if necessary, by the country's products. Third, there is Egypt's position as leader of Islam. Not only is

Cairo a cultural and religious center for the Arabic-speaking world, but also for the Moslems of India and Malaya. The good will of these peoples, so ardently wooed by the Axis Powers, is very important to the British Empire. Thus the British authorities do not wish to give the impression of coercing Egypt. The advantages gained would be more than offset by the resulting Islamic unrest.

What additional strength could Egypt give to the British forces there? The Army is small but well trained, it is fully mechanized and well equipped. It was limited for many years to about 16,000 men, it was increased after 1936, and now has about 37,000. It has reserves to draw from as there is limited compulsory service. Students and graduates of the higher schools are exempt. A territorial army was formed in the winter of 1939-40, which should be useful in home defense. At the time of its formation it was announced that it would have a strength of 200,000 men. It is impossible to obtain accurate figures as to how many men are in training now. The requirements for the regular Army are strict, and the Egyptian soldier is a good specimen physically, intelligent, brave, with an intense love for his country.

These soldiers, while they are largely drawn from the same class—agricultural workers—come from all parts of the country and vary from the white-skinned Egyptian of the coast to the black-skinned Nubian. There is no color discrimination of any sort. They look very smart in khaki with the red tarboosh on their heads. In the desert a khaki cover with a visor and neckflap is put over the tarboosh to protect them from the sun. The Egyptian troops, especially the Nubians and Sudanese, have shown an amazing aptitude for mechanized warfare. The taxi drivers of the big cities rushed to volunteer last winter and are completely happy driving army trucks, at the maximum speed. In addition to the infantry and mechanized units, there

is the camel corps, whose function normally is to patrol the desert and maintain order there. They have played an important part in the suppression of smuggling, particularly of narcotics. They also search for persons lost in the desert, and numbers of tourists and sportsmen owe their lives to the camel corps' skill in tracking. They are mounted on the finest and speediest camels, as obedient as the best-trained horses. These camels have been known to attain a speed of forty miles an hour. The men are dressed in olive-drab tunics and shorts with turbans of the same color. They carry rifles and lances. The parade of this corps with pennants fluttering from the lances, and the camels stepping to music, in perfect formation, is a most picturesque sight. The King's guard are picked for their intelligence and fine physique. They are resplendent in uniforms of royal blue and scarlet with much gold braid, and are mounted on the finest horses, some companies on coal black horses, the others on pure white Arabs. In the spring of 1940 the Bedouin of the desert were armed by the government.

The officers of the Army are trained in the Military School in Cairo, where they go after taking the Egyptian Government baccalaureate. There is no officer caste. Until the last war most of the officers were Turkish, but to-day they are Egyptians drawn from all sections of the country. A British Military Mission arrived in Egypt in 1937. There has been since friendly and close collaboration with the Ministry of War. A number of the older officers formerly were in the Turkish army before the definite separation of the two countries, and are veterans of the Italo-Tripoli War, and thus are very familiar with the terrain of the Libyan desert.

A Cadet Training Corps was inaugurated in the boys' high schools in 1939 where it received full support from the headmasters and teachers.

The government possesses few planes, but there are a number of pilots avail-

able. Flying is the most popular form of transport in Egypt. The Misr Air Line operates air services all over the country. There are also a number of amateur owners with many flying hours to their credit.

Sea power is limited to an efficient coast guard service. Two Egyptian shipping lines operate in the Mediterranean in peacetime. A number of these ships are now chartered by Britain. One ship, the *Nil*, still operated by the Egyptian owners, arrived in New York the end of October, after an adventurous eight-weeks trip round the Cape. She undoubtedly brought a cargo of Egyptian cotton and returned with equipment for the British and Egyptian armies. It is to be hoped that modern planes were part of her cargo.

The Egyptian railroads are efficient and a new series of military roads were built across the country between 1936 and 1940. No roads were built in the western desert between Mersa Matruh and the Libyan frontier. The Italians, after their advance in September, constructed a rough road between Libya and Sidi Barrani. The British control both a good desert road and railway line between Mersa Matruh and Alexandria.

The entry of Greece into the war will make a number of soldiers available in Egypt as there are about one hundred thousand Greeks resident in Egypt.

IV

The attitude of the Egyptian people now toward Britain is interesting. The bulk of the people sympathize with Great Britain and hope for a British victory. The Egyptian is good-humored, intelligent, religious, and capable of hard work, but he dislikes responsibility; he has a natural talent for intrigue, and prefers the complex and devious method to the simple and straightforward. His two principal interests are the land and politics. That land which has produced so bountifully for five thousand years or more seems to him the one certainty, the

sole source of wealth and security. He distrusts business of all sorts. Only a small proportion of Egyptians have entered the business world. The group of enterprises controlled by the Misr Bank, which include banking, shipping, commercial aviation, and manufacturing, show that the Egyptian is capable of succeeding in business; but in general enterprises of this nature have been left to the Italians, Greeks, and Jews in the country. To everyone from the Fellah who works, together with all his family, in the fields without stopping from before sunrise until darkness drives him back to his mud-brick village, to the government official who saves every penny of his pay to buy another acre, land represents the most precious and desirable possession.

The Egyptian's second absorbing passion is for politics. In the luxurious clubs of the great landowners and higher officials, in the cafés of the middle classes, and curbstome gatherings of the poor, it is the topic of conversation. The illiterate gather round one who is fortunate enough to be able to read, and listen eagerly to every item of political news, and discuss it vigorously afterward. Every café supplies newspapers for the use of its guests and the habitués usually read four or five papers daily. The radio has brought red-hot news from the capital to the most remote village of the country, where the Fellahin gather at night in the one café or squat before the house of the Omdah (village headman) by the light of a kerosene lamp, to hear the broadcast and discuss the wisdom of the latest decisions of the Council of Ministers. A native shrewdness and mental realism, the result of having had to face the hardest kind of life from earliest infancy, give a pungent flavor to these discussions. In a country of universal male suffrage where three-quarters of the people are peasants this village opinion is indeed important. It may be noted that very seldom has a political party stayed in power more than a year, and that a change of governments usually occurs in summer when tempers rise with

the thermometer. These people, so long under foreign masters, value their present freedom, their right to vote, their free speech, their free press. The Arabic press in Egypt is very able; its influence is so large, its news service so good that Marshal Pétain's government has forbidden its entry into Syria, and it has long been forbidden in the Arabic-speaking lands controlled by Italy. The Fellahin also remember the fate of the Libyans who were dispossessed of their lands in favor of Italian colonists.

The element in the country which had been reached by Axis propaganda were the students. Anxious to bring about changes and so-called reforms, they were impatient of delay, and admired the swift material results achieved by the Dictators. For a time a good deal of student oratory was poured forth in praise of totalitarian government. Colored-shirt movements were started, and were suppressed by the government only after a number of conflicts between the students and the police. The fate of the small countries of Europe in May, however, shocked most of the students into a more rational frame of mind. In general the people realize the issues at stake, and the bitter anti-British feeling has been replaced by a friendly one. The same people who fought fiercely for freedom with sticks, stones, rifles, and dynamite to-day cheer the British leaders and applaud the British soldiers. The most popular, incidentally, are the New Zealanders who quickly made friends and won liking by their cheeriness and lack of side.

The gharry drivers of Cairo especially are their devoted adherents, for the soldiers from "down under" have taken a great liking to these carriages with their old horses and ancient drivers, who are often oriental Sam Wellers, with sharp wit and salty speech. Six or seven New Zealanders will crowd into a carriage built for two, with some on the steps, a couple on the box with the driver, and occasionally one mounted on a horse post-boy fashion, and drive through the city

singing. Races are often organized, and four or five gharries will careen through the streets scattering pedestrians and causing traffic chaos in streets crowded with automobiles, army lorries, donkeys, and camels. The street hawkers with their trays of oriental jewelry and antiques made the week before in Luxor have also established good relations with the New Zealanders, and the New Zealand greeting, *Kia Ora*, has become a Cairo street cry. New signs show that the cafés too have found friends, and the "Orientales" and "Splendides" of peacetime have become "New Zealanders" and "Aucklands."

The Anzacs soon discovered Shepherd's Hotel and the Continental, and the lounges once filled with royalty, celebrities, and international society now echo their determined steps and cheery but loud voices. Cairo was shown the new democracy of Britain when New Zealand privates stood in Shepherd's bar next to officers of crack regiments like the 11th Hussars. The Rhodesians startled Cairo with their masculine pulchritude and strength. One small newsboy gazed with awe at their muscles and really magnificent shoulders and then cried out, "Allah, they must have been brought up with the lions and tigers and have wrestled with them."

A complete change in policy and attitude on the part of the British has helped enormously to establish good relations between the two nations. The policy of the British Government since 1936 has been to leave all Egyptian affairs entirely to the government of the country, and where British interests were at stake to achieve their ends by friendly negotiation. The British Government has been and is most ably represented by Sir Miles Lampson, first British Ambassador to Egypt, whose simple good manners and geniality won the liking of Egyptian leaders and gained many concessions from them. A new British-Egyptian social life has developed. Many individuals of the two nations have been friends in the past, and there has always

been a certain amount of entertainment exchanged; but now effort is being made to extend these friendly relations over the whole country. An Anglo-Egyptian Union has been formed with a large membership. It has a very pleasant clubhouse in Cairo, and an extensive program of lectures, excursions, and social gatherings. Since 1936 the British Council, under the presidency of Lord Lloyd, has opened a number of English schools for English and Egyptian children, institutes for adult education, and libraries.

Contrary to the prophecies of many foreigners, Egyptian morale was excellent both during the winter of 1939-40 and after Italy entered the war. The Egyptian is not naturally law-abiding and detests restrictions on his personal freedom; but blackouts were scrupulously kept, and Voluntary Air Raid Precaution workers performed their duties zealously. It was not possible to provide many shelters in the cities, and those which were provided were very shallow, as it is not possible to dig below two meters. Sufficient sacking to make the large number of sand bags necessary for the protection of buildings could not be procured from India, and in June there were gas masks for only about half the population, because of difficulty in obtaining them. Even so there was no panic the evening Italy's declaration was known. It was believed then by both the British and Egyptians that if Italy did enter the war she would loose an immediate attack on Egypt, particularly from the air. Yet the people of Cairo went on sitting at cafés, dined, and danced, and went to the cinema as usual. There was, it is true, a feeling of tension; there was a complete blackout, for some hours all power was turned off by the electric company; but there was not one cry of alarm to be heard. Nor was there any disorder. Italians were present at the hotels and restaurants. At one large, popular open-air restaurant peoples of every nationality dined by dim candlelight. There were calls from one table

of Italians to another, "What, you have not been arrested yet?" Italian and Egyptian acquaintances greeted one another amiably. British officers placidly ate their dinners. The Greeks present were contemptuous, their opinion summed up by one of them who said, "Italians are fools, they never use their heads." The Italian agitators were quietly rounded up by the police about two o'clock in the morning and taken to internment camps. Other Italians were left at liberty under police surveillance. There were no demonstrations of any sort. A police cordon was thrown around the Italian Legation, but there was no need for it.

There were many searchlights in the sky that night, British fighter-planes soared overhead, the police wore tin hats and carried gas masks and rifles, British army trucks packed with soldiers rumbled through the streets on their way to desert posts, barbed wire was put across certain streets, and some barricades were erected near the Army headquarters and vital ministries; but the people of Cairo went quietly to bed. It is a tribute both to the police and the people that no crimes have been committed at any time during the blackouts.

Egypt has long been a most tolerant land, where people of every nationality and belief have been able to live according to their wishes and customs, without interference by Egyptians. Their tolerance was proved to the utmost that night of crisis.

V

Aside from its importance as a battlefield, the fate of Egypt is interesting to Americans because Egypt has become an important market and distributing center for American goods. American automobiles have a large sale; about three-quarters of all the cars and trucks used are American. In addition, General Motors has at Alexandria an assembly plant and its head office for sales in the Near and Middle East. American agricultural machinery and tractors have

developed a good market. American canned goods, medicines, toilet articles, clothing of all sorts, and motion pictures have a big sale. An American steamship line operated profitably between New York and Alexandria. It has now been forced to withdraw from that run by the State Department embargo. The largest investment of all is that of the oil companies. Egypt has been a distributing center and the site of the head sales offices of the Socony-Vacuum Co. and the Texas Co. for an extensive district including Palestine, Syria, Iraq, Iran, Greece, and Turkey. In 1938 American companies began drilling. The Standard Oil of California in conjunction with the Texas Oil Company, and the Standard Oil of New Jersey, brought out numbers of geologists, drillers, and other experts and their equipment and began sinking wells. Enormous sums of money and great effort were expended, but the war forced them to stop work before any profit was obtained.

Egypt was the scene of Moses' miracles, and to-day another miracle may occur there, the decisive battle for Western civilization; for British staff officers have repeatedly said that in their opinion Egypt would be ultimately the main battlefield of this war. Ironside's summing up was that Egypt offered ideal conditions, good bases, and plenty of space to move about.

This statement was made before Germany moved into Rumania, and Italy attempted the invasion of Greece. It is still too early to estimate the ultimate effect of the Greek campaign on the situation in the Middle East, but it seems probable that this campaign has not changed the locale of the main battlefield, but only the time when the battle will take place. It is probable also that the leading role in the attack on Egypt will now be taken by Germany. Italy may be able to rally and eventually overwhelm Greece by immensely superior man power, but even so, it now seems that it will be absolutely impossible for

her to dislodge the British from Crete. As long as Britain is based there it will not be possible for Italy to reinforce her army in Libya or supply it adequately. Libya is not a fertile country; in the best years the Italian colonists wring only a sparse living from its soil, and the army has always had to be fed, watered, and equipped from Italy. The British Navy and Air Force with only Alexandria as a base have been able to hamper this supply line so much that Graziani, a veteran of desert warfare, tough and capable, was unable to advance much beyond the frontier. While the wells of Sollum and Sidi Barrani contained enough water for his advance force, there was not sufficient for his whole army. There are no wells between the Sollum, Sidi Barrani area, and Mersa Matruh, which is strongly held by the British. It is not possible to obtain any food supplies in the desert. Based on Crete, the British forces should be able to cut this supply line still more and to immobilize the Italian air and naval units at Rhodes and Leros.

The success of the Greek Army in Albania and the success of the British in Egypt have given the latter release from immediate danger, and the British a chance to take the offensive in the western desert. Even if the British defeat the Italians completely, the strategic importance of Egypt and the Suez Canal would remain unchanged. Their possession must remain a goal of the Axis. If the Italians are unable to take them, it is probable that the Germans will undertake a Middle East campaign. Since the transport of large bodies of troops across the Mediterranean has been made impossible by the British possession of Crete, the increased British naval and air forces in that sea, and the weakening of the Italian fleet at Taranto, the Germans will have to move overland. It is absolutely impossible now to estimate the difficulty of this move or the length of time it would take. If the magnificent Greek resistance has

broken the magic spell of Axis invulnerability, if Yugoslavia and Turkey decide to resist aggression, the German Army will have a major battle to fight before undertaking the march to the oil fields of Iraq and the waters of Suez. It would have, anyway, immense difficulties of terrain to overcome and would have to maintain a very long line of communications.

The attitude of the French authorities in Syria and of the large and well-equipped French Army there to such a German advance is not known; but judging from the past and present actions of the Vichy Government, it seems unlikely that they would resist. Free passage through Syria would bring the German Army to Palestine and would probably transfer the main Middle Eastern battlefield from the western to the eastern deserts of Egypt. This great desert of Sinai is even more inhospitable than is the western desert. Sinai is almost completely dry and has steep, rocky ridges which would make the passage of mechanized troops difficult. There is, however, a new asphalt road across this desert. For the defense of this area the British have a large body of Australian troops in Palestine, considerable forces along the Canal itself, good air bases, and the fleet based on Port Said and Suez. The new roads built by the Egyptian Government will enable the British to rush troops to the Canal Zone from other parts of Egypt.

There have been so many surprises to date in this war that all predictions are hazardous; but from the information now available it seems probable that if Britain can hold out at home it will be possible for her to defend successfully Egypt and the Canal, and to win the Middle East campaign.

The pagan creed of Nazism may thus receive its mortal blow in that part of the world which gave birth to three religions, Christianity, Judaism, and Islam.



A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF . . .

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

IN 1937 an English professor of political science gave a lecture at the Sorbonne. He talked to four or five hundred students on the subject of parliamentary government, which his country originated and to which it has remained faithful. He said that this form of government is a curious compromise between the concept of struggle—natural to individuals—and the concept of unity—the neglect of which means the downfall of society.

"A parliamentary democracy," he said, "is a state in which the minority, after an election, agrees, for a fixed period of time, to be governed by the majority, and even during this period to collaborate with the leaders of the majority in all that is essential to the national existence. Naturally this attitude is possible only *when the minority is sure of being protected by certain fundamental principles which the majority also believes in.* In England these principles have grown up through long usage; in America they are codified in the Constitution; in all free nations they guarantee the minority against the abuse of power.

"If the minority should lose confidence in the good faith of the majority, as far as fundamental principles are concerned, the change from one party to another—which is the essence of democracy—would no longer be possible. A minority which has strong reasons to fear the violence of the opposite party would not let, without a struggle, the police, the army, the finances of the nation fall into the hands of the majority. The reason why

parliamentary government is almost completely successful in England is because of the general desire 'to make the thing work.' In England all parties, conservatives, liberals, and laborites, entertain and proclaim the same respect for fundamental liberties. Party conflicts are necessary to the existence and healthy condition of a self-governing country, but they must not be carried so far as to endanger the security of the State. . . . *A house divided against itself cannot stand.*"

In conclusion, our Englishman compared a nation in a time of crisis to an automobile running along a narrow road on the brink of a precipice. "The travelers," he said, "have every right to disagree about the hours for meals, about the choice of a hotel, about the tips for the chauffeur; they have the right to discuss these questions and to settle them by vote. But if the discussion becomes a quarrel and the quarrel so violent that the automobile crashes down over the precipice, then opposition parties and government will all be victims of the same and final catastrophe."

I entirely agreed with the speaker, but I had the impression that he did not meet the approval of all his French hearers. There were present young men of the Extreme-Right and others of the Extreme-Left, whose passions were unforgiving, and whose hatreds were implacable. It was evident that the systematic moderation of the British visitor and his appeal to unity irritated them. France was, at that moment, undergoing

an extremely dangerous period of her history, and the road she was following on the border of the precipice of a second World War was narrow and terrifying. It was sad to see, on the faces about me, sentiments so violent that they made those who experienced them oblivious of the very existence of the precipice.

And yet, twenty years earlier, during a four years' war, France had experienced the blessings of unity. She had formed ministries of *Union Sacrée*, in which socialists had collaborated with industrialists, republicans with monarchists, anticlerical radicals with militant Catholics. It cannot be denied that human nature, from 1914 to 1918, was just the same as it is to-day, as it ever was; there were plenty of quarrels, personal rivalries, and party enmities. It was often necessary to upset and reorganize ministries, to dismiss certain men, to smooth down certain sensibilities, but these internal contests were never so violent that they pushed all the conflicting groups down the precipice of defeat. Always in these grave moments devotion to the country triumphed over factions, and thanks to this, in spite of thousands of causes of dissension, the nation which had kept united was victorious.

II

Why, then, was this same country not capable of the same discipline in 1939? It is important to answer this question if one wishes to understand what are the conditions of national unity when it is not imposed by force.

The first cause of the irremediable disunity of the French nation after 1919 was the Russian revolution. The Communist revolution disquieted the middle classes in France infinitely more than they had been disquieted by the Socialist party. Although this party had for a long time called itself "revolutionary," no one before 1919 really seriously believed in its desire for violent revolutionary action. Jaurès, who was its leader, was fiercely opposed by men of

the Right, but most of those who opposed him were aware in their hearts that Jaurès was a French bourgeois, cultivated, liberal, honest, patriotic, wholly lacking in malice—an adversary but not an enemy.

The Russian revolution brought a new and redoubtable ideology. It rejected all the principles of the French revolution and of Christian civilization. . . . It no longer believed in the respect of covenants, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, charity. . . . It wanted the dictatorship of the proletariat, and did not hesitate to establish this by violent means—even by cruelty, even by massacres. Its leaders declared openly that they wanted not only the ruin, but the destruction of the bourgeoisie. It was impossible that the bourgeoisie should agree without a struggle to such a program. In some countries, first of all in Italy, the bourgeois resistance took the form of another revolution—which was fascism.

The fascist revolution, under its diverse forms, was to spread to Germany, to Spain, to Roumania, and to forget completely what its origins had been. It was to end up even by allying itself with the Russian revolution and to take over many of its methods. But in its beginnings it appeared to the threatened and bewildered bourgeois as a method of defense.

And in France too, in imitation of foreign revolutions, there grew up on the one hand a very powerful Communist party which would end by having more than seventy deputies in Parliament, and, on the other hand, certain rightist groups and leagues, often rivals, but all united in their scorn of parliamentary government. After the street battle of February 6, 1934, the fear of fascism threw the old French left republican parties, radicals and socialists, into the arms of the Communists, and France was governed, after June, 1936, by the *Front Populaire*, in which the Communists had preponderant influence.

How could one expect the French

middle class to accept the advent to power of a Communist party as a normal event in a democratic regime? A group of citizens cannot at one and the same time reject the principles of parliamentary government, organize openly a dictatorship of the proletariat, and take advantage of the beneficent tolerance which it refuses to other parties. Let us recall the doctrines of our British professor, which is the true parliamentary doctrine: "A parliamentary democracy is a state in which the minority, after an election, agrees, for a fixed period of time, to be governed by the majority, and, during this period, to collaborate with the leaders of the majority in all that is essential to the national existence. Naturally this attitude is possible only when the minority is sure of being protected by certain fundamental principles, which the majority also believes in."

Could these conditions be realized, in France, in 1939? Unfortunately not. In point of fact, from 1934 to 1939 France was no longer a democratic state. The normal game of party system—the swing so favorable to the correction of errors—ceased to be possible from the moment when the parties of the Extreme-Left desired the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the groups of the Right, some sort of authoritarian government.

Foreign propaganda, which hoped to destroy French unity in order to conquer France more easily, made very clever use of French dissension. It sought to erase from the minds of Frenchmen all respect for the regime. It taught them the use of violence of expression, scorn for the traditional French liberties, hatred toward all critical and free minds. The search for truth tends to unite the citizens of a country. Foreign propagandists sought to teach the French contempt for the truth—a contempt which they had been successful in arousing in their own countrymen. One no longer asked: "Is such a fact true or false?" but rather: "Is it to the interest of the party to affirm that such a fact is correct?" In this way, it soon became

impossible to cross the gulf which separated the two Frances.

III

What were the consequences of this complete lack of unity? The automobile fell down the precipice, carrying with it to a common ruin men of the Right and of the Left. It is easy to distinguish the immediate causes of the catastrophe. *First, the violence of political passions slowed up and endangered armament production.* How can there be a satisfactory output from factories when workmen, engineers, and owners are no more on speaking terms, when industrial leaders are ignorant of what the attitude of the government toward them will be next day, when a portion of the workers is even opposed to the government on the policy for which the armaments they are making are to be used? And how can the head of the government give necessary attention to the security of the country when he must continually defend himself at home against political adversaries who do not want to collaborate with him any longer, even for national defense?

Then the lack of national unity made impossible the search for a foreign policy in conformity with national interests. In 1914 France entered the war surrounded by friends: England, Russia, Serbia, Japan, Belgium, later Italy, Roumania, and still later the United States. This magnificent constellation of allies had been formed by a generation of great ambassadors, and they themselves had been chosen and sustained by a great minister: Delcassé.

But how would it have been possible, before the war of 1939, for a minister, even the best of them, to assemble a group of allies about France when, if he tried to approach any country, the half of *his* own country cried out: "Oh, no! Not that one! . . . Because we disapprove of its ideology we will not be supported by its air force." The unhappy minister could have replied that such had not been the method of the great

Frenchmen of the past, that Richelieu, a Catholic cardinal, had not hesitated to ally himself with Protestant powers, that François I, very Christian king, had allied himself with Moslem Turks when one or the other believed that the security of France required these sacrifices. But the modern minister, knowing little history, preferred to fall back on a purely passive policy, and France lost her friends one after the other.

When there is no real unity the policy of a country has no longer any continuity. Naturally the lack of continuity is the very essence of a democracy, since this form of government supposes and demands a change of parties. But when there is national unity, the change of parties does not impede the progress of great affairs. In England the head of the government and the head of the opposition have often worked together. In America we have just seen the opposition party offer its collaboration in all that concerns national defense. In France the same Ministers of Foreign Affairs—Briand, Delcassé—have remained in power in governments which held opposite views in internal affairs.

This can no longer be the case when foreign policies, and even national defense, are colored by ideologies. From 1936 to 1939 how could aircraft production be organized? Should it be made a state industry, or should private industry be encouraged? This was a legitimate question to be asked *if the reply were based on national interest or on production*. But as a matter of fact, the answer was based on politics, and every minister knocked down what his predecessor had built up because he did not share his views. It was the same in regard to war profits. What profits should be allowed to industries working for national defense? There too the answer might have been dictated by a sense of fairness or by the necessities of production. As a matter of fact, it was dictated by distrust or hostility which paralyzed all effort. The methods of 1914 had given better results.

And the army itself, in spite of the indisputable patriotism of the majority of officers and men, had been weakened in certain of its elements by this lack of unity. As long as the outlook was favorable, members of the Fifth Column did not dare show their sentiments, but from the moment of the first reverse the existence of hostile nuclei became a grave danger. Nothing was easier for a conscious or unconscious propagandist, when things were going badly, than to arouse passions, excite fears, and find fault with a resistance which he declared was useless. A united country can stand a retreat to the Marne and later make a successful attack; a disunited country is demoralized by a retreat and cannot reassemble its forces.

IV

Some have drawn from France's terrible disaster conclusions unfavorable to all free governments. "You see," they say, "that free governments are feeble, slow, unfit for action and will always succumb to authoritarian governments." I do not believe that such reasoning is justified. In 1914 the coalition of free governments was victorious over authoritarian governments. The only one of the Allies which went to pieces before Germany and Austria was Russia—a despotic government.

As a matter of fact, France, in February, 1934, had ceased to be a parliamentary government of the regular type with periodic rotation of parties. She had agreed to the overthrow, by a street riot, of a government that had a majority in Parliament. In June, 1936, *she was virtually in a state of civil war*. It would be intellectually dishonest to blame free institutions for what happened to our unfortunate country at a time when free institutions had ceased to function. But it is right, and even necessary, to ask ourselves what are the conditions which free institutions require in order to survive.

First of all, loyalty toward one's own

country must always be above loyalty to one's party, because if the country is conquered and enslaved, the party will go under with it. A democracy, no matter how it respects freedom of opinion—and indeed, because it respects freedom of opinion—cannot allow propaganda which tends to destroy loyalty to the country, and which is paid for by foreign powers. It commits suicide if it permits this. Freedom of opinion is not freedom of treason.

Then also all parties must unite in a common effort when the national defense is in question. That does not mean that they must renounce their opinions or their programs. Nor is it against national unity to pursue useful social reforms. On the contrary, such reforms can make a stronger unity by redressing abuses, and so strengthening the loyalties of certain groups which injustice might influence to rise against the community.

But the appeasement of one half of the nation should never be bought at such a price that it antagonizes the other half. What made the campaigns of the *Front Populaire* dangerous—and mortal to France—was not in the least its desire for reform. It would have been relatively easy to make the entire country willing to accept equitable reforms. But the trouble was the aggressive and even spiteful manner in which they were prepared and carried out.

A great country is always divided al-

most equally between two great parties, which in France, in the past, were called "*la Résistance et le Mouvement*," that is Conservative and Progressive. In the United States to-day one may say that the Progressives claim 55 per cent of the votes; the Conservatives, 45 per cent. In France, even at the time of the elections of 1936, the real proportion was about the same, and it is always a mistake to believe that a free country can be governed in opposition to the will of half of its inhabitants.

It is always a mistake to set free men against one another since, whether they like it or not, they must, in time of war, and even in time of preparation for war, work or perish together. It is always a mistake to believe that one can build up anything great and lasting on hatred. Hate breeds hate; love breeds love; reason replies to reason. Let those who want to learn with what nobility a statesman can treat an adversary take note of the funeral eulogy of Neville Chamberlain by Winston Churchill. By such means, and not by "vilification and abuse," are built up communities able to resist the challenge of war. A country that in time of danger *must* be united cannot permit envy or fear to dig an impassable gulf between parties.

This is the lesson of France's disaster, and I am convinced that France herself will draw from it in the future the secret of her rebirth.



One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

THURSDAY. This morning made preparations for building a boat—the first boat I ever prepared to build. Bought ten cents' worth of wicking and borrowed some caulking tools, and prepared myself further by asking a man how to build a boat and he told me. It is to be a small scow, made of native cedar. Heard deer hunters beating through the woods this afternoon, hollering and carrying on.

Sunday. All morning at work boat-building. Had a stove going in the shop and, although it was a cold rainy morning, all was cheerful inside. The cedar shavings smell good and are worth the effort of planing. The boat has been named *Flounder*. I am perfectly happy doing anything of this sort and would rather construct something than do any other sort of work. When I needed a three-eighths-inch dowel stick I had to dismast a small American flag and use the staff, but it worked well and is now an integral part of *Flounder*.

Tuesday. Arose at six on a cold morning and by truck alone to Waterville to keep an appointment with a medical man, a drive of about eighty miles, but I would travel farther than that to find relief for a sick nose. Anyway, I like travel for its own sake, either with others or alone. It was quite cold in the cab of the truck and I had to stop occasionally to thaw out. Passed some grave diggers in a cemetery, and they were having hard going through frozen ground but were eager and undismayed.

While waiting to see the doctor bought Anne Lindbergh's book *The Wave of the Future* and read it sitting in the truck. It is called a "confession of faith," but I couldn't make out what it is she believes in and did not think it a clear book or a

good one. So read it all through again, and I think she wants a good world, as I do, but that she has retreated into the pure realm of thought, leaving the rest of us to rattle with the bear. Mrs. Lindbergh feels that the war is so large and so dreadful that a man must at all costs keep his perspective and look at it in the broader way; but I think it is even more dreadful than that, and that we ought to fight and win it. And she says that the things that are going on in the world today are so tremendous and significant that we should concentrate on taking the beam out of our own eye and never mind the mote in our neighbor's; but I do not like that advice and do not intend to take it, for in this instance the spectacle of my neighbor's mote is of such a character that it has moved me to tears and the tears are dissolving my beam at a fair rate—which is as good a way to get rid of it as any.

As I read and re-read *The Wave of the Future*, parked at the curb of a town of the present, watching the flow of life in a New England community on a winter's afternoon, I kept waiting for the expression of faith that did not come. Mrs. Lindbergh speaks of the dream of the future, which is to be realized by taking advantage of the "great forces pushing in the world"; but either by accident or by design she identifies these great dream-fulfilling forces with the push in Germany, Italy, and Russia. In the revolutionary turbulence of fascist countries she finds a promise and a token—an ultimate answer to poverty, unemployment, depression. She speaks of a dying civilization, and her implication is that its rebirth will be in the new style now on exhibition in European show windows; but I do not agree, and do not believe

that the forces which motivate fascism are any more important in future-building, or any more promising, than, for example, the forces which are resisting fascism. Each is a part of our future, the one as passionately as the other. Mrs. Lindbergh suggests, flatly, that we not resist the wave which approaches. "It is a sin against Nature," she says, "to resist change." But I think I shall go on resisting any change I disapprove of, for I do not think change, *per se*, is anything much, nor that change is necessarily good. As for sinning against Nature, I do that every time I take a drink, but it is not the whole story of alcohol by any means, and anyway, fascism sins against Nature more grievously than anything I ever saw, because it proposes to remove (and does remove) so much of what is natural in people's lives. Mrs. Lindbergh pines for the days of her father when, she said, a person could discuss differences of opinion intelligently and dispassionately without being branded "pro" or "anti"; and I believe in that sort of discussion too and so cannot understand her pleading in the next breath that we do not resist the forces which are pledged to destroy parliaments and senates and congresses and newspapers and courts and universities.

The future, wave or no wave, seems to me no unified dream but a mince pie, long in the baking, never quite done. The push of eager, dispossessed, frustrated people, united zealously under a bad leader, is one ingredient; the resistance of those whom this push hurts or offends or threatens is another. To Mrs. Lindbergh the push of the one (for reasons which she doesn't explain) is the new, hopeful current in life; the resistance of the others is the old, decadent, disagreeable current. It seemed odd, sitting with my feverish nose and being told by Anne Lindbergh that fascism was the wave of the future, when she knows as well as I do that it is just the backwash of the past and has muddied the world for centuries. "Somehow," she says, "the leaders in Germany, Italy,

and Russia have discovered how to use new social and economic forces; very often they have used them badly, but nevertheless they have recognized and used them. They have felt the wave of the future and they have leapt upon it."

I think it is only fair to ask Mrs. Lindbergh to name one *new* social or economic force that has been discovered by dictators. I can't think of any that aren't as old as the hills. The force which Hitler employs is the force generated by people who have stood all the hardship they intend to, and are exploding through the nearest valve and it is an ancient force, and so is the use of it by opportunists in bullet-proof vests. The turbulence on which she builds her dream of a better world is an historically discouraging phenomenon, but I think it is a common fallacy to say that because a movement springs from deep human distress it must hold thereby the seed of a better order. The fascist ideal, however great the misery which released it and however impressive the self-denial and the burning courage which promote it, does not hold the seed of a better order but of a worse one, and it always has a foul smell and a bad effect on the soil. It stank at the time of Christ and it stinks to-day, wherever you find it and in whatever form, big or little—even here in America, the little fascists always at their tricks, stirring up a lynching mob or flagellating the devil or selling a sex pamphlet to tired, bewildered old men. The forces are always the same—on the people's side frustration, disaffection; on the leader's side control of hysteria, perversion of information, abandonment of principle. There is nothing new in it and nothing good in it, and to-day when it is developed to a political nicety and supported by a formidable military machine the best thing to do is to defeat it as promptly as possible and in all humility.

I think it is inaccurate of the author of *The Wave of the Future* to ascribe modernity to such old chestnuts or to imply that they bode good for the world. She

herself states that the evils in the system are the "scum on the wave," but makes it clear that this *is* the wave. It is of course anybody's privilege to believe that a good conception of humanity may be coming to birth through the horrid forms of nazism; but it seems to me far more likely that a good conception of humanity is being promoted by the stubborn resistance to nazism on the part of millions of people whose belief in democratic notions has been strengthened. Is my own intellectual resistance, based on a passionate belief that the "new order" is basically destructive of universal health and happiness, any less promising than the force of nazism itself, merely because mine does not spring from human misery but merely from human sympathy? I don't see why. And I do not regard it as a sin to hang fast to principles of a past which I approve of and believe are still applicable and sensible merely because they are, so to speak, "past" and not "future." I think they are future too, and I think democracy—which Mrs. Lindbergh seems to feel is sick of an incurable disease—is the most futuristic thing I ever heard of, and that it holds everything hopeful there is, because "demos" means people and that's what I am for, and whatever Nazi means it doesn't mean people, it means "the purebred people," which is a contemptible idea to build a new order on. Mrs. Lindbergh always uses quotation marks round the word democracy, as though it had to be held gingerly in the fingers. But I still think it a good word and a beautiful word, even after the drubbing it took on the campaign platforms of 1940, and I find the wave which it sets up a more agreeable wave than any other, and more promising and more buoyant and prettier to look at.

Mrs. Lindbergh says it is the duty of a writer to state the problem correctly, and I agree with her but do not think she has done a good job, because many of her statements, although accurate enough in themselves, are followed by an inferential remark which a logician

would find inadmissible. She tells me that the German people are not innately bad, which is correct and is not even news as far as I am concerned; but then she draws the inference that therefore the star the German people are following is good, which I think is illogical and a perversion of the facts. And she tells me that life is nothing but change, which is correct; and then implies that change is on that account beneficial, which I doubt in many cases. And she tells me that the fascist push originated in frustration and injustice, which I say is true and correct; and then infers that because the push stemmed from human misery it bodes good for the world, which I feel is fallacious, for I know a lot of things can start with human misery and not bring anything except *more* human misery.

And she tells me that this is not a war of good versus evil, which is correct, and then she says, No, it is more a war of past versus future, and I take it from a close study of her text that by "past" she means what has happened in England and France, and by "future" she means what is happening in Germany and Italy. And that is an inaccurate and really a very irresponsible statement to make. She says: "I do feel that it is futile to get into a hopeless 'crusade' to save civilization." Maybe it is, but I do not think it entirely futile to take up arms to dispossess tyrants, defend popular government, and promote free methods.

And she says look at the French revolution, there were plenty of atrocious things going on at that time, yet we don't judge it by the atrocities. So I looked at the French revolution, but did not find a parallel case; for the revolutionists in France were fighting because they were fed up with aristocracy and were seeking individual liberty; but in Germany the people were fed up not with a ruling class but with hard times and were surrendering their individual liberty on the promise that they would themselves become a ruling class and a ruling country.

"The things one loves, lives, and dies

for are not . . . completely expressible in words," she writes. No, they are not. But sometimes, with much pain a man can come close, and it is peculiarly desirable now that anyone who writes any statement such as *The Wave of the Future* should come as close as possible. After all, life is not entirely complex. It is certainly no figment of my imagination that to-day hundreds of writers and artists and scholars, whose lives and works are a monument to truth, culture, freedom, and tolerance, are muzzled—locked up in camps in the grip of the disease which Anne Lindbergh finds hopeful. Is this their wave of the future? I doubt it. They simply want to get out of camp and into harness again, and it's as simple as that.

I am determined to express, as nearly as I can, my disappointment with this book because I have heard many people speak of it and almost all of them said something like this: "Of course I don't agree with her about everything, but there's something to what she says just the same." And so I read it twice and with great care, sentence by sentence, to find what this mysterious something was, and it wasn't there, not for me it wasn't. Yet the book had a double fascination for me, because it contains so many small and rather attractive truths which all add up to make one big fallacy, and to a writer that is always a fascinating performance. And even after all my conclusions I do not believe that Mrs. Lindbergh is any more fascist-minded than I am, or that she wants a different sort of world, or that she is a defeatist; but I think instead she is a poetical and liberal and talented person troubled in her mind (as anybody is to-day) and trying to write her way into the clear. But although her first two books contained some of the best stuff and some of the best reporting I have ever read, this one reminded me of what Somerset Maugham wrote in *The Summing Up* when he said: ". . . there is a sort of magic in the written word. The idea acquires substance by taking on a visible

nature, and then stands in the way of its own clarification."

And when I went in at last to the doctor's office and was admitted I still was thinking about these matters and felt low in my spirits and spent, and it was the first time I had seen this doctor but he didn't look at me but just said: "What's matter?"

"My nose," I replied, but I was really thinking about Anne Lindbergh and wondering about her book and about what she believed and whether she had come close to expressing it, or not close, and whether it was the book of someone who was bothered by a confusion of loyalties.

"What's trouble with nose?" the doctor asked.

"Stuffed up," I replied.

And he asked me how old I was and I said forty-one, and he wrote that down on a piece of paper, and I wanted to say "My nose is forty-one too," but thought better of it. So I told him about my hay fever, which used to rage just in summertime but now simmers the year round, and he listened listlessly as though it were a cock and bull story; and we sat there for a few minutes and neither of us was interested in the other's nose, but after a while he poked a little swab up mine and made a smear on a glass slide and his assistant put it under the microscope and found two cells which delighted him and electrified the whole office, the cells being characteristic of a highly allergic system. The doctor's manner changed instantly and he was full of the enthusiasm of discovery and was as proud of the two little cells as though they were his own.

I'm to go back Tuesday to be skin tested, to see what foods and pollens and bits of fluff disturb me, but none of them disturb me so much as Mrs. Lindbergh's confession. These systemic disturbances are more mysterious than even doctors know, and these days he would have to scratch me with substances more subtle than rabbit's hair and duck's feathers to find my misery.



The Easy Chair



HOLIDAYS, 1940

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE pagan festival which the Christian Church took over and made into the Feast of the Nativity meant many different, sometimes discordant things, but was mainly associated with the sun's turning and, therefore, the renewal of human hope. All the corollaries of hope were also associated with the birth of Christ, redemption, fellowship, the common generosity of men at peace with one another. For among the titles of the Son of God the one with most healing in it was the Prince of Peace, and Christmas soon acquired the symbols that have been most nearly universal in the Western world, the crèche, the pilgrimage of the Magi, the star above the winter hills, the shepherds, the angels singing a canticle of peace on earth and goodwill among men. Never did they touch the heart more profoundly than in the holiday season of 1940 in America, the one continent where peace existed. One walked among the Christmas displays with an unutterable thanksgiving, thanksgiving of a unique kind, a kind that no American now alive had ever felt before. All Americans, probably, felt that rejoicing. And yet there mingled with it an apprehension which, though not altogether unique, was sharper than it had ever been before.

The shops, magazines, and newspapers showed that the holidays of 1940 were a prosperous time. The crowds were bigger than they had been for years, they had more money to spend, there would be more Christmas gifts, they

would be more ingenious and luxurious and expensive. Gayety ran like wind down streets which a considerate climate had dusted with snow; there was a sharp exhilaration, an intensity of high spirits that meant a realization of deliverance, of reprieve. Alone of all the continents of the world, America was at peace this Christmas, and one could only thank God for that escape into Egypt. But in the crowds, feeling the current of pleasure and the expectation of pleasure, or out of them, in quiet rooms above the street, by some fire of symbolic logs, thinking about them, sometimes one remembered how it had come about that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and why His parents had taken Him into Egypt. Herod, one remembered, had sought the young child to destroy Him and, being balked, "was exceeding wroth and sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under." The flight into Egypt, though it had saved a life, had cost many lives, and the gayety of these Christmas crowds was purchased with the bodies of many thousand children who had been put to the sword.

One day the *Times* reported the opening of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, which had been newly renovated and financed. They sang "The Masked Ball," and the performance was nearer the good old days than anything we have seen since the good old days ended, nearer than anything promised us by the Republican campaign

which was so recently over. The *Times* covered the event from all the traditional angles. Gowns of metal cloth had caught the reporter's eye, especially gold and silver cloth, and there were a good many mink coats, but the sables were more striking, and even the sables were less characteristic of the occasion, the reporter thought, than the plentiful ermines. There were impressive lists of names, striking photographs, and details that mounted up to something over two pages all told. That same night Southampton had been bombed in the intensive way that has given the language the verb "to Coventrize," and that was an interesting story too. The *Times* gave it just short of two columns.

The Wine and Food Society had held a "tasting" for six hundred guests. The paper did not say what the six hundred had tasted, but you could find out from shop windows, advertising pages, and the columns whose job it is to tell the epicure what to look for. The brandy situation was difficult, one read, and was certain to get worse. Really fine brandies, those worth the consideration of connoisseurs, were \$25 a bottle. However, since this was a prosperous Christmas, the connoisseurs had \$25, and the time had not yet come when they must learn to be content with inferior Spanish brandies and eventually of course the humble distillates of California. There was a surprising amount of \$25 brandy in town, and there were many more wines than could reasonably have been expected. They were a touch expensive, to be sure—champagnes at \$95 a case, for instance, and by the time you came to buy them, the column warned you, the price probably would have gone up to \$125. Still, whatever the price, the stocks were gratifyingly large, much larger than the experts had foretold, and one columnist guessed that the British were emptying their warehouses over here, to get exchange. He did not use the romantic adjective that is applied to wines in the ballads, which is "blood red," and he seemed to be confirmed by the abun-

dance of Scotch whisky. You could get it anywhere and at reasonable prices. Scotch at \$35 a case—that is what the mastery of the seas seemed to mean. While England still should stand there would be plenty of whisky for Americans. There was no romantic adjective for whisky, but an old phrase calls it the water of life, and to speculate on what mastery of the seas might currently mean for England would have blemished the holiday mood.

Shop windows were packed with food and the columns listed more than the windows could hold. Addresses were mentioned where gourmets could get genuine Virginia hams cured in private smokehouses, a distinguished, traditional victual; but for a change why not try the smoked turkey from Dutchess County which those who know have privately enjoyed these last few years? As a final service to those who know the smoked turkey has now been made available in a paste, excellent as an appetizer and most appropriate to Christmastime. The columns mentioned oyster-nuts and turtle fins as very fine too, and the same paper told about a newly arrived refugee who had escaped from a prison camp in France where the inmates had been eating grass boiled for several days to soften it. Another story said that more foods were being rationed in England, where no fruits except oranges could now be sold, and there was an advertisement in the *London Illustrated News* which considerate censors should have suppressed in deference to the holiday mood. It was a malted milk company's ad and it alluded, with a sketch, to "that awkward moment when children plead for something sweet." The moment was awkward because ships that might have carried sweets for children had to be used to carry sterner things for adult use. The headlines said that the Germans now had their submarines hunting, as their kindly phrase put it, in packs. The hunting was pretty successful, just before Christmas. So there was timeliness as well as whimsy in Paquin's madcap

mood, which had supplied the American market with silk handkerchiefs drolly printed with slices of buttered bread. Seven dollars apiece and going like hot cakes.

Toys were more ingenious than ever this year, and several writers admiringly noted that we shouldn't miss the German products since England was sending us so many of these ingenuities. Someone had thought to make several different sets of detachable legs for toy animals, so that they could be made to do tricks on the living-room floor. There were children's-size billiard tables, scooters with real gas engines, and practicable automobiles. Even more striking were the modernized dolls' houses with furniture to scale and gadgets out of the new age. There was a wicker basket for dolls, complete with blankets, and a bathroom with actual running water. There was also running water in the sink of a doll's kitchen that sold for \$48. That kitchen came from London where thousands of sinks did not have running water any more; but probably there were compensations, and a letter rejoiced that though there was no cream and little milk, still only seven windows in the writer's house had been broken so far. Furthermore, some of the people who bought those bassinets were knitting blankets for British babies, and one thing about war is that it reduces life to the simplicities, so that a cardboard box is just as good as a bassinet to put the baby in when you take him down to a bomb shelter. It was explained that when you paid \$48 for a doll's sink with running water you were helping Britain to win the war. You were building up exchange.

Other advertising slogans in *Sketch* and other British weeklies caught one's eye. There was a sleeping bag that looked warm, cozy, and quite matter of course. We use them in the north woods, but the picture showed "Mr. and Mrs. Everyman in their air-raid shelters." The mind filled in the picture with the Everyman children playing on the subway floor, while the bombs landing overhead were

just so much spring rain. The British, we said, are wonderful. Another slogan said, "Nerves at tension need attention," and so had no bearing here. Instead, the American ads pictured machines which were designed to give the purchaser a workout sitting down. They dispensed with exercise altogether and, the ads said, would bring the fat off in rolls.

The Turkish premier told his people to prepare for a war that would be made on the peasant in the field and the infant in the cradle. But an article in *Country Life*, with photographs, glossary, and test questions, showed how some of us were preparing to do our share. Fox hunting seemed to be doomed in England, but at Christmastime there were those over here who would dedicate themselves to keeping the great tradition alive. Some of them were insecure in the crusade, however, for the magazine had to print instructions telling them in detail how to behave, when to lift their hats, and what to say. Also it advertised English riding boots, shoes, hats, socks, cane seats. A few fine British fowling pieces were on sale, too light for use in defense and too expensive ever to be made again. You could also get decoys fitted with duck calls and a long tube with a bulb on the end of it; you could thus produce the call from the surface of the water. Much antique British silver which had belonged to someone once was building up exchange, and there were British woollens in all the shops, and a great variety of other things from overseas. Some of the windows showed open packing cases and a slogan, "Britain delivers the goods." The shops were showing the most co-operative spirit, they had practically signed an alliance, and it looked as if there was to be a British Christmas over here. Not the kind of Christmas the British were having in 1940, but full of goodwill.

America had found the answer. It was the answer to everything, it was perfect. A headline quoted an Administration promise that no retroactive taxes on 1940 incomes would be fixed in 1941.

That not only released a lot of money for Christmas cheer, it fitted right into the pattern that the nation was working out. Pattern of the man who learned how to lift himself by the boot-straps at last, or the problem of levitation solved after uncounted centuries of failure. Pattern of a happy people, or a people that would be happy pretty soon. We were going to win this war in the easy way. We were going to develop irresistible military strength by having one hell of a good time. Business was happy; look at the car loadings and the retail sales figures. Industry was happy with fat contracts, tax rebates, and a large hope for the open shop. Labor was happy in the knowledge that the forty-hour week wasn't going to be jeopardized in the name of production. The Treasury was happy for the national income was rising rapidly and next year's yield would balance a trick budget. What survived of the Brain Trust was happy, for defense spending plus British spending would cure unemployment—and there was the vision of other spending for Hitlerian express roads from New York to San Francisco that would absorb any post-munitions slack and would probably solve the railroad problem too by eliminating the railroads. The body politic was happy because it was getting an army and a navy which everyone knew would never have to be used, since blank cartridges and a fierce scowl would scare the Japs and Germans out of the hemisphere. Whether the Administration was happy had not been made clear when this magazine went to press, but it had not said anything to the contrary. If an English weekly quoted President Roosevelt's campaign assertion that "there is a great storm raging now," we would not protest its rudeness. Storms didn't scare

us; we had our mackintoshes, gum-boots and British Warmes, or someone else's. We had the answer. Security in war, world revolution, and the New Order turned out to be simple and comfortable after all. Just have a good time. Buy bassinets and bathe Berlin with bombs. Buy British. Anyway, buy.

Or: how to make dreams come true. Or: how to be happy and prosperous while stupider people fight. A sour note mingled with the Christmas chimes when *Life* and a newspaper syndicate published a speech which the German Minister of Agriculture had made in secret last May.

The Germans, it developed, had been considering whether the United States would try "to hinder us in our historical development," and had decided there wasn't a chance. "There is no fear that this demoralized country will mix in this German war." Certainly there was no fear at Christmastime. The opinion of the war lords was that the United States need not be taken into consideration as a military adversary. Just blank cartridges and a scowl; so Germany could shoot the works. They had their eye on the gold at Fort Knox which God, they said, had intended for them. So "the United States also will be forced by Germany to complete and final capitulation."

That penetrated the Christmas mood, but as a laugh only. Just part of the Christmas intoxication—or maybe the nation wasn't drunk so much as it was narcotized. Or maybe the Scripture had the word for Christmas, 1940, in America. "Yet a little sleep," the Good Book says, "a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." There was a good chance that something would break that slumber before Christmas of 1941.

**For information concerning the contributors in this issue,
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Harper's *Magazine*

FOR A MODERNIZED ARMY

BY MAJOR MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

IMPELLED by the swift and merciless defeat inflicted upon the Allied forces last spring by the Nazi army, America is hastily adding to her military man power and weapons, hoping thereby to attain security.

No one seems to remark upon the fact that it was not primarily lack of man power and weapons that led to the defeat of the French, British, and Belgian armies in France and Flanders. The evidence shows that there was a sufficiency of these factors, properly handled, to have held up the Nazi onrush. It was not lack of airplanes that impelled the French General Georges, when on May 14th he was offered the entire Metropolitan Bombing Force, to whittle his acceptance down to a mere one hundred airplanes—it was lack of military acumen—in other words a failure in leadership.

It was not lack of air power, weapons, or defenses that permitted the breakthrough at Sedan. Contrary to popular belief, this zone was strongly fortified, so strongly that its five-mile depth of trenches, pill boxes, barbed wire, tank

traps, and strong points should have cost the Nazis 500,000 men in breaking through. Instead, it cost them less than 500 lives. It was the terror induced by the German dive bombers which admittedly broke the morale of the French forces guarding that sector. British staff officers reported that two hundred fighter planes would have saved Sedan. There were two hundred fighter planes available in London. It was poor leadership that kept them there.

It was faulty judgment, *i.e.*, lack of military leadership, again displayed on May 20th, which sent the British bombers to attack objectives deep within Germany instead of concentrating them upon the nearer danger points—the river crossings of the Oise and the Meuse.

The German leaders were not supermen. There was nothing really new about their tactics—the use of highly mobile offensive units combining the utmost in fire and shock. Genghis Khan's horse-bowmen had used the same tactics centuries before. Unfortunately there was also nothing new about the failure of

the stereotyped methods used to combat the deadliness of this form of attack centuries later.

Lest we acquire a complacent superiority complex toward the defeated Allied generals we should ask ourselves if our American generals would have done any better under the circumstances.

There is much evidence pointing to the fact that they might have done even worse than, for example, the French General Staff.

This latter, rated at the close of the World War as the finest body of its kind in the world, allowed the mere fact of victory in that war to lull it into a somnolence, a lotus dream from which it was rudely awakened by the hard-driving Nazis. If our General Staff—which at the close of the World War ranked in efficiency somewhere below the French, German, British, Japanese staffs and even the smaller but exceedingly capable Swedish military staff—has allowed itself to be equally lulled into slumber by the mere fact of victory, we are in for a bad time of it should we be forced to meet a Blitzkrieg on the order of the one hurled with such disastrous results against the French. It would be wise to analyze the quality of our own military leadership before it is too late.

The trained military analyst bases his comparative rating of General Staff efficiency upon its ability to produce results in four major categories: 1. Speed and quality of mobilization. 2. Discipline. 3. Training. 4. Leadership.

The first element, Mobilization, involves the time in which a striking force, completely armed, equipped, and ready for battle, can be assembled for action. This, above all, requires careful planning.

Careful planning does not necessitate large legislative appropriations. Lack of careful planning cannot be blamed on public indifference or legislative stinginess. It needs only ink, paper, brains, and military skill mixed in the correct proportions. Yet our General Staff, organized in 1903, and watching the World

War from the sidelines for nearly three years, had no plans ready for 1917. It has had two decades since the World War—and it has no adequate plans ready for 1941. To take one example, witness the army housing program. Its slow progress is delaying the training of men because of the shortage of barracks and quarters. The Army alleges that circumstances over which it has no control have delayed the cantonments from one to ten weeks. The War Department cites "inaccurate estimates" as one reason. Who made and accepted the estimates? It cites "excavation trouble arising when water was found too close to the surface" as another reason. This, in reverse, is the excuse given for the Italian armies' defeat in Egypt! Not to be outdone, the War Department complains also of "insufficient water." "Heavy rains" and "heavy snowfalls" are also cited—incidentally the same excuses offered by the Italian High Command for the failure of its Greek offensive. "Unusual deposits of rock and shale" are further mentioned. Labor troubles form admittedly less than one per cent of the cause of delays—the others are mainly geographic and climatic. Geography and the weather are among the most important factors to be considered by fighting armies in the field. An army staff which neglects them in planning operations will inevitably court defeat.

Can our Army, which has not in twenty years devised workable blueprints for the comparatively simple peacetime construction of barracks, be trusted in wartime to plan the infinitely more difficult task of setting down an expeditionary force, at short notice, at a distant point, completely armed, equipped, and supplied not only against the vagaries of weather and the difficulties of terrain, but against the resistance of the human enemy as well?

From the evidence to date it does not look too hopeful. But there are other aspects of this element of mobilization. After the soldiers are housed in canton-

ments, what about their weapons? Remember that our men must be armed and equipped upon mobilization. It is not necessary here to retell the melancholy tale of our lack of weapons—the press has been full of it for months. What the press does not tell in detail are the disquieting rumors of poor design in the weapons already ordered—bombers with three different types of turret control; pursuit ships carrying outdated .30 caliber machine guns instead of cannon; tanks with inadequate armor and armament and too high and vulnerable in silhouette; lack of small fast tanks like the British Bren gun carrier; anti-aircraft guns too small in caliber and too low in effective bomber ceiling, and so on. In view of the past record of our Army's lack of progressiveness in weapons, this is not a hopeful sign. That past record includes incidentally the distinction of having turned down nearly every American military invention to date, including the Gatling gun, rejected in 1862; the Maxim gun, rejected in the 1900's; the Lewis gun, rejected in 1916; and other items including the Wright airplane. American military conservatism applied the policy of "wait and see" to those inventions as it applied the same policy to the question of heavy tanks so short a time ago. There is no valid reason why a nation as fertile in invention as ours should be from ten to twenty years behind other great powers in new weapons.

The French General Staff failed because it persisted in thinking in terms of 1914. That our equivalent military control body has likewise concentrated upon winning the last war is evidenced by the almost complete silence concerning the formerly much vaunted Industrial Mobilization Act, fashioned by the Army in the years since the last war. This act was supposed to permit us to step into wartime-equipment production overnight, with blue-prints, plans, and even machinery ready. Unfortunately it emphasized the production of equipment suitable for an outdated type of warfare, with its accent upon harness and

wagons rather than upon mechanized equipment and modern weapons.

Our American General Staff had access to the same set of lessons from the last war as did the German General Staff. Yet we find our own military control body at least twenty years behind the Nazi military leaders.

While the fault in weapon planning may be laid to the General Staff, the specific fault of slowness in weapon design and production, aside from air matériel, must be laid at the door of the Ordnance Department, which is directly responsible for tank design and construction, among other things. Our Ordnance Department's record in the World War is remarkable for the manner in which it produced, at the end of the war, a variety of weapons badly needed at the beginning. It seems, if present signs are any indication, to be traveling that weary and profitless road again.

Delayed camps and equipment, slowness in mobilization, faulty design, and slow productivity of weapons come down to a question of the type of brains and driving power at the top of our military establishment.

II

So much for speed and quality of mobilization.

We come now to the second test of the efficiency of our Army and its responsible ruling group, the General Staff—the question of discipline.

When one hears the word discipline one inevitably pictures guard houses, "hard-boiled" sergeants, and courts-martial. Unfortunately our Regular Army is at fault in allowing the civilian to picture discipline in such terms. In its essence discipline is actually a state of mind pervading the rank and file, a state of mind which knits them into an organized unit possessing a common devotion to duty. Guard house, hard-boiled sergeants, and courts-martial are evidence of failure to inculcate that state of mind. They are the results of an inferior or a non-existent discipline. Good

discipline—that common state of mind which impels each man to serve most whole-heartedly for the common cause—is most naturally and spontaneously generated by good leadership. As proof, recall the soldiers of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee and their stupendous marches and hardships. Poor discipline is most often produced by unworthy leaders, unable by their mental and personal qualities to command the respect and confidence of their men, and forced, therefore, to descend to the punishing power to maintain order and achieve their objectives.

A smartly marching, correctly aligned company of soldiers, neat on parade and drilled to exactitude, seems a symbol of discipline to many people. Were this the case, a well-drilled musical-comedy chorus would be the equal of a company of infantry. The real test of discipline is retreat, hardship, cold, rain, and hunger, danger, and confusion, when men's souls and bodies revolt against further suffering and risk. The leader who can get an extra effort, no matter how forlorn the hope, out of men under such circumstances, is the real leader and his discipline is the real article. The Congressional investigations after the World War—the repercussions of the "Hard Boiled" Smith case, the harshness of the Rue St. Anne, and the inordinately high court-martial rate—and the too large percentage of soldiers undergoing punishment in guard houses and military penitentiaries in our peacetime Army, bear witness to the shortcomings of the disciplinary methods in our armed service.

Contrary to the usual belief, the temperament and characteristics of the American make him unusually amenable to discipline—provided it is the right sort of discipline. Certainly our nation could not have been settled, our roads and railroads built, our huge industrial system set up and maintained without discipline of a high order. The discipline of the surveying crew, the road gang, the factory, the mine, and the mill must be

effective else these things could not have been accomplished. What then is the distinguishing characteristic of this American civilian discipline and wherein does it differ from the American military discipline?

The outstanding difference is that in civil life the chief surveyor, the straw boss, the section foreman, or the plant superintendent holds his job because he knows more than his subordinates. This does not always hold true in the Army, even among the higher officers. Among the younger officers too often ignorance is draped with arrogance, the truth of the matter being that too much waste motion is taught to and by the average of officers, with stress on peacetime administration and too little theory or practice on the hard realities of war. As a civilian, the American can see sense in the few rules and regulations under which he labors. Too often in the Army he can see no sense in the multitudinous military rules and regulations because what little sense there may have been in them back in the old days has by now lost all its meaning.

He can see sense, for example, in learning to shoot a rifle on the target range. He cannot see sense in spending months shifting a rifle from "Order Arms" to "Port Arms" at command, and in going through other useless motions inherited from the drill of Frederick the Great. To spend the same amount of time in assembling or disassembling a machine gun against a stop watch would strike the American as eminently practical.

Surrounded as he is with a tangled network of outworn ritual in the Army; forced to go through hundreds of daily motions that have little relation to common sense; required to give exaggerated deference to men who are in too many cases lacking entirely in the qualities of leadership, and forced to labor entirely by an outmoded system based upon fear of punishment rather than upon hope of reward—is it any wonder that the intelligent civilian does not take kindly to our outdated type of Army discipline?

The fact that the outcries from the ex-soldiers in 1918-19, a clamor which led to a series of Congressional investigations, have not succeeded in changing basically our disciplinary methods is not only proof that we have not progressed in this respect since World War days, but also proof of the lack of brains and driving power in the upper levels of our military hierarchy.

III

The third requisite for an efficient army is training. This involves both the training of officers and men. Disregarding for the moment the training of Regular Army officers, let us confine ourselves to the training of Reserve officers. Our Reserve officers are neither so rigorously selected nor so intensively trained as are the German officers. Where we devote ninety days to the initial training of a Reserve officer in a training camp before he is commissioned, the Germans put their reserve officer candidates through the routine of the ranks for a full year, making them earn each non-commissioned grade before being recommended for Reserve commissions and then giving them further training, the total taking sixteen months as against our three months.

The German idea is that an officer should be trained as carefully as a surgeon before being put in charge of men's lives. Our idea is that a military uniform and a tin badge of rank will make an officer out of an average young man. It is an idea that may cost us dearly in the useless sacrifice of the lives of our sons if we do not change it quickly. It must be remembered that nine out of ten officers in our new Army will be Reserve officers—and that in the dispersion incident to the modern war of movement the skill required of a lieutenant to-day is greater than that required of a major in the last war.

It should be remarked incidentally that over one hundred thousand Reserve officers have been trained by the War

Department under this sketchy, unsatisfactory, and unscientific system since the World War. The Plattsburg Camp idea was admittedly a stopgap measure initiated and put through by General Leonard Wood and resisted by the War Department at the time. In the two decades since the World War our military authorities have been unable or unwilling to devise anything more satisfactory.

The War Department cannot properly blame Congressional indifference, or stinginess for the failure to achieve a better system for the training of Reserve officers. These latter, public-spirited and anxious to improve themselves to aid in the national defense, would willingly have undertaken more rigorous training methods had they been offered. They were not offered.

Accompanying this evil of faulty training of our Reserve officers is a second fault in our training methods—the unduly long time it takes to train a soldier. Soldiers to-day are specialists needing a high degree of skill in their separate jobs. They are machine gunners, anti-aircraft gunners, anti-tank gunners, tank drivers, motor-cycle troops, armored-car scouts and so on—and only incidentally infantry riflemen and bayonet specialists. And yet they are all marched and turned round, halted and backed up for hours and weeks, and drilled unceasingly and wearily at a series of old-fashioned motions, the fast men with the slow ones, the advanced men with the backward, until a great weariness of soul possesses them all. The idea is to make the soldier's subconscious self react instinctively in the heat of combat—which is good enough as an objective. The means used are the ancient means used to drill a dull-witted peasant boy in handling a musket in unison with his fellow peasant comrades. There are provedly superior and more modern methods of achieving proficiency in individual and group handling of weapons than these.

The training methods of the German army are based upon the securing of the

highest degree of practical skill in the shortest possible time. For this reason little time is spent in the old-fashioned, close-order drill and manual of arms. The training is practical to the highest degree, with accent upon such matters as disabling enemy tanks, shoving bombs into enemy pill boxes, firing at low-flying simulated aircraft targets, and other intensely useful activities which have direct application to the realities of combat. While we have succeeded in junking a few of our outworn ritualistic paces and posturings we have a long way to go in turning out capable soldiers as quickly as do the Germans.

IV

We come now to the consideration of the last and greatest test of the efficiency of a general staff and army: leadership. Lack of speed in mobilization, with its attendant faultiness and slowness of weapon design and supply; the rather primitive state of our military discipline; and the backwardness of our training methods for both officers and men—all these shortcomings raise the ultimate question of brains, military judgment, and driving power: in other words, leadership. The supreme test of the efficiency of an army is the quality of its battle leadership, a matter upon which the fate of the nation depends in the last brutal showdown of war.

Unless we wish to suffer the fate of France we cannot leave the determination of the battle efficiency of our officers to the hazards of war. We must achieve some approximate test of their abilities in peacetime, at maneuvers and field exercises simulating actual war conditions as far as possible.

While we have recently been expending much time and money on maneuvers, they have been carried out as mass exercises for troops, with little attempt made to test the skill of officers. So remote is our Army from battle reality *that no record is kept of the success or failures of the officers engaged.* Maneuvers properly car-

ried out with skilled umpires attached to every command, whose duty it is to assess theoretical losses, victories, and defeats, can serve as a valuable testing laboratory to eliminate unfit leaders and hasten the rise of skilled battle tacticians. To neglect this important end and aim of the simulated battle problems is not only to miss the point of the whole matter but to waste the taxpayers' money in peace and the lives of the taxpayers' sons in war.

There was need for rating the officers concerned, judged by the results of the maneuvers recently held in New England, New York, and Louisiana. These maneuvers betrayed such faults in leadership and in the simple elements of battle command as not only to dismay civilian observers and correspondents but to worry the War Department itself—a healthy sign at any rate. After a devastating critique of the faults displayed in the conduct of the Louisiana maneuvers, faults which incidentally were the same as those which marked the conduct of our American forces in battle in the World War (*i.e.* lack of use of supporting fire of machine guns and artillery, lack of liaison between units, the firing of component parts of the same command upon other elements in the command, suicidal advance movements undertaken without reference to obstacles, and other grave errors) General H. J. Brees concluded with these ominous words, "*The fault, in most cases, lies with the senior officers.*"

The military analyst in seeking to determine the relative efficiencies of armies should probe first at the system by which the higher officers arrive in command, *i.e.* the promotion system. It is obvious that an army is an entity autocratically administered and led, and that upon the performance and thinking abilities of the men at the top rests the fate of the Army and the nation. History is full of examples of good leadership overcoming superior weight of numbers and weapons. History records few if any situations wherein a force of excellent subordinates has been led to victory by inferior leaders. The dice of the gods of war are

heavily weighted against poor military leadership. Those dice have been cast successively and remorselessly against Poland, Belgium, Holland, and France, basically because their systems of army promotion did not permit the rise of skilled leaders to the top of their military hierarchy. It is a disquieting thought that in some respects their systems of promotion were better than ours.

Our senior officers reach their grades by promotion by straight seniority up to the grade of colonel. In the last war the entire list of senior colonels, with very few exceptions, won promotion to brigadier and major general's rank. The results, as evidenced by the proceedings of the Blois Board in 1917-18 and the Congressional investigations after the War, were distinctly not satisfactory. In the two decades since the War our General Staff has not been able to provide a better system of promotion than that under which our Army struggled in 1917-18.

The need for a better system than promotion by seniority should be obvious. A system of promotion by seniority that does not produce seniors capable of leading troops on maneuvers is certainly not a fit thing upon which to depend for providing leaders in actual war.

If our system worked unsatisfactorily in the slow tempo of trench warfare and with the added advantage of having had veteran allies to coach and guide us in the World War, it is bound to be infinitely more unworkable should we have to fight without allies, at the terrifically increased tempo of the present-day mechanized war of movement.

V

Faulty mobilization, discipline, training, and leadership make up the sum of our military faults. We are far behind the military forces of our potential enemies in these four essentials to the fighting value of an army. What is the cause of our deficiency? Other nations, which we consider inferior in many respects,

have accomplished better military results than we have. American ability in other than military lines is admittedly superior, notably in mass production and in industry generally. A comparison of our military system with our industrial practice may give us the answer.

In studying the history of our great industrial establishment we find that it has attained its present outstanding position in the world to-day by a free, untrammelled growth, the product of skilled men driven to their highest productivity by the urge of competition.

In that single word competition lies the answer to our military problem. Consider that an Army colonel enters as a second lieutenant and thereafter drifts upward by the operation of seniority, his promotion dependent solely upon age and the retirement or death of the men above him. Once he has secured his job there is no effort required to hold it other than an avoidance of disagreements with his superiors and an observance of the more obvious of the Ten Commandments. Then comes war and he is dragged from his swivel chair and hurled into the most bitterly cut-throat competitive game in the world. It just does not make sense.

Under this method officers come to command at too advanced an age. The Nazi armies are commanded by keener, younger men, taught war instead of administration, and skilled in battle rather than in paper work. The average age of their general officers is near forty-five years, while ours is over sixty years. Their officers of all grades are tested out in maneuvers, rigorously retired if inept, and promoted if capable at handling troops on terrain. Our officers, as we have noted, are not even marked on the results they achieve, or fail to achieve, at maneuvers. There is not even a place on the American officer's efficiency record for showing proficiency in field exercises!

Not only do younger men rise to positions of power and responsibility in our industrial life but they rise by their own efforts, for the most part, and in competi-

tion with their fellows. Disregarding the favoritism, nepotism, and what not incident to any human institution, the fact remains that our huge industrial establishment has been built in the main upon competition not only among individuals in the organization but by company against company, shop against shop, and sales force against sales force. American industry tends in the main to promote the best shop foreman to plant superintendent, and the best salesman to sales manager. In most cases the rise of a capable individual in industrial life is based upon an accurate and factual measure of his comparative worth, the shop production records, the sales records, or other definite data which show with almost mathematical exactness how he rates in comparison with his fellows.

In the Army an officer is not rated by some similarly accurate method; his capabilities are rated on the basis of a so-called efficiency-rating system, which is based upon the opinions of his seniors, who may not be his superiors in ability. It is the faultiness of this method of keeping personal records that makes Army officers dread any imposition of a so-called promotion by merit. The Navy is a step ahead of the Army in that it bases promotion partly upon seniority and partly upon "selection." But as the selecting is done by senior officers who also may not be superiors, and is also based primarily upon the opinions of other senior officers, it too is liable to the human failings of jealousy, prejudice, and over-conservatism.

In the Army a means of rating an individual on the "production sheet" of the unit of men and machines that he commands is just as feasible as it is in industrial life. The corporal with the best-trained machine gun squad should logically be the first promoted to a serjeantcy, and so on up the line.

VI

In applying such a common sense method to the Army our problem divides

itself into two parts, the long-range problem and the immediate problem. In studying our long-range problem we start with the private soldier, who from the moment of his induction into the service by whatever means—volunteer or draft—should be rated on his comparative intelligence, his ready adaptability to the handling and use of his weapons, and the speed with which he masters the elements of his new job. The keenest and most intelligent of the privates should be made lance-corporals and tried out as squad leaders. Upon the comparative standing of the various squads in the company, the target scores, the proficiency standards, the disciplinary standing and performance, records in cantonment and on field exercises of the various squads, those lance-corporals who secured the highest records should be made corporals. Those coming out lowest should be reduced and other selected privates given opportunity to compete. The corporals whose squads consistently make the highest records in comparative standing should be promoted to sergeants. The units which the sergeants command should be rated comparatively in the same strict fashion to determine which are the sergeants most suitable for officer's grade.

We can develop here an immense reservoir of excellent officer material, trained in the fundamentals of soldiering, schooled in the practical handling of men and weapons and in combining the two for effective team work. These men would be outstanding among their fellows for proved superiority in leadership. Men will work in routine fashion for the humdrum, mediocre leader; but it is only the real leader who can stimulate his men to the extra effort required to secure the highest team and unit ratings in competition with other team units. In the army of a great democracy such as ours opportunity should be equally open to all, and therefore opportunity to rise high in the Army should not be restricted to those who have been fortunate enough to have parents who

could send them through high school or college. The Army itself should school the less fortunate youngsters.

From these sergeant-cadets all the future officer material of the Army should come. A working arrangement should be made with Congressional Representatives whereby only from among this class of candidates would West Point candidates be chosen. Those sergeant-cadets who elect to go through the Military Academy should be provided with facilities for study and preparation for the entrance examinations. The great majority will choose to go in the Army directly, especially in time of emergency, and these should be put through a grueling course in practical and theoretical training at special military schools.

From these, upon graduation after strict examination, the sergeant-cadets should be commissioned as provisional second lieutenants. To earn their permanent rank they again should have to survive the test of competition, based strictly on the performance of their respective platoons. The highest-rated lieutenants should be given permanent commissions in the Regular Army; the second group should be made Reserve officers or National Guard officers; and the lowest rated ones should be held as provisional officers for one more chance, with demotion to the ranks as penalty for failure.

Under this method every officer who holds command, whether West Point graduate, Reserve officer, or National Guard officer, would have to earn his spurs by strict competition in the ranks of the Regular Army, starting from the grade of private and winning his way by sheer merit through the non-commissioned grades before being commissioned.

The foregoing provides a workable blue-print for insuring that all officers in future shall have proved qualities of leadership before earning their commissions. So much for the long-range problem.

But we are faced with an immediate problem. We have some 130,000 offi-

cers all told in the Regular Army, Reserve Corps, and National Guard. Many of these are non-combatant officers, officers in administrative and supply departments. With these we are not concerned except to state that promotion methods based upon the competitive principles here outlined can be devised for them as for men in equivalent positions in civil life.

An army is designed for battle, however, and our main concern is with the bulk of Army officers who belong to the combat branches. In theory every combat officer is commander of some combat unit. In actual practice many of them are detached for staff and administrative duties. By a proper rotation, however, these eventually can all be placed in command of units and rated competitively on their manner of handling them.

As the officer corps consists of a great bulk of company officers, *i.e.*, lieutenants and captains, the slower and less capable of these should be promoted by seniority to the grade of captain. The lieutenants and captains showing exceptionally high ratings competitively should pass these men and be promoted to higher rank. All promotions above the grade of captain should be strictly by merit on rated tests. Competitions, based on the comparative ratings of the combat units they command, should extend up to the grade of general, with army corps and field armies competing on maneuvers, and by standard rating tests in discipline and training.

Something that does not now exist in our Army, a standard of proficiency for the officer in the duties of his grade and branch of the service, should immediately be formulated by higher authority. A Regular Army, Reserve, or National Guard officer commanding troops should be rated competitively on his ability as instructor and as battle technician. Those officers who cannot make the grade should either be retired, or if they show proficiency in other specialized divisions of military work, be allowed opportunity to qualify for such duties.

Every combat officer on special duty should be required to undergo tests and immediate effort should be made to get square pegs into square holes, with a remorseless elimination of the unfit, mentally, physically, or technically. The supreme test should be in the field, on maneuvers at actual simulated battle problems.

This system, properly applied, would end once and for all our dangerous habit of permitting elderly, estimable, but slightly bewildered old gentlemen to command troops in real battle. In combination with these measures, every officer in the Army, instead of being silenced as is the custom now, should be encouraged to write suggestions for improvement in tactics, matériel, and methods. Practical suggestions should be considered as partial basis for promotion. Properly done, these would result in having the brains of the Army hitting on all six and would enormously stimulate energy and improvement.

Coming now to the choice of men for the General Staff, it should be the rule that *no officer who has not shown demonstrated superior aptitude for command, and superior leadership qualities in the tests prescribed, shall be allowed on the General Staff.* Possessing these qualifications, he should further be strictly rated on his mental

qualifications by competitive examination. By assuring that none but capable troop leaders arrive at the General Staff we should secure men who are provedly realistic and therefore less liable to reject modern weapons and newer technics.

The sum of these measures would instill new life and new blood into the Army. It would create an army worthy of the great Republic which supports it and trusts it for defense.

If these recommendations make sense to the civilian and impel him to action there is hope of their adoption throughout our Army. Lieut. General Hugh Drum, after submission to him of the detailed plan, has already, in G.O. No. 805, issued many of the basic principles as recommendations to the First Army, U.S.A., and there is hope that equally forward-looking officers will be moved to adopt them for our entire military force.

Our present Army system is unfit for modern war. There is urgent need for modernization lest we be caught up and hurled suddenly into the hell of modern battle unprepared. If this be plain speaking, let it be said that there is no time for weasel words—better some brusqueness of speech than that our sons should be uselessly slaughtered in battle under unskilled leaders.





BOMBER TO BRITAIN

BY JAMES L. H. PECK

"Ferrying" flights across the North Atlantic have their human side, of which we hear all too little since the ascendancy of the censor. This pilot's account of his first crossing—as told to me—will serve to remind us that the delivery of bombers to Britain is something more than a routine military operation.—THE AUTHOR.

I CLIMB into the left cabin seat and set about preparing the nine-and-one-half-ton reconnaissance bomber for the take-off. The real job of readying the ship for flight has been attended to by the men of the Ground Section—inspection, checking of those hundred and one details, and fueling. Reaching up and flipping the switches for the ship's electrical equipment, I watch dead dials spring suddenly to life, shocked into instantaneous movement by the current from the batteries. Mute faces and pointers that reveal the pulses of the big Cyclone engines; others, the flight instruments, that will guide us across the dark expanse of sea to an aerodrome somewhere in Britain. A few strokes of the wobble pumps build fuel pressure in the carburetors, and the tiny red warning lights glow as the poundage becomes adequate. Carburetor and oil temperature controls are set, respectively, on HOT and COLD and will remain so until the engines are started and warmed up. Mixture controls are adjusted for RICH so that the hungry cylinders may be fed a greater proportion of fuel. I move the port engine's throttle forward and backward, then leave it cracked slightly open. This action "primes" the motor by injecting raw gasoline into the cylinders and supercharger. After setting the starter selector on LEFT, I push a button

which sets the electric starter into motion. The three-bladed, 10½-foot propeller kicks over; the Cyclone coughs, clears its throat, and commences an uneven metallic growl. The spinning, black-painted propeller dissolves into the drifting lake fog. I set the starter selector on RIGHT, then the starting procedure is duplicated. The bomber bird is flexing its wings for flight.

Sergeant Bennett of the Royal Canadian Air Force joins me in the dimly lighted cabin (it is night outside) and slides gingerly into the righthand seat. While the motors warm up we check the lights, engine, and electrical instruments, hydraulic pressure for the ship's retractable landing gear and wing flaps, and the vacuum pressure for the gyroscopic flight instruments and "George" the gyro pilot. Then I check each of the propellers to make certain that the hub mechanism is functioning properly. Bennett switches on the radio-compass, the only communications equipment we are carrying, for a ground check. It will probably come in handy over the Isles, but hardly before then. There are no "beams" to guide us across the ocean.

I go aft once again to see that things are shipshape, nothing loose to jostle around during flight. A few last-minute words with the Commander, then the cabin door thuds. That is the most

"final" sound I have ever heard. With the closing of that curved metal door contact with the dark outer world seems lost. For about ten hours Ben and I shall be imprisoned in a peculiar sky world of which the ship is only an infinitesimal, isolated part. True, we have tremendous speed and freedom of movement at our command, but speed must be limited in order to conserve fuel, and there is an invisible wall on either side of the course plotted on the chart. To stray from the path, to fly over either of the walls—intentionally or unintentionally—is to court disaster.

I settle into the seat and eye the glowing instrument panel for a moment, then I glance at Ben. I think he feels it too.

"All set?" he asks. "Yep." Neither of us is in a talkative mood; too busy, too much to do. Crews in five other Hudsons are also busy. These men have been going through much the same routine. I wonder how they feel. It is their first crossing, just as it is Ben's and mine. We were chosen to lead the others because Sergeant Bennett is the best observer-navigator of his Group and because I have a bit more instrument-flying experience than have the other pilots. Only one thing worries me. We are carrying no armament except side arms, which will do us little good if anyone gets in our way as we let down over the Isles. Maybe it's for the best however. I'm in mufti, have credentials of a sort but no combatant status—this is a civilian job. If I shot down a Jerry, were crippled in the fight and forced to land in France, it would mean the firing squad. . . . Ben is a little better off, he's wearing the RCAF uniform. Funny thing, this international law.

I raise my left arm out of the cabin window and the signal is passed on down the line while the mechanics pull chocks from under the ships' wheels. The lights cast queer shadows as the men move about the planes or duck beneath the wings, and the red and green running lights on the wing tips tint the men's faces with evil colors. The Commander

and a group of officers stand off to the side. I wave to them and to the crew of Ground Section, men upon whose skill our mission and lives largely depend, then I ease open the throttles. Above the Cyclones I hear Ben holler something about "See you in England—not enough Jerry—!" The six Lockheeds rumble down the edge of the great Newfoundland Airport as we taxi slowly to the take-off position. By the time I return—and there is no doubt that I shall—the airport will be more than just a huge, partly completed base; it will be one of the greatest airdromes in the world. Indeed, strange things are going on in all parts of this forbidding, barren island—things that will amaze any unwelcome "visitors."

I swing the ship into the breath of wind that there is, and Ben and I become very busy with the check-off routine. Tail wheel locked. Parking brake on. Fuel selector on proper tank. Fuel valve on both engines. Mixture control still on RICH. Fuel-analyzer switch on. Flaps up. Tabs in neutral position. Propeller governors' controls set for low pitch. I ease the left throttle open until the manifold-pressure gage—revealing the density, or "boost," of fuel-air mixture in the engine's intake manifold—reads 30 inches, note the motor speed (r.p.m.'s) and the fuel and oil pressure and temperature gages. I switch on the left, then right magnetos to make certain that the engine runs regularly on either. Then the starboard motor is checked in the same manner. If anything is wrong now is the time to find out. But all is well.

Again my arm goes out the window. The others are ready. Sergeant Bennett releases the parking brake. As I open the throttles I glance over at him. His young face is alight. I guess mine is too. There's always a thrill in taking off in a big ship, but I have never felt like this. As the ship moves forward the feeling becomes more intense. It is a take-off into a strange land of uncertainty. We know what the ships will do, we have a pretty

fair idea of what the pilots will do. The unknown factors are the behavior of the weather and what is in store for us when we reach the Isles.

The Cyclones growl mightily, live up to their name, as I run them wide open. Visibility is none too good, and my attention is divided between what is outside and the instruments inside. For all the overload, the Lockheed buoys up easily; it seems anxious to get into its element. The controls feel more firm, the wheels stop rumbling, then the dark, speeding ground sinks away. We're up.

I ease the throttles until the manifold pressure comes down to 35 inches and adjust the prop controls until the engines are turning over at 2,050 r.p.m.'s. The highly supercharged motors may be run wide open for only a few minutes at sea level because they are designed to operate at peak efficiency in the rarer air of higher altitudes. Ben looks back as I swing into a shallow climbing turn to the right.

"They're all off okay."

II

I am wishing that at least one of the ships carried two-way radio equipment; it would certainly simplify matters. In a couple of hours matters are going to need simplifying, but of course we do not know that now.

Only a few dim lights are to be seen in Hattie's Camp and Whitmans. Cobb's Camp, farther west, seems to be blacked out completely. I adjust the knobs on "George's" face so that the ship will climb on the desired course, then I switch on the hydraulic valve; he's the pilot now. He takes us seaward in an easy climb. The other Hudsons are strung out behind in a loose formation which we shall maintain unless thick weather closes in. The ground fog is far below and visibility is good. I throttle back to 28 inches of boost, and adjust the propellers so that the engines are turning up 1,900 r.p.m.'s, cruising speed.

According to our weather data, there

is a nice westerly tailwind of 26 m.p.h. at about 5,800 feet which will help us along our way. Visibility becomes better as we mount into the early morning air. The rough Gander Lake country far below is shrouded in mist and stratus, which is just as well. This terrain gives me the jitters every time I fly. I'd prefer the ocean—not too far out though—if forced down; the country is that bad.

Moonglow glints on the plastic-glass nose of the Hudson climbing just behind ours, and the light sparkles on the transparent "egg"—the streamlined housing of the radio direction-finder's loop antenna—on top of the plane's cabin. The craft resembles a huge, twin-tailed, deep-sea monster as it heaves gently on the air currents. In the moonlight the brown and green camouflage on the fishlike fuselage suggests great patches of scales, and the illusion is intensified by the ship's silvery underside. There is little shimmer from the whirling propeller blades; they are painted for that reason.

Ben calls my attention to the coastline. Windmill Head passes beneath the port-engine nacelle. This rocky promontory is 53 miles northeast of the airport, and now it's good-by to Newfoundland. It is the jumping-off point. From here on our progress must be plotted by nautical miles, and the airspeed readings will be converted from land miles per hour into knots. Wind velocity will also be expressed in knots. We are aerial mariners.

I level off at precisely 5,800 feet, the level at which the first part of the voyage is to be flown. Ben switches the fuel selector to the lowest tank and turns off the cross-feed fuel valve while I adjust the mixture controls and check the instrument readings. The propellers are a trifle out of step. I can tell by the behavior of the little pointers on the synchroscope dial and also by the blades' crackling song. I "tune" the props so that each is whirling at the same speed.

The horsepower percentage, manifold pressure, fuel analysis, r.p.m.'s, barometric pressure (altitude), and air temperature

bear a certain relation to one another in so far as performance is concerned, and their proper combination is essential to top performance. This is not always wide-open speed. In this case, cruising speed with only 60 per cent of the Cyclones' power is most desirable because of the necessity for saving fuel. We have enough for the trip—and a certain "margin of safety"—but one can never tell about the weather.

Right now the weather is pushing for us. Ben makes a quick calculation, then says, "Not bad, we're making 232 knots ground speed."

"Wait till we hit the edge of the Current. We'll go upstairs a bit and get some real wind. Just hope it won't veer more than a few points northwest. Oh—you'd better contact the others."

Ben takes the Adlis gun—a thick-barreled signalling light fitted with a pistol-like grip and trigger, whose powerful beam can be seen only by someone directly in the beam's path—aims it at the cockpit of the leader of the other three-plane flight, and begins signalling. The guns are our only means of inter-plane communication. He then checks with each of the other ships.

"All of 'em are okay but Number Five and there's just the matter of his starboard engine running slightly hot. He set the mixture up a bit and now it's better."

"I don't like that word 'better,' Ben. Set your mirror and tell him to give his thermocouple and fuel-analyzer readings every three minutes until you tell him different. Check on his r.p.m.'s and boost too—both engines."

After four reports I begin to feel easier. Blythe's figures are the same each time, and that indicates constant motor behavior.

"Okay, Ben, tell him to signal the minute those readings change." "Right."

I make a couple of adjustments on the gyro pilot, then study the flight plan and weather data, while he completes the message to Number Five. The plan of course was prepared some time before the

take-off. Our avigation across entails several "sights" and drift observations if the weather behaves according to the forecast and pilot chart. If it misbehaves, a not-too-easy job will be made tougher. We shall have to fly fairly close formation in order to maintain contact with one another. I'm in command of the expedition, but I am not "leading" the others across. They are all competent pilots and navigators, and are carrying the same charts, weather data, and avigation tools with which we are equipped. We fly this loose formation now because this is the best way to fly a group of planes to a destination under the command of one individual. These craft are badly needed by the RAF, and our job is to get them to the Isles intact and in good condition.

It is owing to this urgent need and to the great amount of time saved by so doing that the flying deliveries are being made. The flight takes slightly more than ten hours elapsed time; the convoy requires from two weeks up, depending upon the weather, commerce raiders, U-boats, mine hazards, and bombers. And this time in transit is only one factor. When shipped by sea, Hudsons must of course be partially dismantled: propellers are removed and packed into specially designed boxes, as are wing panels, tail surfaces, cowlings, and other small parts. These parts and the engines are sprayed with a wax compound to combat the corrosive effect of salt water and spray, then wrapped in oil-cloth or waterproof paper and taped up. The fuselages and boxes have to be taken to the pier and loaded aboard ship. On the other side, two or three weeks later, they must be unloaded and carted to an aerodrome where Lockheed mechanics and maintenance men—who, incidentally, assemble most of the other makes of American planes that are shipped to Britain—can set about making the craft flyable again. Furthermore, the safety percentage for aerial deliveries is actually higher than that of the convoyed freighters.

Ben has just completed his first series of star "fixes," or observations, through the turrethole in the after part of the cabin. Our position is 50 degrees, 45 minutes N (north latitude) by 47 degrees, 25 minutes, 10 seconds W (west longitude); all of which puts us well into the Labrador Current, or rather, over it. We could have guessed as much though by the sharp drop in the air-temperature reading. That is not all that's dropping. A high veil of stratus draws across the moon, and ragged companion clouds are gathering, appearing from out of nowhere, round and beneath our formation. Ragged cumulus usually means wind, with trouble closely following.

"Signal them to hold formation and switch on their running lights. We'll drop down enough to make a drift check before this stuff gets any worse. Check on Blythe's engines too."

"Right," says Ben, then he goes to work with the signal gun. A couple of minutes later he says, "He's doing rather well now. Readings constant, propellers synchronizing nicely."

"Fine. Here we go." Then I disengage the gyro pilot, ease the throttles, and nose down into a steep power glide, careful meanwhile not to swing off course. It certainly won't help matters to have to hunt for the other ships in a growing storm.

Ben lets himself down into the glass-enclosed nose to use the drift indicator. About 500 feet down a nice clear stretch appears, and I level off and put on power.

"Ready!" I steady the Hudson and hold her so. It seems a long time later that there is a flash as the phosphorus bomb meets the water, then it slides from view. It will not be too long before other kinds of bombs will be aimed and sent on their way from that floor window in the nose.

Ben climbs out of the hole. "It's veered all right. Drift angle's eleven degrees left. Just lined the sight in time, a bit of scud blotted out the light." We start climbing wide open. It's getting thicker by the minute. I pick up

Number Six's tail light, and in another few minutes we have caught up and settled into place. Ben immediately signals the other pilots to let them know the amount of drift. We allow a couple of points for the 500-foot change in altitude, and even more correction will have to be made as the ships climb.

During October the prevailing wind in these latitudes—48 to 52 degrees, north—blows from westerly directions, anywhere from southwest to northwest. Occasionally, and for short periods, it comes out of the north, northeast, and southeast at high velocity. We hope that there will be no such periods during this or any other subsequent trip. Storm tracks, for the most part, run from southwest and follow the Gulf Stream. And they really run.

This blow apparently is no exception. Nor is there any particular mystery as to its origin. Examination of the Weather Station charts reveals the fact that a previously slow-moving air mass—which was a good 80 miles to the south of our course—has taken a not-so-slow tack to the northward. It is just our luck to be intercepted by a "cold front"—the boundary, or leading edge, of a cold air mass which is invading territory formerly held by a warm mass. We are about to become refugees from an aerological blitz. Only there is no outrunning this offensive. There is a slim chance, however, that we may be able to climb above it.

Ben keeps the Adlis gun going. The other ships snuggle up closer. We head upstairs in a hurry: the Hudson climbs pretty fast for a big ship, 2,215 feet per minute. The altimeter hand creeps round the dial, but the air temperature is easing the other way—down. We are being buffeted about by the turbulent air and Ben and I keep a firm hand on the control wheels. A sudden gust of a windshift smacks us like an invisible hand. The ship creaks a bit, but that is only natural. We know that the Hudson is just about the sturdiest plane a-wing in anybody's air force to-day. Only two

have been shot down in the whole war; others have limped home bent and battered; but they did reach home, even on one engine.

The outside air temperature keeps dropping. I begin to wonder whether or not I have used judgment. A "cold front" pushes beneath the warm air mass, forcing the warm air upward; that is why we are climbing. There's ice in these clouds, that is, potential ice. The temperature is 36 degrees. Although this is four degrees above freezing, ice can and will form under the present conditions.

To make bad matters worse it begins to rain. If there was any hope of escaping ice it is indeed a slim one now. The rain drops are approximately the same temperature as the air at this altitude, but they are chilled by the evaporation resulting from the plane's speed. Only a portion of each droplet freezes, but when they come thick and fast, as is now the case, the freezing drops build up on one another. That is what causes the trouble.

As if by magic, the black surface of the de-icer "overshoe" on the port wing gets ashy, then a fine white ridge appears out on the edge. The outlandish streak of white disappears as the "overshoe" swells and deflates. Then it comes again. Ice is coming faster than the de-icer can crack it and the icy area is spreading back on the wing, behind the "overshoe." It is pretty hard to see now. Rain sloshes against the window and steam is forming inside. There's little need to see. A peculiar message comes to me through the control column, a subtle vibration. I know that the ice outside is changing form, changing for the worse. "Rime" ice rarely gets thick enough to cause vibration; therefore it must be changing into hard, "clear" ice. Bad news.

III

"What's that?" Ben asks. He has never experienced this sensation. It is truly a sensation. The ship seems vibrant and hollow, the controls feel pe-

culiar, and the engines sound queer. Airspeed and rate of climb have both fallen off. Not only is the ice heavy, but its formation changes the contour of the wing and thereby decreases the wing's lifting power. Not even the rapidly turning props escape its frosty clutches if unprotected; but ours are equipped with rubber spinners—a large cap fitting over the hub—and "slinger rings" which throw oil over the blades and keep ice off.

I can barely make out the green running light of the ship on our left through the sleet curtain. "Can you see Number Two?" I holler to Ben.

"Yeah. Only faintly though." The red light—on the ship's port-wing tip—carries through rain or fog better than green. I'm anxious about the others. Any number of things can happen to five planes in a mess like this. If we only had two-way radio. Bound to be ice static, but we could at least get word to one another.

"The temperature," Ben hollers, "it's down!"

We are at 11,000 feet now. Must be getting into the warmer air. The ship is still vibrating, but there seems to be less sleet. Now it's rain again and somewhat finer. It stops as suddenly as it had started. We are plunged into a queer murky darkness. Can just make out our own wing light. I know Number Two and Three pilots are in a similar fix. We are in the middle literally and figuratively with a couple of 9½-ton ships somewhere close by, no telling how close. The thought of a marcelled wing tip this far at sea is not too comforting. Nor is this sonorous vibration.

Then, ever so gradually, it begins to change tone. So do the motors. The ice must be melting, thank goodness. Yes, the controls feel different now.

"Coming off, isn't it?" Ben asks anxiously.

"Yeah. I'm sure it is. Can you see anything now?" He reaches out and wipes off a small space.

"Nope. Still closed in over here."

The words are hardly spoken when we break through on top of the cloud layer. Then he shouts, "Here's Number Two!"

I peer out my window, and hardly a moment too soon. A green light appears out of the ghostly mist, and I instinctively push the wheel forward. Only one way to go, down. And on a perfectly straight heading too. I don't know how close Number Two is on the starboard side. I do know that Three's wing tip was not more than two or three feet from ours—that's darned close in the air! Another couple of minutes more in that cloud mist and heaven knows what would have happened.

I lift the Hudson back into formation again. There's a clammy moisture between my helmet and forehead, cold sweat. Ben just looks, doesn't say a word. Funny, when things happen—or almost happen—in the air one is too busy to think about it until later. Then one imagines what might have happened.

Lights flash against the windshield and Ben's mirror. I turn to catch the message from Number Three, then Ben cries from the other side, "There's Four—Five—Six! We're all here anyhow."

I motion out of the window for Number Three to keep climbing. We must surmount this higher cloud layer in order to get a "fix." The planes could have drifted far and fast in that hectic hour's time.

"Tell them to keep on up till we get above the 'secondary.' Everyone okay over there?"

"Yeah," says Ben presently, "but from what Crowder reports, Number Six was iced up heavier than any of us. It's almost all gone now though. He had a lot of vibration in the tail."

"Hmmm, it was close going all the way round, eh?"

"Yeah, sort o'." He gives me another of those vague looks that speak more adequately than the uttered remark. He picks up the log and starts writing. Each crew is responsible for a complete record of the flight, with particular emphasis on plane performance and the

weather. The data will be of great value to pilots making subsequent flights, just as that of some of those who have gone before us are coming in handy this trip.

There is just a hint of the moon through the striated layer of alto-cumulus just above; a small blot of light appearing as if through a pane of yellow frosted glass. The plane is enveloped in a weird pall of cloud for just a moment, then it emerges into a strange new world. There is a floor of bumpy pearl, and here and there billowy bits of cumulus tumble along the floor like pieces of cotton blown by a draught. The ceiling is bluer than the ocean 14,000 feet below, almost navy blue, and thousands of glittering stars and planets wink back and forth at one another. This is the sky that the land-lubber never sees. This is that vastness of which I thought when the cabin door banged shut more than three hours ago back there in Newfoundland.

IV

Just how far back that was I shall soon know. Ben takes his sextant and chronometer and goes aft. I turn the ship over to the gyro pilot again. The robot is indeed a gadget of aliases. In the States he's popularly known as "Iron Mike." The Pan American Airways boys call him "Filbert." Those of us in the service of Canada or the RAF refer to him as "George." The sergeant comes forward presently and sits down to his little table and begins figuring.

Our position is "fixed" at 52 degrees, 20 minutes, 30 seconds North, by 41 degrees, five minutes West. The blow downstairs carried us a little over three miles north of the course, but, at the same time it pushed the ship along at a nice clip. We have averaged 242 knots (283 miles) per hour for the past two hours, and are approaching the "equi-time point." In fact, it is a matter of 13 minutes.

I wish I had looked at the clock a little later, or earlier; for this is the

critical point beyond which there is no turning back in the event of trouble. From here on it's keep on. The position is considerably short of the half-way mark because of the westerly winds. Should we attempt to return from beyond this spot the planes would be bucking strong headwinds all the way. Gas would run out before we reached land, much less the airport.

The air temperature is way down again, but we've no fear of ice up here because the clouds and precipitation are far below. Wonder what it's doing down there beneath the shimmering floor? The airdscape is truly a thought-inspiring vista, and there is plenty of time for thinking. An occasional message to the other ships, an adjustment now and then to keep "George" in line with the compass, or to trim ship, is all that is required. Ben took another "sight" shortly after we returned to the original course, and all is well.

The moonlight, coming down from more of an angle now, makes the red-white-and-blue cocarde on the wing stand out in contrast to the patchy camouflage. Makes one think about what lies in store ahead. This ship will soon be in service with the RAF's coastal command, dumping great yellow "eggs" upon Nazi shipping and invasion springboards from France's Biscay ports to Norway. In the States we hear mostly of the fighter and bomber commands, but there are seven of these commands in existence and another is being planned. There is the training command, which is concerned with the procurement of pilots, observer-gunners, navigators, bombardiers, radiomen, armorers, mechanics, and various miscellaneous personnel. The balloon command includes most of the Auxiliary Air Force groups—composed of men who followed civilian pursuits and studied aviation subjects during the evenings and week-ends—and these men man the barrage of "old floppies." Then there are maintenance and reserve commands: the former comprises all the RAF utility squadrons—troop trans-

ports, cargo and ambulance planes—and the latter includes all types of craft for replacement or supplementary purposes. The several American pilots who are ferrying ships from factory to aerodrome are civilian members of the reserve command. The new unit, according to rumor in the Dominion, will soon go into service and will be known as the army co-operation command.

These units form the keystone of RAF organization, and they are divided into junior echelons known as "groups," each of which has its own headquarters and controls a number of "stations." These, in turn, comprise a number of twelve-plane squadrons.

At the moment it is smooth sailing with our half-squadron. The pretty pearl floor is cracking up. Fissures and great gaping chasms appear here and there like those caused by some aerial earthquake. The ragged edges of the separating clouds indicate wind and lots of it.

Ben breaks the long silence, "It's kind of lonesome, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Wouldn't mind seeing a ship or two for a change. This overcast is breaking up fast now."

In an hour only scattered clouds round the horizon are to be seen. These are the formations never seen over land. The fluffy, shadowed domes of the clouds remind me of pictures of the balloon barrage. They are fairly equally spaced and the rounded tops all lean in the same direction. "Old floppies" guarding the edge of the world. It is easy to appreciate the feelings and beliefs of the pre-Columbus mariners. In flying over land the scenery slides out of the horizon's edge like a painted panorama on rollers. At sea there is only the water, a vast wavy reach that finally meets the sky far away. Only a landfall breaks the monotony; ships just seem to be little chips wandering around in the watery expanse, a part of the seascape.

The moon is way down and the stars grow dim. One spot on the edge of the world is silvery gray, then the grayness spreads slowly over the sky to blot out all

but the morning star. Ben has just finished taking a "sight"; the next one he shoots will be Old Sol, for the sun is already on the way up. Gray dawn gives way to a pink glow.

I turn and watch Number Three riding the morning currents; then, to break the monotony, I take the Adlis gun and shoot off, "*won't be long now.*" It is 05:03 Greenwich time, which, incidentally, we have been using throughout the flight. The sun has been up for an hour in London, but it will not rise for another three hours back at Newfoundland; that will only be 06:03 local time.

"We shouldn't even see it yet if we were down close to the water, should we?" asks Ben.

"Nope, just a glow." We are still maintaining the 14,000-foot level, and from up here one gets a "preview" of a sort. But maybe it's too pretty. There is that old saying, "Red in the morning, sailors take warning." I have seen it happen more than once.

"Gosh, that's beautiful," remarks Ben, turning from the outspread charts on the little table. The imagination goes to work. We seem to be looking at a mill furnace from behind an opaque-glass screen. A steel ball is being heated by raging, red-orange fires; the ball is a different shade of red. As the heat mounts, the glass screen becomes more and more transparent and the ball assumes a pinkish hue. It keeps fading in color but gets lighter and hotter. Then the ball comes to white heat and the fires beneath fade out as if their job were finished. The now molten white ball is the sun; the fading fires are the reflections; the opaque screen is the haze over the seascape, but now it is almost gone. This is the airman's sunrise.

There's another flash on Ben's mirror. He turns and takes down the message. "Number Five's heating up again!"

"Oh—ooh!" It might run better at a lower level where the air is not so rare. He can lean out the mixture more too. "We're going to have to go down. Won't get as much tailwind, and we'll

have to slow up a bit for Blythe, but it might help."

After an exchange of signals I ease down into a steep glide. When we level out again the altimeters read an even 1,000 feet. Number Five's engine cooled off somewhat during the long descent, but whether or not the cylinder-head temperatures will stay within safe limits remains to be seen. Leaning the mixture helps if the engine is run at reduced speed—which is why we have to slow up—but this procedure can make the engine run even hotter if r.p.m.'s are kept high. A lean mixture, because of the bigger percentage of air to gasoline, burns somewhat more slowly than the comparatively rich mixture we use to get maximum power output.

More trouble appears in the distance; maybe that sunrise was too red. I point over the nose, "Look what's coming."

Out of the southeast comes a crazy line of low clouds whose topmost masses shimmer white in the climbing sun's rays. But there is nothing pretty about their ominous gray undersides, from which slanting, blurred curtains of squall rain streak. Again we close up the formation, but not too tightly this time.

The squall blots out the sun and races toward us at what appears, from the distance, to be great speed. The big bomber sloughs in the rough air immediately preceding the squall line, but she rights instantly. "George's" mechanical mitt is steadier on the controls than any human hand could possibly be. We must keep low. In order to climb through the oncoming blow we should have to use almost full power—too much work for a sick motor. Number Five's misbehaving Cyclone will have to be nursed until we make a landfall.

First there is fine mist, then churning gray rain sloshes against the cabin windshield, topside, and side windows. We're now "on instruments" and "George" will keep us so. Suppose for some unlikely reason our Cyclones or those of one of the other ships should falter. I know that the ocean is seething just like

the sky, and I realize too that if we should plow into a 15-foot wave at 235 knots this aluminum bird would be smashed into twisted ruins, much the same as if it had hit a mountain peak.

"Wonder how Blythe is making out?" shouts Ben above the shriek of wind and spraying rain.

"Just keep your fingers crossed, fellow!"

It lets up a bit outside, and just when I begin to hope, it pours harder than ever. I keep a wary eye on the air temperature. Ice at this low level would be pretty bad medicine. But the outside air-water combination seems relatively warm.

Ben looks up from his charts. "If we haven't been pushed very far north we should be just a few miles south of the Porcupine Bank!"

Now the blow seems to be subsiding. The rain is streaked and no longer appears as a liquid wall. Then it assumes a bluish cast. This means we are coming out of it. The Hudson is enveloped in a golden explosion of dazzling sunlight. It is slick and wet and the now bright light glistens on the wing. Number Three rides along almost in the same position as when we entered the pall.

"See the others, Ben?"

"Here's Two. Four and Six are back farther, and Five is just breaking out. Wonder how her engine's going?" Then he puts the signal gun to work.

"Sun's up good now, I'll take a 'sight' and compare notes with Gregg." Then he goes aft. I check our fuel consumption meanwhile. This is done on a plotted chart determining the gas used against the miles flown. When Ben returns and reports our position as 52 degrees, 50 minutes North by 12 degrees, 50 minutes West, we can compute almost the exact mileage. We are 10 miles north of the course and just an hour and 50 minutes from our destination.

V

Shortly after we return to the course I sight three fishing smacks, the first craft

seen throughout the whole trip. The sun is again blotted out by some higher clouds which do not look too forbidding. They look friendly in fact compared with what I think I see in the southeast—something I have been uneasy about for the past couple of hours.

I give Ben rapid instructions and he starts sending with the signal gun. Still I am hoping against hope that what I see isn't what I am so certain it is. Here we are so near and yet so far from "home." I grab the glasses to make certain.

Ben says, "Blythe's engine is still too hot, but a burned-out engine's better than being done in. . . ." Which is right enough. *Nine Nazi Heinkel bombers are coming our way!*

I disengage "George," take over the controls, and boost the Hudson up in the steepest S-climb she will take. If we can get into the cloud bank before the Nazis cross us we can outrun them by a good bit. The other ships draw in closer. But the Heinkels also are drawing closer. They change course suddenly; their leader must have guessed our purpose. If we only had some armament I should welcome the scramble although I'm supposed to be a non-combatant.

Ben switches on the radio compass and turns the little crank that swings the tuning pointer; the idea being that we are near enough to tune-in *** station once we get into the clouds, flying on instruments until we shake the Heinkels. If we can't shake them—and it is going to be a close race for the protecting clouds—our only hope is that one of the trawlers is an "official boat," sees what is happening and radios *** for help.

We're going to need it. Jerry has the advantage of altitude, and the three, three-plane V's slant down at our practically helpless ships. It's no secret that the trans-Atlantic bombers fly unarmed; the Germans know this, which is why they're so anxious for "combat."

I signal for the Hudsons to break formation. The pilots know what else to do. A formation of unarmed planes is too good a target.

We scatter but of course continue to climb for the ceiling. Here they come. Gray threading tracers stream out from the noses of the leading V. Then there's a staccato drumming of bullets through the starboard wing. I can feel it in the controls, and something about my stomach feels vague and empty. Bullets *pang* through the plastic glass in the nose, and the emptiness in my stomach crowds into my dry throat where there doesn't seem to be room for it! I kick rudder and slip out of the fire. The Nazis scream by, hardly 20 feet overhead.

There are more bullets—probably from their floor guns—then the prayed-for clouds loom up ahead. I look back at Number Three; she is apparently okay, but we are too far away to tell.

"See the others, Ben?"

"Only a couple. Everything's all mixed up. Here they come again, same three I think!" His voice is unsteady, even as I know mine is. It's one hell of a feeling.

Tracers thread across the port wing from behind just as our ship is swallowed by the murky, semi-darkness of the cloud. It's like seeking refuge in a cave of some sort.

"We're all right now, boy!" I cry almost convincingly. Ben is pale. I don't think it was so convincing as it sounded to me.

He fiddles with the radio compass' course-indicator sensitivity knob and I turn the ship slowly until the compass pointer is perfectly vertical. Jerry may be looking for us to come through on top of the clouds, or maybe they expect us to drop down again. We, however, are staying right in here. The blacker it gets the better I'll feel. I shall never again cuss clouds—even stormy ones—so long as I fly.

The compass pointer waves slightly to the left, toward the little "L" on the dial, and I know by this that the ship is to the left of the heading toward the radio station to which we are tuned. A bit of rudder swings the Hudson back in line. I throttle back the engines to cruising

speed once more, and now we are making 212 knots.

"Wonder how the others are getting on?" Ben asks.

"We can only hope, Ben. I think we'll all make it okay, unless both of the crew should happen to be badly hit. The ships can take it. Glad those Heinkels weren't pursuits. Wonder what they were doing so far out anyhow?" I'm feeling very voluble now.

We come out into sunshine again—a hole in the clouds—then back into the murk. A strange fascination—like that which prompts a criminal to return to the scene of a crime—or, more properly, just plain curiosity—makes me want to sneak down to see what has become of Jerry. Also to see if I can spot any of the other planes. I play safe for about fifteen minutes more, however, before I ease down into the clear.

"There's Ireland, boy!" I shout.

Ben just says, "Ummmm!" An expression of combined gladness and relief.

VI

Looking up from his map, Ben says, "We can start letting down"—altitude is now 6,300 feet—"in just 50 minutes if we speed up a bit."

"Right, fellow. We've plenty of gas, even for another blow over the edge of the Irish Sea. Let's get this over with."

I open up to 80 per cent cruising speed for the sprint down the home stretch. Once more land gives way to water, but only for a few minutes. As I nose down into the long power glide and England's shore looms on the far horizon, I feel like a long-lost little boy coming home. This is a home that is strange to me though.

Ben and I both spot the aerodrome at the same moment. Our descent has been nicely timed, and we arrive over the field with 450 feet altitude. As we circle Ben points and hollers, "Here come three of 'em!" I glance up only for a second, my attention being on landing.

Ben sets the hydraulic valve for the landing gear, and the Hudson slows as

the wheels gain their downward-hanging position. When the wing flaps drop she hesitates still more. I adjust the elevator-tab control, then bring her in. The wheels touch, the Hudson bounces ever so slightly, then sits down heavily as though tired from the long flight.

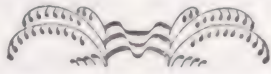
Ben says, "Exactly eight hours and fifty-six minutes! Not bad, eh?"

"Not at all." Owing to the fact that we flew at times faster than usual, we lopped almost an hour off the usual flight time. I suddenly feel very tired as I taxi the plane to the edge of the airdrome. With the exception of a few bullet holes, the ship has been delivered in good condition, and the others—crippled Number Five bringing up the rear—are coming in for the landings.

The place doesn't look like an airdrome at all. There are just a few camouflaged sheds or "huts" and a lot of sandbags. Men of the Ground Section taxi the recently landed bombers out across the meadow in different directions, and presently they just seem to disappear. Each ship is rolled into a "bay," or pit bordered with sandbags. These are scattered over the field so that no more than one or two ships would be destroyed by a single bomb if raiders came.

Now I have a contract which says something to the effect that I am to make 23 more trips, two each month. The worst part of it all will be going back to Newfoundland on a freighter. Shipping is dangerous business these days.





OUTPOST NO. 2: THE WEST INDIES

OUR NEW STAKE IN THE CARIBBEAN

BY LAWRENCE AND SYLVIA MARTIN

THE deal we made with Great Britain by which we traded fifty destroyers for West Indian and other naval bases is only a token of the broader deal fate has been preparing for us in the Caribbean. At the present moment of emergency we are forced to protect our Canal approach and our southern exposure, and (off the record) save our Good Neighbors from their weaker selves. But whether the war is won, lost, or drawn, the island colonies of Britain, those of France, and those of Holland possibly, are likely to become dependents of the United States.

Not that we want them. Nothing, not even the New Deal, is as dead as that imperial Manifest Destiny which sent the lesser Roosevelt up San Juan Hill. But *de facto* or *de jure*, they may be ours whether we want them or not. The strategic importance of the curved line of islands that pulls Florida down to Venezuela will sooner or later bring these islands into our orbit, not only in a military sense, but economically and politically as well.

Should Germany win they become our southern ramparts, our Roosevelt Redoubt. A Nazi victory would hand over to Fascist Pan-Europe control of Martinique, Guadeloupe, Curaçao, and other islands admirably suited to military action. Could the United States tolerate Fascist strongholds in the Caribbean?

In the event of a British victory or stalemate the probable ensuing world

bankruptcy would throw the islands on our economic mercy, just as the fall of France impels us to sustain Martinique and Guadeloupe. We shall be compelled to put them on the dole or reorganize their economies so that they may help themselves—or else be prepared to take the consequences of chaos, starvation, and rebellion on our line of defense. On grounds of political realism, if not of humanity, we shall be compelled to assume the guardianship of some forty orphans of the storm left on our doorstep. To change the figure, a shotgun wedding is brewing, and when Uncle Sam finally takes the Caribbean to his ample bosom, for better or for worse, a more ominous Manifest Destiny will be holding the gun.

Since the Caribbean on any terms is necessary to American security, it might be well for Americans to examine the new assets and liabilities they are about to inherit. Four months on the British, French, and Dutch islands have convinced us that the unwanted gift in the offering consists of a number of smoldering volcanoes whose social eruption is already overdue.

Over the blue Caribbean the cool trade winds play. The tropic sun beats down on sea and jungle, the Southern Cross gleams in the purple night sky. For loveliness, the troubled islands of our southern sea have no superior in the Western world.

But imperial power did not acquire these Antillean gems for their beautiful blue vistas. For four hundred years they have been the battleground of glory and dividends. Once they were the treasure houses of Europe, and four nations fought for the trade monopoly.

Every rock, every reef, has its bloody history. Here, in this almost landlocked sea, the Spanish Empire went down with her tattered galleons. Here England's freebooters and buccaneers learned the naval technic that was to make their rugged island mistress of the seas. Here the thrifty Dutch buried their dreams of empire, and France and England, locking horns, left dead heroes under the diseased tropical hills. The Caribbean sharks were well fed in those lusty centuries when human life was worth as little as it is to-day. Men of giant stature—Drake and Hawkins, vicious Henry Morgan, Blackbeard Teach the pirate, and the Admirals Rodney, Nelson, and De Grasse—played king of the hill on every hump of Antillean land, while the statesmen of Europe made plans that rattled the weary old bones of Columbus in their restless grave.

Alas, the glory has departed. The Caribbean sharks are hungry; the islanders are hungrier still. The lines of international trade power have shifted, and the treasure islands have become the slums of empire.

We had come to the West Indies on the *S. S. Austvangen*, a Norwegian ship in the service of the American aluminum industry, bound for Dutch Guiana to pick up bauxite. She carried lumber, machinery, potatoes, flour, and cotton piece goods, the typical outbound cargo, significant of the dependence of the islands on the outside world for the prime necessities of food, clothing, and shelter. Peacefully the United States has won through industrial wealth and financial weight what pikestaff and carronade had forced for the European powers. She divides with the United Kingdom and Canada the bulk of the Caribbean trade. But she does not buy. The United Fruit

Company's bananas comprise almost the whole of her West Indian imports.

Antillean trade has lost its old importance. No nation would fight for it to-day. True, English and American merchants would not like to lose their West Indies market; but in order to sell one must also buy. No longer are Caribbean products in demand. The world is glutted with sugar, copra, bananas, cocoa, and cotton. Trinidad's oil and asphalt and St. Vincent's arrowroot alone maintain their value on the world market. The old rich traffic in black ivory is no more. Steamers, replacing sailing vessels, pass by many a West Indian port where rum and gold flowed freely in the days when high-masted ships put in for repairs, fuel, and provisions after the long ocean voyage. Once prosperous bases have become impoverished dwindling settlements.

Even the casual tourist is impressed by the evidence of poverty behind the beauty of bougainvillea, saman, and coco palms, white beaches and extravagant sunsets, jungle and mountain, forest and flowering swamp. In each port city he is set upon by swarms of Negroes fighting for his trade. Beggars, idlers, cripples, men, women, and children with open sores and dreadful deformities lounge in the streets and in the parks. At night the shapeless forms of sleeping men line the waterfront buildings. The extensive slums are like the Hoovervilles that sprang up here over garbage dumps during the early years of the depression.

Symbol of West Indian life is the wooden tin-roofed shack in the lush countryside, sagging and unpainted, in which anywhere from one to four families live in two rooms. Between Trinidad's towns are rows of wooden barracks, leftovers from the slave days, breeders of hookworm and tuberculosis, open to the malarial mosquito.

The Negro is believed by many to thrive in the tropics. But to the West Indian Negro nature is a deadly enemy. He keeps his doors and windows closed at night and never ventures out without

a hat. As he has little trust in doctors who cannot cure his mysterious aches and pains without prescribing a diet and living quarters which he cannot afford, he trusts his ills more often to witch doctors, superstitious remedies, and patent medicines.

Nor can the tourist fail to mark the gap between the living conditions of the small upper class and those of the large Negro under-population. The price he pays for a long cool drink on the porch of the grand hotel is more than a day's wage for a field laborer. His chambermaid does not earn in a month what he spends for a day's room and board. He is told there is no color problem, and may ride in certain street cars and buses with people of every shade—but no blacks use his tennis club or the beaches he frequents or his hotel.

He has but to ask a question to receive a story of woes: There is no work. If there is work it is only seasonal or the wages are too small to support a family. The cost of living is rising. Complaints to the authorities bring charges of sabotage or fifth-column activities.

On the other hand, the better classes insist that the Negroes are lazy, and that anyway wages cannot be raised because of the low market prices for West Indian products.

II

Despite their wails over low prices on the world market, the West Indies are not bankrupt. Subsidies and international systems of planned scarcity controlling prices through quotas still bring the big planters a considerable return, although small planters are steadily squeezed out. Big business, a monopoly on every island, maintains its ten per cent profits, or better.

The problems of widespread poverty, disease, slum housing, and illiteracy, however, are older than the depression drop in world prices. They are as old as the Spanish Conquistadors and slavery. They are more pressing to-day because of ten years of rising living costs

and static wages. The people have become bitter and militant.

The years 1937 and 1938 saw a wave of strikes in the islands. They were not the product of organized labor, but spontaneous uprisings, minor revolutions. The upper classes were frightened. That the sullen Negroes and East Indians of Trinidad should rise was not entirely surprising. They could even see how the boisterous, irresponsible Jamaican might work up a mass temper and run amuck. But when the apathetic, slave-minded blacks of Barbados became a raging mob—that was cause for panic.

Great Britain and her colonial representatives met the disturbances with their usual nearsighted firmness. In fact, the colonials themselves were responsible for the riots in Barbados.

It all started with the arrival of Clement Osbourne Payne, tailor turned organizer, from Trinidad. After he had held some meetings the authorities became alarmed and decided to put an end to his activities. In signing entrance documents Payne had given Barbados as his birthplace. The police got a copy of his birth certificate from Trinidad showing he had been born there, and charged him with making a false statement. He was convicted and fined ten pounds. Large crowds followed him to and from the courts, and his followers collected the ten pounds—something new in local history.

An Appeals court later reversed the judgment on the grounds that the false statement was not wilfully made, since Payne had been brought to Barbados by his father at the age of four, and had returned to Trinidad after he had left school. But the colonial officers had already decided to deport him. On the night of the appeal decision Payne was smuggled aboard a ship and sent back to Trinidad, where his own island held him for possessing inflammatory literature.

The deportation was the last straw. The Negroes of Barbados gathered to the sound of cornets, and mass meetings all over the island ended in riots. The

final score was 14 killed, 47 wounded.

The riots in Trinidad, Jamaica, and the smaller islands were the direct result of labor unrest and demands for higher wages and shorter hours. Great Britain sent the gunboats *Ajax* and *Exeter* from island to island, putting their armed platoons at the service of the colonial governments. The *Exeter's* seaplane dropped leaflets on tiny peaceful Tobago. Vigilantes, sworn in by the constabulary, guarded cane fields that were going up in smoke. The Negro soldier-police drew guns, and black fought black under the coconut palms. Trinidad mustered 1,920 men against the rebels, and her death toll in 1937 was 59, of whom 50 were workers.

When the burying was over Trinidad and Jamaica had the nucleus of a union movement, the workers had won trifling rises in pay, the armed forces of all the islands had been permanently increased, and England had sent a Labor Officer to each uneasy island to see that the new unions were kept quiet. Barbados was left much as it was before Payne made his flying visit—with this difference. The people are restive. Talk with any of them: "Remember 1937." "Things are getting worse." "A man can't even tell the government he's hungry without getting accused of sabotage." If you drive through the Barbados country roads at night your headlights pick out the dark faces of roadside gatherings who look after you with none of the hat-tipping servility so universal during the day.

Trinidad emerged with her first labor hero. Uriah Butler is a World War veteran who worked in the oil fields and led a 1935 hunger march. The following year he organized the British Empire Workers and Citizens Home Rule Party, and advocated a general sitdown strike. When the 1937 disorders began with a sitdown strike in the oil fields Butler was of course seen as the focal point of unrest.

For three years Uriah Butler has been interned in a concentration camp on one of Trinidad's smaller islands. He has thus become a useful symbol for the

realistic group of black, white, mulatto, and East Indian organizers who are working to-day. The colonial government does not forbid organizing, but it does put obstacles in the way. Spies are placed among the unions, labor leaders are shadowed, plain-clothes men sit in on meetings. A law prohibits the public gathering of more than twenty persons—at first the limit was ten. Strict censorship keeps out literature regarded as disturbing. New laws are passed almost daily to hamper union activity; they have of course the adverse effect of keeping the fighting spirit alive.

We attended a meeting called by the labor leaders in their attempt to form an island-wide union of all workers. We had met them earlier in the day, just before they left for a mass meeting in the central square in protest against the twenty-persons law. At that time they had fully expected arrests, and perhaps some deaths. But the authorities had wisely refused to make an issue of the case.

As the government would consider an island-wide union a serious threat to established authority, meetings are held under the innocuous guise of the Negro Welfare and Cultural League. About five hundred Negroes filled the bare room when we arrived, and before the meeting was over the overflow was sitting on the window sills and standing against the walls.

The leaders were a cross section of Trinidad's polyglot racial structure. There was bulky Albert Gomes, Spanish and Negro; Dupres, French and Negro; O'Connel, Irish and Negro; Mitchell, pure black. The two white women had been teaching in the Catholic public schools until they were ousted for union activity. The short smiling Chinese was Lifouk, a candidate for municipal councilor. The round, genial East Indian was Dr. Achong, American-educated, the only doctor in Trinidad who will represent the worker in injury compensation cases.

The head of the group is undoubtedly

Gomes. Once an intellectual, Gomes seized the reins of the labor movement when they were dropped by Captain Cipriani, an organizer of the William Green school, who has since become a red-baiter.

Forceful, direct, and colloquial, the speakers pounded one theme: Organize! Their talks were punctuated by "Ayah! Ayah!" and by shoe-tapping applause. Every mention of the Catholic Church was booed; every mention of Butler brought wild cheers. It was strange to hear these traditionless, spontaneous speeches. "For God's sake, men, keep your chin up. Don't let your backbone sink into your—(laughter) shoes. Don't be satisfied with shoes and a collar. All your trouble lies here (pointing to the navel). You need [something to push *this* out."

Significant was the response to Dr. Achong's mild aside: "Mother country! Imagine, Negroes calling England mother!" The laughter was prolonged, and the floor shook under stamping applause.

The meeting ended with the Internationale. It was not entirely unexpected. The West Indian labor movement is not communistic, but it is inevitable that confused echoes of communist doctrine should have penetrated. The more educated leaders need an ideological orientation, and they have it in Marxism. The rank-and-file of course do not know what Dr. Achong or the Catholic ex-teachers mean when they condemn the Manchester school of economics and raise the symbol of the Finland Station, but any display of long-worded erudition commands their respect.

After the strikes England sent the usual investigating commission to the islands. Its findings were suppressed, but Parliament voted about five million dollars a year to help the islands solve their problems. When war was declared the sum was cut in half. To-day, instead of being materially aided, the islands are asked to help England fight the war. Thousands of pounds, shil-

lings, and pence have been poured into Win-the-War, Bomber Planes, Red Cross, and Refugee funds. Embattled England needs West Indian products, but the island cost of living soars, wages do not rise, and the new West Indian hope for better times is becoming a burning resentment against everything English. The next wave of strikes will be better organized, more determined, and more violent than the last, and it will not be long in coming.

III

The West Indian problem as a whole is rooted in three economic facts.

1. The islands, still largely wedded to plantation agriculture, demand a large supply of cheap labor. In the early bonanza days of sugar, slavery provided the ideal system. Emancipation was met in some islands by wholesale immigration of British East Indians, who were packed into the old slave barracks to work as indentured servants while the former slaves built the city slums. To-day the labor supply is plentiful. Poverty prevents all but an infinitesimal percentage of the working population from physical escape, or from draining off into the professions or business. The population has been steadily increasing. In addition, West Indians sent home from Panama and Cuba swell the ranks of the job-seekers.

British investigating commissions have been unanimous in pointing out that wages are below the subsistence level. A West Indian maid of all work receives board, room, and four dollars a month. She may get up to eight dollars without lodging. She is fortunate if she is allowed a free day in the week, and she works from twelve to fifteen hours a day. The mulatto clerks in the department stores earn an average of ten dollars a month. A lonely male traveler in the islands is besieged by pimps; every girl behind a counter is for sale, he has only to make his choice. "Pick she out, Bahss. She get two shillin' a day in de sto'."

The majority of the working popula-

tion is employed in the fields. An ordinary field worker of Trinidad's sugar plantations receives from 45 to 60 cents a day; a woman, from 25 to 45 cents; a child, from 14 to 30 cents. Trinidad is the richest of the British West Indies. In little Antigua a male field worker earns from 24 to 48 cents a day; a woman, from 14 to 16 cents. (All these figures are in West Indian currency. An American dollar equals \$1.15 West Indian.)

Waterfront workers form another large group. In Barbados there are always 2,000 men looking for work along the piers or on the lighters, of whom only seven hundred can be regularly employed—and "regularly" means five months out of the year. The waterfront problem in Barbados is further complicated by a vicious stevedore racket. To be free from the responsibility of hiring, firing, and paying off a large body of workers, shippers leave it all to a stevedore, who thus becomes a petty king, accepting "gifts" from the job seekers for his favors.

As a result of their strike, Jamaica waterfront workers earn as much as twenty cents an hour. But again, they are not employed the year round. Part time or seasonal employment, rather than chronic unemployment, is an important factor in Caribbean poverty. On the plantations the laborers may be divided into three groups: the small body of skilled and semi-skilled who work the year round; the main body, who work half the year; and the gangs that are hired only for the peak seasons, from six weeks to two months. Most of the peak-season men have some other employment during the rest of the year. But the large group that is attached to the plantation and works only half the year, living perhaps as peasant proprietors the rest of the time, actually know what slow starvation means.

This is no exaggeration. A visiting doctor from the Dutch East Indies, examining Trinidad's East Indian population in 1935, reported, according to Governor Fletcher (since resigned), that "al-

though he had had twenty years' experience in the Dutch East Indies and although he had personal knowledge of conditions resulting from vitamin deficiencies, he had never seen such distressing conditions as existed here among the East Indian laboring population where apparently men and women suffered from an absence of all the known vitamins. . . . The Medical Officer stated that every adult above the age of 20 years was affected, and that the working life of the population was reduced by at least 50 per cent."

The East Indians of Trinidad are not unique. Nutrition reports repeat the story for the laboring population of each island. The most common misdemeanor in all the islands is praedial larceny. Small vegetable gardens are often stripped of their products. The peasant proprietor who awakes one morning to find nothing left in his garden in turn becomes thief. He must or he cannot live.

Can the West Indian employer pay better wages? He says he cannot. He points to the uncertain world market and to the competition of countries like British Africa, where labor costs are even cheaper than in the Caribbean. But the fact remains that among West Indian corporations yearly dividends of from nine to thirteen per cent are not uncommon.

Evidence brought out in 1937 showed that Knight's, Ltd., drugstore and commission merchants of Barbados, had declared a ten per cent dividend for some twelve years, through the thick of the depression. The highest wage for a Knight's qualified druggist was shown to be \$40 a month. A Knight's counter boy received \$5 a month.

Shares in the Barbados West India Biscuit Factory had risen in value from their original \$5 to \$26 in 1937; the foreman baker for West India Biscuit earned \$7 a week, and often worked twenty-four hours a day.

The Barbados Commission investigating the disturbances of 1937 concluded:

There can be no justification short of bankruptcy of trade and industry for the maintenance of so low a standard of wages. . . . We have been impressed by the high dividends earned by many trading concerns in the island and the comfortable salaries and bonuses paid to the higher grades of employees in business and agriculture. If the whole community were prosperous and enjoyed a comfortable standard of living, high dividends might be defensible, but when these are only possible on the basis of low wages the time has clearly come for a reconsideration of the fundamental conditions and organization of industry.

The time had clearly come, but nothing has been done about it yet. Remember, this is Barbados, which is among the most wretched of the islands. If profits are being made here they are presumably even higher in such islands as Trinidad and Jamaica.

The situation on the sugar plantations is somewhat different. A plantation in order to survive must now have its own factory. Small planters cannot supply the initial capital outlay. But the large plantation with factory can still make a net profit of from four to seven per cent. The Barbados Commission said that wages could be raised 20 per cent. It pointed out that to live on a bare subsistence level, the family of a worker must spend a minimum of 46½ cents a day the year round. That was in 1937. Since then the cost of living has increased.

2. The islands are dependent on imports for both the necessities and the luxuries. One cannot of course expect them to develop their own industrial life. In the first place, the interests of English merchants militate against it. Second, the cost of erecting factories when every nut and bolt must be imported is prohibitive. Third, the islands cannot provide enough cheap power for widespread industrial enterprise. In the dry seasons water supply is so low that sometimes drinking water must be limited. Thus it is clear why sugar islands must buy refined sugar from abroad and why islands that grow the fine sea island cotton must buy clothes and goods made from that cotton by textile factories far overseas.

But granted that finished goods must come from abroad, why does an island like Barbados spend £13,000 in one year on imports of peas and beans which she can grow herself; why must she spend £77,000 on fish, when her large body of unemployed have the sea at their front door? Why must Jamaica, with her splendid Mysore cattle and good grazing pastures, buy £73,000 of meat, £113,000 of milk, £60,000 of butter and butter substitutes? Why must Trinidad buy more than \$900,000 worth of rice when she herself grows rice?

The preoccupation of the West Indies with money crops has always been so great that many times in the past, when wars and piracy kept supply ships from their ports, they suffered serious food shortages—just as the French islands are suffering to-day. One hundred years ago island administrators were warning them to grow more of their food, but there has never been any attempt at government regulation in this respect. And the planters will not do it of their own choice. Their sugar, cotton, coconut, and cocoa lands are to them too valuable to be sacrificed to the less lucrative production of vegetables, fruits, cattle, and poultry. With their profits they can well afford to buy foodstuffs from abroad. They are not concerned with the fact that their workers must live on breadfruit, yams, and bananas because imported foods are too expensive for them. There is not even one entrepreneur willing to organize fish catching and marketing, and the cost and upkeep of boats prevents more than a few Negroes from becoming full-time fishermen.

With the advent of the second World War the islands have started "Grow your own food" campaigns, but they are little more than campaigns of words. They cannot be otherwise. The local market is a mass of impoverished Negroes who could not afford to buy home-grown foods unless the price were so low as to yield no profit to the seller. Trinidad and Jamaica are growing citrus fruits—but not for Trinidad and Jamaica. The

bulk of their crops is sent to England.

The only realistic approach to the problem would be through government subsidy and regulation. Unprofitable plantations could be bought and turned into vegetable gardens and pastures. Cattle could be imported, and dairy factories and poultry farms erected at government expense. Government transportation, marketing, and price-fixing systems would have to be created.

All this cannot be done under existing conditions. The island governments do not have the money, and what money they have goes to prop up some established ailing industry. However, a small beginning has been made. Jamaica, with government help, has erected a milk condensery, and Trinidad a factory to supply the local demand for oil, lard, and margarine.

3. A few men in each island own the waterfront and control the buying and selling, while a few plantations dominate the interior. They are the real rulers of the British West Indies. The London-appointed governor is little more than a watchdog, keeping the islanders loyal to the mother country, the people passive, and the wheels of business oiled.

Tate and Lyle, a giant corporation that recently spilled over from England into Jamaica and Trinidad with sugar, is practically master of the former. In 1938-39 it made a net profit of £1,319,788 and declared a 13½ per cent dividend. Of course profits go mostly out of the island.

In Barbados the wholesale business is in the hands of the Commission Merchants Association, a combine of the big merchants which has squeezed out the small wholesalers by refusing them credit and fixing prices. The Association buys direct from overseas firms, and makes a contract before the arrival of the goods with the second combine, the Roebuck Traders' Association, which sells to the shopkeepers on its own terms. Sugar is in the hands of the "Big Six," the Barbados Shipping & Trading Company.

Sir George Huggins is the uncrowned

king of Trinidad. He holds the controlling interest in the island's two biggest hotels, the important club, and the chief newspaper. He owns cocoa and coconut estates. He is a commission merchant, an importer, and an exporter. He is a government contractor and agent for shipping lines, insurance companies, and innumerable manufacturers. He doesn't have to be governor in name; he is governor in fact.

Trinidad's open scandal is her internment of refugees in concentration camps. "We must guard against fifth-column activities," intoned the press owned by Sir George Huggins. But it is hard to keep anything secret in a small island. Soon everyone knew about the conferences of the governor with Sir George and the big merchants of Frederick Street, of the governor's protest and finally his dutiful submission. The refugees had been opening new shops on Frederick Street and building small factories in the fields. The large traders wanted no such competition.

With a small bloc of powerful men in every island, reform in the British West Indies is hardly possible. It is their interests, rather than those of the workers or small owners, that are protected in the governor's office, in the law courts, in the legislatures, in the budgets. As a result, every effort at slum clearance has been a farce; land settlement schemes, such as that of Barbados-St. Lucia, are scuttled; education is left to the churches, children are packed seven classes in one bare room, illiteracy is general, and there is always a lack of skilled labor; the workers cannot rise above subsistence wages, minimum hour-and-wage laws are ineffective, old-age pensions are practically non-existent. (Trinidad has just passed an old-age pension law of \$3 a month!)

There are employers' blacklists—and to be blacklisted on a small island is to be a pariah. It takes courage to join a union or a political group. "The people," says a leader of the Barbados political organization, "were not free to

join. If they did so they were victimized. Whenever we went anywhere to hold meetings certain persons would send representatives to see whether any of their laborers or servants were there, and if so, they were dismissed at once."

Local and royal commissions have difficulty in getting witnesses from among the people with a grievance. A laborer testified before the Barbados Commission that many more workers would like to come and give evidence, but if they did so they would be given notice to get off the plantation land in a few days.

Mr. Ward: But you have taken the risk?

Witness: Yes: I have taken the risk and I expect that I will receive notice to leave when . . . it is known that I have given evidence. You can imagine what will happen to those laborers who have their houses on the plantation land and who owe the plantation for lumber, manure, and other things, if they came here and gave evidence.

The Commission did not pursue the subject.

The Chairman asked the witness about the price of lumber.

An accountant appeared on behalf of a number of coopers, lighter-men, and carters who were afraid to come forward. "The men would like to come and give evidence, but they are afraid because they are employed."

A journalist testifies, saying that the evidence he gives "is bound to starve my children and myself to some extent. . . . The shopkeeper from whom I buy goods would be glad to come here and give the Commission his experience as a small shopkeeper, but he is afraid because he owes the merchants, and if he came he would be out of his business in a week. That is the policy adopted all the time in this place."

The Commission did not go into the subject, and its final report made no mention of intimidation. The situation was pretty well summed up by another witness:

"The small man is so oppressed that he cannot kick against it. The big man has the whole thing in his hand."

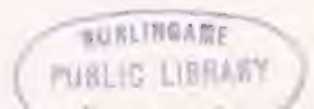
IV

This is what the United States may inherit in the Caribbean. If the war is prolonged it is highly probable that American ships will be substituting for the *Exeter* and the *Ajax* in putting down a desperate people.

Only a complete economic renovation can put the islands on their own feet. Such a renovation must include the federation of all the islands, and perhaps of British Honduras and Guiana as well, under one rule, not centralized in Washington, as the present governments are in London's Colonial Office, far from the scene of action; but on one of the islands. Bad as the basic troubles of the British West Indies are, they have been rendered desperate by the expense of maintaining almost as many separate governments as there are islands, and by the lack of co-operation and even communication among these governments. Separate customs, currencies, courts, legislatures, immigration laws, school systems make isolation inevitable, drain the treasuries, and encourage countless inter-island jealousies and disputes.

Economically, the West Indies would have to be put on a planned-economy basis, making money crops the secondary consideration and self-subsistence the first. The productive capabilities of each island must be canvassed and cultivation regulated so that the output of one would complement that of the others. Land must be worked either communally or distributed among the people. Education must be taken out of the hands of the churches and made effectively free and compulsory. Slum clearance, health measures, vocational training, the transference of population from overcrowded settlements to those less densely inhabited—all these must be included in the sweeping reforms.

Could the United States father such a program? If our adventure in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands is a criterion the answer seems fated to be pessimistic. We have poured millions of dollars into



our own Caribbean possessions but have changed the basic economic evils not an iota. We might, in fact, do well to begin with Puerto Rico and the Virgins right now.

Looking so close to home, we can see at once where the shoe pinches. Expropriation with compensation, or even rigid control, of capitalist enterprises would bring a tempest of American criticism against the Administration that dared to attempt such a measure. Yet for Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, as for the British West Indies, it is the only long-term solution.

Another point that must never be lost to sight is that the West Indian population is predominantly Negro. What experience do we have in managing a black world? The Englishman displays far less prejudice toward color than does the American. And in the measure that we succeeded in raising the living and cultural standards of the black Caribbean how would our Solid South react? If the history of our relations with Haiti is any indication, the South would sabotage any program of real benefit to the West Indies because of the example it would put before her own Negroes.

Assuming that the United States cannot afford to have its southern exposure the scene of battle, murder, and lingering death, of chaos and revolt, it must arrange to become the islands' main buyer as well as its supplier. There will have to be subsidies.

In few parts of the world has an empire made such a mess of things. Nature lavished on the islands beauty and fertility; colonial exploitation has sullied the one and negated the other. It must of course be agreed that even at the worst the British have not shown toward their underdogs any of the swaggering bru-

talidity of the Nazi. Their tyranny is mild and half apologetic, so that when they shoot down rioters they feel impelled to appoint fairly honest commissions which deplore the nasty business. Nowhere does there seem to have been any such crime against rioters as Chicago saw against parading picketers in its Memorial Day Massacre. Nor do the English draw the color line as inexorably as we Americans do.

Instead of trying to patch up this unwholesome imperial garment, however, it would be better, easier, and less expensive in the long run to throw it away and manufacture a new one to fit. It will be a social engineering job, involving that fearsome corrective to inhumane rugged individualism—dictatorship.

This does not mean fascism, but its opposite. The destitution of the West Indian masses is in great part the result of England's let-alone policy—not of Britannia's heavy hand, but of the lack of any guiding, restraining, integrating hand at all. That rugged individualism which decades ago was forced to abdicate in the mother country itself reigned on undisturbed over the islands.

Now the imperial mother, under Hitler's relentless hammering, is awakening to a new sense of community. Amid the smoking rubble left behind by the bombers, the people begin to tower over their misrulers, the men of The City. Unless England goes under, the Laskis and the Bevins may well become the determiners of the housekeeping of empire.

They could do the job better than we could. But only with our money—for the Empire will be broke and the first and second mortgages will be in Uncle Sam's strong box. Would he allow, would he subsidize, even a mild black socialism on his southern exposure?



CAPE COD GETS A WAR BOOM

BY CLARK CRAIG

IN mid-September of last fall the picturesque little Cape Cod resort town of Falmouth had finished counting its receipts from summer visitors and was settling down for its annual hibernation. The Labor Day crescendo of "trippers" had subsided. "Rooms for Tourists" signs and summer cash registers were being put away. Cribbage boards and other paraphernalia of a winter-round-the-stove community life were appearing. In the several small resort "colonies" in Falmouth the empty shuttered cottages had settled down among the falling leaves to await another vernal equinox. War was very far away.

Into this haven of peace and tranquillity, on September 16th, rumbled 370 mobile units of the 68th Regiment U. S. Army, looking effectively formidable with six-wheeled lorries pulling fifty millimeter anti-aircraft guns. While they were making camp on the Military Reservation located virtually in Falmouth's back yard, Battery G of the 211th Regiment Coast Artillery (Massachusetts National Guard) was pitching camp right in Falmouth's front yard. The latter group, which is composed mainly of Falmouth natives, had been mobilized in anticipation of being transferred to Camp Hulen, Texas, for a year of training. Temporarily they were barracked on the second floor of the Town Hall and were messing (eating to you sanitary-minded muftis) on the lawn outside, where their food was prepared over open fires.

For several days the townspeople were

treated to the sight of their sons drilling beside a monument bearing the names of Falmouth men who died in World War Number One and erected on the very ground where Minute Men, ancestors of more than one of the present soldiers, drilled in preparation for service at Cambridge and Ticonderoga. During both the Revolution and the War of 1812 cannon balls from attacking British warships had crashed through Falmouth houses and bounced off the same training grounds. At noon the National Guardsmen were made aware of the "hour," in perhaps more than a literal sense, by the ringing of the bell in the Congregational Church. A Mr. Paul Revere had cast the bell in 1796.

The sociological matrix of the town had hardly begun to absorb the new military element when it received another—and more staggering—shock. The Federal Government, which had taken over the Massachusetts National Guard Camp, announced the letting of contracts to build, within 75 days, a tremendous training camp on the site to accommodate the new draft army. At the latest count some \$20,000,000 had already been spent on upward of 1,400 buildings, a hospital, a sewage plant, a railroad spur, and several miles of new highways. This colossal undertaking is known as Camp Edwards.

"Where is Camp Edwards?" immediately became a burning question. The twenty-four-square-mile reservation lies partially in the townships of Bourne, Sandwich, Mashpee, and Falmouth; so,

when the Government officially designated the Camp's address as Falmouth the other towns began sending up individual and collective roars of protest. This controversy still reverberates up and down the Cape, but the Government stands firm and Falmouth stands with the Government. Actually, only the Camp's sewage disposal plant is located within the township of Falmouth (the other towns made much invidious capital of this fact) and threats were even made to contest the legality of contracts specifying Falmouth as the official address.

However little time was lost by the Walsh Construction Company—which had undertaken to have the barracks ready within 75 days—in debating the finer points of addresses. Overnight, materials, officials, and workmen began pouring into Camp Edwards and overflowing into the surrounding towns. At this point the sociologic structure of the area really began to creak and groan.

Notice was sent out that thousands of men were wanted immediately at wages of \$1.17½ per hour for carpenters and \$.62½ per hour for laborers; but work was held up a week or more while various union locals skirmished for control of the new bonanza. An A. F. of L. local of New Bedford eventually emerged victorious and began signing on carpenters for an initiation fee of \$75 and laborers for \$35. Clouds of controversy hovered over the union's activity throughout the whole construction period and have since culminated in a Federal investigation. Nevertheless men were hired, sometimes at the rate of a thousand a day, until the working force totaled close to 20,000 men drawing a weekly payroll in excess of three-quarters of a million dollars. Never in all history had such a deluge throbbled through the economic arteries of Cape Cod.

It must be said in fairness to the Walsh Construction Company, if not in eulogy, that it accomplished the near impossible in erecting Camp Edwards in such record-breaking time. In so doing it had to squeeze through at least two bottlenecks

—supply of labor and supply of materials—and the incidents described herein after are not necessarily a reflection on the Company.

In order to get men the Camp had to compete with the New England shipyards, other national defense projects in New England, and the generally improved employment conditions in the region. Almost anyone was hired who looked old enough—or young enough—to work unassisted and who claimed he knew how. Boys who won't need a razor for years hammered their fingers alongside old Cape Codders, one of whom I knew was born on a whaler eighty-three years ago.

Tales of the constructional eccentricities of this heterogeneous labor force began to reach Falmouth in such elaborated variety that I resolved to get a job there and to behold them firsthand. I submit my findings to be sifted through your own gullibility.

The construction company wanted men in large numbers and the union wanted initiation fees in equally if not larger numbers. Within these quantitative limitations almost anyone could get a job as a carpenter—and did so, including myself. Probably never in the history of the ancient and honorable profession of carpentry have so many sins of omission and commission been done in its name. The tools and tool boxes pressed into service by these neophyte carpenters were egregious. Taken collectively, the carpentry implements, resurrected from basements and barns or hastily purchased at nearby bargain counters, would serve quite adequately as an exhibition of the progress of tool-making in the United States since the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth some fifteen miles away. A collection of Camp Edwards tool boxes, on the other hand, should be preserved for posterity in the Smithsonian Institute as proof that the old Minute Man spirit of emergency improvisation has not diminished through the years. Among such a collection would be found egg crates, gunny

sacks, family bread boxes, old radio cabinets, and dresser drawers, replete with knobs and the odor of mothballs.

Further insight into human adaptability may be gleaned from a catalogue of the pursuits followed by the owners of some of this unusual equipment prior to their adventures in wood butchery. Among them I located a former clergyman, a lawyer, former clerks in grocery and dime stores, a butcher, a soda jerker, a jeweler, two cooks, a policeman, a soldier, a barber, an undertaker's assistant, and dozens of Cape fishermen. Their nationalities, appearance, and choice of working clothes were in keeping with the general spirit of heterogeneity.

Fortunately the proportion of bona fide carpenters was usually high enough in every gang to temper the destruction, self and otherwise, of these novices. Aside from the occasional misplacement of doors and windows, they managed to get the barracks up with a degree of uniformity. However in the erection of scaffolds they gave freer rein to individual artistry. Some stagings were built to stand for centuries, others had to lean against the buildings for support. Not infrequently the reinforced, flying-buttress types were built by men who had fallen through their initial flimsy creations.

Accidents were of course frequent among such a force, especially when working under pressure of time. Fortunately most of them were minor. In a short while many of the less dexterous workers had so many bits of adhesive tape on their non-hammering hands as to appear bedecked in some futuristic style of gloves. Perhaps of a more serious nature was the apparent waste of material. To frugal-minded Cape Codders there seemed to be only one significant difference between trucks bound for the scrap piles and those arriving from the supply sources—the direction in which they were going.

On a rush job of such size it might be expected that there would be periodic hitches in the supply of materials. Dur-

ing such lulls, and during the slackening-off period as the project neared completion, considerable ingenuity was required on the part of the men to look busy. With some this was an easily acquired art, exemplified by two carpenters who put in sixty-six dollars' worth of time building a temporary door while a gang of twenty others spent an entire afternoon moving two tables around in a mess hall.

Radio has done much for communication, but it would be a good network that could carry rumors as widely and quickly as they spread among men at Camp Edwards. One day, according to report, a man would steal a bulldozer, another would be electrocuted, and there would be a 20 per cent increase due in pay. Next day 5,000 men would be slated for a lay-off, a man would be discovered buried for five days under a load of lumber, and a strangely muscled carpenter would turn out to be a woman. Most sensational was a rumored attempt to hijack the \$800,000 payroll, which resulted in the men being paid off under the surveillance of protecting bayonets and riot guns. On November 24th Walter Winchell reported an attempted sabotage incident which later turned out to be nothing but a feat of amateur carpentry: someone had driven nails into a light cable and blown a fuse.

Camp Edwards is now practically finished and is in use as a training ground for Uncle Sam's new army. In a sense its construction was a symbolically American undertaking. Started in the face of defeatist prognostications that it couldn't be done in the allotted time, the work lurched haltingly through its initial stages, roared into a stretch of to-hell-with-the-cost efficiency, and then became just another case of "we done it."

II

Building Camp Edwards was by far the most strenuous effort in which Cape Codders have participated for a long time. They may never recover from

the stresses and strains it has imposed on their endocentric life. In the long run the Camp will very likely prove a salutary addition to the Cape, and especially to the little town of Falmouth. For the immediate present it has brought a virtual gold rush attended by appropriate social and economic incongruities.

Within a week after the 68th Regiment had arrived, in September, 36 houses in Falmouth were rented by officers and their families. Subsequently over 100 were taken by additional officers and construction officials at Camp Edwards. Houses became as scarce as depression dividends. Numerous summer houses were opened with improvised heating systems, and the oil burner business hit a new high. But this house-renting flurry was a mere surface ripple compared to the rooming-house rush that hit the town when the building of the Camp began. Between three and five thousand carpenters made Falmouth their eat-and-sleep headquarters almost overnight. The usual tourist accommodations were swamped by the first wave. Men began knocking on doors and asking for rooms whether there was a sign out or not. "How are you?" as a telephone salutation was replaced by "How many roomers have you got?"

Rates ranged from \$3.50 to \$6.00 a week for rooms and from \$12.00 to \$20.00 a week for room and board. In order to cash in on the gusher some people overdid themselves and moved the family into the kitchen or the basement, partitioned off porches, or let the beds work in two shifts. In most cases, however, when the house filled up, neighbors, who may never have been in the hostelry business before, were prevailed upon to take the overflow. Through this process even maids' rooms were converted into boudoirs for carpenters, plumbers, and steam-shovel skimmers.

Aside from a few outcroppings of professional jealousy on the part of the amateur innkeepers, the emergency was met with exceptional harmony. In many instances roomers were treated as

guests and allowed the run of the house. Card games and conversation between hosts and guests led to unnumbered new friendships, exchange of ideas, advisory general staff meetings, and fireside chats on the state of the nation.

Public facilities in Falmouth were as heavily taxed in handling the Camp crowd as were private homes. During the construction period the business of individual stores rose from 25 to 300 per cent over normal. Hardware stores were stripped of tools immediately and couldn't get orders filled fast enough to meet demands. Restaurants had to begin serving breakfasts and preparing lunches at five o'clock in the morning to get all the men to Camp on time. Grocery stores sold staples by the case instead of the can. Best eggs, ordinarily demanded by the summer clientele, addled on the shelf while dozens of the next best were bought to be converted into workers' breakfasts. This was typical of the "new economic order" in the town.

Symbol of the new order was that beautiful specimen of governmental engraving, the twenty-dollar bill. Carpenters at Camp Edwards received their 60-dollar-a-week pay in the form of three twenty-dollar bills, and on Thursday nights these welcome tokens flowed back and forth across Falmouth counters and into hospitable pockets. Within an hour on one payday night a local grocer made 27 consecutive sales paid for out of twenty-dollar bills. Nor did all of the natives wait to get their bills at second hand; old and young hastily fitted themselves out in overalls and hammer and were soon thumbing twenty-dollar bills of their own.

Leaky roofs, clogged drains, and broken light fixtures had to go unattended in the town, for all the local carpenters, plumbers, electricians, and the like were busy building barracks. Even those with permanent jobs found it difficult to withstand the lure of Camp Edwards' wages. Within a week most of the Falmouth Police Department were

on temporary double shifts—one stretch of regular duty in the town and a second stretch as private police for the Camp. Of 86 call firemen hardly enough could be found for a game of checkers. Several clerks, a real estate man, a contractor, a teacher, and a number of people in business for themselves managed for varying lengths of time to hold down their own jobs and work the 4 P.M. to midnight shift as carpenters. Others had their duties doubled without going to Camp. Mail for Camp workers and soldiers swelled normal postal traffic tenfold. On payday tens of thousands of dollars were converted into money orders, while additional thousands were deposited in postal savings accounts opened by temporary residents. The telephone company was equally harassed. When, owing to rain or a holiday, work was suspended at Camp Edwards, long-distance lines would be jammed for hours by men arranging to go home to Boston, Providence, or even New York.

Motor traffic brought by far the worst communications problem. As many as 12,000 cars and trucks a day entered and left Camp Edwards. Sometimes it took workmen four hours a day to make the round trip between Falmouth and the Camp; the morning and evening traffic jams at the project would have thrilled even a Manhattan cop. Congestion on the inadequate road system led to numerous traffic accidents on and near the military reservation; the worst was a head-on collision the night of Friday, December 13th, in which five were killed and four injured. A four-lane dual highway is now being built into the Camp.

III

What happens to the people of a quiet New England town when over half a million dollars are brought into it? Some of the effects are immediately obvious. The first, at Falmouth, was a pervasive cheerfulness. Ordinarily the winter months are very lean times in this summer resort, with business running in

the red and only slowly at that. The people wear a collective long face. Not so this year. The cost of winter relief fell off 90 per cent and WPA rolls were off 75 per cent during the early winter months. The mere presence of so much folding money, even if one didn't have much of it, made the atmosphere more cordial. Tradesmen were in a pleasant state of constant shock from unexpected payment of old bills, and Christmas shopping was an all out success.

The income from the Camp was not only quantitatively large but well distributed. For a three-month period upward of 300 families took in between 12 and 15 thousand dollars a week in board and room rent. Another 300 to 500 residents drew from \$35 to \$100 a week in wages—more than the most of them ever earned in their lives. Retail trade in the town was running almost 100 per cent above seasonal normals. On stimulants such as these it might be expected that the town would have gone on a collective spree. Such was not the case.

Aside from one non-resident carpenter who went on a bender and bought \$200 worth of tools, two radios, and a motor scooter, no incidents of squandering or "conspicuous consumption" could be discovered. According to tradesmen their increased sales were predominantly of utility goods: work clothes, more and better foodstuffs, children's clothing, and school supplies. Occasionally a man who had bought jackets and trousers for several years would bring the Missus in to pick out a suit for him and perhaps a cloth coat for herself.

Most of the suddenly prosperous males displayed their improved monetary and psychological status by such simple means as the purchase of a fragrant, if not flagrant, cigar and walking about town puffing expansively. Others simply displayed their big round work buttons conspicuously and walked with their heads a notch more erect. To some of those men the white numbered buttons worn so proudly on their overalls and hats meant the difference between \$11-a-week de-

pendence on relief and \$60-a-week earnings made with their own hands. It is perhaps regrettable that some of the well-fed defeatists who talk in mournful numbers of our "unemployables" could not have seen one of these men, as I saw him, sitting in church, dressed in a clean work shirt, gingerly yet affectionately massaging the recently re-acquired callouses on his hands, head bowed humbly over his chest on which gleamed a new white work button.

There was little or no boom-town drinking and rowdiness associated with Falmouth's unexpected prosperity. Gallons of beer and not a few bottles of rye and scotch were consumed in after-work-before-dinner snifters, yet all but a marked few of the men were too tired, too busy writing home, or too concerned with interests in their Falmouth homes to do much nocturnal effervescing. By eleven o'clock the sidewalks along Main Street were rolled up for the night. The few drunks who had to be dehydrated in the town cooler were usually back on the job, in body at least, the next day.

Now that the effects of the building program at Camp Edwards are diminishing, the town fathers are speculating on the possible aftermath. In so doing they are faced with a set of problems that would furrow the aggregate brow of a panel of brain trusters. Will the town have an economic hangover after its brief but intense prosperity? When 30,000 soldiers are barracked at Camp Edwards what will happen to "normal" civilian life in the town? When Falmouth's 15,000 summer people, both resident and transient, come back next spring, what will they think when they discover that their summer resort has taken on many of the aspects of a fort?

Contrary to the predictions of the gloomier prognosticators, the "return to normal" after Camp Edwards is built will probably not be too painful. Cape Codders are, among other things, a very frugal tribe and there are indications that the sugar bowls, socks, mattresses, and bank books of Falmouth have shown a

marked credit improvement since the Camp started. Furthermore, considerable employment and trade will continue to accrue to the townspeople from the Camp even after it is completed. The mere thought of what will happen when a thousand more officers, scheduled to arrive with the draftees, start house hunting makes Falmouth real estate men sit on the edge of their chairs. In the meantime Falmouth schools are overflowing with officers' children, Falmouth church services are sprinkled with uniforms, an energetic committee has organized entertainments and dances for the men, Falmouth girls are enjoying the benefits of the law of supply and demand, and town fire and water departments are crystal-gazing into a busy future.

What will Camp Edwards do to Falmouth's summer resort industry? There are two antipodal schools of thought. One group holds vehemently to the foregone conclusion that Falmouth is ruined as a resort, their thesis being that no one who wants to relax will come to a "fort" where "a thousand soldiers a day" are parading the streets and army trucks are rumbling along the roads while pursuit planes roar round overhead.

The opposing, and much larger school, holds that the Camp will not only continue to be an economic boon to the town in itself but will actually help the summer-resort business. This group argues hopefully that the thousands of officers and soldiers who will be living in or near the town, plus the other thousands of families and friends who will be coming to Falmouth to see them, will afford the town a wealth of free word-of-mouth advertising; and that even after the war and the draft, and perhaps Camp Edwards itself, are things of the past these soldiers and their friends will remember Falmouth and return to spend their summers there. Whatever happens, Falmouth will long remember the wonderful season when tragedy in Europe and emergency in America suddenly poured men, jobs, dollars, problems, and hope into the town.



TOTAL DEFENSE AND PUBLIC HEALTH

THE IMPORTANCE OF NUTRITION IN THE PRESENT CRISIS

BY JAMES RORTY

NOT the least significant of the numerous surprises that the Nazi total war has sprung on the world is the fact that the German soldiers, although many of them grew up during the "turnip years" of the last war, proved to be not only better armed and better trained than their antagonists, but notably vigorous and well-nourished. Moreover, it is now generally recognized that despite the blockade, Germany's troops and back-of-the-lines workers are not starving and are not likely to starve.

Does this mean that the Germans have discovered some secret nutritional weapon—some kind of magical Buck Rogers pill that makes ordinary feeding arrangements obsolete and unnecessary? There have been rumors of this sort; American nutritionists, who are fully as advanced as any in the world, are inclined to discount them. They do say, however, that the Nazis, just as they made an early and systematic application of De Gaulle's tank tactics and the idea of parachute troops borrowed from Russia, have stolen a march on their democratic antagonists by taking nutritional science seriously and using it for all it is worth to strengthen the Nazi arms and the Nazi state.

Since nutritional discoveries are to-day closely guarded as military secrets, we have only fragmentary knowledge of what the Nazis have actually done and are doing on the nutritional front. But Surgeon General Parran himself is au-

thority for the statement that the Germans took measures several years ago "to provide for the working masses a diet better than ours have now." At that time the Nazi nutritional planners, using methods both usual and feasible in a totalitarian state, obliged the German people to eat whole-grain bread and like it, thereby increasing their consumption of the total Vitamin B complex and to a considerable degree correcting what is perhaps the major deficiency in modern civilized diets. More recently it is reported that the shortage of citrus fruit in Germany is being partially met by a regular ration of synthetic ascorbic acid (Vitamin C) issued to both troops and school children; that German aviators get Vitamin A as protection against night blindness; that the highly developed German chemical industry is turning out quantities of the fat-soluble vitamins A, D, E, and K, thereby lessening the drain on the limited supply of animal fats; also that last year the Nazi chemists manufactured 40,000 tons of edible fats out of coal.

Somewhat belatedly, the British and ourselves have been forced to realize that nutritional science is as much a part of modern defensive warfare as anti-aircraft guns and balloon barrages. Last August the British Food Ministry announced the fortification of white bread with Vitamin B₁ and calcium—a measure which is only now going into effect and which has been roundly criticized by British physicians

and nutritionists on the ground that it accomplishes less than the Germans accomplished by making whole-grain bread mandatory. Six months ago our own nutritionists were mobilized by the National Research Council, and already as a result of their work, the feeding of our armed forces has been receiving careful study. The new field ration, which is still undergoing experiment and improvement, is fortified with vitamins and minerals, and a recent study of the new camp ration indicated that the draft army is getting a diet well above the requirements of the Bureau of Home Economics. Both Army and Navy have scrapped their obsolete cookbooks and issued new ones; quartermaster departments are purchasing less goldfish and corned Willie and more fresh fruits and vegetables; Army and Navy cooks are being taught elementary nutritional science; dietitians, who were without honor in the last war, are being employed in large numbers now.

To-day nutritional defense is a major preoccupation of both the National Defense Advisory Council and the United States Public Health Service, and involves the active participation of a score of government bureaus. This includes the National Health Institute; the Bureau of Home Economics; the Consumers' Counsel; the Children's Bureau; the Works Progress Administration; the Surplus Marketing Administration headed by Milo Perkins, author of the Stamp Plan and the School Lunch Program; the Food and Drug Administration, which is the standard-making body; the Farm Security Administration, which fosters medical co-operatives and propagandizes for home gardens and more and better home canning; the Federal Trade Commission, which tempers the claims of manufacturers of vitamin products who in 1939 grossed over \$40,000,000; the Department of Justice, which is currently waving a big stick at food profiteers; and the Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture, whose chief, M. L. Wilson, heads the nutritional work

of the National Defense Advisory Commission under the co-ordinating ægis of Paul McNutt's Federal Security Administration. To this list should be added the public and private relief agencies which for some time have been doing important educational work in the field of nutrition, the public school system, and the organized medical and other health professions, all of which are co-operating with the government's program.

One of the first moves in the new drive on the nutritional front was the educational campaign launched by Harriet Elliott, Consumer Commissioner of the National Defense Advisory Commission, with the broad objective of raising our 45,000,000 malnourished Americans "above the danger line." Miss Elliott, in a remarkable issue of the *Consumers' Guide* published last September, said:

"Defense is planes and guns. It is equipping an army to man our military weapons. It is this, and more. It is building the health, the physical fitness, the social well-being of all our people, and doing it the democratic way. Hungry people, undernourished people, do not make for strong defense."

A second move is the fortification of white flour to a new "standard of identity" soon to be announced by the Food and Drug Administration after a long series of conferences with the millers and the bakers. In the background, but undergoing serious study, are even more far-reaching schemes such as the systematic fortification of sugar and canned and bottled goods as well as cereals with vitamins and minerals; also a project for boosting the health and efficiency of our population by means of a cheap food supplement fortified with minerals and synthetic vitamins.

To the layman, who is still likely to couple nutrition with "food faddism," such projects may seem over ambitious. To the nutritionist they are merely logical and somewhat overdue applications of a science which, although only about thirty years old, is enormously

fecund, and has already set aside as proved a whole series of epoch-making findings. The public, despite the lather of publicity which has bathed the successive discoveries of vitamin therapy, has only a dim notion of what these findings are and is even less aware of their profound social and economic implications.

II

"The science of nutrition," writes Surgeon General Thomas Parran, "stands to-day about where bacteriology stood in 1900." The force of this statement is not apparent until one remembers that bacteriology laid the foundations of modern public-health science, and that major credit for the steady reduction of the death rate during the first three decades of this century—from 17.5 per thousand in 1900 to 11.3 per thousand in 1930—must be given to the successful application of this science to the control and prevention of communicable disease. Is it possible that the large-scale application of nutritional science, which is just now beginning, will yield comparable or greater results?

It is not only possible, but in the opinion of responsible nutritionists and public health workers, highly probable. Moreover, it is likely that the rate of progress will be much faster. In 1892, when New York's pioneering public health officer, Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, established the first municipal bacteriological laboratory, public-health administration was relatively undeveloped and without prestige. Not very long before the chief responsibility of the public-health officers had been to maintain pest houses and send round carts to collect the bodies of plague victims. To-day, as we have pointed out, our health authorities have at their disposal a huge administrative and educational apparatus, now operating in high gear with one of its chief objects the raising of the nutritional level of our people.

A half century ago Dr. Biggs was concerned largely with those diseases,

affecting large blocks of the population, which bacteriology had shown to be caused by an invading organism: diphtheria, for example, which he and other public-health workers attacked so effectively that the death rate from this disease dropped from 40.4 per hundred thousand of the population in 1900 to 2.5 in 1932. To-day the government, in applying the new weapon of nutritional science, is concerned also with diseases affecting great blocks of the population; but the approach is from a different angle. The diseases are called deficiency diseases; they are caused, not by the *presence* of something, such as a diphtheria germ, but by the *absence* of something, namely, certain nutritive elements which are needed to nourish the body properly and enable it to resist disease. For example, scurvy, including such comparatively mild manifestations of the disease as gingivitis and bleeding gums, is caused by a lack of Vitamin C (ascorbic acid) contained in citrus fruits and in many leafy vegetables; pellagra is caused chiefly by a lack of nicotinic acid; beriberi, with its milder sub-clinical manifestations of constipation, dyspepsia, neuritis, and mental upsets and demoralization, is caused by a lack of Vitamin B₁ contained in the wheat germ which is milled out of refined white flour, and which is synthesized as thiamin chloride; xerophthalmia and night blindness are caused by a lack of Vitamin A contained in fish-liver oils and in that remarkable herb, parsley; rickets, poor teeth, bone and muscular weakness are caused by a lack of Vitamin D, calcium, and phosphorus.

To correct our recognized American deficiency in Vitamin B₁ it would be conceivable, of course, to line up large numbers of people and give each one of them a shot of synthetic thiamin. It has seemed cheaper, however, and more practical to give our flour millers a figurative shot in the arm, and that, in essence, is what the government nutritionists and their consultants have done.

As the new reinforced breads replace the refined white loaves now sold, each bread consumer will automatically get a shot of thiamin every time he eats a slice of toast; also a shot of iron, and eventually, if the present program of bread fortification is developed, a shot of all the other nutritive elements which modern milling processes have more or less removed from the wheat berry. Similar procedures, it seems probable, will be relied upon in some degree to correct other recognized deficiencies in the American diet. The scale of the operation is large, like that of the sanitarian who transforms the health of a whole region by providing a safe water supply. This is what makes nutritional science both important and exciting. In the words of Dr. Henry Borsook, head of the nutrition group of the California Institute of Technology, it is "biological engineering on the grand scale." But it is only when applied to human beings that the idea has novelty. Every progressive dairyman is a biological engineer in the sense that he applies nutritional science to the feeding of his stock, even though it rarely occurs to him to do the same thing with respect to the feeding of his children. The Bureau of Animal Husbandry and many other branches of the Department of Agriculture have been doing biological engineering, and on the grand scale at that, for these many years. *Food and Life*, the 1939 Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, devotes 670 pages of its text to animal nutrition as against 303 pages to human nutrition, and Henry A. Wallace, himself something of a nutritionist, points out in the introduction to this admirable volume that "The modern knowledge of nutrition is based to a considerable extent on animal experimentation." The cows, the chickens, and the pigs have been given precedence, one supposes, simply because salable domestic animals have a recognized cash value, whereas human life—except when raised by the threat of war to the dignity of "manpower"—has only a sentimental value. These animals

are of course utilized for human food, giving milk, meat, and other nourishing fare.

III

Like bacteriology, which grew out of the researches of Pasteur and Koch, nutritional science is a child of biochemistry. But while nutrition, like bacteriology, emphasizes prevention as an objective and is now leaning toward public-health procedures in its methods, it opens up an even more challenging perspective to the health professions: that of positive *health building*. The mind-set of the modern nutritionist, whether physician or biochemist, is well expressed by the English nutritionist, R. H. A. Plimmer, in the June, 1940, issue of *Public Health*:

"To the biochemist, disease is an architectural problem. A soundly constructed, that is, well-nourished body, is impervious to infection and withstands stresses and strain just as a well-built house resists the onslaughts of wind and rain. It is absurd to provide an excess of bricks and not enough roofing tiles for a house, and it is equally absurd not to calculate the right amount of the various substances used for the construction and maintenance of human bodies. Appetite will regulate energy requirements, but the supply of vitamins and other essentials must be checked. The necessary information is available, why not use it?"

The urgency of this "why not?" which is being repeated with even sharper emphasis by American nutritionists, becomes more comprehensible to the layman when it is realized that modern nutritional science has profoundly affected pre-vitamin concepts of food.

Forty years ago all food, like Cæsar's Gaul, was divided into three parts: proteins, carbohydrates, and fats. In 1897, using these elements as his building blocks, Wilbur O. Atwater, one of the foremost nutritionists of his time, recommended diets for poor people which would now be considered open to serious objection, since they took no account of

the essential role, then unknown, of the vitamins and minerals.

To-day, although original nutritional research is accumulating at a dizzying rate, science has identified without much question the principal food elements which are essential to optimum health and well-being. In addition to an amount of carbohydrates and fats which ordinarily takes care of itself except under conditions of famine or near-famine, these essentials are first-class protein (derived chiefly from meat and dairy products), calcium, phosphorus, iron, and the Vitamins A, the B complex, C, and D. Logically, if we are to take nutritional science seriously, we must from now on be concerned not only with meat, cereals, vegetables, fruits, etc., but also with the vitamin and mineral contents of these food packages.

Here, subject to change without notice like everything else in the present fluid state of the science, are the mineral and vitamin elements which modern science considers essential to optimum health and well-being, with brief notation of what they are supposed to do, and the principal food sources from which they may be obtained:

Calcium and phosphorus. These two minerals, in combination and in proper balance, are necessary to good tooth and bone structure. Their utilization is promoted by an adequate supply of Vitamin D. Optimum requirement of calcium for children three to thirteen years is 1,000 milligrams; for adults, 680 mg.; for pregnant women, 1,500 to 3,000 mg.; for nursing women, 2,000 to 4,000 mg. Among the best good sources are skim-milk powder and whole-milk powder, which the baking industry has been using increasingly to fortify white bread; also Swiss cheese, turnip greens, molasses, collards, and kale. Average requirement of phosphorus for children up to 14 is 1,000 mg.; for adults and for nursing and pregnant women the average requirement is 25 per cent more than the requirement for calcium. Among the best sources of phosphorus are wheat bran

and wheat germ, skim-milk powder, egg yolk, yeast, dried kidney beans, peas, and peanuts.

Iron is the chief constituent of the hemoglobin of the blood, and lack of iron causes nutritional anemia. Even if adequately supplied in the diet, iron will not be properly utilized unless there is also an adequate consumption of Vitamins A, C, and D. Among the best food sources of iron are beef liver, parsley, apple butter, lentils, molasses, egg yolk, water cress, dried lima and kidney beans, whole wheat bread, lean meats, and the green leafy vegetables in general.

Other Minerals. Minute amounts of sodium, chlorine, potassium, cobalt, copper, iodine, magnesium, manganese, sulphur, and a score of other "trace" elements are found in the body; some of them, like iodine, are known to be essential; and in addition to the use of iodized salt, it has been proposed to add iodine to the human food supply by way of soil fertilizers and cow and chicken feeds. Excessive fluorine has been found in the water supply of twenty States, and methods of filtering it out are being developed. Recent research, however, indicates that small amounts may help to prevent dental caries. An excess of selenium present in plants growing in some Western range country kills cattle, but nobody knows whether or not it has harmful effects on human beings. A little manganese is apparently necessary in the diet, but too much is poisonous. Compared with what remains to be discovered, very little is known about the trace minerals. It is probable that a diet rich in the protective foods—milk, butter, fruits and vegetables—will supply all that is needed of all of them.

Vitamin A. One role of this vitamin is to nourish the epithelial tissues of the body, such as the lining of the digestive tract, and other ducts and glands. It forms a part of the visual purple pigment of the retina of the eye. A deficiency of Vitamin A causes night blindness and in extreme cases xerophthalmia and defective tooth and bone development;

also frequent colds and lowered vitality in general. Normal adults require from 3,500 to 6,000 Sherman units of Vitamin A; infants, about the same amount; pregnant and nursing women at least 10,000; growing children from 12,000 to 16,000. Best food sources of Vitamin A are fish-liver oils, liver, egg yolk, butter, milk, the green leafy and yellow vegetables, apricots, prunes, and yellow peaches.

Vitamin B₁. The function of this vitamin, which has been synthesized as thiamin chloride, is to help oxidize sugar. The deficiency of the American diet in thiamin is probably related not only to the devitalization of flour but to the increased consumption of sugar. It is not stored in the body, hence the required amount must be taken daily. Symptoms of thiamin deficiency are loss of appetite, constipation, nervousness; extreme deficiencies cause beriberi, or polyneuritis. Among the best sources of thiamin are wheat germ, corn germ, rye germ, rice polishings, prunes, avocados, pineapples, citrus fruits, lean pork, kidney, green peas, green lima beans. Infants require 50 International units daily; children and adults from 135 to 700 units; pregnant and lactating women, 600 to 700 units.

Riboflavin, a member of the Vitamin B complex, is known also as Vitamin G and Vitamin B₂. It has recently been synthesized. Lack of sufficient riboflavin may cause falling hair and skin disorders, as well as a general loss of physical well-being. Among the best food sources of riboflavin are liver, kidney, heart, the germ of wheat and other cereals, turnip tops, beet tops, kale, mustard greens, pears, prunes, avocados, peaches. Diets that include a wide variety of natural foods provide a liberal margin of riboflavin.

Vitamin C. This vitamin, which has been synthesized as ascorbic acid, is required to nourish the intercellular material of the tissues. Countless sailors died of scurvy before Captain Cook and other early explorers discovered the ef-

fectiveness of citrus fruit both as cure and preventive. Early symptoms of scurvy are spongy areas on the skin; later symptoms are bleeding gums, loosened teeth, swollen joints. Optimum requirements of Vitamin C are from 2,000 to 3,000 International units per day for children; 3,000 to 4,000 units for pregnant and nursing women; 1,500 to 2,000 units for normal adults. A glass of orange juice at breakfast supplies your Vitamin C requirements for the day. Best food sources are the citrus fruits, strawberries, raspberries, cantaloupes, tomatoes and tomato juice, and the green leafy vegetables, especially peppers and parsley.

Vitamin D aids in the absorption of calcium and phosphorus from food, hence is essential to the development of normal teeth and bones. Rickets results from extreme Vitamin D deficiency. The skin manufactures Vitamin D from sunlight and stores it, but ordinarily not enough to last through the winter. Artificially-fed infants require from 300 to 800 U.S.P. units of Vitamin D in the form of a cod-liver oil supplement to the diet; breast-fed babies require slightly less than this amount, children and adolescents from 300 to 800 units, pregnant and lactating women 300 to 600 units. Nobody knows how much normal adults require. Aside from the fish-liver oils, the best food sources of Vitamin D are egg yolk from hens on a high Vitamin D diet, salmon, sardines, butter, liver, Vitamin D milk, and oysters.

Nicotinic Acid, otherwise known as the PP or pellagra-preventive factor in the Vitamin B complex, helps to release the energy from food. Lack of nicotinic acid is the primary factor in causing pellagra, a disease which causes the skin to become rough and scaly; other symptoms are inflamed mucous membranes, headache, dizziness, mental depression, and insanity. Good food sources of nicotinic acid are lean meat, wheat germ, yeast, collards, kale, green peas, milk, and bread.

Mention should also be made of *Vita-*

min E, another member of the B complex which plays a role in the growth and reproduction of animals. In the form of a concentrate obtained from wheat germ oil, it has been reported as effective in preventing miscarriage in women. It is so widely distributed in plant and animal foods that deficiencies of this vitamin are probably rare and unimportant. *Vitamin K*, recently obtained in concentrated form from alfalfa leaves, has been found valuable in hastening the clotting of blood. Space is lacking even to list a score of other vitamins that have been identified.

IV

What happens once we accept the new terms and the new point of view expressed in the phrase "biological engineering" is well illustrated by what our millers and bakers, under the stimulus and guidance of the government nutritionists and their own consultants, are doing to the staff of life. For over a century both medical and lay food reformers have insisted that the most nourishing parts of the wheat berry were being fed to the livestock. Sylvester Graham, the ministerial temperance agitator who thought finely bolted white flour drove men to drink, was saying this back in 1832—and receiving substantial support for his crusade from the medical press of the period. But it was not until the nineteen-thirties that nutritional science began to identify, synthesize, and determine the respective functions of the various members of the Vitamin B complex on which the cows and chickens were thriving, and for lack of which human beings were getting beriberi (not only in the Orient, but in this country too, in its subclinical forms at least). By that time wheat was being ground almost exclusively in steel roller mills which eliminated all but a small fraction of the vitamin-rich germ and bran; ninety-eight per cent of the bread eaten in this country was white bread; and human beings were eating only ten per cent of the Vitamin B complex in the wheat grown in this country.

From the nutritional point of view this was making progress backward with a vengeance. An English nutritionist estimated that in 1832, when the English poorhouses fed their charges whole-grain bread and not much else, the London paupers were getting more Vitamin B₁ in their diet than the prosperous families of England were getting a century later; without much doubt an essentially similar condition exists here.

In dealing with this problem our "biological engineers" have followed the line of least resistance. Rather than attempt to reconstruct the milling and baking industries and educate the public to use whole-grain bread—a task, incidentally, to which the food reformers from Sylvester Graham down to the present have given their labors in vain—they have resorted to the device of fortification. When the new enriched flour is announced it is expected that it will contain minimum required amounts of Vitamin B₁, nicotinic acid, and iron, and optional amounts of Vitamin G (riboflavin), calcium, phosphorus, and Vitamin D—the latter not contained in the original wheat berry at all.

To the argument that this is "against nature" the nutritionists retort that nature exhibits no discernible interest in the optimum feeding of human beings. For example, it is strictly natural for the water of certain regions to be deficient in iodine, and strictly natural for people dependent upon this water to have goiters. What you do is to put infinitesimal amounts of iodine into the drinking water and into table salt, which is universally used. Both methods are strictly unnatural and both have proved highly effective in eliminating goiter, which is what the health authorities were trying to do.

The "nature" argument receives a further setback when it is realized that nature doesn't standardize her food products, either plant or animal. Some varieties of hard northern wheat contain as much as two times as much of the Vitamin B complex as some of the soft

southern varieties. Appearance is ordinarily a good guide to the nutritional content of a vegetable but not always. Recently it was shown that children living in a certain Florida county became anemic because they ate turnip greens grown on poor soil. The greens contained only one-fifth as much iron as the same greens grown on good soil. The children were restored to health by injections of iron. It is important to note that the cattle also got sick from eating the fodder grown on that poor soil. It has been shown that cows pastured on land which is deficient in iron, copper, and cobalt produce milk of low nutritional value—containing as little as one-fifth as much Vitamin A as the milk of cows fed on good pasturage. Primitive peoples have long been aware of these differences and of their importance. Weston A. Price, in *Nutrition and Physical Degeneration*, reports that the Masai girls of Kenya are obliged to wait for marriage until the time of year when the cows are feeding on the rapidly growing spring grass and producing high-vitamin milk.

In the light of these and similar discoveries it is obvious that a nutritional evaluation of soils comes within the logical and necessary scope of biological engineering. As a matter of fact such an evaluation of American soils is now being conducted by the Department of Agriculture's pioneer nutritional laboratory at Cornell University. One must add still another dimension of what might be called nutritional planning in order to take account of the variations in nutritional content exhibited by different varieties of the same fruit or vegetable. For example, green cabbage contains more Vitamin C than white cabbage; yellow corn is so superior in Vitamin A content to white corn that hospitals and other institutions where informed dietitians control the buying will purchase only the yellow varieties. Obviously the possibilities of growing vegetables and fruits for vitamin and mineral content rather than for superficial appearance are almost limitless.

Under a fully planned nutritional economy it would also be necessary to establish so far as possible nutritional controls at every point of the distributive process from the farmer's field to the consumer's table. Leafy vegetables, string beans, and lima beans especially may lose as much as half of their vitamin content through prolonged exposure without refrigeration on the green grocer's stand. For that reason canned and quick-frozen foods may at certain seasons represent a better nutritional investment than the fresh varieties. Finally one of the chief nutritional losses that occur in our highly defective food culture is represented by bad cooking: pot liquor (the water in which vegetables are cooked) is poured down the drain instead of into the soup, green vegetables are boiled endlessly instead of quick-cooked—or are prepared in copper pots by cooks who do not know that copper destroys Vitamin C. The use of soda has a similar effect.

V

In breaking down the crude concept of food into its functional elements and determining the human body's requirement of these elements, the nutritionists arrived at a new definition of starvation. For "undernourishment" they substituted, as both more inclusive and more exact, the term "malnutrition," meaning an unhealthy condition brought about by the deficiency in the diet of one or more of the elements which are essential to health and well-being; you can eat enough or too many calories, get fat, and still be malnourished. Precisely this condition, in fact, is often encountered among people on relief.

Having determined the minimum amounts of the essential nutritive elements required to prevent recognized deficiency diseases, the nutritionists then undertook to determine the percentage of the American population whose diets fell below these minimum levels.

A number of such studies have been made, the most quoted being the analy-

sis by Stiebeling and Phipard of the Department of Agriculture of the diets of employed workers during the years 1935-37. Even though the families they studied did not include the lowest income level, they found that barely 15 per cent of the diets could be classified as "good," while 35 per cent were only fair, and 50 per cent were definitely poor. These findings have been confirmed by the more recent West Coast studies of Borsook and Halverson. Further confirmative evidence is contained in the reports of the Army and Navy doctors concerning the health status of recent recruits to our armed forces. In 1938, 114,000 men tried to join the Navy and the Marine Corps; 89,000 of them, or 75 per cent, were rejected, chiefly because of bad teeth, poor eyes, or defective physical development. Of 6,743 volunteers who applied for enlistment in the Regular Army from the southern New York district, chiefly the New York metropolitan area, in July and August of 1940, nearly one-third were rejected for serious medical defects. To date this about parallels the percentage of rejections in the World War draft—yet these were volunteers who considered themselves physically fit!

Without much question malnutrition is largely responsible for this defective human material. England made similar disconcerting discoveries in building her conscript army, drawn from a working population whose nutritional status is poignantly described in the famous "testament" of the 600 panel (health insurance) doctors of the County of Cheshire, published in 1938. The authors of this report, after admitting that with respect to the prevention of illness the National Health Insurance Act had failed of its purpose, went on to declare that:

"Our daily work brings us repeatedly to the same point—this illness results from a lifetime of wrong nutrition! The wrong nutrition begins before life begins. . . . Nutrition and the quality of food are the paramount factors in fitness. No health

campaign can succeed unless the materials of which bodies are built are sound. At present they are not. Probably half our work is wasted, since our patients are so fed from the cradle, indeed from before the cradle, that they are certain contributions to a C3 (under par and sickly) nation. Even our country people share the white bread, tinned salmon, dried milk regime. Against this the labors of the doctor resemble those of Sisyphus.

"This is our medical testament, given to all whom it may concern—and whom does it not concern? We cannot do more than point to the means of health. Their production and supply are not our function. We are called upon to cure sickness. We conceive it to be our duty in the present state of knowledge to point out that much, perhaps most, of the sickness is preventable and would be prevented by the right feeding of our people. . . ."

Although thus far no such dramatic "testament" has come from any similar group of American physicians, it is certain that by this time a large proportion of them share the experience and conviction of their British colleagues. A year ago the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association urged the fortification of bread, and there is evidence of general medical support for the present nutritional program of the government.

VI

Government nutritionists have estimated that at present prices it costs \$150 a year to feed one person adequately, or \$660 for an average family of 4.4. But 27 per cent of our families are living on an average annual income of \$420. Obviously these families would be malnourished even if they spent every cent they received for food.

What to do? Malnutrition is not only unhealthy for the individual; it is costly for the community. Conceivably, the ancient famines which starved people completely and fatally were socially and

biologically less expensive than our own slow mass malnutrition, which fills our public institutions with the chronic sick and extends its damage to succeeding generations.

Seemingly it would be sound policy for the state to feed these malnourished people, and Surgeon General Parran has said as much in a recent statement. But thus far we have done little more than peck at the problem with relief allowances admitted to be inadequate, now supplemented by the Stamp Plan and the School Lunch Program. People on relief spend five cents per person per meal. The Stamp Plan, which subsidizes both the farmer and the unemployed, increases this expenditure by an estimated fifty per cent. It is now operating in over 125 areas throughout the country, serving over 2,000,000 people, and moving from four to five million dollars' worth of surplus products per month. Since these products are predominantly the protective foods—meats, dairy products, fruits, and vegetables—the qualitative improvement effected in the diet of relief families is greater than the figures would indicate. But it is not enough, and it does not touch at all the low-income employed workers whose malnourishment is frequently as bad or worse than that of relief families. Nor will the School Lunch Program, even when extended to a total of 6,000,000 school children as is now planned, do much more than take another nibble at the huge, unpalatable fact of our 45,000,000 malnourished people. Milo Perkins, author of the Stamp Plan and Director of the Surplus Marketing Administration, is quite aware of the limitations of both programs, valuable though they have proved to be as palliatives. His own proposal for balancing simultaneously our deficient national diet and our precarious agricultural economy is to adopt a family income of \$1,200 as the strictly non-Utopian minimum necessary to peg our nutritional security above the danger line.

Since families earning \$1,200 a year

spend roughly twice as much for food as families earning \$500 or less, the results would be startling. Food expenditures would be increased by nearly two billion dollars. Farmers would receive every year a billion dollars more than they receive now. We should have wiped out most of our crop surpluses by eating them; in fact we should have to increase our output of dairy products, poultry, meat, and most of the fruits and vegetables. As a by-product of this revolution we should get, without much question, a transformation of the national health; we should also of course explode what is left of our heavily mortgaged scarcity economy.

Our nutritionists are more modest in their fiscal calculations but no less radical in applying the logic of "biological engineering." Accepting the Stamp Plan, the School Lunch Program, and the educational activities of other government agencies as necessary and useful instruments of a national nutritional policy, they insist that the principle of food fortification has proved effective both in Germany and in England, and that the interests of national defense require its prompt application here. Robert Harris, Assistant Professor of Nutritional Biochemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, believes that "by a scientific mixture of certain inexpensive foods, fortified by vitamin and mineral supplements, we can make the entire population very well fed at a cost of only \$1.80 per person per year." At best this estimate would cover only the cost of supplying the now-missing minerals and vitamins. Dr. Harris is subjecting his mixture to further laboratory and clinical tests before it is released either commercially or through relief agencies.

Using the same principle of fortification, the nutritional group of the California Institute of Technology, led by Dr. Henry Borsook, has arrived at an even lower estimate of costs. Its plan, submitted last June in a confidential memorandum to the National Advisory

Defense Council, would set up a commission of competent nutrition experts and scientific representatives of the military branches and of different government departments concerned, the commission being empowered to fix standards and determine the extent to which vitamins should be added to foods.

Dr. Borsook, who recently outlined the program of his group at a convention of California health officers, insists that "Even the well-to-do who can eat what they want to and as much as they want to and are reasonably intelligent about it, do not and cannot, unless they possess the necessary technical knowledge, obtain a diet which will afford optimum health. This is responsible for many of the common ailments of middle and old age."

Dr. Borsook estimates that to put his program of food fortification into effect would cost about \$1.00 per year per person, and that its benefits would be immediately apparent; for example, he believes that such a program, supplemented by such measures as the Food Stamp Plan, could bring about the eradication of pellagra from the South, where it afflicts over 400,000 people, within a year of its full operation. But this and other curative and preventive

triumphs, in the view of Dr. Borsook and other nutritionists, would be incidental to the main objective of biological engineering, which is to raise the nation to a new level of "buoyant" health. H. C. Sherman, a leading American nutritionist, has said that nutritional science will enable us to defer senility and increase by seven years the average *virile* span of life. As far back as 1935, Dr. James S. McLester, in his presidential address to the American Medical Association, declared:

"In the future it [science] promises to those races who will take advantage of the newer knowledge of nutrition a larger stature, greater vigor, increased longevity, and a higher cultural attainment."

Since then nutritional science has fulfilled many of its promises and moved on to new and greater ones. Since then the Nazis have harnessed nutritional science to the service of their version of culture more effectively, probably, than any other government. The logic is incapable. If America is to be strong—strong enough to preserve the freedoms and graces of civilized life in the modern world—we must hasten to build, not only better bombing planes, but better human bodies; we must repair and guard our nutritional ramparts.



DUNKIRK

BY ROBERT NATHAN

WILL came back from school that day,
And he had little to say.
But he stood a long time looking down
To where the gray-green Channel water
Slapped at the foot of the little town,
And to where his boat, the Sarah P,
Bobbed at the tide on an even keel,
With her one old sail, patched at the leech,
Furled like a slattern down at heel.

*He stood for a while above the beach;
He saw how the wind and current caught her.
He looked a long time out to sea.
There was steady wind and the sky was pale,
And a haze in the east that looked like smoke.*

*Will went back to the house to dress.
He was half way through when his sister Bess,
Who was near fourteen and younger than he
By just two years, came home from play.
She asked him, "Where are you going, Will?"
He said, "For a good long sail."
"Can I come along?"*

"No, Bess," he spoke.

*"I may be gone for a night and a day."
Bess looked at him. She kept very still.
She had heard the news of the Flanders rout,
How the English were trapped above Dunkirk,
And the fleet had gone to get them out—
But everyone thought that it wouldn't work.
There was too much fear, there was too much doubt.*

*She looked at him and he looked at her.
They were English children, born and bred.
She frowned her down, but she wouldn't stir.
She shook her proud young head.
"You'll need a crew," she said.*

*They raised the sail on the Sarah P,
Like a penoncel on a young knight's lance,
And headed the Sarah out to sea,
To bring their soldiers home from France.*

*There was no command, there was no set plan,
But six hundred boats went out with them
On the gray-green waters, sailing fast,
River excursion and fisherman,
Tug and schooner and racing M,
And the little boats came following last.*

*From every harbor and town they went
Who had sailed their craft in the sun and rain,
From the South Downs, from the cliffs of Kent,
From the village street, from the country lane.
There are twenty miles of rolling sea
From coast to coast, by the seagull's flight,
But the tides were fair and the wind was free,
And they raised Dunkirk by the fall of night.*

*They raised Dunkirk with its harbor torn
By the blasted stern and the sunken prow;
They had raced for fun on an English tide,
They were English children bred and born,
And whether they lived or whether they died,
They raced for England now.*

*Bess was as white as the Sarah's sail,
She set her teeth and smiled at Will.
He held his course for the smoky veil
Where the harbor narrowed thin and long.
The British ships were firing strong.*

*He took the Sarah into his hands,
He drove her in through fire and death
To the wet men waiting on the sands.
He got his load and he got his breath,
And she came about, and the wind fought her.*

*He shut his eyes and he tried to pray.
He saw his England where she lay,
The wind's green home, the sea's proud daughter,
Still in the moonlight, dreaming deep,
The English cliffs and the English loam—
He had fourteen men to get away,
And the moon was clear and the night like day
For planes to see where the white sails creep
Over the black water.*

*He closed his eyes and he prayed for her;
He prayed to the men who had made her great,
Who had built her land of forest and park,
Who had made the seas an English lake;
He prayed for a fog to bring the dark;
He prayed to get home for England's sake.
And the fog came down on the rolling sea,
And covered the ships with English mist.
The diving planes were baffled and blind.*

*For Nelson was there in the Victory,
With his one good eye, and his sullen twist,
And guns were out on The Golden Hind,
Their shot flashed over the Sarah P.
He could hear them cheer as he came about.*

*By burning wharves, by battered slips,
Galleon, frigate, and brigantine,
The old dead Captains fought their ships,
And the great dead Admirals led the line.
It was England's night, it was England's sea.*

*The fog rolled over the harbor key.
Bess held to the stays and conned him out.*

*And all through the dark, while the Sarah's wake
Hissed behind him, and vanished in foam,
There at his side sat Francis Drake,
And held him true and steered him home.*



THE YOUNG MOON SEEKS A LOVER

BY RUTH HARKNESS

THE calendar said it was May; the residents of Pangoa said it was winter because night came at six o'clock, and in summer it remained light as late as a quarter to seven. But then when you are ten degrees below the equator almost anything is likely to be upside down; only the dark slow-moving Indian population seems to have retained its cosmic balance and to pursue inexorably its own obscure destiny.

Pangoa is a clearing with thatched-roofed houses about a ragged field in the Peruvian jungle on the eastern slope of the Andes. Perhaps life for the native of Pangoa is difficult; it seems simple. It was simple for me and even the harassing problem of finance had been solved. The Indian *dueña* of the inn, an old hook-nosed crone with one tooth, had said that she usually charged two and a half *soles* a day, but because I was so *simpatica* she would charge only two. When the purse is slim it is a cheering thing to know that one's charm is worth fifty centavos a day, even though that is only about seven cents in American money. Gradually the fact that war raged on the other side of the world became unreal.

A little breeze swept through my palisaded cubicle, rustling gently the dry palm thatch. The dirt floor had been swept and a basin of cool water from the glacier-fed river placed on my table by the little Indian slave specially detailed to look after me. It must be understood that there are Indians and Indians in Peru. There are the *civilizados* and

there are the *salvajes*. The Indian family in whose inn I was guest were civilized; once upon a time they had lived in Lima, but bad times came and they had returned to the forests of Peru, to Pangoa.

The terrain of this fairy-tale country which lies below the equator is as sharply divided as its people. It is both civilized and savage; there are both snow-covered peaks and jungle. On the eastern slopes of the Andes the jungle is lord and master. Here live the *salvajes*, those strange people who might have been the cousins of the Chinese six thousand years ago. Lost in the jungle, civilization has passed them by; they do not know or care that America has been discovered, that empires rise and fall on the other side of the world. But sometimes even the jungle casts out her own and they become the slaves of the civilized Indians.

Little by little, with a question here and there, Sandoval told me about the slaves in the household and various tribes of Indians in the jungle, usually over our lantern-lighted dinner. Sandoval's señora had died the year before; he lived at the inn; the *dueña* was his sister-in-law. I had met him through a friend at the Museum of Natural History in Lima, because Sandoval was, among other things, a naturalist, more particularly an entomologist. My friend had suggested that I return to Sandoval's village with him and finally, with difficulty, it was arranged.

There were many unusual things about Sandoval beside his name, which of course had been taken from some very

remote Spanish conquistador. He had a tinge of European blood although he did not know how much. "How can we know how much we have or have not?" he said. "The conquerors did not bring their women with them."

"There is much witchcraft among the *salvajes*," Sandoval told me. "Among the Campas when an old Indian is about to die the witch doctors come to determine the cause. They choose a house and with a pointed stick go digging about the dirt floor. Always there are bits of bone and feather and sticks that have become buried. When they find these they say that this child or that one is possessed of an evil spirit, or has made magic, and has caused the death of the old Campa, and therefore must die. In some cases they beat the child to death and leave it by the river for the scavenger birds. In other cases they are rescued by the *civilizados* and brought to the villages."

"And that is how you came to have these five children?"

"Well, Marietta, who is now about fifteen, was brought to us years ago when she was a little bit of a thing, so badly beaten that she couldn't walk for months. It took a great deal of care to keep her alive. The little one, Amapola, was beaten too. She has been with us for only about a year."

It would have been impossible to guess that these two obviously happy children had all but died at the hands of witch doctors. Marietta's happy giggling was often to be heard through the thin split-cane walls of the kitchen where she was busy most of the day preparing and cooking food over a blaze of sticks on a raised earthen platform. Amapola, the tiny girl who carried water all day long from the river, was as contented a child as I have ever seen. There were two boys and another little girl, Urania, but she was as shy as a small jungle animal, disappearing at the slightest provocation.

"She," said Sandoval, "will probably disappear into the forests one night when

she is older . . . when the moon is new. And we shall never see her again."

In this land of contrasts below the equator Sandoval's benevolent ownership of child slaves seemed all of a piece with the upside-downness of everything, as inevitable as the blistering heat that poured over me when I stepped out to go to the big main room that was living room, dining room, and common meeting ground for all the village.

On this particular day there was a new and strange presence in this room. At the table set aside for Sandoval and me sat a stranger with pale hair and blue eyes. He rose and bowed jerkily at my approach.

"Señora," he said in thick guttural Spanish, "I am Señor Pedro Corvizcki. I am Polish. I have not seen you here before."

At that moment Sandoval appeared, greeted the Pole, and quietly introduced him. Lucho brought plates of salad made of alligator pear, hearts of palmetto tree, and black olives. The Pole ate quickly and carelessly, talking so rapidly that I found it difficult to follow.

"Señor Corvizcki," explained Sandoval courteously, "is like me, an entomologist. He lives some distance away, farther down the river."

"Yes," said the Pole, "I have a fine *chacra* there, a good house, and many Campa Indians to collect butterflies and insects for me. You must come to visit me. Señor Sandoval too must come," he added, it seemed as an afterthought.

I glanced at Sandoval, whose wide gray eyes were as veiled as sometimes were the hills with mist in the early mornings. His dark face, that carried the coppery underglow of men who live much in the sun, was expressionless.

"Why, thank you very much, Señor," I replied after a long uncomfortable moment. "Yes, thank you," murmured Sandoval.

"Very good," said the Pole in a tone of finality, rubbing his big hands together, "I shall take you with me the next time I come in for supplies, which will be in

about a week from now. I live all alone like a Yogi," he laughed, "but I have a good house, a fine house, and I can make you comfortable. You must get a mule for the señora to ride," he told Sandoval in rather peremptory tone. The Indian did not reply.

Corvizcki's square peasant face beamed with evident pleasure, and he burst into a rapid flow of chatter. He asked Sandoval about certain nocturnal insects and moths that he had been unable to find. He wanted to know if this was my first visit to South America and to Peru. He wanted to know in what I was interested; why I was in Pangoa. Was I a writer? It seemed the simplest way out so I said "yes." "Ah, Señora, you will find much here to write about. You must see my Indians. It will help you."

He called to a slight Campa boy who squatted outside in a patch of shade, and together they began to pack their purchases from the village *bodega* in rough leather saddle bags. The electric blue eyes roved over everything until the last item was tucked away. Then he mounted, waved his ragged straw hat, and called to Sandoval who stood in the gateway to be ready when next he came. The Indian boy flung the skirts of his long garment over one arm, adjusted the pack on his back, and padded after the mule.

That night at dinner I waited patiently for Sandoval to say something about Corvizcki, but he talked of other things. The food finished and the table cleared, he left for a moment and came back with a tiny cardboard box. "This will interest you," he said as he extinguished the lantern. I could barely see his shadowy hands as he removed the cover from the box which he turned on its side. Slowly in the darkness there emerged a miniature railway train brilliantly lighted. The head was flaming red and dotted down its sides were windows of translucent green; it made you think of the lights of Times Square and subways. It crawled up and down

the table, an inch or so of living, vibrant color until Sandoval lighted the lantern, and then there was only an ordinary brown worm.

"Very little is known of the luminous nocturnal insects of the Peruvian jungle," remarked Sandoval as he put the cover back on the box. "I am making a study of them, but unfortunately I lack comparative information on Asiatic insects."

"But," I said, seizing my opportunity to open the subject, "why do you not ask Señor Corvizcki? From what he said at luncheon I gather he has a rather complete library."

Sandoval was silent for a long moment. "The American señora," he said slowly, "understands this matter imperfectly. Corvizcki is a white man, and I am an Indian. Often my way lies past his *chacra*. If he sees me going by he always goes into his house and closes the door." He paused for a moment and when he again raised his eyes the thought behind them was as impenetrable as the long-forgotten mysteries of his race. "It is strange that he has now invited me to visit him."

At that moment I thanked the gods of chance for the appearance of two village youths who entered through that always hospitable wide-open gate, guitars under their arms. "Music, music, Sandoval," they said. "We cannot make music without you." And Sandoval turning to me said, "With your permission?" and rose to fetch his own guitar.

II

It couldn't have been many days after the Pole's visit that Sandoval and I sat drinking coffee in the gateway of the living room and munching the toasted breadfruit that Marietta had prepared. An Indian boy appeared out of nowhere and presented to Sandoval a grimy and crumpled letter. He called Raphael to bring a lantern to read by. It was a fairly long letter.

Finally he said, "My letter, Señora, is from Corvizcki. He says that he has

sprained an ankle and will be unable to come in for his supplies . . . that some preserving chemicals from Lima are awaiting him here and that he cannot continue his work until he has them. He says also that his loss will be great unless he has them soon and asks that I bring them to him." Sandoval spoke in an even and expressionless tone. "With an Indian boy he has sent a mule for the cargo." After a pause he continued, "Also a mule especially for you."

"For me?" I tried to grasp the full import of the audacity of such a request.

"Yes, he expects us to spend a few days with him."

"But why, since he has sent one of his Indians with the mules, can't the Indian take the stuff back to him?"

"He says he cannot trust his Indians. Also the road is bad."

"But surely you have no intention of doing this?"

"Why, yes, Señora, I shall do as he asks. We Indians are accustomed to the extraordinary things that white men expect of us. Sometimes even we are amused." There seemed to be little to say to that. "But you, Señora, you will not go."

My curiosity surged and I said, "Why not?"

"The road is bad," repeated Sandoval.

"I have traveled bad roads before this," I replied.

Nothing more was said on the subject until I took my candle to go to my room.

"To-morrow, then, we shall go, Señora?" questioned Sandoval. I nodded. "Then I shall see that everything for Señor Corvizcki is packed to-night, so that we may go in the morning."

My candle flickered uncertainly upon the pages of the book that I tried to read sitting crosslegged on my bed. The wind down from the Sierra was unusually cool and on all sides the jungle whispered to itself. Gradually the whisper deepened; louder and louder it came until the rain burst with a dull roar on the dry roof.

The morning was chill and surcharged

with dampness; even the two mules outside the door looked dejected and shivered a little. Sandoval and Corvizcki's Indian were on the back of one. Precariously tied on top of everything else was a ten-gallon gasoline tin with something in it that rattled. "*Caramelos*," explained Sandoval. *Caramelos* are the cheap hard candies manufactured by the Japanese which Corvizcki used as payment for his Indians. Sandoval tied to the back of my saddle my little bundle of a few necessities I had wrapped in a blanket, and after a breakfast of fried plantains and black coffee we were ready.

"Where is your mule?" I asked. "Didn't Corvizcki send one for you?"

"No, but it doesn't matter. I could ride if I chose but always I prefer to walk," he replied as he started off.

We pass a ragged *chacra* or two and then we were in deep jungle following a path heavily overhung with all manner of branches, twisting lianas, and creeping vines that brushed my face, and thorns that tore at my hair and clothing. Sometimes it was necessary to lie flat on the mule's neck to avoid being hung up like Absalom in that narrow green tunnel.

The trail led to a noisy river with sandy banks. The Campa boy without hesitation flung his long robe over his shoulders, exposing a naked copper body, and plunged through. Sandoval sat down on a fallen tree to remove his boots and then picked his way carefully among the huge rocks. Slipping and jerking, the mules followed. Up the opposite bank Sandoval rolled down his splashed and sodden trousers and sat down on a rock to put his boots on again.

Suddenly with a lightning-like gesture I saw him pick up the machete at his side and slash at something in the sand. He stooped and picked up by the tail a beautiful little dead snake brightly ringed with deep pink against black. He smiled at me and said "*Vibora Coral*," carefully putting away the deadly thing in a box in his pocket.

"From here on, Señora, the trail is very dangerous; in this part many mules have been killed, so we must go slowly and carefully. It will be worse now because of the rain last night."

The trail followed the side of a sodden and dripping hill that rose precipitously from the river, a muddy, rock-strewn thread bordered on one side by giant trees leaning at precarious angles, and matted undergrowth; on the river side by a sheer drop clothed in thorny bushes and a creeping network of vines. Even a sure-footed animal like my mule slipped and floundered over the rocks and sank into the rich red mud up to her belly. One misstep in places and there would be little to stop mule or rider but rocks by the river. In places where the trail was too steep Sandoval made me dismount and clamber as best I could up over the slippery boulders, being sucked down into the viscous mire, clinging to vines that at a touch were loosened from the saturated earth.

It was late afternoon when we reached the end of the last hill where a small tributary stream entered the turbulent muddy river. Sandoval mopped his mud-streaked face with a sodden handkerchief, while the Campa boy used the simple expedient of flinging off his one garment and sitting in the river.

"The way from here on isn't bad and not far," said Sandoval, "but we have lost so much time we cannot possibly reach Corvizcki's house before dark. The best thing we can do is to spend the night near here where some Campas live. It is not safe to go on in the darkness." The Indian boy uttered a shrill and piercing birdlike call which was answered from a little distance, and soon through an opening in the trees there was flickering firelight. We were in the Indian encampment. In a moment the mules had been led away, and I was sitting on a woven palm mat before the fire among a dozen curious chattering *salvajes* who fingered my clothing and manifested curiosity about my mud-caked boots which I struggled to unlace.

Lighting a much-needed cigarette, I was promptly besieged by outstretched hands. "Don't give them many," said Sandoval. "They don't really want them; it's only imitation of what they see another doing." He was followed by the chief of the camp whom Sandoval seemed to know well. "This is Cayetano," he said. With an amiable grin the Indian dropped to the mat beside me. He was not an unattractive-looking man; in fact there was something rather engaging in the impudent grin on his tattooed face and in his assured swagger. He too wanted a cigarette for which he asked in bad and broken Spanish, and which he puffed awkwardly for a few moments before wandering off.

"I am sorry, Señora," said Sandoval, "that here there is no food just now. These people never eat regularly but perhaps in the morning they will bring us something." We sat smoking in silence.

The curiosity of the Indians was soon satisfied and they drifted off one by one to the other fires that dotted the clearing. The savages of the jungle, unlike the civilized descendants of the Incas who dwell in the Sierra, are a laughter-loving people, and their voices in the jungle night were gay. "Later," Sandoval told me, "they will be even happier for they are drinking *masato*. The moon is not yet half grown, and this is their season for fiesta . . . and for making love. Always the men and women eat separately, sleep separately, except in this season. After a while there will be music, perhaps dancing, and then they will disappear two by two."

"Only in the first quarter of the moon?"

"Yes, the moon is feminine, with human passions; she is their deity, and when she is young . . ." Sandoval paused as an Indian appeared in the circle of flickering light that our fire made in the darkness. He stopped to put on the ground a calabash shaped like a jug, and handed Sandoval a small cup-shaped gourd.

Sandoval smiled faintly. "Would the Señora care to drink *masato*?" he asked. "It is a sort of beer and an excellent food." I hesitated for the fraction of a second. "Many medicos say that these people all have syphilis, but I have spent much time among them; I doubt it." He filled the small gourd and handed it to me.

"Thank you," I said, and after sipping the rather sour thick liquid, handed it back to Sandoval who drank deeply.

It was characteristic of Sandoval not to tell me until after we had left the encampment next morning that Cayetano was a notorious criminal whose ill fame extended even to the Sierra. For Cayetano was a dealer in slaves, and his slaves were not acquired in the manner of Sandoval's. Such was the demand that Cayetano made frequent raids on the outlying encampments, falling on them at night, massacring the adults, and carrying off the children to sell.

Dawns in the Peruvian jungle are chilly. The dampness of the night, together with sleeping in wet clothing, had penetrated to the very marrow of my bones, and it was only the thought of the civilized house we should soon reach that cheered the morning.

Cayetano, chattering and scratching himself under his loose dirty *cushma*, blew into a blaze the embers by which I had slept, and by the time I returned from the stream where I made attempts at becoming cleaner one of his wives had yucca and green bananas roasting in the ashes. There is something about a fire that can improve even the most dismal of circumstances, and it was with relish that Sandoval and I both ate the hot but tasteless food, with Cayetano as an interested spectator.

"I, Señora," he announced with pride and satisfaction, "am a Christian. I have received the water." I tried to elicit more information about his baptism but his attention had been distracted by my lipstick. "Ah, Señora, I need that very much," he said. "Will you give it to me?"

No matter how entertaining a savage Cayetano was I decided that I needed my paint just as much as he did. Then his attention was caught by the odds and ends I carried in a little bag, and he pounced upon three safety pins. "Ah, these, Señora, I need very much. They are very pretty," he said, fondling them. "Soap too, you have?"

"What would you do with soap?"

Cayetano grinned. "I would bathe all day in the river. I, Señora, understand these things, for I have received the water. I am a Christian."

"What will you give me for the soap and the pins?"

"What does the Señora need?"

I thought for a few minutes and finally said, "I am somewhat in need of arrows and a bow."

Cayetano shouted to his wives. The old one came with a bow that was taller than she and an armful of arrows.

"The Señora has fish in her country?" he asked, as he handed me a slender spearlike arrow. It was a beautiful thing and as light as the brilliant parrot feathers with which it was tipped. The lance itself was of palm wood and needle sharp.

"This one," he explained giving me another, "is to capture birds to sing for you." It had a light wooden ball on the end with a slightly pointed tip that was designed to stun a bird without injury. Another with three prongs, a tridentlike affair, was for wood doves; a large lance wickedly pointed was for game such as wild boar, deer, tapir, panther, and jaguar, or any other large animals I cared to hunt. The rest were similar, but their tips had triple notches and were used for small animals and birds; there were in all sixteen. I thanked him and gave him the soap and the three safety pins.

Later Sandoval, walking beside my mule, told me of Cayetano's business as a slave dealer. It was true, he said, that all through the immense territory of the Peruvian forests people trafficked in slaves . . . the white people, who were

few and far between, and all the civilized Indians owned them.

"But," I questioned, "what is his tale of being a Christian and having been baptized?"

"Ah, that . . . a few days' journey from here there is a settlement of Peruvian nuns who have a school for the *salvajes*. Cayetano has spent a few months there, has learned to count a little, and has been baptized. Some people say that the nuns too buy and sell slaves, but that I do not believe. It is said because they receive much aid from the State that they frequently buy children to make a good showing because many of them run away, also that they sell guns to the dealers. But I know them well; I think they are good women."

He walked in silence for a time. "You, Señora," he said at length, "I believe, have made a friend . . . at least in the sense that Cayetano understands it." He paused and glancing up at me, continued. "Some people, simply because these Indians have no sense of our values, or moral standards, underestimate their intelligence, but to *civilizados* like ourselves they can be good friends."

Later I was to consider the significance of his remark in a different light, but just then I felt only a warm glow of pleasure, for it seemed that, in a measure, I had been "accepted" not only by a civilized Indian but by a *salvaje* as well.

III

The jungle gave way to a path that led upward; on the brow of a hill above a waving sea of ragged banana leaves stood the dwelling of Corvizcki. At first glance it looked like any of the houses in Pangoa, but closer inspection revealed roughly fashioned wooden walls instead of the usual split cane; it had a raised veranda on which stood two long wooden tables with narrow benches. As a crowning glory, it had what no other house in Pangoan territory had—a corrugated sheet-iron roof.

We heard Corvizcki's voice and suddenly he appeared. He was obviously startled and exclaimed coming toward us, "Señora, Señora, I am delighted to see you, and you, Señor Sandoval. A thousand thanks for bringing me my supplies. But how have you come to arrive at this hour?"

Sandoval explained in some detail that the road was in much worse condition than he had ever seen it; that we had found it necessary to spend the night at Cayetano's camp. Corvizcki seemed flustered and shouted unnecessarily to two impassive Indians who came slowly forward to lead the mules away. "Come, come," he said starting toward the veranda, "sit down and rest."

"I hope, Señor Corvizcki," said Sandoval with slow and studied courtesy, "that your ankle is much better."

"My what?" said the Pole, and then slowly flushed. "Ah, yes, yes, thank you; it is much better, in fact it isn't as serious as I thought it was going to be—really quite slight—quite unimportant," and he laughed rather nervously. After that he limped a little when he thought of it.

"Seat yourselves, be comfortable, rest," he exclaimed, pointing to the long narrow benches. "Excuse me for a moment and I will be with you." He took an enormous key from his pocket and, unlocking the door, entered, carefully closing it behind him. I glanced at Sandoval but he was gazing with far-away eyes over the green sea of bananas, murmuring as if to himself, "*Triste, triste, triste.*"

"Señora," said the Pole appearing in the doorway, "you must have much hunger. I am going to prepare lunch for you now," and he locked the door, putting the key back in his pocket. "We shall eat the wild turkey of the mountains that my Indians have brought and roast yucca. You see I live like a Yogi, all alone; I do not even keep a cook."

"Some Campas make very good

cooks," I suggested. "Marietta in Señor Sandoval's household cooks very well indeed."

Corvizcki gazed fixedly at me, "But Señora, they are Indians, after all savages, not to be trusted ever." With that he went off down a path that led to the cook shed. The heat under the corrugated-iron roof grew more intense. My head began to ache and I wished desperately that we could leave and seek even the shelter of Cayetano's palm thatches. My distant room in Pangoa, a bath in the glacier-fed river and a fresh suit of linen slacks seemed the most desirable heaven of which I had ever dreamed.

By the time Corvizcki appeared with tin basins of soup I had forgotten that I had ever been hungry. He hurried about, putting a ragged unbleached cloth on one of the long tables and keeping up a running chatter of guttural Spanish. His speech at any time was a little difficult to follow, but now I couldn't even make an attempt to understand. Once in a while I said "yes" or "no."

When we had finished the soup he took away the basins and brought them back full of dark slabs of wild turkey and huge pieces of roasted yucca. I made desultory inroads on the yucca but the turkey not only defied my teeth but the implement that served as a knife. Surreptitiously I gave the turkey to a black dog who peered at me uncertainly from under the table, snapped at the meat, and fled. The two men began to talk shop; Corvizcki showed Sandoval some cocoons he had in a screened cage in one corner of the veranda. "These, I think, are rare moths," he said, mentioning a scientific classification, "but I do not know what they feed on. Perhaps, Señor Sandoval, you know?" But Señor Sandoval was noncommittal. He told me afterward that whenever he questioned Corvizcki as to the habitat of certain butterflies or insects the Pole unhesitatingly gave him rather childish false information.

Their conversation was interrupted by

the arrival of a straggling group of Indians who drifted rather than climbed up the path to the veranda. One trailed a dirty butterfly net, and the others brought, wrapped in leaves, their various finds, which the Pole began carefully to unwrap.

"Will you look at this?" he exclaimed. He held up an enormous butterfly of intense blue. "Morpho Helena," murmured Sandoval. "Very rare and difficult to find in these regions."

"*Carramba*, yes," said the Pole. "I have never had one before. Why this will bring at least two dollars gold in the United States." He chuckled happily and then looked at me.

"You, Señora, have brought me this magnificent luck. You must stay a long time." Fumbling in his pockets, he turned to the Indians, "For you, let me see, two, no, three *caramelos* each," and he doled out the cheap candies. "Now," he said, "I must put my beautiful *mariposa* away carefully—very carefully," and he closed the door after him.

I looked helplessly at Sandoval who smiled a little and shrugged his shoulders. I looked at the painted faces beyond the veranda railing; for a moment they were a row of poppies, brilliant satiny poppies with black diamond eyes. But in that second so fleeting I glimpsed a withering contempt leavened by amusement.

"Now," said the Pole cheerfully slamming and again locking the door, "you must come with me to see my *chacra*, the huts where my Indians live, the land I am clearing; I will show you many things."

"The Señora," said Sandoval, with a tone of finality I had never heard in his voice before, "is very tired. She would prefer to rest, but I will go with you."

"To be sure; certainly. We will leave the Señora to herself to rest; they are fine benches are they not? I made them myself—excellent beds they are—nice and wide." He made a sweeping gesture as if to indicate that all the magnificence I saw was at my disposal.

My emotions as the two men went off into the withering heat of the afternoon

were somewhat mixed; my head still throbbed and I felt sorry for myself. Why had I let my curiosity get me into such an outrageous situation? Sandoval had as good as told me not to come.

The Indians had drifted off again, and shamelessly I looked through the cracks of the ill-fitting boards that made the walls of Corvizcki's house. Even the windows were like cupboard doors that were closed and locked. There were three rooms. One was a sort of store-room with odds and ends. The middle room into which the door led was obviously the man's study; it had a big board desk and chair, also a shelf of books. The other contained a home-made chest of drawers and a bed draped in a voluminous mosquito net. There was nothing else anywhere except a few outlying sheds.

It was almost dark when Sandoval and the Pole returned; the latter almost immediately excused himself to prepare the dinner. Sandoval lighted a cigarette and said, "I think to-morrow will be clear; we can get an early start in the morning." The earlier the better, I agreed.

Dinner was a repetition of the luncheon—tough wild turkey and yucca. The table was well lighted with a gasoline lamp that threw a brilliant white light in a wide circle. "Excellent lamp, is it not, Señora?" said Corvizcki proudly. "You see I am European and I understand how to live well. Eleven years I have lived in this place, building up my house and collecting. I have a fine life here, a good life." He paused and laughed a little. "But it is like Yogi life, sometimes rather lonely," and he looked directly at me. Sandoval might have been a wooden image.

The talk drifted to the habits and customs of the forest dwellers, then to entomology. More than once Corvizcki had occasion to refer to some correspondence he had had or to a scientific handbook. Always he closed the door after him when he went to his study, and always he locked it after him when he re-

turned to the veranda. What element of amusement there had been for me in this strange proceeding had long since faded. I was very tired and exceedingly irritated and felt relieved when I saw Corvizcki yawn and gather up his books and papers.

He brought a candle which he lighted and stuck in a bottle on the table; he picked up his beautiful gasoline lamp, and with his free hand made a sweeping inclusive gesture. "Make yourselves comfortable," he said, and adding a hearty "*Buenos noches*" he went into his study and locked himself in.

There was nothing to do but stretch out on the narrow wooden benches. Sandoval made a little bundle of a towel and a few odds and ends which he offered to me as a pillow. "Mad, completely mad, isn't he?" I murmured. "No," whispered Sandoval, "only a little. I have seen others like him who came to the jungle after the last war in Europe."

I must admit that I slept and must have slept rather well as Sandoval said afterward that twice in the night he heard jaguars scream. Corvizcki had been up with the first ray of light and he soon brought great mugs of strong black coffee, and the jungle substitute for bread—boiled green plantains. Over the coffee Sandoval asked, since the road was bad, that Corvizcki have the mule saddled for me as soon as possible after breakfast.

"But why?" said the astonished Pole. "Surely, Señora, you cannot go after so short a time? And you too, Señor Sandoval," he added.

Sandoval pleaded obligations and I said that I must return to Lima soon. Corvizcki in a half-hearted manner again thanked Sandoval for his kindness in bringing his supplies and, looking hopefully at me, suggested that when I returned from Lima surely I would come again? I glibly promised and he went off to bring the mule and an Indian boy to look after it.

Without the heavily laden cargo mule

the return journey took less time; we pushed on steadily without stopping, and four o'clock found us at the inn in Pangoa. It was like being home again after a long and weary absence; it was startling to realize that we had been gone only two days and nights.

Between Sandoval and me the subject was brought up only once. One morning when I had been to the river to bathe, the sandy banks were alive with butterflies, clouds of little yellow ones, brilliant blue ones with enormous wing spread—a jeweler's collection of fluttering, living color. A great orange-and-maroon butterfly floated lazily near me; I couldn't remember having seen it before, so I caught it to take to Sandoval. "Not exactly rare," he told me, "but I can use it for one of my collections." A little later he came to me and thanking me again for the butterfly, gravely handed me two little paper-wrapped *caramelos*.

IV

The event that completely obliterated the unprecedented hospitality of the Pole from the minds of the Pangoan public was the earthquake in Lima. News came in a roundabout way. Some reports had it that the city was entirely destroyed; others said, no, only Callao. There were rumors of a tidal wave, but no one really knew.

Besides having a few friends and numerous acquaintances in the capital, I had left all of my belongings there except a couple of suitcases. I began to wonder if the bank in which my money was deposited was a heap of rubble.

It is one thing to decide to leave Pangoa and another to leave. On the day that I decided to go there was no truck, presumably as there had been neither cargo nor passengers; so two more days went by. It must have been in the middle of a Monday night that the truck finally stopped in front of the inn, and Sandoval, sleepily wishing me a pleasant journey and speedy return, helped me in and stowed away my suitcase.

Through the night we roared; that is, we made a great show of speeding and roaring, but we stopped at every hut that showed a light to pick up oranges or a crate of ducks or a bag of alligator pears. However, those dots of civilization do not extend very far from the colony of Pangoa, for the terrain rises sharply into the steep jungle-clad *montaña* where the only sign of civilization is the rude trail that winds and twists and doubles and triples back on itself for endless miles, ever and ever climbing.

We stopped for a brief luncheon in a tiny white village that stretched itself along the ridge of a mountain spur; then down, down a trail that had on one side a wall of rock; on the other, sheer space. By the late afternoon we had again climbed to the heights. About us was a broad plateau dotted with cold blue glacier lakes; behind us in pure white majesty soared one Andean peak, remote, mysterious, lonely as God.

A solitary Indian shepherded his flock of llamas from the path of the oncoming motor; the animals with stately and unhurried tread separated and lined the road. The lead llama, his haughty head encased in a red knitted hood, and yellow woolen tassels in his ears, gazed with astonishment in his great sweet eyes on the rude intrusion. The truck rocketed on and, just before the swift tropic night, it stopped before an inn in the village of Concepcion which lies in the green and fertile Jauja valley, ten thousand feet above the Pacific.

I reached Lima the next day to find my bank intact and the *pension* in which I had been living safe enough, though badly cracked. The city was still there and I considered the prospect. There was little for me to do except to fall back into the routine of Gringo parties—cocktails at eight, dinner at nine, a moving picture in the late afternoon—or listen to the steadily growing tales of defeat and misery abroad that the radio poured forth. I wasted no time and packed my bag for Pangoa.

At the hour when the shadows are

long over the ragged *campo* of Pangoa I climbed stiffly from the Ford truck in front of the inn. The *dueña*, even more witchlike than I had remembered, greeted me effusively and called to all the little slaves to take my bag, to fill my pitcher with fresh water, and to bring the Señora coffee. Sandoval put down his plane with which he was smoothing out a piece of silvery wood, and inquired how the journey had been, and in what state I found Lima. By dinnertime it was difficult to believe that I had been away, high over the Andes and down to the blue Pacific.

After dinner I brought to the table to show Sandoval some photographs which I had had developed in Lima. Some of the Leica enlargements had turned out very well; he was particularly delighted with those of Cayetano's camp. "It would please him very much, Señora, if you were to send him this one of himself," he said.

"Of course," I agreed, "and at the same time I may as well send this one of Corvizcki to him," handing him one that he hadn't seen.

Sandoval looked at the picture for a long time, then slowly raising his head, he looked at me with a strange expression in his deeply shadowed eyes. "Señor Corvizcki," he told me, "is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, dead. When for some time he didn't come in for his supplies, the chief of the *cuartel* here sent two soldiers to find out what was wrong. The place was deserted except for a few Indians who remained in the huts beyond the clearing. After some questioning they made

the police understand that Corvizcki had died and that they had left his body by the river bank for the vultures, as is their custom. They willingly guided them to the place and they found what had once been a man, and a starving black dog."

"But of what did he die? He seemed in good enough health when we were there."

"The police spent a day questioning the Indians, but as you know, they understand little Spanish; they just pointed to their stomachs and then to some yucca roots. Nothing in his house was disturbed and it would be useless to take a savage to a court of justice. As far as anyone knows he had no friends or relatives and his property will revert to the government; the matter is finished."

Sandoval was silent for a long time; his thin dark fingers shredded a paper match box. At length he said, "Not long ago I spent the night in Cayetano's camp; he gave me some rare moths he had found. He often saves butterflies for me."

"Did he have anything to say about Corvizcki's death?" I ventured to ask, not without some hesitation.

"Cayetano was very happy; he was drinking *masato*. He gave me *masato* too and he laughed and lay on his mat and looked at the moon." Sandoval paused and when he looked at me again his wide gray eyes were as guileless as a child's. "Then Cayetano went away for a while, and when he came back he brought a girl with him. He said we must all drink much *masato* because he had a new wife and the new moon had a lover."



“JEST FODE”

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

PEOPLE are divided into Leanners and Leanees: into oaks more or less sturdy and vines quite, quite clinging. I was never a Leaner, yet, although seldom mistaken for one, I find people are constantly feeling impelled to protect me. Invariably they are right and I accept their proffered ministrations gratefully. I cannot drive a car or fix a puncture or sharpen a pencil or swim or skate or give a punch in the jaw to the numerous parties who need punching. My incompetency is almost all-inclusive, but it must have a glow, for it attracts Samaritans from miles around.

I have been offered a very fine, quick-working poison for use on my enemies or myself; I have had my rifle carried by a soldier who disliked me, just because I was all in; a bootlegger once asked me to go partners with him because I looked seedy; a top sergeant, icy with contempt, put together my machine gun when its *dissecta membra* unassembled would have returned me in disgrace to America; a red-headed friend of mine had to be restrained from flinging a red-headed enemy of mine into the river for some passing insolence; an appreciable percentage of the hard-boiled bastards of the world have patched tires, blown life into sparkplugs, pushed, hauled, lifted, hammered, towed, and sweated for me because they knew that without their aid I should have moldered indefinitely on some wretched, can-strewn landscape. If you mix incompetency with a pinch of the wistful and a heap of good manners it works pretty well. Men of good will

are all over the place, millions of them. It is a very nice world—that is, if you remember that while good morals are all-important between the Lord and His creatures, what counts between one creature and another is good manners. A good manner may spring from vanity or a sense of style; it is a sort of pleasant fiction. But good manners spring from well-wishing; they are fundamental as truth and much more useful. No nation or stratum of society has a monopoly on them and, contrary to the accepted estimate, Americans have more than their share.

The righteous are usually in a dither over the deplorable state of race relations in the South. I, on the other hand, am usually in a condition of amazed exultation over the excellent state of race relations in the South. It is incredible that two races, centuries apart in emotional and mental discipline, alien in physical characteristics, doomed by war and the Constitution to a single, not a dual way of life, and to an impractical and unpracticed theory of equality which deludes and embitters, heckled and misguided by pious fools from the North and impious fools from the South—it is incredible, I insist, that two such dissimilar races should live side by side with so little friction, in such comparative peace and amity. This result is due solely to good manners. The Southern Negro has the most beautiful manners in the world, and the Southern White, learning from him, I suspect, is a close second.

Which reminds me of Ford. (He pronounces his name "Fode" with enormous tenderness, for he is very fond of himself.)

In the South every white man worth calling white or a man is owned by some Negro, whom he thinks he owns, his weakness and solace and incubus. Ford is mine. There is no excuse for talking about him except that I like to. He started off as my caddie, young, stocky, strong, with a surly expression, and a smile like the best brand of sunshine. For no good reason he rose to be my chauffeur, then house-boy, then general factotum; and now, without any contractual relation whatever, my retainer, which means to say I am retained for life by him against all disaster, great or small, for which he pays by being Ford. It was not because of breaking up the first automobile, coming from a dance drunk, or because of breaking up the second automobile, coming from a dance drunk, that our contractual relation was annulled, but for a subtler infamy. I was in the shower, not a position of dignity at best, and Ford strolled in, leaned against the door of the bathroom, in the relaxed pose of the Marble Faun, and observed dreamily: "You ain't nothing but a little old fat man."

A bit of soap was in my eye and under the circumstances it was no use attempting to be haughty anyway, so I only blurted: "You damn fool."

Ford beamed: "Jest look at your stummick."

When one had fancied the slenderness of one's youth had been fairly well retained! Well, taking advantage of the next dereliction, and one occurred every week, we parted; that is to say, I told Ford I was spoiling him and it would be far better for him to battle for himself in this hostile world, and Ford agreed, but asked what he was going to do "seeing as how nobody could find a job no-how." As neither of us could think of the answer, I sent him off to a mechanics' school in Chicago. He returned with a diploma and a thrilling tale of

how nearly he had been married against his vehement protest to a young lady for reasons insufficient surely in any enlightened community with an appreciation of romance. With Ford's return the demand for mechanics fell to zero—he always had an uncanny effect on the labor market—so he took to house-painting. His first week he fell off the roof of the tallest barn in the county and, instead of breaking his neck, as Giorgione or Raphael would have done, he broke only his ankle and had to be supplied with crutches, medical care, and a living for six weeks. It was then that I left for Samoa.

II

But I should not complain. Ford has never learned anything from me, but I am indebted to him for an education in more subjects and stranger ones than I took at college, subjects, however, slightly like those the Mock Turtle took from the conger eel. The first lesson might be called "How Not to Faint in Coils." Ford observed:

"You don't understand folks good as I does." I was appalled. "You sees what's good in folks, but you don't see what's bad. Most of the time I'se a good boy, then I goes nigger, just plain nigger. Everybody do that, and when they does, it hurts you." I was pulverized. It may not have taken a wicked person to think that, but it certainly took a wicked one to say it.

Once I asked a learned gentleman from Yale, who was psychoanalyzing the whole Negro population of a neighboring town in three months, for some explanation of the Negro's propensity to crimes of violence. The oracle spoke: "I should say, tentatively you understand, that the frustrated hatred of the Negro for the white man, because of the frustration, is transferred to his own kind for fulfillment." It sounded like wisdom but not like sense.

I submitted the problem to Ford: "Ford, why do colored folks fight, shoot,

stab, and kill one another so much?"

Ford giggled: "Well, s'pose a woman comes home and finds her man in bed with another woman—she's sho goin' to slap him in the face with the lamp, ain't she?"

This seemed to me only an argument for rural electrification, so I urged Ford to proceed.

"Well, s'pose some nigger crooks you in a crap game—you sho ain't goin' to let him get away with that and with your hard-earned dime too, is you?"

I demurred and Ford went further:

"To tell the truth, most scrappin' and cuttin' and sech comes from checkin'."

"What in the world is checking?"

"Well, a bunch of boys starts off jest talkin', then they starts kiddin', jest for fun, you know, and then they starts checkin'. That's kiddin' what's rough. Everybody gets kinder riled and big-gety. Then some fool nigger puts you in the dozen."

Ford stopped as if the problem had been completely elucidated.

"What's putting you in the dozen?"

"That's sho nuff bad talk."

"Like what?"

"Well," said Ford, modest and hesitant, "that's talkin' about your mommer."

"What do they say?"

Ford was scandalized by the request.

"I couldn't tell you that, Mr. Will, it wouldn't be nice."

Explaining that my inquiry was solely in the interest of science, Ford divulged sheepishly:

"Somebody says: 'Well, your mommer hists her tail like a alley cat.' Then the shootin' begins."

That I have any dignity and self-respect is not because of but in spite of Ford. We were returning from a directors' meeting in a neighboring town and he was deeply overcast. At last he became communicative:

"Mr. Oscar Johnson's boy says Mr. Oscar won't ride in no car more'n six months old and he sho ain't goin' to ride in nothin' lessen a Packard."

I received this calmly; it was only one more intimation that my Ford was older than need be and congenitally unworthy. Ford continued:

"He says Mr. Oscar says you ain't got near as much sense as your pa." I agreed heartily. "He says you ain't never goin' to make no money." I agreed, less heartily. "En if you don't be keerful you goin' to lose your plantation." I agreed silently, but I was nettled and observed:

"And you sat there like a bump on a log saying nothing while I was being run down?"

"Well, I told him you had traveled a lot, a lot more'n Mr. Oscar; you done gone near 'bout everywhere, en he kinder giggled and says: 'Yes, they tells me he's been to Africa,' en I says: 'He is,' en he says: 'You know why he went to Africa?' en I says: 'Cause he wanted to go there,' en he says: 'That's what he tells you, but he went to Africa to 'range to have the niggers sent back into slavery.'"

I exploded: "And you were idiot enough to believe that?"

"I've heard it lots of times," Ford observed mildly, "but it didn't make no difference to me; you been good to me en I didn't care."

Having fancied I had spent a good portion of my life defending and attempting to help the Negro, this information stunned me and, as Ford prophesied, it hurt. But hiding my wounded vanity as usual in anger, I turned on Ford with:

"You never in your life heard any Negro except that fool boy of Oscar Johnson's say I was trying to put the Negroes back in slavery."

"Lot of 'em," reiterated Ford.

"I don't believe you," I said. "You can't name a single one."

We finished the drive in silence; spiritually we were not *en rapport*.

The next morning when Ford woke me he was wreathed in smiles, suspiciously pleased with himself. He waited until one eye was open and then announced triumphantly:

"Louisa!" (pronounced with a long *i*).

"What about Louisa?" I queried sleepily.

"She says you'se goin' to send the niggers back into slavery!"

Louisa was our cook, the mainstay and intimate of the household for fifteen years.

"Damn!" I exploded, and Ford fairly tripped out, charmed with himself.

I dressed thoughtfully and repaired to the kitchen. My intention was to be gentle but desolating. Louisa weighs over three hundred, and despite a physical allure I can only surmise from the stream of nocturnal callers in our back yard, she distinctly suggests in her general contour a hippopotamus. When I entered the kitchen I found her pacing ponderously back and forth through the door that opens on the back gallery. It seemed a strange procedure—Louisa was not given to exercise, at least not of that kind. The following colloquy ensued:

"Louisa, what are you doing?"

"I stuck a nail in my foot."

"Why don't you go to the doctor?"

"I'se gettin' the soreness out."

"You can't walk it out."

"Naw, suh, the nail is *drawing* it out."

"What nail?"

"The nail I stepped on."

"Where is it?"

Louisa pointed to the lintel of the door. A nail hung from it by a piece of string; under it Louisa was pacing. I left her pacing. I didn't mention slavery then or later.

My bitter tutelage didn't conclude here. In late autumn we drove to the plantation on settlement day. Cotton had been picked and ginned, what cash had been earned from the crop was to be distributed. The managers and book-keeper had been hard at work preparing a statement of each tenant's account for the whole year. As the tenant's name was called he entered the office and was paid off. The Negroes filled the store and overflowed on to the porch, milling and confabulating. As we drove up one of them asked: "Whose car is dat?" Another answered: "Dat's *us* car." I

thought it curious they didn't recognize my car, but dismissed the suspicion and dwelt on the thought of how sweet it was to have the relation between landlord and tenant so close and affectionate that to them my car was their car. Warm inside, I passed through the crowd, glowing and bowing, the lord of the manor among his faithful retainers. My mission concluded, I returned to the car, still glowing. As we drove off I said:

"Did you hear what that man said?"

Ford assented, but grumpily.

"It was funny," I continued.

"Funnier than you think," observed Ford sardonically.

I didn't understand and said so.

Ford elucidated: "He meant that's the car *you* has bought with *us* money. They all knew what he meant, but you didn't and they knew you didn't. They wuz laughing to theyselves."

A few days later the managers confirmed this version of the meaning of the phrase and laughed. I laughed too, but not inside.

III

Yet laughter singularly soft and unmalicious made me Ford's debtor more even than his admonitions and revelations. I still think with gratitude of an afternoon which his peculiarly Negro tact and good manners and laughter made charming. I was in what Ford would call "low cotton." After a hellish day of details and beggars, my nerves raw, I 'phoned for Ford and the car. On climbing in I asked dejectedly:

"Where shall we drive?"

Ford replied: "Your ruthers is my ruthers" (what you would rather is what I would rather). Certainly the most amiable and appeasing phrase in any language, the language used being not English but deep Southern.

"Let's try the levee," I suggested.

Although nothing further was said and Ford asked no questions, he understood my depression and felt the duty on him to cheer me up. He drove to my favorite spot on the levee and parked

where I could watch across the width of waters a great sunset crumbling over Arkansas. As I sat moody and worried, Ford, for the first and only time in his life, began to tell me Negro stories. I wish I could imitate his exact phrases and intonations and pauses, without which they are poor enough stories; but, in spite of the defects of my relaying, anyone can detect their Negro quality, care-free and foolish and innocent—anyone, that is, who has lived among Negroes in the South.

Here are the three I remember in something approximating Ford's diction:

"There wuz a cullud man en he died en went to hevvven en the Lawd gevum all wings, en he flew en he flew" (here Ford hunched his shoulders and gave a superb imitation of a buzzard's flight). "After he flew round there fur 'bout a week he looked down en saw a reel *good-lookin'* lady, a-settin' on a cloud. She wuz *reel good-lookin'*. En he dun the loop-the-loop.

"The Lawd cum en sez: 'Don't you know how to act? There ain't nuthin' but nice people here, en you beehavin' like that. Git out.' But he told the Lawd he jest didn't know en he wuzzent never gonner do nuthin' like that no mo', en please let him stay. So the Lawd got kinder pacified en let him stay. En he flew en he flew. En after he had been flying round fur 'bout a week, he ups en sees that same good-lookin' lady a-settin' on a cloud en he jest couldn't help it—he he dun the loop-the-loop.

"So the Lawd stepped up en he says: 'You jest don't know how to act, you ain't fitten fur to be with decent folks, you'se a scanlus misbeehavior. Git out.' En he got.

"He felt mighty bad en hung round the gate three or four days tryin' to ease up on St. Peter, but St. Peter 'lowed there wuzn't no way, he jest couldn't let him in en the onliest way he might git in wuz to have a *conference* with the Lawd. Then the man asked if he couldn't 'range fur a conference en they had a lot of back-

and-forth. En finally St. Peter eased him in fur a conference." (Ford loved that word, it made him giggle.) "But the Lawd wuz mad, He wuz mad sho-nuff, he wuz hoppin' mad en told him flat-footed to git out en stay out. Then the cullud man says:

"Well, jest remember this, Lawd: while I wuz up here in yo' place I wuz the flyin'est fool you had.'"

Since the thirteenth century no one except Ford and his kind has been at ease in heaven, much less confident enough of it to imagine an airplane stunt there. And I do hope that good-looking lady saw the loop-the-loop.

The second story is just as inconsequential:

"A fellow cum to a cullud man en promised him a whole wagen load of watermelons if he would go en set by hisself in a hanted house all night long. Well, the man he liked watermelons en he promised, though he sho didn't like no hanted house, en he sho didn't wanten see no hants. He went in en drug up a cheer en set down en nuthin' happened. After so long a time in walked a black cat en set down in front of him en jest looked at him. He warn't so sceered because it warn't much more'n a kitten, en they both uvvem jest set there en looked at each uther. Then ernurther cat cum in, a big black 'un, en he set by the little 'n en they jest set there lookin' at him, en ain't sed nothin'. Then ernurther one cum en he wuz big as a dawg en all three uvvem jest set there en looked at him en sed nuthin'. Ernurther one cum, still bigger, en ernurther, en ernurther, en the last one wuz big as a hoss. They all jest set there in a row en sed nuthin' en looked at him. That cullud man he wuz plum sceered en he hadter say sumpin so he lowed all nice en p'lite:

"Whut us gwinner do?"

"En the bigun sed: 'Us ain't gwinner do nuthin' till Martin comes.'

"The cullud man says reel nice en p'lite: 'Jest tell Martin I couldn't wait,'

en he busted out the winder en tore down the big road fast as he could en faster, en he ain't never taken no more interest in watermelons since."

"But, Ford, who was Martin?"

"I dunno," said Ford and chuckled, "but I reckon he wuz big as er elly-fant."

I reckon so too, and twice as real, so far as I am concerned.

And now the last:

"A cullud man cum to the white folks' house in the country en sed to the man:

"'Boss, I'se hongry; gimme sumpin t'eat."

"The man sed: 'All right, go round to the back do' en tell the cook to feed you.'

"The cullud man sed: 'Boss, I'se neer 'bout starved, I ain't et fur a whole week.'

"The man sed: 'All right, all right, go round to the kitchen.'

"The cullud man sed: 'Boss, if you gimme sumpin t'eat I'll split up all that stove wood you got in yo back yard.'

"The man sed: 'All right, all right, go en git that grub like I tole yer.'

"So he went. After 'bout three hours the man went to his back yard en saw the cullud man, who wuz jest settin'. So he sed:

"'Has you et?"

"En he sed: 'Yassir.'

"En he sed: 'Has you chopped up that wood-pile?"

"En he sed: 'Bossman, if you jest let me res' round till dinner time, after dinner I'll go en chop out that patch of cotton fur you.'

"So the man sed: 'All right, but don't you fool me no more.'

"After the cullud man had et him a big dinner he started out to the cotton patch en he met him a cooter [a mud-turtle] en the cooter sed to him:

"'Nigger, you talks too much.'

"The nigger goes tearin' back to the big house en when he gits there the man cums out en sed:

"'Nigger, has you chopped out that cotton?"

"En the nigger sez:

"'Lawd, boss, I wuz on my way, fo God I wuz, en I met a cooter en he started talkin' to me en I lit out frum there en here I is.'

"The boss man was plenty riled and he sez:

"'Nigger, take me to that cooter en if he don't start talkin', I'se goin' to cut your throat frum year to year.'

"So they bof uvvem started fur the cotton patch en there in the middle of the big road set that cooter. En he never opened his mouth, he ain't sed nuthin'. So the man hopped on the nigger en whupped him sumpin' scand'lous en left fur the big house mighty sore at niggers en cooters. Well, the cullud man wuz neer 'bout through breshing hisself off en jest fo⁴moseying on off when the cooter poked his head out en looks at him en sez:

"'Nigger, I tole you you talks too much.'"

IV

Can it be wondered, now that Ford is sojourning in the North beyond the infamous housing conditions of the South, comfortable and healthy in his own little room with four young Negro roommates, a single window to keep out the cold, and a gas burner for cooking and heat—can it be wondered, if now when the 'phone rings and the operator's voice says: "Detroit, calling collect," that I accept the charge although I know who it is and why he is calling? It is Ford and he is drunk and he is incoherently solicitous for me and mine and for his mother and wants to come home and needs five dollars. I reply I am glad to hear his voice, which is true, and hope he is well, and advise him to be a good boy and stick to his job, and a letter will follow or shall I wire? Of course he has no job except with the W.P.A., to which he has attached himself by fictions and frauds with which all good Southern darkies with itching feet are familiar. I hope the government supports him as long and as loyally as I did, because if it doesn't, I

must. I must because Ford is my fate, my Old Man of the Sea, who tells me of Martin and admonishing cooters and angels that do the loop-the-loop, my only tie with Pan and the Satyrs and all earth creatures who smile sunshine and ask no questions and understand.

I wish my parting with him could have been happier or that I could forget it. He had abandoned his truck in a traffic jam and forfeited his job, one that I had procured for him with much difficulty and some misrepresentation. Then he had got looping drunk and last, against all precedent and propriety, he had come to see me; it was late at night when he arrived, stumbling and weeping. He threw himself across the couch and sobbed without speaking. I could not get him up or out, and he wouldn't explain his grief. At last he quieted down

and, his face smeared with tears, managed to gasp:

"You cain't do no good, Mr. Will. It don't make no difference how hard I tries or how good I bees, I ain't never gonner be nuthin' but jest Fode."

I wish I had never heard him say that. There are some truths that facing does not help. Something had brought home to Ford the tragedy of himself and of his race in an alien world. Had he been in South Africa or Morocco or Harlem or Detroit his pitiful cry would have been equally true, equally hopeless and unanswerable. What can we do, any of us, how can we help? Let the man who has the answer cry it from the house-tops in a hundred languages. But there will be no crier in the night, and it is night for all the Fords of the world and for us who love them.





EDUCATION FOR COLLEGE OR FOR LIFE?

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

IT is generally conceded that our secondary schools have failed to prepare young people for the business of living. But critics who castigate the schools for their sins of omission forget that the colleges and universities, by prescribing the study of certain subjects, have from the first put their stamp for better or worse on the secondary schools' curricula.

An increasing number of high schools, it is true, offer vocational courses, and some of the larger ones give industrial courses, to pupils not intending to go to college. Yet many smaller high schools of 200 pupils or fewer (and these, according to the U. S. Office of Education, serve 60 per cent of the age-group) offer nothing but the college preparatory course, which in schools of all sizes is still looked upon by most parents and pupils and often by teachers as the one obligatory course. This is a paradox, since only three children out of six finish high school and only one out of six goes to college. Confusion as to the high school's real function is still so prevalent that the failure in college of a few of its graduates does more harm to a school's standing than the same school's failure to adjust one hundred students who do not go to college to the work and responsibilities of life in the community.

The cultural lag in our school system is only now becoming apparent. The battle for tax-supported public education was fought out in this country just a hundred years ago. The principle that free educational opportunities for all were essential to democracy was

established. But the education offered in the secondary schools continued to be based on college requirements which concerned only a privileged minority.

To-day we are gathering the harvest. We are finding that the ears of corn are badly filled out. Young people are asking such questions as these: "What should I do to make a living when I leave school? What am I best fitted for? How may I develop my personality? What must I do to get on with my family, with my own sex, with the other sex? What is democracy, what does it mean? How is it better than other ways of life? I must be sure of something: what can I believe in? How can satisfaction in living be achieved?"

In answer to such searching questions most of our secondary schools are still saying to these boys and girls: "Here are English, history, mathematics, science, foreign languages. If you are bright spend your years studying these subjects. If you are not you had better take commercial subjects, art, home economics, shop work. This is our answer to your questions. Do this and all will be well. You will get your diploma and then you will be prepared to take your place as responsible citizens. We have done our duty. Now you should do yours."

Because the Progressive Education Association believed that the secondary schools have not been free in practice to do their duty by their pupils the Commission on the Relation of School and College undertook in 1932 an eight-

year study. The guiding spirit of the study was from the first the Commission's chairman, Dr. Wilford M. Aikin, formerly head master of the John Burroughs Country Day School in St. Louis and later a member of the faculty of Ohio State University. Under his leadership the Commission set out to determine, within a large area of reference, whether the graduates of good progressive schools that had ignored specific college-entrance requirements could do as well in college as boys and girls from traditional schools.

"If we can prove," the Commission argued, "that these progressive school graduates are not as a group handicapped in college, the admissions officers may be persuaded to substitute in the case of all college candidates a measurement of abilities for a prescribed pattern of courses." The Commission foresaw, in other words, that there would be no revolution of any moment in the secondary schools until the stone of specific college-entrance requirements had been rolled away. Recognizing the importance of such a study, the Carnegie Foundation and the General Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation contributed funds to make it possible.

As a first step the country's two hundred and fifty accredited colleges and universities were asked to waive their technical admission requirements for the graduates of a selected list of thirty progressive schools, and instead to admit applicants from these schools on the basis of their achievements in a broad field and on their scholastic aptitude or intelligence rating. The colleges agreed to the plan, some making their own reservations as to methods of selection. A few die-hard conservatives among college officials no doubt consented with tongue in cheek, expecting that the experiment would prove a boomerang for the progressive educators. The head of one large university had gone so far as to say, "Children who are sent to progressive schools may not be quite feeble-minded, but they are not able to hold their own in competition." Other

college presidents and deans, aware that their admissions offices were stuck fast in yesterday, were glad to go along with the experiment. The progressive schools, on their side, were expected to recommend for college only students of ability who had genuine intellectual interests.

For test tubes thirty progressive schools were chosen in different parts of the country, twelve being public schools, twelve, private schools, and six, university high schools. They were left free to revise their curricula as they saw fit, forgetting college-entrance requirements, and keeping in mind all their pupils' interests and needs.

At the end of three years the first guinea pigs from the Thirty Schools entered college and the follow-up study was begun under the direction of an impartial authority, Professor Ralph Tyler, Dean of the School of Education at the University of Chicago. He engaged as his field staff five college teachers of standing who had no commitments to the progressive-education movement and who, as a matter of fact, were skeptical about its claims. They set out to make a first-hand study of the Thirty Schools' graduates' performance in the twenty-two institutions where over half of them were concentrated, including Eastern men's and women's colleges, endowed co-educational colleges, and State universities.

Since the boys and girls from the Thirty Schools ranked higher than the average freshman and were in the 65th percentile of the entering class on a scale of 100, a comparison group was carefully selected. For every progressive school graduate a "matchee" was picked who had presented the regular entrance credits from a traditional school, and who had approximately the same intelligence rating, was of the same race, age, and sex, and came from the same type of family and economic background and from the same size community. The intention was to compare the two groups as a whole, not to set a progressive-school graduate over against his matchee.

Such a pairing off would have been of doubtful validity in view of the many variables of human nature and the incalculable outside pressures to which college boys and girls are subject.

Students in both groups were interviewed periodically and asked to fill out questionnaires, and their grades and teachers' comments were recorded. The aim was to find out (1) how the members of the two groups rated scholastically, (2) what part they played in college life, and (3) how definitely they were attaining their personal objectives. At the end of four years, by June, 1940, data had been collected on approximately 3,000 students who had been in college from one to four years, half of them from progressive schools and half from traditional schools. Judged by all three criteria, the graduates of the Thirty Schools had a slight advantage over the boys and girls in the control group, as we shall presently see.

II

Before going any farther you will want to know what sort of education was given these boys and girls on whose performance in college the progressive-education movement had staked its future. Some of the Thirty Schools, as it turned out, deviated more than others from the traditional pattern. A few remained so conservative as to seem out of place in the experiment.

Yet there was homogeneity among them. As a group the Thirty Schools were concerned with helping their pupils to acquire fundamental knowledge, to develop effective work habits and skills, to learn to think, to widen their range of interests and cultural appreciations, to adjust socially, to reach emotional stability, to be healthy, and to discover some fundamental purpose of their own. Democracy as a way of life was not taken for granted but was made a positive ideal. Glancing over the reports submitted by the Thirty Schools, I am left rather breathless by the scope of the

subject matter offered. I should like to turn the clock back and be a guinea pig myself.

I grew up in Chicago and went to a well-known public high school; but Chicago might have been any other American city for all I was taught about the environment I lived in. To-day the boys and girls at the Francis W. Parker School, a progressive co-educational day school, are in better luck. Sophomore English students begin with studying Chicago and go out to discover the various ways of life and work in the metropolitan area, about which they write. They compare their impressions of Chicago with those of Christopher Morley, Albert Halper, and Carl Sandburg. They visit the Chicago Artists' Show to see the city through painters' eyes. From Chicago they go on to a study of regionalism in American literature. When they come to Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* they consider the poet's attitude toward himself and toward society, what his concept of democracy was and how it compared with the ideas of Revolutionary writers. The logical next step is a discussion of the liberal-conservative conflict which is going on in this country to-day.

Probably the most important thing the progressive educators have done is to break down walls between departments. In some of the Thirty Schools a different culture epoch, ranging from the ancient to the modern, is the major study each year, and the political, literary, artistic, and scientific achievements of the epoch are all considered. In other schools social science is taught vertically. At Shaker High School, Cleveland, where 60 high-school students are selected in their second year to enter the experimental group, the sophomores study world history, working backward from the present crisis; the juniors go on to the United States in the world community, again working backward; and the seniors come down to the individual, considering his relation to the community, to his family, and to himself. Illustrative lit-

erature is read along the way. The seniors range from "Antigone" to "Hamlet" to *The Forsyte Saga*.

When it comes to English composition, the trend throughout the Thirty Schools is to stress good writing in every subject, to encourage school journalism, playwriting and other original forms of composition, and to widen the student's range of observation. Expeditions into the community and, when possible, farther afield train students in interviewing, reporting, and analyzing social conditions. A senior class at Lincoln School spent two weeks in the TVA country studying every phase of the experiment.

Science has always been a bugaboo for boys and girls who have no special aptitude for it. I should like to have been exposed to the general course in physical science given at the Tower Hill School, Wilmington, Delaware, which is a small co-educational day school. Cutting across the fields of chemistry and physics, the course takes up such things as measurement, nature's building materials, the ocean of atmosphere, water, electricity, etc. While the content is less technical than in the classical physics or chemistry course, it prepares students who wish to go on and specialize in science.

Algebra and geometry, also bugaboos to many students, have been continued as elective rather than required subjects in a number of the Thirty Schools. Freed from taking three or four full years of mathematics, pupils find time for the creative arts. In some of the schools the teaching of mathematics has been given social content. While geometry according to Euclid is supposed to train students in logical thinking, the difficult thing is to transfer the "If-Then" type of proof to real life situations. To meet this need a course called "The Nature of Proof" was originated by the University School at Columbus, Ohio, and is now given by several of the Thirty Schools. Some of the exercises have involved (hold on to your hats) an analysis of all the evidence bearing on the

Republic Steel strike; a dissection of the Attorney General's opinion validating the destroyer deal; an examination of the historical arguments for and against a Third Term; and a search for the fallacies of advertising.

Instead of semester examinations that call for quick cramming and just as quick forgetting, "power" tests which reveal a student's ability to think are given, and long papers are assigned on important topics of the student's own choosing. In some but not all of the schools seniors must take typical examinations as a preparation for such ordeals in college.

Standards of workmanship and of intellectual discipline have undoubtedly been higher in some schools than in others. Yet the curricular reports from the large majority of the schools show that the students have been constantly challenged to use their minds. At New Trier Township High School, Winnetka, Ill., the experimental course is so much stiffer than the traditional course that some of the progressive students frankly envy their schoolmates who are taking cut-and-dried courses. And this comment comes from a boy in the large public high school at Altoona, Pa., a depression town where the economic level is not high and the abler students are selected to take the experimental course. "It put me on my own," he wrote, "so far as work was concerned. If I wanted to get a certain subject I learned that I had to be my own slave-driver."

While the aim of the Thirty Schools has been to make young people self-reliant, they do not throw pupils out to sink or swim alone. At New Trier every freshman in the entire school is assigned to a teacher adviser with whom he or she remains for four years. The adviser sees his or her charge for a twenty-minute period every day, keeps in touch with the family, and acts *in loco parentis* in regard to everything that touches the pupil's life in school. Guidance is thus given throughout the four years by a teacher who knows the pupils well and

not at the last gasp at graduation time by a counsellor who may be almost a stranger. The progressive educators believe that instruction has been disastrously institutionalized in both our secondary schools and colleges and the pupil-teacher relationship too often lost. There is no substitute, they insist, for Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other.

III

The first few months in the impersonal regimented college world must have seemed like a cold bath to many of the Thirty School graduates. But they made the necessary adjustment. Of the 1,500, only 24.7 per cent dropped out in three years' time as compared with 28.2 per cent in the comparison group. And while grades as an incentive were new to many of the progressive school products, their average in college during the first three years of the study was a shade higher than that of the control group, 2.50 (about C-plus) as against 2.46. In every subject but foreign languages they maintained a slight lead:

	<i>Progressives</i>	<i>Comparison Group</i>
English.....	2.54	2.47
Humanities.....	2.58	2.56
Foreign Languages.....	2.44	2.46
Social Science.....	2.43	2.39
Biological Science.....	2.48	2.47
Physical Science.....	2.46	2.41
Mathematics.....	2.56	2.44
Other subjects.....	2.61	2.50

Interestingly enough, the students who had gone to the six most experimental schools among the Thirty did the best of all and led in every subject. Students from the six least experimental schools, on the other hand, differed hardly at all from the comparison group.

Sticklers for intellectual discipline will want to know how students who had steered clear of formerly required subjects came out in college. A study was made of 46 students who had entered college with less than two units of mathe-

matics and it was found that they had out-distanced the comparison group in every subject, and had earned their best grades in mathematics.

Grades are only one criterion. When teachers in one college were asked to check the names of students unusually competent in carrying on independent work, 75 per cent more students from the Thirty Schools turned up than from the comparison group. In commenting on the performance of the guinea pigs, the president of a Western university said, "One of the best things about their training is that they are urged to search for facts and to base their opinions on facts."

A boy at Massachusetts Tech offered an interesting example of how progressive education encourages independent work. As a child in the famous Winnetka grade schools he had been trained in manual dexterity and in the experimental group at New Trier he had learned to think for himself. Before he got to college he had invented a radio amplifier and an automatic record changer. At the end of his freshman year at M.I.T. he visited the Lockheed Airplane plant in California and inquired of the management whether in making their tests they had thought of photographing the propellers in motion. He got a job for the summer and a year later returned with another valuable idea. At M.I.T. he was making a good B average.

Another boy, a sophomore at Yale, was forging ahead so rapidly in the classics that his classmates called him "The Professor." At Denver East High School he had been given his head.

Here and there students broke new ground. A girl from the progressive University of Chicago High School organized at Wellesley a non-credit marriage course for which she secured lecturers from the outside. Another Wellesley student, who had gone to Tower Hill, formed a freshman dramatics club which upset the star system. A boy from Altoona High School started a freshman

honorary society at Columbia University. A Brown University student, who came from Bronxville High School, organized a Brown network, and half a dozen colleges have followed suit. These are all, no doubt, exceptional cases and it can be argued that the student in question had a special ability which was "in the wood" and not given to him or her by any progressive school. Granted. Yet it can also be argued that the school encouraged these young people to take their own tack when they got an idea.

There were of course outstanding students in the comparison group, but as a group the graduates from the Thirty Schools were more articulate in their comments on both their secondary school and college courses. A freshman at a famous Eastern men's college, a graduate of Shaker High School, said a shade scornfully, "At first I worked up a bibliography in my history course here, and tried to interpret what I read. Now I know what the professor wants: he wants me to take notes and give back to him what he has said." In another college a boy from Ohio State University School complained that his English professor was not interested in his reading widely, but only wanted him to memorize in detail the text-book material.

A third boy, a Yale student, had been transferred from the progressive North Shore Country Day School near Chicago to a well-known Eastern prep school. He said, "At North Shore I learned most of what I knew when I got to college and I gained there whatever ability I have to approach a question with an open mind." At prep school he had had "mediocre teaching of the college board cramming variety."

While the progressive school graduates soon learned from the interviews and questionnaires that they were being studied as guinea pigs they showed no signs of trying to outdo themselves through loyalty to their school—any more than did the comparison students. When once you get to college you put away such childish things as school

loyalty, and this law is as firm as that of the Medes and Persians.

Occasionally the guinea pigs, who had been taught to be analytical, turned the tables on their schools when they were asked to comment on their preparation for college. Take this Harvard junior who came from one of the best-known experimental schools. A major in economics, he hoped to go into government service. He analyzed the lacks of his secondary school education as follows:

- A. Not my fault entirely:
 1. Little experience in passing examinations.
 2. No chance to experience cramming.
 3. Not enough facts, especially in English (good writing, bad writing, authors, styles).
- B. My fault:
 1. I did not absorb enough books, did not organize my reading.
 2. Took the wrong courses. Should have taken languages which I need in college as a requirement for other subjects. (The principal told me, "You don't need language.")
 3. Did not learn how to "skim."
- C. At school there was little check-up on reading in English and History classes; too much dependence on class discussion in which too bright students could "shoot the bull"; too much flitting from subject to subject . . . and perhaps too much fooling around with ill-conceived projects—plays, photos, murals, movies . . .

Such a criticism from an intelligent boy would seem to damn this experimental school. Yet he added, "I do not know whether this can be classified as an asset to counteract the above debits, but so far, with the exception of swimming, I have eventually been able to do any job in curricular or extra-curricular activities here that has appeared to me to be worth the trouble."

His grades bore out his boast. He had risen from Group VI to Group II in his class and in his junior year he was getting A's and B's. His mother, commenting on his equipment when he started to college, had said, "As a result of his progressive education he has a competent technic for meeting new situations both physical and intellectual;

but he has not been trained in meeting formal standards."

Several other students from this same school noted on their questionnaires that they had not been taught "how to work, how to take examinations, and how to write correctly." This surprised me since I had been told by an exacting teacher in one of the large woman's colleges that the girls from this particular school are more often than not superior students. To see whether the curriculum-makers had sacrificed careful training in English to "plays, photos, murals, movies," I asked about the records of the 38 boys and 17 girls who had gone from the school in question to Eastern colleges. Of the boys 6 were low in English, 23 were doing average work, and 9, including a number active in college journalism, were well above the average. Of the girls 2 were below standard and 7 were high in English.

Ability to use the King's English does not distinguish college students generally even if their literacy is higher than twenty years ago. The staff who examined the questionnaires of both groups found such spellings as "grammer," "incentative," "breef," "experiance." The graduates of the Thirty Schools are not so good in English as they should be, but their grades in this subject are a shade better than those of the comparison group.

The guinea pigs' plaint about having had no or little training in taking examinations seems a justified one, since it was known that they would have to get over these hurdles in college. Yet their grades—which in college are so largely dependent on examinations—show that they were able to keep their heads above water. Most of them accepted college examinations as one of the unpleasant facts of life. But a graduate of Francis W. Parker School was rebellious. She would not, she declared, learn "facts that are unimportant." She threatened to take up the matter of examinations with the college president.

It is conceivable that the 1,500 guinea

pigs would have given their college mates more of a race for their money if they had had a chance to continue their progressive education from where they had left off. A comparatively few students went to progressive Bennington, Sarah Lawrence, and Bard Colleges and did well on the whole; but they were too small a group to prove anything.

The rest of the progressive school graduates found themselves plumped down in institutions where tradition is still a god. Boys and girls who had studied subjects for their inherent value and not for credit were faced in college with an either-or choice if they were going to fulfill their requirements for graduation. There was little room for their enthusiasms. A girl who wanted to take anthropology would find to her disgust that she had to take introductory sociology first. A boy who was fascinated with photography was stopped by the physics prerequisite. So it often happened that the student who had been a starry-eyed freshman, thrilled over having got to college, was bored with his work by the fall of his sophomore year. Asked, "How's everything?" he or she would answer, "Oh, all right." Like a procrustean bed, the college fits students to subjects and not subjects to students.

Since the Thirty Schools had tried to develop initiative and self-confidence, their graduates, as was to be expected, were somewhat more active than the comparison group in campus affairs except for athletics. The guinea pigs wrote more, talked more, took a livelier interest in politics and social problems, went to more dances, had more dates. On the other hand, they joined fewer religious groups than the students from traditional schools. Especially concerned with campus affairs were the graduates of the six most experimental schools. There were more dynamos than grinds among them.

We come now to the third criterion—personal satisfactions and aims. The guinea pigs listened to more speeches

and music on the radio, went to more concerts and lectures, read more books, enjoyed more cultural pursuits generally, while the comparison group spent more time getting passive recreation at the movies. The guinea pigs were also a little surer of their direction. When the seniors, 192 from the Thirty Schools and 173 in the comparison group, were queried about their vocational plans, 59 per cent of the progressive school students said they had made a "firm but flexible choice," as against 51 per cent of the comparison group, and 27 per cent as compared with 20 per cent had decided on their future careers while still in secondary school. Whether they were qualified for the careers they had chosen—whether in short the counselling they had had in secondary school had given them self-knowledge—could only be proved by a study of their after-college performance.

IV

The Eight Year Study, which is to be summarized in full in a five-volume report to appear in 1941, has turned out to be something less than an incendiary bomb, but it may prove to be a time bomb in the educational scheme of things. This inference may be drawn from the report of the committee of college representatives who were asked to examine the data. Dean H. E. Hawkes of Columbia University College was the chairman and the other members were President Marion E. Park of Bryn Mawr, Dean A. J. Brumbaugh, University of Chicago, Dr. H. E. Speight, formerly Dean of Swarthmore, President T. N. Barrows of Lawrence College, and Dr. Richard Gummere of Harvard. They concluded from the evidence that "preparation for a fixed set of entrance examinations is not the only satisfactory means of fitting a boy or girl for making the most out of college experience." Going a little further, the committee said, "It looks as if the stimulus and the initiative which the less conventional

approach to secondary school education affords sends on to college better human material than we have obtained in the past."

Dean Hawkes not long ago asked the teachers at Columbia College who meet freshmen what kind of students they wanted in their classes. The consensus was that they did not care what subjects the boys had taken in secondary school so long as they (1) could read with speed and comprehension and had a reasonable facility in expressing themselves in writing and speaking English; (2) knew how to tackle a hard intellectual job and carry it through to completion; and (3) were accustomed to dealing with ideas and, in short, had a degree of intellectual maturity.

Every college teacher would be happy to instruct such students and no others. But how is the college to pick them?

The vexing question was laid before college officials in a series of conferences called in the spring and fall of 1940 by the Commission on the Relation of School and College. The 250 colleges had already agreed to extend the experimental period for the Thirty Schools for three more years, through September, 1943, but the Commission felt that a common basis for admission should be arrived at so that all the secondary schools in the country would be free to revise their programs to meet, not specific college-entrance requirements, but the needs and interests of all their pupils.

At the conferences comments from the floor showed that the log jam was beginning to break up but that the ice was not yet out of the river. Open-minded Dean McConn of New York University conceded that "secondary schools do better work when they are free to experiment." He had become convinced that "the curriculum pattern has practically no effect on a student's success in college." He accordingly suggested that college admission should be based on (1) endorsement of a student by a responsible principal, supplemented by a record showing genuine intellectual interest and

ability in some major field of work; (2) a scholastic aptitude test; and (3) a comprehensive examination in written and spoken English.

Some such plan is already the basis for admission at Cornell and at the progressive colleges, Bard, Sarah Lawrence, and Bennington, which limit the English examination to a reading test but require a personal interview and a very complete record of the candidate's performance in secondary school. Dartmouth since 1931 has required only a principal's recommendation, a satisfactory interview with an alumnus, and a record of achievement in any sort of a course except a vocational one. "We have demonstrated to our satisfaction," said Dartmouth's Dean Strong, "that specific entrance requirements have no value and are limiting rather than helpful."

Taking a similar view, Swarthmore's former Dean Speight confessed that the study had confirmed a suspicion which he had had, "that the student who lives effectively at any given stage of his development is thereby equipped to live well and deal effectively with his situation on the next level of his life."

Other college officials were not willing to go quite so far. Yet they had only good things to say of the progressive school graduates' performance in college. The dean of an important college testified, "We have had very interesting and satisfactory experiences with the boys from the Thirty Schools." More than a few would graduate with honors.

Still there is resistance to change. With the exception of Dartmouth, the leading men's colleges and the big five women's colleges continue to demand, except for students in the highest seventh of their graduating class and others especially recommended by their principals, at least three written examinations in addition to the comprehensive English examination and the shorter scholastic aptitude test. Harvard allows the candidate to choose the three subjects in which he is to be examined, but Princeton insists in every case on three years of

high-school mathematics and Smith requires five years of high-school language.

More and more colleges are relying on the scholastic aptitude test given in April as a kind of preliminary snapshot to the longer examinations given by the College Board in June. Originally the scholastic aptitude was a verbal test evolved from the various intelligence tests, but of recent years a series of short examinations in mathematics, science, languages, and history have turned it into a memory and not a power test. This is proved by the fact that students who cram for the scholastic aptitude do better than those who do not. The colleges, it appears, cannot get away from the idea that ability to memorize rare facts is more important than ability to think about and draw logical conclusions from a common set of facts.

It is hard to see how emphasis on college applicants' intellectual powers would necessarily "reduce all of our colleges to a general level"—the fear expressed by the dean of a well-known woman's college. As everyone knows, the present-day admissions system has let into the colleges—the top-notch institutions included—countless boys and girls who turn out to have no intellectual drive whatsoever, despite the fact that they have been able, by virtue of cramming, to pass the college boards. The college whose dean feared the levelling process, is one of the best; yet I know students who have graduated from there who show few signs of intellectual growth. A friend who teaches in another one of the large woman's colleges, supposedly one of the hardest to get into, complains bitterly of the large proportion of girls who are there merely "to make friends." The same dead weight in the student body is found in the men's colleges which are popularly supposed to give a boy the prestige he will need to get ahead in the business world.

While college authorities are far from satisfied with the crop of students they are getting, they are afraid of a new deal in admissions. The president of a third

woman's college feared that "if we do not prescribe any subjects some of the schools that we do not know may not provide adequate preparation for their candidates." There might be this danger, for certainly public and private schools all over the country would not soon reach the level of the Thirty Schools. Still the college could judge the individual candidate through a comprehensive English examination, through "power" tests, and whenever possible through an interview. It should be possible for a perceptive admissions officer to discover whether a boy or girl has the intellectual curiosity, habits of mind, and appreciations which will enable him or her to benefit from the college experience.

So long as admissions officers insist on so many credits in this and that subject, the experimentation which Dean McConn has declared is so invaluable, will be stymied in the secondary schools, and the Eight Year Study might as well not have been made. Influential parents rather than see their children run the risk of being barred from college, will insist on the conventional pattern; and our secondary schools, instead of serving the needs of ten million young people, will continue to be run for the supposed benefit of the minority who are college-bound.

Many people, including a surprising number of educators, fear change because it is change. The dean of a large State university made this amazing comment on the Eight Year Study. "However, against this record should we not compare the cost of the tremendous change in the secondary-school curriculum? Is the effect upon the students worth the cost?"

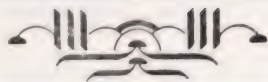
What has happened in the Thirty Schools is answer enough. When the teachers were challenged to meet the interests and needs of their pupils they had to do a great deal of thinking about values, and they generated intellectual vigor in their students. Hence the won-

dering comments of several university officials. They suggested that students from the Thirty Schools must have done well in college, not because of their progressive education, but because they had had unusual teachers! If the teachers were transformed it was because they had been challenged to do something besides pound facts into young heads in cut-and-dried courses prescribed by the colleges.

The Denver school system is an example. At first only some of the secondary schools and classes were on the experimental plan. Now all grades are on it. Parents, teachers, and administrators became so convinced of its value that they decided not to wait for the colleges to fall into step. Far more is being done in guidance than ever before and there is a close working relationship between the school and the community. "Nothing has come to our city schools," a Denver school official declared, "that has been as inspirational as this eight-year experiment."

How many teachers in our public schools, I wonder, could give an honest affirmative answer to such questions as these: "Is the assignment a meaningless task to be done for credit or is it worthwhile in itself? Does the course of study help students solve their problems in living? Does it widen intellectual horizons, deepen appreciations, challenge ability to do hard work? Above all, does living in school lead the student to prize, share, promote, and refine the way of life America is striving to achieve?"

Not until the colleges give the secondary schools the rope they need will the latter be free to find ways and means for educating ten million young people for the business of living in a free society. The Eight Year Study has proved that the colleges have nothing to lose and more than a little to gain on their own account. It is time that we base our system of education on a democratic rather than on an aristocratic ideal.



THE PLIGHT OF THE DRAMATIST

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

HAS anyone considered the present plight of the dramatist? I do not mean his difficulties created by the competition of the talking pictures or the outrageous demands of the theatrical labor unions or the financial depression. I mean his plight when he sits down to think what he can write about and cannot find a workable theme in his head. During the autumn of 1940 play after play was produced on Broadway, each a little more vapid, more ineffective than the last, and there was general agreement that our theater had reached a new low. Many causes were assigned, including the War, and doubtless there are many causes. But there is one cause which may well be paramount—the failure of the dramatists to find themes which are practical.

What do we mean by a practical theme? Any drama, to succeed, must make a mass appeal, and make it instantaneously. It cannot appeal to one man here, another there, who in time may spread its message. It must be intelligible and emotionally stimulating to a thousand people every night. If it isn't, it fails. To succeed, then, it must have a theme which wins general understanding and response—much the same response from all the audience. A theme which does that is practical. One which doesn't is, for theatrical purposes, of no use. Since all dramatists write to succeed in the theater (if they didn't they wouldn't be dramatists), a practical theme is to them of the utmost importance. Without it they re-

main dumb or else fumble into failure.

But why, with so much of intense emotional interest going on in the world, should the dramatists find difficulties in hitting upon practical themes? Again the answer is found in the nature of acted drama, in the fact that it makes its appeal to the mass, and must make it instantaneously. The laugh or the tear must come to everyone as the word is spoken or the pathetic gesture made, and to accomplish that the dramatist must base his wit or his situation on habits of thought and feeling, on customs and taboos, which are more or less universally possessed and accepted by his audiences. Even if he pioneers into new habits or customs, as Ibsen and Shaw once did, his point of departure is known and accepted, and his hero or heroine gains dramatic stature by defying convention. An accepted custom is an obstacle we can all understand, and the defiance of obstacles is the essence of drama. So the plight of the dramatist to-day lies to a great extent in the lack of widely accepted customs and habits of thought, in the confusion of feeling, in the loss of ancient social taboos and the absence of any new ones to take their place as obstacles. There is little sufficiently concrete for his hero to oppose, either for tragedy or comedy. There is only chaos.

If we think back over the drama of the past we shall perhaps be surprised at the limited scope of dramatic themes. A few themes, certainly, have done duty over and over and over. The

Restoration comedy of manners, which set a style for English comedy that has been supreme to our own day, and in which many of our most famous plays have been written, was so restricted in theme at its inception that one can scarcely tell the plays apart, and in spite of the professors' praise and the moralists' reproaches, the public now find most of them excessively boring. Their theme was always the same—the comic absurdity of anybody who didn't conform to the prevailing social mode, who didn't "belong" (plus of course a liberal dash of amorous intrigue). The same theme, or formula, was still the springboard of the comedy of manners when Wilde and Jones and Shaw brought it to a new flowering in the 1890's. In Wilde and Jones those who did not conform were made ridiculous or suffered. Shaw, to be sure, varied the formula. In his plays those who *did* conform were made ridiculous. But that was merely the reverse Irish. In either case there had to be something everybody recognized to conform to.

Recall, if you can, Henry Arthur Jones' comedy, "The Liars," acted in this country by John Drew in the late '90's. It is a capitally constructed play, and was a huge success. How long since you have seen it revived? The heroine goes to dinner at a country inn with a gentleman, gets home late, and has to trump up a lie to explain her absence to her husband. All her friends have to lie for her, till the complications are hilariously tangled. But young people reading the play to-day look bewildered. "Why didn't she call her husband up and tell him to leave the key under the mat?" they ask blankly. "Was she a slave or something?" Thus effectively has Nora Helmer done her work! When Nora slammed that door in a Norwegian theater in 1879 and sent the audience out into the night pale with excitement, she had violated a taboo, or kicked over a custom, which was universally understood and almost universally accepted, and her act had an immediate

and tremendous dramatic impact. It has none to-day.

Moreover, the real central theme of the original comedy of manners, always more or less underlying its successors, the theme of social superiority, by which it was possible to achieve ridicule of all who did not "belong," is no longer practical. Nobody accepts it. The Four Hundred are dead as the dodo, in spite of the society pages of the metropolitan papers. In 1845 a famous play was produced in New York, written by a woman who herself belonged to the fashionable world. But her play, "Fashion," was a satire on this world, or at any rate on the climbers who sought to get into it, and her climax was the overthrow of the fashionables by a noble farmer from Cataaugus County. Edgar Allan Poe, to be sure, said the play resembled the "School for Scandal" as "the shell resembles the living locust"; but the public loved it and felt it to be deliciously democratic, and it is still pleasantly revived as a museum piece. What dramatist would set out to-day to satirize Society and rouse an audience to emotions of satisfaction at the overthrow of its pretenses? Society has long since satirized itself into obscurity, and as a theme either for ridicule of those who don't "belong" or those who do is no longer of any practical use to the playwright.

One of the plays which foreshadowed modern drama in English was Tom Robertson's "Caste." It had a life of forty years in the playhouse, we in America liking it no less than the English middle classes. We rejoiced at the marriage of nobility with commoner and sensed all the dramatic difficulties and conflicts that entailed. As late as 1893 we were titillatingly horrified at the idea of Aubrey Tanqueray marrying a "pretty lady," and saw his asinine attempts to make a "good woman" out of her as a social problem. He had outraged not only Victorian morality but good manners, the social setup. When this play was revived in 1940, poor old Aubrey

was merely an ass—and a very dull one. All he had violated was common sense. And Paula was—well, what she had always been. The theme of marrying above you, or below you, is no longer practical. "Above" and "below" have become terms entirely relative to individual character, not social caste. The dramatist has lost the entire background of audience response which once made the spectators tingle with expectancy at the first indication that King Cophetua was falling for the beggar maid. He would shy hastily away from this theme now if, by any chance, it should enter his mind.

No candidate for the doctorate in literature has yet counted, so far as I am aware, the number of plays which hinge upon seduction. He would doubtless have to seek the collaboration of an astronomical mathematician if he did. When I was a child and frequented the old Boston Museum, dramatizations of Dickens were in fashion. *David Copperfield* was dramatized as "Little Em'ly," and at the final curtain poor little Em'ly was being shipped off to Australia to escape her shame, much to my distress because nobody could, or would, tell me what her shame was. Anyhow, she had to go. And obviously it was the seduction of little Em'ly which the dramatist of that era found to be the most effective theme for a play in Dickens' story. We may pass over "Faust," which the last time I saw it acted in English, less than fifteen years ago, emerged on the stage also as a seduction story, and rather silly. Again Nora has done her work too well. The innocent maiden seduced by the slicker is an historical curiosity now. The ready tear she once inspired is not ours to shed. We simply don't believe in her any more, and we most assuredly don't ship her to Australia. Even if we admit she occasionally exists our whole attitude toward her has changed. One more ready theme of the dramatist has gone into the discard.

Another ancient standby of the dram-

atist was the double standard. This theme of course generally involved adultery, which led toward comedy if the husband offended, toward serious drama if the wife transgressed. Naturally. As late as 1910, in a play called "A Man's World," Rachel Crothers (who was vindicating her sex by writing dramas as good as those of any male contemporary) attacked the double standard with vim and conviction. Perhaps things haven't turned out quite as Miss Crothers and her generation hoped; they urged a single standard for the man as well as the woman. So far as one can gather from contemporary literature and observation, women have adopted the double standard instead. But either way, the theme is exhausted. It is no longer practical.

One of the most ancient of themes is the revolt of children against parental rule. The most recent of the famous plays on this theme is of course "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." But that is an historical play; we could hardly accept it as a picture of contemporary American life. None of our children would submit to any such outrageous tyranny even if we had the courage to try to exercise it. The American audience to-day simply does not admit the right of a parent to dictate to the grown child, and such parental dictation is no longer a well-recognized dramatic obstacle for the child to overcome, or be overcome by. Another theme has become impractical. Of course parental affection and the ambitions of parents and children are still valid dramatic subjects.

II

What themes are left for the dramatist in our present world? A consideration of recent plays by playwrights of recognized merit is illuminating. Roughly, these plays fall into four categories of dramatic conflict. The first, and until very recently by far the largest category was that which set forth an economic conflict, the struggle of the hero with

poverty or with "social injustice," which to most authors of such plays is another name for poverty. From Galsworthy's "Silver Box" to Maxwell Anderson's "Saturday's Children" or Odets' "Waiting for Lefty," the villain of the drama was poverty, the dramatic conflict was against economic odds. Whether the writer represented the humanitarian belief in social reform left over from the late 19th century or the new leftist ideology made no difference in the practicality of the theme. All audiences could understand economic pressure. And of course they still can. Only, alas, we have had so many plays on this theme of late, and they have so increasingly flaunted propaganda for an ideology not too popular to-day, that the public is weary of them, and a wise dramatist would hesitate long before using the theme again.

In the second category are those plays in which the characters are in conflict with boredom, with dullness, with a stale, flat, or restricted life, sometimes as in Barry's "Hotel Universe" because of psychological maladjustments and the time-spirit, sometimes as in the plays of Odets because—or so he would have us believe—of the inequitable division of wealth in capitalistic society. In this category should be placed perhaps Elmer Rice's fine "Street Scene," a Pulitzer prize winner. In the face of "Street Scene" and Odets' "Awake and Sing" it is impossible to deny the practicality of this theme, to deny that it meets a ready understanding in a modern audience. But it contains two grave dangers for the dramatist who employs it: first, that he sets his characters against an obstacle which is real enough, but yet vague and intangible and which we are never quite sure is not within the characters quite as much as outside them: "the fault, dear Brutus, is in ourselves." And, second, that the dramatist will yield to a kind of vicarious self-pity and his characters will whine. Odets' characters have increasingly become whiners, increasingly less the victims of

a new society imposing dullness and futility on them, than dull, futile people not worth writing plays about.

The third category contains the recent plays which seek their theme in the timeless conflict of good and evil, and there are a rather surprising number of them. They seek escape from the realistic restrictions of contemporary society in the recesses of the human soul. Obviously they cannot be written by hack dramatists, and obviously they can seldom if ever be comedies. Among them are many of the tragedies by Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson's eloquent poetic play, "The Masque of Kings," and in less degree other of his poetic works, and Philip Barry's too little appreciated "Here Come the Clowns." Here is a high and classic theme, above the chance of change and custom, and that it has been resorted to by our leading dramatists in an age of realism is perhaps significant.

The fourth category would include such plays as might be found which showed the protagonist in conflict with the modern spirit of doubt, irresolution, confusion. In spite of "Hamlet," a hero who confronts doubt, irresolution, confusion, and cannot resolve them in himself, is not an attractive hero, and the play in which he figures will be unsatisfactory. That may explain why expressionism, which came out of a tired Europe before the World War, never took hold in America. We wanted, and still want by a deep instinct of our natures, to see chaos resolved, not worse confounded. We desire the artist to see a way through the muddle and show it to us. We wish some sort of positive action. We ourselves are confused, certainly. All our ideas and beliefs are in flux. But we desire the artist to help adjust them, not merely express the confusion.

That is why, no doubt, Robert E. Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" was such a success. In this drama we saw our national hero a prey to doubt, to irresolution, to confusion, and then

we saw him winning through to belief, to a dynamic faith, to direct and stirring action. That the faith which sparked his action was a faith in human freedom and democracy was of course doubly significant at this time. Mr. Sherwood's more recent play, "There Shall Be No Night," also a great success, voices more tragically but no less eloquently a faith in freedom, in the supreme dignity of the individual human spirit. His Finns have no time to discuss their doubts, still less their boredom. They have to go out and die. Such plays as these suggest that this theme, when so handled, is more practical just now than some of our doubters suppose, and may point a way to a dramatic renaissance.

None of these categories of recent practical themes affords much comfort to the writer of comedy, though S. N. Behrman has been clever enough to make something of them in his wryly witty fashion. And none is of too much service to the second-rate dramatist. Yet it is the second-rate dramatist who keeps the theater going, and always has been. There are never enough first-rate ones to keep one quarter of our theaters open and our actors at work. Yet the theaters must be kept open and the actors at work or soon you will have no theater at all for them to be shown in when the masterpieces come along. In all rich eras of the theater, when the best

plays were written, there was invariably a lively production of inferior but sufficiently entertaining drama which was the back log of prosperity. This was possible because in all such periods, including our own era of greatest productivity (from the turn of the century to 1928, the era of realism) certain styles were set and accepted, certain themes were readily understood, certain emotional reactions could be relied upon from every audience to a given situation, and the lesser men could slide down the grooves of custom with security and success. The grooves of custom have been broken to bits. The background of audience reaction is no longer to be relied upon. The well-tried themes which the lesser writers could handle because so many before them had plowed the path are no longer practical. No doubt the genius in any age will find a way to reach his audience, will make his audience understand and respond to whatever theme he feels deeply impelled to expound. But genius is a rare commodity always, and never more so than in the theater. The ordinary dramatist to-day, so important to theatrical prosperity, is in a plight. He can no longer find the themes to raise that quick and sympathetic response from an audience which is the absolute necessity of acted drama. The themes this age offers him are too difficult or too bewildering for his grasp.



ARE STOCKHOLDERS PEOPLE?

BY HAROLD M. FLEMING

THE first American casualty of this war has been the American stockholder. While war and defense have stepped up business prospects to unprecedented levels, they have forced down stockholders' prospects to new lows. Everybody was fooled about the war boom in stocks. There hasn't been any. Common stocks, which represent the stockholders' share in national good times and bad, were expected to go into a great upward trend as destruction abroad and rearmament here set the wheels of industry awirling. Instead, with few exceptions, stockholders' fortunes have deteriorated since the war began. Sixteen months have seen the sleeping giant of American industry stretch himself and come to life, and have seen prosperity spread far and wide through this great land of ours—except into the pockets of stockholders. The outlook for business is better than it has ever been in American history; for stockholders, worse.

In the merry 'twenties Wall Street thought that the long-term trend of stock prices was indefinitely upward—and stock prices are the consensus appraisal of stockholders' prospects. To-day most people in the Street feel that the long-term stock-market trend is probably downward. The man who buys common stocks to-day in the hope of living from dividends is like the man in the Arabian saying—"He who puts his hand in a bag of a thousand snakes and one eel, may yet lay hold of the eel." The odds are against him.

Maybe this is all due to a quirk of

American psychology. The Administration and Congress have set their minds on making sure that the big bad corporation doesn't make any money out of the war—and the big bad corporation, so far as taxes on its net income are concerned, is merely a trustee for the stockholder. A tax on the corporation's net income is a tax on the stockholder. It's *his* equity that is being taxed.

But the tax collector isn't the only one cutting in ahead of the stockholder. There are three others who get theirs before the stockholder receives the final margin of earnings—if there is any. They are the consumer, labor, and the management.

The consumer is being very well taken care of. He is as much of a political pet as the stockholder is a red-headed stepchild. As if the natural force of competition had not done quite well by him in the days of real *laissez-faire*, the government is actively championing his cause. In recent years his eager protectors have been the Federal Trade Commission and the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice. Since the defense program began, practically the whole force of government has been concentrated on sparing the consumer any of the horrors of inflation, a policy which has had the hearty co-operation of big business management. And as the defense program progresses, the government itself becomes the leading consumer, using its own police power to squeeze the last dollar's worth of value out of its corporate suppliers.

The second beneficiary of the corporation—labor—has also done quite well for itself in recent years. The hourly wage rate has been repeatedly jacked up since 1929 and is nearly fifty per cent higher than at that date, though corporation profits available to stockholders are fifty per cent lower. In the business decline from 1929 to 1932 labor resisted wage cuts with unprecedented success, and recouped practically all of them within a few years of the bottom of the depression. In the upswing in 1936 and 1937 labor obtained widespread wage advances, but in the quickie depression of 1937-1938, though corporate earnings sank fast, labor successfully resisted nearly all cuts. The present defense program is obviously to be the occasion for strenuous wage demands, and labor to-day is far more powerfully organized than ever before. During the World War there was a wave of strikes and successful demands for wage increases, but these were more or less justified by the increase in the cost of living, which in turn had already been benefiting the corporations and had given them a super-charge of earning power out of which to pay the wage demands. To-day the corporations have no inflationary windfall, inventory markup, nor sales price appreciation out of which to meet these wage requests. In the World War it was labor which was squeezed between level wages and advancing prices; this time it is the stockholder whose corporation is squeezed between rising wages and level sales prices.

Management does not get the lush bonuses of the late 'twenties but it is well paid. One reason why top salaries are so high is that the Treasury takes so large a cut out of them. The corporations often raise salaries by the amount of the tax, which means in effect that another government tax cuts in ahead of the stockholder. Moreover, as corporate income taxes rise, the temptation and tendency are for the management to let costs expand, with the philosophical observation that there is no use paring ex-

penses if the government is going to get a lion's share of the savings. This often explains otherwise inexplicable corporate willingness to increase salaries, wages, advertising outlays, and research. As the taxes rise further this tendency will continue, for no accounting can be forced on corporations so tight as to prevent it. There have been wide complaints of such practices in Britain, where the excess profits tax now shears off all earnings in excess of pre-war years. And of course when the management decides to give the gains to itself, to labor, or to advertising or research instead of to the government, the stockholder is co-loser with the government.

Despite everything, however, government itself continues to be the fastest gainer at the expense of stockholders. Counting all taxes on the corporations, the government generally gets a good deal more—in cash—than the stockholders get even in book "reported net income," let alone in dividends. Total taxes—Federal, State and local—on active corporations in the United States reached by 1937 a level higher than during the peak tax periods of the World War when corporations were paying steep war and excess profits taxes. And the 1937 level has now of course been far exceeded.

Taxation to finance rearmament began even before rearmament itself. Congress passed two major revenue acts in 1940, each affecting corporate net income. Even present-day Congresses had hitherto been content with only one revenue act a year; in the 'twenties they were content with no more than one every two years, and not always that.

Together, these two 1940 revenue acts raised the tax on corporation income one-third, from 18 per cent up to 24 per cent, and then slapped on top of that an excess profits tax which for the big corporations will take practically 50 per cent of everything they earn above either 1936-1939 average earnings or above 8 per cent on invested capital.

Corporations without rearmament busi-

ness gains will definitely report smaller earnings for 1940 *after taxes* than in recent years, and most of those that reap a gain in profit will be able to report only about a third of it as net income *after taxes* available to stockholders. Thus stockholders of only very exceptional corporate earners will have any larger earnings to share this year than last, despite the unprecedented improvement in business, while the net available to stockholders for most corporations has been diminished, not increased, by the war boom.

The impact of the corporate income tax on the stockholder is by no means told wholly in the size of the tax rate. Numerous technicalities in the revenue laws tend to put them on a heads-I-win-tails-you-lose basis favoring the U. S. Treasury vis-à-vis the stockholder. For instance, many corporations, notably in the capital goods industries, are in the feast-or-famine, prince-or-pauper class, and can hope to earn well only in rare years to make up for the more usual red-ink years. But the income tax—between 1933 and 1939—hit the good years without any offset for the bad years. Thus a 15 per cent tax on a single good year might equal 30 per cent of the average annual earnings after the bad years had been tossed into the average. A two-year loss carry-over privilege reinserted in the law in 1939 corrected this inequity only partly, and Congress had hardly reinserted this feature for *normal* income tax reckoning when it turned round and left it out of the *excess profits* tax. In other similar ways the revenue laws weigh the scales toward the Treasury. Then there is the famous, or notorious, Section 102 which puts a prohibitive tax on “unreasonable retention of earnings.” And of course the stockholder is the classical victim of double taxation, for his share in the profits is first taxed at the source by the corporation income tax and then taxed again when, as, and if he himself receives it.

Hence the novel recent action of the stock market. Heretofore it had always

been considered a barometer of American business, anticipating by from two to nineteen months its rise and fall. This time, however, the market has proved to be no barometer of business at all, but has been registering a constant low pressure with intermittent storm signals. The reason is that the market used to register business only as it registered stockholders' dividend prospects, which in the old days went up and down with business. Now they just go down.

II

But stockholders have been losing ground financially for many years. The international emergency only aggravated the trend. The all-time peak of reported net corporate income after taxes available to stockholders was around \$8,000,000,000 in 1929. During the two best years of the recent decade, however, the figure never reached one half of that, and in 1932 it dropped to a loss of \$5,375,000,000 or about 100 times the corresponding loss in 1921, the worst year of the '20's. In effect the tops and bottoms are getting lower by \$4,000,000,000 to \$5,000,000,000 a year. “Dividends paid” are holding up comparatively well—so far—but only because some corporations are temporarily digging into reserves to pay them. That can't go on indefinitely.

But the first to take it out of the stockholder's hide was not the government. It was corporate management itself.

At the turn of the century enterprising managements began the practice of “plowing in earnings.” Nominally all the earnings belong to the stockholder. Rockefeller was among the first to note that a corporation cannot afford to pay everything out to stockholders but must hold back something substantial for a rainy day. From this it was only a step to holding it back for corporate expansion. As stockholders realized this and began to “clamor for dividends,” clever conservative accounting was used to hide the earnings behind huge charge-offs,

and the money was diverted into new and better plant and equipment, so that corporations like General Electric Company grew through good times and bad at a rate much faster than the reported earnings gave reason to expect. Even after heavy depreciation charge-offs, leading corporations still followed the conservative "dollar-for-dollar" policy of plowing a dollar of earnings back into the plant for every dollar paid out in dividends.

This policy ostensibly was about an even break for the stockholder, for it made him in effect an involuntary reinvestor of his theoretical share of the earnings, with managements who by and large knew better how to use the money than he did. But when practiced in general he got very little out of it. For with *all* competitors engaged in improving plant and cutting costs, competition inevitably led to lower prices, and the lower costs were handed on to consumers instead of remaining available for stockholders. Bethlehem Steel Corporation, for instance, in the late 'twenties reported to its stockholders, who had been without dividends since the beginning of the decade, that it had reinvested \$150,000,000 of their "earnings" and cut the cost of making steel about \$.70 a ton; but that (since competitors had been doing the same) the price of steel had fallen by about the same amount. Like the Red Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*, who had to keep running to stay in the same place, the typical corporation had to keep reinvesting the stockholders' money just in order to stay in the same relation to its competitors.

Perhaps the quintessence of this policy has occurred in connection with recent rail reorganizations. Not only have stockholders of a quarter of the country's railroads been entirely squeezed out by circumstances ending in receivership, but many of these roads are now being kept indefinitely in receivership so that road-bed and rolling stock can be built up to an unprecedented state of efficiency. Several roads could easily be brought out

of receivership to-day if the receivers were not busy reinvesting everything in the betterment of the road and hiding the operation in excess maintenance. This is not to say that such action is unethical, uneconomic, or unsocial. In fact a good case could be made out in its favor on any of these grounds. It is only to say that this is one more way in which the stockholder or equity holder is not getting the treatment he used to get, or the treatment that his nominal ownership might be expected to guarantee.

The one big break for professional stockholders came in the huge bulge in stock prices which in 1928 and 1929 drove the Dow-Jones industrial averages up from around 200 to an index level of 381 in September, 1929. It offered bona fide investors the chance to unload on speculators at fancy prices.

But the subsequent depression was followed by the further misfortune to the stockholder involved in the setting up of the Securities and Exchange Commission to regulate the security markets. The animus of the SEC against speculators took various forms which undermined the liquidity of the stock market, on which stockholders depend for salability. Academic notions inherited from Thorstein Veblen obstructed the markets and made it more difficult for investors to get concise and useful information about new security offerings, while platonic theories about proxies, indentures, protective committees, and so on balled the stockholders' interests up in red tape, and hampered honest investment banking in a hopeful effort to force honesty on the shady fringe of the business. The stockholder became a ward of the state, but his guardian the state, like a jealous wife, was so preoccupied with reforming the stockholder's former friends that a good part of them were incapacitated from rendering their former services to him.

III

The real trouble with the stockholder is that for the most part he has become

economically outmoded and superfluous. He has abdicated his functions and they have been taken over by other people. He is therefore suffering the fate of any economic class which loses its functions; he can be sheared with impunity. It is unwise to shear labor too far because it can strike; it is unsafe to clip management too far because it can resign; and it is unwise to ignore technicians too far, because they can get careless. But shear the shareholder, and there is nothing he can do about it except sell out. That may drive the stock market down, but business can go ahead just the same. It may dry up private business adventuring, but that can be replaced by government adventuring, and also by corporate additions and betterments with funds retained as depreciation charge-offs, hidden as maintenance, or simply withheld from the stockholders as undivided profits, reinvested in the business.

The stockholder's abdication from corporate control has been one of the outstanding developments in American finance in the past generation. It has been called the "fateful divorce" of ownership from operation. It was first brought to public attention in 1927 in a book called *Main Street and Wall Street*, in which Professor William Z. Ripley urged "nailing the common stockholder to the saddle," after pointing out that equity owners of large American corporations had lost contact with and control of their corporations. The evidence was visible everywhere. Actual corporate control had come largely to rest in the hands of small interested groups connected with the managements, and the larger the corporations the more widely scattered their stocks and the smaller the groups which could retain effective control. The typical stockholder had become an absentee owner in the fullest meaning of the word. His chief interest had narrowed down to that of clamoring for dividends and he promptly dropped his stock if he thought "his" corporation was running into difficulties.

The suggestions of the professor ob-

tained a very wide following, and intensive efforts were made to hoist the common stockholder back into the saddle. The New York Stock Exchange forbade the issuance of non-voting stock, which had come to be a frequent response of realistic managements to the circumstances. It made laudable efforts to wrest from recalcitrant corporations the utmost in informative financial reports, and went out of its way to encourage the return of stockholders' proxies and consequent larger quorums for stockholders' meetings.

It is true that these efforts were to a considerable extent hampered by federal regulation; the amount of financial information thereafter required became so cumbersome that the stockholder in possession of *all* the facts was frequently less able to select the important ones than he had been before, while proxy forms were made so detailed by the SEC that stockholders resumed the habit of chucking their proxy solicitations into the wastebasket. But the SEC was in fact merely trying to do the same thing as the Stock Exchange—help the stockholder back into the saddle.

Yet taken altogether, these were efforts to turn back the economic clock. The separation of ownership from management had become necessary in modern big-scale industrial life; and managements who issued non-voting stock and stockholders who tossed their voting proxies in the wastebasket were both only accepting realistically the facts of economic life. The very device of the proxy, and its use by the millions in the case of corporations with millions of stockholders, is evidence of the stockholder's lack of intimate touch with "his" corporation. It meant that he could not spare the corporation enough of his own personal time even to attend the annual meetings. The modern stockholder even has to be warned by others when something is wrong with "his" company, and the whole profession of investment counsel has developed as informational middle-man. Diversification of portfolio is

another realistic acceptance of the facts. The stockholder cannot know enough about one corporation to sink all his money in it. So he diversifies his holdings, to avoid that risk; and as he diversifies, the amount of attention he can devote to any single corporation gets even smaller.

The typical stockholder thus has lost his economic function, that of directing industry and the flow of money through industry. He has become in effect a pensioner on industry—a clamorer for dividends. In the nature of things, someone has had to take his place.

The question who shall replace him is to-day a very moot one. The nearest heirs to his power are of course corporate managements, but their political position is as weak as their economic position is strong. Envious eyes are obviously being cast by politicians and office-holders toward the powers which corporate managements possess, and those powers are being steadily taken over by law and administrative regulation.

The stockholder was once the key-man of the capitalist system. His traditional role was that of ponying up money for industrial adventure, and then watching over the investment of that money so that it would reap him the maximum return. But the capitalist system itself has been receiving many heavy political blows in recent years, both here and abroad, and the stockholder has been one of the chief recipients of those blows. His essential functions having atrophied, and his active role in industry and commerce having faded out, he may be considered as an obsolescent economic institution.

These are times of national stress, and in such times, economic indispensability counts more than economic rights. The stockholder has large rights but small usefulness. In consequence, he is likely to be squeezed. One of the most obvious ways in which the economics of power work out is for the economically and politically dispensable to be more and more heavily taxed.

This is not necessarily to say that the stockholder is going to disappear. It is merely to say that his dividends are due for continued shrinkage and his authority due for continued neglect, in good business and bad. In this new and unhappy world for stockholders the means have been found for leaving nominal ownership untouched while taking away all the perquisites and emoluments. The stockholder's private property is being quietly expropriated.

And while corporate taxes are chipping away like a machine tool at the corporate income available to stockholders, the Washington idea-men are further greasing the ideological skids for the stockholder's financial demise by elaborately plausible arguments about "oversaving among the income classes" to which the stockholder usually belongs. They are going to get him on personal income taxes, especially on his "unearned" income, as well as via corporate income taxes.

There is significance in the modern application of the word "unearned" to income received from dividends and interest. In the classical economics of a century ago, ethical ideas borrowed from Calvinism divided the world into capital, labor, and land, and assigned to capital its "reward" or "earnings" in the form of interest and dividends. Now those one-time "earnings" are called "unearned."

There is irony in the situation too. Big stockholders have apparently seen the handwriting on the wall and have been selling out to small stockholders for many years. That is indicated by the extraordinary increase in the number of shareholders in big corporations in recent years—and the correspondingly sharp fall in the average number of shares held per stockholder. While Congress, ever mindful of the little man, has been taxing the big bad corporations' net income, it has really been taxing the little hopeful stockholders who thought to get in on the big-time money. Things like that often happen in political economy.



TWENTIETH-CENTURY CAPITALISM

A MANAGED OUTLET FOR SAVINGS

BY DAL HITCHCOCK

PRIVATE enterprise, the most effective developer, operator, and integrator of economic activity that man has yet used, can function effectively only in a financial environment which satisfies certain essential conditions. One of these is that the circuitous flow of liquid funds, made up of bank deposits and currency, from business enterprise to individual consumers and back to business enterprise again, must be maintained without impediment; there must be no accumulation of stagnant, idle pools of bank deposits or hoards of currency. Another essential condition is that individuals must be allowed virtually complete freedom to save and to acquire financial wealth, in so far as wealth in individual hands will enhance their personal security and station in life or will facilitate economic activity.

As long as the growth of business enterprise alone, through investment, kept the flow of funds from stagnating it was possible for industrialists to build vast industrial empires, and these two essentials of the financial environment—continuous flow of funds and individual freedom to save—did not conflict with each other. Since about 1912, however, when the rate of business growth passed its maximum, we have experienced intolerably long periods in which the flow of funds has stagnated because of an excess of saving over business investment. These two essentials of the environment have come into conflict, so

that saving has hampered the flow of funds. Meanwhile the German financial revolution, which I discussed in last month's *Harper's*, has demonstrated how the dynamic use of government securities can again harmonize the financial environment of any capitalistic national economy with the essential needs of vigorous private enterprise.

The ultimate and only origin of the nation's financial income is the operating funds of business enterprise, and unless the nation's total income is spent or invested in ways that send the full outflow of money back to business, its funds become exhausted. Uninvested savings—accumulated in the form of bank balances and hoards of currency in individual hands or in idle corporation surpluses—represent funds siphoned away from the active supplies needed by business enterprise to sustain going rates of activity. If the nation's financial income is not fully utilized, either in spending for consumption or in investment, the result is a partial stoppage of the flow, and we see curtailed markets, declining prices, reduced productive activity, unemployment, and depletion of industry's working capital.

For two decades the national economy of the United States has been under the influence of a rate of saving in excess of business investment. During the nineteen-twenties the excess savings in part were shipped abroad as loans and investments; these can never be returned

so long as we export as much or more than we import from the outside world, but the operation at least released funds that were used to buy American exports. Other surplus funds were pumped into a stock-market bubble that finally burst, shaking the old capitalism to its very foundations.

Since 1929 the United States, in common with the other major national economies, has been forced to offset partially the effect of saving in excess of business investment by expanding the national debt and spending the funds thus obtained so that they would replace in the stream of commerce the savings that were being siphoned into idle bank accounts. By borrowing (without expanding bank credit) and increasing its debt a government not only expands the nation's income; it does so by offering investment opportunity to idle funds, so that in effect those funds not flowing back to business are captured and returned to commercial use. Thus the government, by expanding the supply of its securities available for investment, supports the return flow of funds to business that is essential to the operation of capitalism.

During the nineteenth century, when income and business capitalization were growing at an *accelerating* rate, idle funds or uninvested savings were unknown except during brief periods of dislocation; but since about the first decade of the twentieth century the growth of business, while continuing, has been slowing down. When the rate of growth declines, the average amount of investment that can be absorbed in business each year (without inflation of values) also declines; but as long as even a slowing growth of business continues, income and savings seeking investment continue to expand. Hence there were protracted periods during the past two decades when total savings did not find business investment and funds were siphoned from the stream of commerce into idle bank deposits, depleting the working capital of business needed to sustain going rates of activity. Between

1919 and 1941 deposits in the Federal Reserve member banks rose from 26 billion to 51 billion dollars. What happened to that increase of 25 billion? In June, 1940, the Reserve Board reported that 11 billion was invested in United States Government securities and 12 billion was on deposit in the Federal Reserve Banks. There was no place in business here or abroad where this enormous sum could be put to work. Meantime what had happened to the loans and discounts of the member banks? In 1919 business was able to make use of 17 billion dollars of the member banks' money. In June, 1940, it was using only 14 billion.

In both Germany and Sweden the nature of this problem was perceived some years ago and both nations consistently have used government securities to absorb all their uninvested savings. During these recent years both nations consistently have sustained what the economist calls "full employment."

To be sure, it would seem that uninvested savings cannot be fully absorbed without endless expansion of government debt. But before we face this problem let us examine more closely the way in which twentieth-century capitalism operates.

During the thirties America bumped along, searching for a way out of the financial woods. The New Deal, even though it experimented with the use of government credit as a business stimulant, accomplished nothing more than to ameliorate the tragic effects of the depression until the rearmament program was launched. The trouble was that the New Dealers thought of government credit as a source of funds to be used to stimulate demand that would start the old boom process going again, instead of thinking of government securities as the medium to be made available to the public so that savings could be put back into the markets and into business enterprise. This confusion of thought led the United States through a miserable decade of individual want

and stunted business growth. On the basis of the New Deal's premises for the use of government securities it has been quite natural for business men and the thinking public to object to the expansion of the federal debt and to fear the ultimate consequences of undiminished deficits.

On November 10th, 1937, Mr. Morgenthau, the Secretary of the Treasury, in a speech before the New York Academy of Political Science, said that the Administration was determined to balance the budget; on April 15th, five months later—with the country sliding down hill in a "recession"—the President asked Congress for one and a half billion dollars for WPA and almost as much for PWA! The New Dealers not only presented the illogical argument that big business was in large measure to blame for the continued depression—the Ickes "America's Sixty Families" speech was a vitriolic denunciation of big business—but failed to convince the public that government spending was not a futile waste. Economically they acted rightly for the wrong reason. The prevailing American attitude was that spending was politically expedient, morally reprehensible, and, from a humanitarian standpoint, largely justifiable. As far as the facts of life in a twentieth-century capitalism were concerned the spending was absolutely essential. But nobody in power knew that—or how *much* to spend.

The New Dealers regarded spending as a business stimulant; they never attempted to get at savings except by taxation—which of course could draw off only a portion of the savings—and did not grasp the fact that it is essential that the whole of our collective savings *must* be returned to income if business is to go ahead and people are to find jobs.

The nation has been uneasy about the expansion of government debt during the past decade for two reasons: first, it feared that government spending was only a temporary and wasteful palliative—financial boondoggling; and second,

it feared that once the train of deficits started rolling it would never be stopped until it finally got out of hand, bringing financial disaster. But when the importance of using government securities to maintain the flow of liquid funds in the community is fully appreciated one realizes that the supply of government securities *must* be expanded at a definite and measurable rate as savings in excess of business use accumulate, so that idle funds, as they accumulate, can be transferred to government and returned to the stream of commerce without restricting the individual's right to save.

When the nation was in its earlier stages of economic development, growth was limited by the amount of savings that the public as a whole was willing to accumulate. The excess came from abroad; English savings furnished capital for the Reading Railroad's purchase of anthracite coal land; German savings were invested in the Northern Pacific. Full employment was the normal state of affairs so that savings which diverted men, machines, and resources to the building of new capital goods restricted the production of consumption goods. The needs and opportunities to expand the economy were so great that funds saved were consistently less than the demand for physical savings and investment. But there are no basic characteristics of either the physical world or the capitalistic financial system guaranteeing that financial savings *always* can be fully employed to create physical savings. The need for growth when the nation was younger simply presented the conditions under which all savings could be and were absorbed. This gave rise to the unquestioning acceptance of two mistaken preconceptions regarding capitalism: first, it was assumed that financial savings always would be fully absorbed in business investment; and second, it was concluded that all financial savings must be absorbed in business investment and in no other way.

Events of the past twenty years have led to a re-examination of the first as-

sumption, making it quite clear that total collective savings, as determined by millions of individual decisions, may bear no relationship to the demands of industry for funds to finance expansion. Savings are fully absorbed only when the demands for growth equal or exceed the desire to save.

Not only had it been assumed that all funds saved *would* be absorbed in business investment; it also had been reasoned that they *must* be—because no form of financial saving other than business investment had been conceived and because it was understood that physical growth must keep pace with business investment to avoid inflation of financial values. When twentieth-century facts began to unsettle nineteenth-century ideas some students jumped to the conclusion that the way to prevent the fatal accumulation of idle funds was to restrict the right of the individual to save. They reasoned that, since financial wealth based on business capitalization cannot expand without a similar expansion of physical wealth, if inflation is to be avoided, financial saving would have to be restricted to the rate needed to finance physical growth. They infuriated prudent business men by talking as if saving were a crime. Hence the proposals for expiring currencies, negative interest rates, taxes on unspent incomes and undistributed profits that are designed to discourage or prohibit saving.

The difficulty with such measures is that they restrict economic freedom and individual initiative, the prime movers of capitalism. They fail to recognize that government securities can be used as a medium for absorbing uninvested savings and for accumulating financial reserves independently of the needs of business enterprise for new investments. The New Dealers' spending policy was the only thing that could help the situation. Yet they apologized for it and by backing such devices as the undistributed profits tax tried to cripple what they accomplished by spending.

Government paper now performs an essential, constructive, and permanent function in the financial system. If the individual's opportunity and right to save are not to be restricted to the needs of business for investment funds, each year's or each decade's accumulated savings in excess of business investment must become the increment by which the supply of government securities is increased, until a neutralizing factor can be introduced that will make further expansion unnecessary. This neutralizing factor will in time remove the specter of ever-mounting debt and taxes, just as an understanding of to-day's use of government securities will remove fear and misunderstanding of current deficits.

II

There is a shortage of financial wealth to-day in all of the major national economies, in the sense that there are not enough financial instruments emanating from the growth of private business enterprise (or offered for sale by people who are using up past savings) to absorb into investment the funds that accumulate in the bank deposits of individuals or corporations at physically attainable levels of national income. If, however, the volume of financial wealth gradually is expanded by allowing uninvested savings to flow into government securities year after year, a point will be reached at which individuals could accumulate unrestricted savings, while the overall savings of the nation could be leveled off and the financial structure brought to equilibrium with sustained rates of economic activity.

If added wealth and security do not automatically reduce saving, so that it no longer exceeds the needs of business change and growth, estate and gift taxes can be used to level off the nation's total financial wealth. The effect and purpose of such taxation is to cause wealth to be transferred from points where it has served the purposes of one group of individuals during their lifetime to the

open market where it can be purchased by individuals whose right to save in accord with their desires and ability must be preserved. The taxing of individual fortunes through gift and death levies—not necessarily heavier than those used to-day but drawing on a greatly expanded supply of financial wealth—can bring enough wealth on to the market annually to equalize and satisfy the needs for accumulation by individuals who are saving, and thus bring the expansion of government securities to an end.

Theoretically, taxation could be employed even to-day to prevent the expansion of government debt, but the inadequate volume of financial wealth in the United States or the other industrialized national economies would make the program politically impossible and practically undesirable. For we could not tax enough away from the present owners of the existing small volume of financial wealth to provide investment for current savings without making the tax virtually confiscatory on those who are doing much of the saving; and this would create havoc. The trouble is that the present-day relationship between the volume of savings and the volume of financial wealth is unworkable. But it can be corrected by increasing the volume of financial wealth by expanding government securities until the total volume reaches a suitable relationship with income and desire to save.

Government securities—or some other instrument not directly related to or attached to physical wealth—must be used in this process of expansion; for the inflation of industrial security values as a means of absorbing savings of liquid funds does not accomplish the needed result. An expansion of business security values without an accompanying growth of earnings eventually collapses and does not draw funds into the direct stream of commerce where they are used to finance physical growth. Consequently, a booming stock market does little but increase the value of the poker

chips used to transfer funds from one idle bank account to another. On the other hand, government securities can be used because they are not attached to or valued in terms of the earning power of specific physical wealth, but rather are related to the economic well-being and stability of the political economy as a whole. They can be employed as a medium for the absorption of uninvested savings and the expansion of financial wealth, provided the resultant expansion of government debt is based on a rational long-term program that eliminates fear of excessive taxation or default.

Why isn't the government's borrowing, when it sells securities to investors rather than the banking system, equivalent to making printing-press money? When the printing press is used government creates new money to pay its operating expenses, unemployment relief, old age benefits, or armament bill. This new money is added to the nation's financial income above that coming from business enterprise. (At the end of 1923 during the crazy inflation in Germany circulation stood at the weird sum of 74 billions of billions of marks worth only 722 million marks in dollars.) Printing-press government money increases financial income without an increase in production and if used extensively leads consumers to bid up prices (there aren't enough goods to fill all the market baskets carried by people spending phony money) while borrowed government money (not bank credit) puts no excess income in consumers' hands above that needed to absorb current output at current prices.

But what is meant by an expansion of financial wealth to a suitable relationship with income and desire to save? Let us assume for example that the national economy of the United States is capable of producing an income of consumers' goods and services amounting to \$90 billion per year. At this income level, however, the public might wish to save \$30 billion per year, so that

to sustain an output for consumption of \$90 billion a total financial income of \$120 billion would be required. In other words, because of our saving habits and the struggle to achieve individual security, we should insist upon saving \$30 billion per year before we should be willing to spend \$90 billion on consumption. We are just emerging from a past, centuries long, in which frugality was the first requisite of national economic development and individual security or aggrandizement. We have come out of that past suddenly and do not realize it. As citizens we feel so insecure that we must save; yet business is less able to absorb our savings than it was in the past. We were taught by Poor Richard that we ought to save, but no Franklin has yet arisen to show us how, although we may save as individuals if we wish, it is essential that our government spend that part of our savings which business cannot use.

At an income level of \$120 billion, business might find it possible to absorb only \$10 billion per year in new investments (enough to duplicate the entire automobile industry in a single year!), leaving an excess financial saving of \$20 billion per year. To preserve the unrestricted right to save, then, without an expansion of government securities, it would be necessary to tax \$20 billions of existing wealth away from its old owners so that it could be purchased by the savers. Such a tax would force the old owners to sell their wealth, exchanging property for liquid funds accumulated by the savers, the liquid funds being paid to government which would have to return them to the stream of commerce. This tax would force a circulation of existing wealth from old owners to savers and would offer at least an arithmetical escape from the dilemma of nineteenth-century capitalism operating under twentieth-century conditions.

But to tax the existing financial wealth of the United States at a rate equal to the rate of accumulation of savings probably would necessitate an annual

capital levy of between three and five per cent on all personal fortunes, no matter how small or large. In addition to disrupting the entire financial structure, such a levy would be politically unworkable. If private ownership and administration of wealth is to be preserved no such rate of turnover can be tolerated, for it would make effective operation of the economy impossible.

Now call to mind the financial operation of our present form of inheritance tax. Suppose the heirs of an estate have a tax of \$500,000 to pay. It must be paid in liquid funds; and unless the estate is liquid, securities or other property will have to be sold to obtain bank balances to make the payment. The bank balances thus obtained represent \$500,000 of liquid funds, or savings, which found investment in the properties forced into sale by the inheritance tax. Wealth forced into sale by such taxation supplements new business investment as a medium for the absorption of savings; and as the nation's total financial wealth increases, the volume of savings that can be absorbed at any given rate of taxation also increases. When inheritance and gift taxes cause the sale of wealth at a rate which absorbs all savings not finding business investment, a workable adjustment of the financial structure will have been reached. Then the nation's total savings can be returned to the stream of commerce without any further expansion of the supply of government securities or total financial wealth.

As long as the annual yield of the nation's inheritance and gift taxes is less than the accumulation of savings in excess of business investment, the supply of government securities must continue to expand, if the unrestricted right to save is to be preserved without restricting the national income and causing involuntary unemployment. But when the nation's total financial wealth becomes large enough so that inheritance and gift taxes cause the sale of wealth at a rate which absorbs all savings, the

flow of funds in the stream of commerce can be sustained without further expanding the supply of government securities or total financial wealth.

The volume of government securities needed to bring about this adjustment will depend upon the rate and scope of inheritance taxation that future generations wish to apply to the financial structure of their day, and upon their habits of saving at that time.

Remember that it is saving *in excess of business investment* that dictates the volume of government securities needed by the national economy, not total saving including business investment. When all savings are being absorbed by business the full flow of funds is maintained automatically in the stream of commerce and it is not necessary to expand the supply of government securities. Hence at any time in the immediate or distant future that business investment, plus the yield of inheritance and gift taxes, equals or exceeds the then current rate of saving, the supply of government securities can be held constant or reduced. Consequently the methods we are discussing of adjusting capitalism to twentieth-century conditions not only determine the rate at which government securities must be expanded, under given conditions, to sustain the highest possible national income; they also determine the rate at which government debt can be liquidated under other conditions, without injury to the nation's welfare. Likewise we are discussing methods which remove from the realm of arbitrary bureaucratic decision the vital questions of when the government shall engage in functional spending and of how much it shall spend. Answers to these questions would be dictated exclusively by the millions of individual decisions that daily determine the use made of personal incomes. The timing of government spending, the rate of spending, and the size of the national debt would be controlled by a process of continuous financial voting as individuals chose to spend for consumption, or to make business

investments, or to reserve their savings in government securities.

When the program has reached the point described above, at which saving can be harmonized with investment without the further expansion of government debt, the crisis of capitalism which has become acute during the past twenty years or so will have been met and overcome.

III

But to execute the program the capitalistic world will have to learn to look upon government securities as the instrument which the individual uses for storing up his income when he does not wish to spend it for consumption and when other investment opportunities are insufficient, unattractive, or unavailable. To do this we must rid ourselves of the fear of domestically owned government debt.

This fear grows out of our thinking of it as having the same significance for the government as our personal debts have for us as individuals. We think that it ought to be paid off—but we are wrong, for government debt must be liquidated only under conditions that place no burden on the national economy. We think too that the payment of interest on government debt owned by the people themselves places a drain on the national income—but it does not. To make this latter point clear, let us look briefly at the financial transactions involved in paying interest on domestically owned government debt.

To begin with, bank credit created by the exchange of government securities for deposits must be ruled out as a practicable source of funds for the servicing of government securities or any other government disbursements. Funds so derived are new money added to the system and create a net addition to the nation's financial income above that disbursed from business enterprise; and the use of bank credit would tend to cause a rise in prices, the aggravation of the accumulation of idle funds, or both.

Consequently, funds to service public securities should be derived not from the sale of securities to banks but from taxation or from the sale of securities to individuals or corporations who take the money from current income; and, so far as possible, from income that would not find business investment or be spent for consumption.

If we think of government disbursements as adding to and constituting a portion of the nation's total income, we realize that the national income is increased by government interest paid. From this point of view the servicing of the securities is self-financing: the payment of interest adds an amount to the nation's financial income which equals the amount that must be borrowed from or taxed away from income to pay the interest. What happens is simply that current financial income is transferred from some individuals within the community to other individuals (or back to the same individuals again). The process has meaning and value only if, as a by-product, it serves some useful purpose, such as influencing the nation's overall propensities to save or consume, the financing of physical growth or saving, the strength of incentives for individual initiative, or the latitude of individual economic freedom.

The distinction between borrowing to pay government interest and obtaining the funds by taxation is that the former creates financial wealth—the government securities exchanged for liquid funds saved out of income—while the latter prevents the formation of financial wealth by forcing income to be spent to pay taxes. In formulating policy for servicing its securities, government's primary concern should be to avoid drawing funds out of incomes or liquid savings that would be used to buy business output or to make business investments. To do so would limit rates of business activity or growth. Funds obtained by government do not subtract from total income that flows to the nation from business enterprise, for they

are returned by the payment of interest; but the means of obtaining them may influence the overall use that is made of the national income.

For example, when the nation's saving exceeds the rate of business investment, any tax—the cigarette tax, let us say—that consumes incomes which otherwise would be spent for consumption, and which does not produce at least an equal return flow to those particular incomes, will curtail rates of business activity. The same result is produced by taxes that add to cost and selling price of business output. While total financial wealth is being expanded through the absorption of savings in government securities, taxation affecting low incomes should be minimized and funds to service government securities should be obtained by borrowing or through taxes affecting medium and high incomes.

Income taxation probably is the most flexible tool available for obtaining tax-derived funds to service securities and at the same time for guiding the ultimate financial adjustment of the economy so as to achieve and sustain a maximum of vigorous development. Income taxes must never destroy the incentive to individual effort or impede the formation of business capital but they can be used to define the out-of-bounds limits of both individual wealth and income, beyond which neither the good of the community nor the constructive purposes of the individual are served. However, to service securities by taxation, levied heavily on personal incomes or on business, while the constant financial adjustment of the economy needed to permit its unrestricted development toward maturity is in progress, would produce only a needless slowing down of growth. Business men are right when they say that to-day's taxes hurt us all. Such taxation is an example of attempts to conform the community's behavior to an inadequate volume of financial wealth. But when wealth has expanded to its needed relationship to the other financial factors of a national economy,

taxation to service fully government securities can be applied without harm to the individual or real restriction of his economic freedom.

IV

Even though the servicing of government securities places no drain on the nation's income, the interest rate that would be paid and other characteristics of the particular type of government security that can be used in the expansion of financial wealth are of vital importance to the successful operation of twentieth-century capitalism. Our concern is not with where to get the money to pay a high or low service charge. Rather, the important consideration is the influence of the government interest rate on the operation of business enterprise.

With capitalism altered to meet twentieth-century conditions, a fixed or statutory interest rate of, say, 2 per cent for a special type of government security could be established and maintained as long as the supply of this security offered to the public were ample to absorb completely all funds seeking investment. This would have the effect of cutting off the lower end of the interest range, below 2 per cent, of all funds in the national economy, including those available to business, and would tend to draw funds away from investments not promising to yield at least this minimum return, plus a reward for the risks involved in business enterprise.

In addition to a fixed interest rate, this government security should have no maturity date, so that it could not be discounted, and should carry a guarantee of complete liquidity—convertibility at all times into liquid funds at face value plus accrued interest. Thus a reserve of liquid funds would be built up in the economy that would have a stabilizing effect on the entire financial structure.

When business investment yields tended to rise above the interest rate of this government security, funds would flow from

it to business investment until the added supply reduced the yield. Since government would guarantee the liquidity of the special security, it would be necessary to finance any liquidation through an expansion of bank credit. The special security would be presented to the Federal Reserve system for payment and its portfolio of securities would expand on the asset side of the balance sheet while deposits credited to sellers of the security would expand liabilities. The process would increase the nation's supply of liquid funds, but this would not be harmful except in the presence of full employment when added funds would tend to increase prices. Increased financial income without increased production causes price to go up. If wages and income rise while the number of, say, radios produced remains constant, we may be sure that the demand for radios will boost the price. To guard against this danger as well as to insure the flow of uninvested savings into the special security at all times, a limitation on holdings of liquid funds—either currency or bank balances—should be established: *the only restrictive measure needed to execute this entire program.*

Liquid funds, other than idle accumulations, are working funds. The amount needed by any individual or business enterprise depends on rate of income. A man with an income of \$10,000 a year generally needs a larger bank balance to pay his monthly bills than a man with \$5,000. It is a matter of good practice to-day to keep liquid funds at a safe minimum needed for comfortable operations and to put all possible funds to work where they will earn a return. Only when investment opportunities are scarce or unattractive do liquid funds pile up in individual or corporate hands. Consequently, with the special government security always available for the investment of accumulated funds and with the liquidity of this form of security guaranteed, holdings of liquid funds could be limited to a given ratio (probably between $\frac{1}{10}$ and $\frac{1}{15}$) to annual in-

come by including a heavy tax on excessive holdings as a supplement to present income taxes. (Holdings should be defined as an annual average of daily balances to allow for wide fluctuations in actual holdings from time to time.) This would prevent the accumulation of idle funds and push accumulations into investment in the special security, while allowing for an adequate and elastic supply of liquid funds that would expand and contract with rates of business activity.

This regulation of holdings of liquid funds would make itself felt in event of an excessive liquidation of the special security. We have noted that the liquidation would expand the nation's supply of liquid funds; but, if the newly created funds did not find active use they would accumulate as idle deposits from which they would be driven back into the special security to escape this tax. Thus the danger of inflationary pressure from financial reserves accumulated in this special, liquid security would be overcome while the flexibility of the financial structure in meeting the needs of business for investment funds would be improved.

This influence would be exerted, however, only if the stabilizer, the fixed interest rate, were so difficult to change as practically to remove speculation regarding its alteration. Were speculation left open, funds would tend to flow into and out of the reserves accumulated in this government security irrespective of business needs with the effect of dislocating rather than harmonizing the operation of the system. Hence the necessity of a fixed interest rate. This also would mean that government could not compete with business for the nation's savings.

Funds would be invested in the special security only when business yields tended to fall below its fixed rate of interest. Consequently the nation would have an automatic governor on what we now miscall deficit spending. So long as business yields stayed above the fixed interest rate, it can be assumed that the

bulk of the nation's savings would flow into business investment rather than into the special security. Under such conditions—and the author's doubts that they ever again will be encountered are quite beside the point—government spending should be confined to the administrative, tax-defrayed budget. Only when funds sought investment in the special security would functional spending to maintain the flow of the stream of commerce be in order. This mechanism in combination with the restriction on holdings of liquid funds would provide the nation with a positive guide that would define the rate of government spending required to sustain full employment and to keep the national income at its maximum. It would indicate when spending is or is not needed and would determine, as a result of millions of individual decisions as to how personal incomes are to be used, the rate at which the supply of government securities and total financial wealth should be expanded.

V

We come now to the question of *specific measures* that could be employed by a democratic government to stabilize the operation of a twentieth-century capitalistic national economy without impairing political or economic freedom, and without fostering the growth of bureaucratic control of the nation's purse strings.

If the foregoing analysis of our financial problem has correctly diagnosed the case, it means that democracy faces a test. Democratic government will have to find ways and means of administering the expenditure of vast sums of money wisely and without political abuse. For nearly ten years business men and a large segment of the thinking public have had little to say about government spending except that it should be stopped. In your author's opinion the cry against spending is as futile and shortsighted as a cry against rain when for emotional reasons we want sunshine.

The only evil of spending is the possible evil of political abuse, which we the people can control if we will formulate a clear policy as a guide to action and if we will exert all of the influence at our command to have that policy adopted by government.

The budget for functional spending should be placed in the hands of a non-political agency such as the Federal Reserve Board, beyond the control of party politics. Legislation would be enacted to eliminate political use of these funds on one hand and to prevent threats to business from political money power on the other. Channels through which the funds shall be spent should be defined as those which will cause their return to the markets for business output, not those which will duplicate or disrupt business activity. Functional spending administered and controlled in this way would kill pork-barrel politics and place the activity in technically qualified hands where a technical problem belongs.

The financial measures required to effectuate the program grow out of the operating characteristics of twentieth-century capitalism itself.

Since sustained rates of business activity, or full employment, depend on the full return of all savings to the stream of commerce, since we have encountered conditions under which savings are not fully absorbed in business investment, and since the expansion of the community's supply of government securities is not disruptive to the financial structure, the public could be given the right to call on the government for securities in which savings not finding business investment could be absorbed. It could be made an established public policy that all uninvested savings should be so absorbed.

Since it is essential to the preservation of the capitalistic structure of values that savings absorbed in government securities produce an interest return for their owners, and since one of the purposes of absorbing excess savings is to

relieve the national economy of its no longer effective dependence on excessively low interest rates to sustain employment, a distinctive government security could be used to absorb savings, having the characteristics of (a) no maturity date, (b) a fixed interest rate, and (c) a guarantee of convertibility at all times into liquid funds at face value plus accrued interest. To distinguish funds obtained through the absorption of savings in this special instrument from borrowings by government, a statutory prohibition should be established barring the use of such funds to defray the administrative expenses of government. This would make it necessary for government to borrow funds for its ordinary budget in the open market at commercial interest rates and with the same type of securities used to-day.

The rate of absorption of uninvested savings would automatically determine the rate of government expenditures, in excess of the administrative tax-defrayed budget, required to return all excess savings to the stream of commerce and to sustain going rates of business activity. To avoid the distortion of this new function of government, a separate budget and accounting system should be used for controlling these receipts and expenditures, including borrowing or taxation to pay interest on the special security, keeping ordinary administrative expenses distinct and dependent on tax revenues. Disbursements of absorbed savings should be made only for purposes such as social security benefits, subsidized education, research, conservation of resources and other activities, that are non-competitive with business enterprise.

Since it should be impossible to influence the flow of idle funds into investment in this government security by changing the interest rate, since it is necessary to prevent the accumulation of idle liquid funds, and since the essential right of the individual to save can be preserved by making available at all times an adequate supply of a special

government security for the absorption of otherwise uninvested savings, a restriction on the accumulation of liquid funds in the form of bank balances or currency could be established to prevent the hoarding of liquid funds. Normal holdings, defined in terms of a ratio of the individual's or corporation's annual average of daily bank balances to annual income, would serve all purposes other than accumulation. Holdings of currency above the same defined limit could be brought into the open by invalidating and calling all outstanding issues once a year for conversion at par into new issues of a different color or other distinctive appearance that would drive the old issues out of circulation. Amounts of currency converted should be recorded and added to the individual's average bank balance in determining compliance with the restriction on holdings of liquid funds.

Since the expansion of the supply of government securities is for the combined purposes of sustaining current rates of business activity and of gradually bringing about an adjustment of the community's total financial wealth to a workable relationship with income, saving and business investment, and since an ultimate point of equilibrium tentatively should be defined, a tax program utilizing income, gift, and estate levies could be formulated and applied during the period of adjustment we now are entering, so that as the tax yield increases with total volume of financial wealth, the financial structure will adjust progressively and without sudden dislocation when an optimum volume of financial wealth has been reached.

Such measures as these for stabilizing and guiding the adjustment of the financial structure of the national economy toward equilibrium call for no restriction of individual freedom or government control of business enterprise. They preserve freedom and private enterprise and mark the path toward a new, vigorous twentieth-century capitalism, that under economic democracy again

will serve well its function of builder, integrator, and operator of economic activity.

VI

In the following postscript Mr. Hitchcock explains the relation between the classic theory of interest rates and his own program as set forth in Section IV of this article:

According to classic economic theory, increases in the general interest rate strengthen the inducement and tend to increase the proportion of the nation's income saved and, at a given income level, to reduce consumption and employment in consumption-goods industries. It follows of course that unless employment in the capital goods industries is correspondingly increased by the higher yield on investments, an increased interest rate reduces total employment. The theory goes ahead to reason that the reduction in employment will reduce the interest rate by reducing the demand for capital, thus reducing the inducement to save. This, in turn, again increases income spent, demand for consumers' goods, and employment. The interest rate, then, was a vital factor in controlling the level of production and employment in nineteenth-century capitalism because it influenced the proportion of the nation's income saved.

Actually, nineteenth-century economic theory fails to explain the phenomena of twentieth-century capitalism because one of its primary postulates fails to fit the facts encountered. Classic theory starts with the premise that human wants are without limit and then reasons that production either will expand *ad infinitum* under the impetus of limitless demand or until restricted by limited resources. It follows that there always will be a scarcity of goods and capital as they are related to current demand. Consequently there always will be a demand price for capital represented by the interest rate, sustained by scarcity.

J. M. Keynes in *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* correlates another important link in the theory that he calls "liquidity preference," meaning the preference to hold savings in the form of liquid funds, that earn little or no interest, rather than to invest them at going rates of interest, because of the risks involved. As business interest rates come down without a corresponding diminution of the fear of business risks, the inducement to invest diminishes or disappears, with the result that savings tend to accumulate in liquid form as idle bank deposits or hoards of currency, rather than as investments. This is one of the pillars of Keynes' explanation of involuntary unemployment and the basis for his argument

that a constructive program to overcome the evil must include measures which will combine the effects of an enhanced propensity to invest and a reduced propensity to save—natural conclusions (that led him to his “pump-priming” suggestions) if one assumes the dependence of the national economy on business investment to sustain rates of activity, and neglects the possibility of using government securities to sustain the flow of funds in commerce. Keynes saw the error of the first misconception of capitalism mentioned at the outset of this article but he failed to escape the second.

We need not question the classic concept of limitless human wants, but it now can be seen, as Keynes has pointed out, that classic theory was incorrect in assuming that *potential* demand for the entire national income could under all conditions be translated into *effective* demand. Effective demand is limited by purchasing power, the adequate supply of which, needed for total consumption of the highest available income, is dependent on the sustained flow of funds in commerce. The flow of funds can be interrupted by a preference for liquidity that is not overcome by the current inducement to invest, and therefore results in the siphoning of funds away from the stream of commerce where they are needed to effectuate demand. In the presence of limited effective demand the interest rate—the earning value of capital—tends to fall toward zero as classic theory argues would happen in the presence of limited absolute demand. Hence, with the fact of limited effective demand substituted for the concept of limitless absolute demand, the reasoning of classic theory becomes valid and leads to the further conclusion, neglected by Keynes, that a means is needed for limiting the effective supply of capital available to business to keep

the supply in harmony with effective demand for capital and business output.

The use we have been discussing of government securities to absorb all funds not attracted to business investment would supply capitalism with a sustained scarcity of capital needed under twentieth-century conditions of a declining, or even insufficient, growth rate, to prevent the collapse of values and the consequent disorganization of economic activity. With this new instrument employed, however, to sustain the flow of funds in commerce, capitalism no longer would depend on a scarcity of goods to sustain the scarcity of capital; for effective purchasing power could be maintained in a one to one relationship with the selling price of output at levels limited only by resources and human wants and independently of the demand for capital. By overcoming the effects of a preference for liquidity the system's artificial limits on the use for capital, resulting from involuntary unemployment, also would be overcome.

With the economy freed of this limitation, the interest rate could be in part freed of its causal relationship to business investment and employment on one hand and to liquidity preference on the other. The interest rate no longer would have to be allowed to fall to levels which in theory induce business borrowing or bring inefficient operations into use, while actually the cure aggravates the problem by stimulating the desire for liquidity. It could be adjusted in a manner which would eliminate the disturbing effects of the desire for liquidity, aid in the maintenance of price stability, and tend to stimulate the development of technological advance by influencing production into the national economy's more efficient operations.



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



THURSDAY. Snowed hard all yesterday and continued through the night, and this morning the sky cleared and the wind went round into the NW. Spent the morning planking the scow that I am building. Am working from a picture in *The American Boy's Handy Book*, after a pardonable delay of thirty years, which is the time it took me to assemble the nails and the boards and the skill and the leisure and the patience. I am thankful that after that interval my desire is as strong, or almost as strong, as it was originally.

Tuesday. The roads are solid ice. Up at 5:15 and after breakfast to the doctor's, the country seeming very beautiful and cheerful after a light fall of snow. I am always humbled by the infinite ingenuity of the Lord, who can make a red barn cast a blue shadow. At the doctor's my skin was pricked eighty-one times and showed kinship with cat hair, horse dander, tobacco, oats, goose feathers, duck feathers, chicken feathers, timothy, English plantain, orchard grass, June grass, and sweet vernal, which was no news to me but which the doctor found exciting and instructive. Lunched in a taproom where there were booths and pine paneling and a voice singing "I can hear the bells of Monterey," very soft and love-sick; but anyone in the restaurant could have walked to the edge of town and heard the sleigh bells of Messalonskee.

Thursday. All morning at work indoors and this afternoon fashioned two oak knees for the scow and then went to plowing out the snow-covered driveway with my new homemade plow, and it worked remarkably well. It has adjustable wings and in all respects is a serviceable implement, and it has the

advantage of not being longer or lower or smoother than the old 1940 plow. Worked till after dark, in still air with the sounds muffled and lights shining from the windows on to the drifts. After dinner to see "Foreign Correspondent" but did not like it much and do not think newspapermen are often accurately portrayed on the screen—or any other sort of people for that matter. The movies improve but slowly, and I think they would make much better progress if they would take Hamlet's advice, who said: "The play's the thing." But instead of that they stick to their own motto, which is: "The player's the thing." So everything in life has to be adjusted to fit the personality of Joel McCrea, which for me is dull sport.

Friday. To-day read a discourse on the conscientious objector, by Arthur E. Morgan, in the *Antioch Notes*—a plea that we be tolerant toward the conscientious objector because he is trying to set a valuable example. As for me, I am tolerant of objectors but not sympathetic, and do not believe that the example set by them is of any particular value or even that it is a good example; for although I myself object to war, I think the time to object is during the intervals of peace, which is the only time such objection has any potency or meaning. To object conscientiously to war when war is a fact and violence is a reality is to object to the device of swimming when you have tipped over a canoe. Your attitude then becomes a pose which is annoying rather than impressive.

War is the final thing that happens to people after periods of relative calm; it is the thing nobody wants and everybody (so far) gets. The man who, threatened by force, proposes not to defend himself

and his principles is a dreamer who is unfaithful to his dream. For while it may sometimes be effective individually to turn the other cheek, a nation which in defense of its principles and its territory turns the other cheek is unquestionably lost. Dr. Morgan points out that the conscientious objector, by his quiescence during strife, is attempting to take the first steps toward a new world order based on decency and good will. Yet I believe that the tiny minority of objectors creates not good will but ill will. However much I may detest force, I am obliged to admit that there is no appeal from force once it is applied. The young theological students who went to jail rather than register for the selective service seemed to me not men of strong convictions but of weak ones, who were advertising piety in a wholly impious situation. Humanity's distaste for war is abundantly apparent and does not need exemplification. I object conscientiously to floods, hurricanes, and earthquakes, but I think the way to meet them is with your dukes up.

Saturday. Last fall I hauled rockweed up from the shore and spread it to a depth of five or six inches on the dirt floor of the sheep shed and covered it with straw. Now the sheep droppings are accumulating on this rockweed base and forming a rich dressing for the land. There is no doubt about it, the basic satisfaction in farming is manure, which always suggests that life can be cyclic and chemically perfect and aromatic and continuous.

A brilliant testimonial to the magic of sheep dressing is written in the leaves of my New York City rubber plant, which has lately been receiving an occasional shot of liquid tonic made of a barnyard mixture which I prepare in old scotch-whiskey bottles and keep handy for use on house plants. This rubber plant is one I bought thirteen years ago on West Eighth Street and it has been my companion ever since. As rubber plants go it has been a success and I am attached to it in a curious sort of way, as a man

does get attached to anything that manages to last thirteen years under the same roof with him. Its growth has been erratic and inconsistent and it has not always enjoyed good health. Some of its leaves are large and shiny and well-formed. Others I try not to think about. One leaf is barely two inches long—mute reminder of a hard winter when the plague spread over everything in our apartment. And dotting its trunk and branches are scars of one miasmatic summer when I loaned the plant to an obscure biographer named Henry Pringle and it lost all its leaves but two, and a white milky fluid oozed from every wound. That summer finally ended. Pringle went on to win the Pulitzer prize, and I went on to nursing a rubber plant back to health.

Essentially, rubber plants are city plants. They often do better in dark hallways in gloomy city apartments than in the sunny south windows of country homes. For a while after we came here I kept my rubber plant in the sun, as an experiment, but it began to sicken and the leaves would turn yellow and drop off. So I removed it to a north location and it improved. But one day, more as a gag than anything else, I poured a little of the liquid sheep manure on the plant. I say more as a gag—I had always had a notion that a rubber plant drew its nourishment not so much from the ball of exhausted earth surrounding its roots as from the people it lived with and the conversations it overheard. This theory of mine was wrong. The effect of the manure was instantaneous. The plant sent out enormous red leaf spears three times the size of anything it had ever produced before, and these unrolled into leaves of magnificent proportions, so that the plant as a whole looked like a monstrosity, as though the old part didn't belong to the new. It was a startling experience, and for a while I flirted with the idea of getting rich quick by selling bottled strength to city people who harbored rubber plants. But when I figured out how much scotch I should have

to drink in order to have enough empty bottles I got cold feet and the idea blew up.

I have been listening to Hendrik van Loon broadcast the news lately, in Mr. Swing's place. He is the first news man I've listened to who sounded as though the fighting and the destruction wearied and disgusted him; the others who interpret the news seem largely stimulated by world events and their manner is brisk, as though they cherished above all else the lateness of a late bulletin. But Mr. van Loon wanders around among departed centuries like an old tourist poking with his stick in the ruins; and probably because he is a historian and a geographer and has a broader sense of time and space than most, he sounds discouraged and grieved at the repetition of ancient movements of peoples and armies on the globe, yet firm in his belief in the ultimate triumph of the free man. I have liked his reports on the day's events because he has made them seem like part of a whole, not like an isolated moment in time. Many newscasters, it seems to me, have developed a cheerful bedside manner, and when they mention a mechanized division it sounds as though they had it right there in the studio and were scratching it behind the ears.

One of the phenomena of the war is the news coverage. In a sense the American people are a bit overtrained on this strange concentrated diet. Body and mind adjust to almost any sort of stimulus; we compensate physically for the news, just as we do for the speed of a motor car in which we are riding, until at last it seems as though the car is not in motion at all, and as though there is no news, not really.

Friday. Awoke early and lay still in the dark, listening to the singing in the next room. A light snow this morning; the road was covered when I got up and snow lay on the backs of my sheep lying placidly in the barnyard. When they are in repose I can watch sheep endlessly. They are worth studying: their imperturbability and their preference for out-

doors (except in hard storms), and the deep look of tranquillity on their faces as the snow settles lightly on their thick, broad backs. My flock is thrifter looking than a year ago, and now I have a pure-bred Cheviot buck, and the lambs this spring will be of his marking. Also acquired one pure-bred ewe.

Have been examining the pictures of Ernest Hemingway and his new wife in *Life*, and discovered that he is forty-one, which is my age too. And I felt discouraged and ashamed to be grown so old without producing my novels, and I doubt if I ever shall write one, because if I had been going to I should have done it by this time. Yet I often sit around and think about it. The article said that to-day Hemingway is in "prime physical vigor," but in that respect I ripened earlier than he, as I was prime about eighteen years ago and could chin myself twenty times. I have fleshed up a bit since then, having gained five pounds in the past two decades, and never chin myself any more, preferring to hoard my strength, such as it is.

Chuckled over *Life's* grumbling comment on the movie "The Philadelphia Story," which *Life* said was based on "a naïve assumption" that the "right sort" of people don't allow themselves to be photographed for picture magazines. This idea, said *Life*, is childish. But it didn't seem to me as childish as the idea that there is a sort of person called right—which is an idea that runs through the Philip Barry play like a tapeworm.

Sunday. All three of us to the faraway doctor yesterday through snow and bad temper, the temper being mine; but it comes from my nose not my heart. The doctor took X-ray pictures of our son's antra and wants to bore some holes in his head, which made me sick and discouraged all day and worried. We started driving back home just before dark but I was doubtful that we could make it, as the snow had begun to drift across the highway and it was still snowing hard. Couldn't see the road very well, so when we drew into the village of

China I decided we had had enough of storm and bone cavities for one day, enough of doubts and slippery surfaces, so we drove into the garage of R. E. Coombs and he told us we might find lodging at an inn across the way. No lights showed, but we waded up to the door and were welcomed by Mrs. Wilson, the proprietress, who was surprised to find guests in winter but took us in anyway and gave us some Saturday-night baked beans and brown bread with a dessert of preserved strawberries; and we moved the davenport from the living room into a big chamber across the hall to make the third bed. After supper we had a talk with our hostess about education, a subject on which she turned out to be an authority, because in winter-time, when innkeeping is slow, she occupies herself by teaching a district school and has nine grades under her. She thought consolidation of schools in her town would probably be a good thing, but that there was strong opposition to it. And she told us that, although the disadvantages of the one-room school were very great, there were some compensating things too, principally that the pupils in such a school gained of necessity a certain independence at an early age, realizing that they had to progress in scholarship almost unassisted if they were to progress at all. She had taught also in Augusta, where she had only one grade to instruct, and she said it was noticeable how much more reliant on the teacher were the pupils there than in the country school. I believe that, too, and my guess is that the Little Red School of yesterday produced a lower average of intelligence but produced occasional individuals who had the very best education there is, namely the knack and the will to seek and gain knowledge inde-

pendently, without having it spooned out.

To bed early in our room overlooking frozen China Lake, and heard the snow-plow banging and roaring away trying to make the hill outside our window. We had no nightclothes with us, so had to invent some, and my wife chose a coonskin coat and I chose a sweater and socks and our boy chose a suit of heavies and a sweater worn on his legs. And we were much merrier than we had been in the early morning, so I made a rhyme which went:

Mamma in her coonskin and I in my socks
Had just settled ourselves for a night of hard
knocks

When out on the road there arose such a clatter
We stayed comfortably in bed, since it was entirely obvious what was the matter.

Just before I went to sleep I heard my wife up and about, and I asked her why and she said she had discovered it was impossible to sleep in a coonskin coat because it tickled the back of your neck. So I asked her what she was changing to, and she replied: "Tweeds." Which is the kind of direct answer I like to get when I ask a question.

Still snowing when we awoke this morning. I lay in bed thinking of England and of English families rousing from sleep in caves and warrens, and of how when an American family becomes separated from its toothbrushes and combs and pajamas for a few hours it considers that it has had quite an adventure.

We left the inn right after breakfast and had no trouble driving home, as the roads had been broken out during the night. Found our dooryard and our fields as lovely as the Bernese Oberland, the drifts shoulder-high and little ski trails disappearing down into the spruces at the bottom of the pasture.



The Easy Chair



EASY STEPS FOR LITTLE FEET

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

SOME modern books for children are admirable and it is here proposed that a competent person be employed to produce another one as soon as possible. Reading an introduction to astronomy which his ten-year-old son has outgrown, the Easy Chair was recently enabled to understand a phenomenon which had been completely opaque before and to construct from it a symbol that has proved useful in a book he is writing. A friend of his who has never been able to use the term "ampere" accurately picked up a volume called, approximately, *The Tot's Book of Electricity* and read it to such advantage that he was able to make emergency repairs on the family radio in time to catch a favorite program. Familiarity with his son's bookshelf convinces the Easy Chair that the slow increase of economic good sense in the daily columns and weekly journals means that the children of this generation's journalists have reached the age of introductory manuals. But there remains a serious gap in the literature for ten-year-olds, and the publisher who first moves to fill it will acquire merit here and in heaven.

The late V. M. Hillyer wrote *A Child's History of the World*, a sound book which has given many journalists serviceable ideas about the course of civilization. But no one has written a good one-volume history of the United States for children, and many of the *naïfs* who practice thinking in public for the common good have found the texts of

Messrs. Adams, Beard, Commager, Morison, Schlesinger, and others too difficult. This works a hardship on us all. They are currently trying to acquire and express sound ideas about our national past, and Thou knowest, Lord, they need a lot of help. Nothing could be more valuable than a textbook in American history which would state essential facts in simple language and differentiate the necessary ideas so that ten-year-olds could handle them. The historian who wants to write one will have to be scrupulously simple with both facts and ideas, but probably his hardest job will be to make the ideas clear and plain.

Take, for example, an idea that has recently bewildered some thinkers on the shattered right flank—there is a surface difference between them and the still more shattered left. Some of them, after being held for downs by Mr. Beard or some other adult historian, have been telling us that the Founding Fathers distrusted democracy, tried to protect the United States from it, and cut our form of government to fit—a form of government, we will be so good as to understand, which was intended to be not a democracy but a republic. The Constitution was meant to be an osage-orange hedge to keep democracy from spreading among us, and so long as we had the republic thus founded and protected we remained in good health. Unhappily, however, the American system has been repeatedly infected with democracy since 1788 (footnote for

columnists: the year when the Constitution was ratified), and precisely those infections are what ail us now. Although plainly we are perishing because of them, we seem to be crying in our delirium for still more transfusions of democracy.

This idea gives some people phantasies of getting back the gold dollar of a hundred gold cents and A. T. & T. at 300, and it helps to make hay for various groups and individuals who have either an emotional or a money interest in the theorem that democracy is unfit to survive. To identify a few: the merger of extreme right and extreme left that embarrassed Mr. Willkie, Mrs. Lindbergh's prose style, the Associated Farmers and less publicized organizations that admire their program, certain rich playboys and editors of fly-by-night leaflets, certain Irish Americans who are so preoccupied with Wolfe Tone and possible help from Napoleon that they can spare no thought for Winston Churchill and possible hindrance from Hitler, and various agents of the four totalitarian governments who have been given strategic jobs to work at over here. Many or all of these horrify the chaste minds whose bewilderment is hand-somely serving them.

What every schoolboy knows about this question can be expressed simply enough to enlighten the chaste. The Fathers had no more gift of prophecy than Mr. Willkie and no greater ability to—as the anecdote has it—walk on the waters than Mr. Roosevelt. They worked hard and honestly with the ideas they trusted and within the experience they had had. That experience included a lifelong familiarity with a greater measure of political democracy than the world outside this continent had ever seen. When they wrote the Constitution they went to the limit of that experience and a little beyond it: they wrote it to embody a still greater measure of democracy. And, yes, it is true that most of them desired no further democratization of the system they es-

tablished, and within the limits of their foresight took measures which they thought would prevent it. They quite reasonably distrusted other things outside their experience and were unable to foresee, on the basis of some amusing experiments of one of them with a kite and a thunderstorm, later developments that would light the houses and create one of the motive powers of their descendants. But the achievement of the Fathers was not that they saw no reason to expect either the electric motor or the powers that were loosed in the world by increased democratization, but that they created a political system flexible enough to maintain its forms and functions while it was adjusted to the experience of later generations.

For the history of the United States is, in large part, a history of the democratization of the republic established by the Fathers, which has made it not only the most secure government on earth, as it is now the oldest, but also the freest and most powerful. The spread and intensification of democracy do not make the kind of straight, rising line one plots on a sheet of cross-section paper. Instead, it has been a series of irregular, sometimes convulsive advances. Between those critical points there has always been the steady development which they implemented, but there has sometimes been, concurrently, a backward trend which the convulsive leaps had to reverse. The vindication of the Fathers is that their system has been able to contain all the democratic advances, except one, within the framework of our institutions. A century and a half of the United States has been a hundred and fifty years of increasingly effective democracy—marked by a series of democratic revolutions, all but one of which have been peaceful. It has been accompanied by the greatest creation of wealth and the most widespread distribution of the fruits and usufructs of civilization, the greatest national achievement in the history of mankind. Chaste and foggy minds, minds which feed on abstractions

and find some moral guilt in the difference between "democracy" and "republic," apparently cannot unassisted work out the relation between these developments. So a handbook of American history for children and the confused will have to trace the connection in simple words. It will have to say something like this: the United States has found that democracy succeeds.

Our publisher may find that the child's history had better be written by a committee rather than by one man. If so the Easy Chair offers to write the chapters which will deal with the single violent exception to the peaceful process described above. The sentiments, phantasies, and consolations of some oddly assorted *naïfs* have long interested this volunteer, insomuch that he wants to give the Civil War back to the people who won it. There is health and even urgency in getting that restoration accomplished at the present time. For our royalists, dauphinists, and jacobites have persuaded a lot of people who know better that those who won the war did not win it and also that because they won it American civilization plunged fatally over a cliff.

This development in chaste thought is pretty funny but would be funnier if it did not point some morals for our time. The jacobites have imposed on the victors a system of amenities that is almost as harsh as a conviction of sin. One who was born in any State that stayed in the Union in 1861, or in the western wilderness that was still unsettled then, cannot even refer to the Civil War by its proper name without being assailed by passionate believers who drink to the king over the water. If you say "Civil War" instead of "War Between the States" (a solecism which mysteriously softens the fact and soothes the wounded sentiment), so many true believers begin denouncing you that the post office has to deliver your mail in trucks and your clipping bureau hires another clerk. If you then suggest that the Confederacy lost the Civil War a

fiery cross is carried through the Southern hills. And if you phrase that suggestion unsentimentally, if you say that the Confederacy was defeated, a convention gathers at Nashville to arrange a new secession.

But the Confederacy was defeated—in war—on the field of battle. Primarily because of that defeat, but also because its economic power was inferior to that of the Union and because it contained within itself political paradoxes, social weaknesses, paralyzing class oppositions, and emotional conflicts, it collapsed. Defeat and collapse took rather less time than could rationally have been expected in 1861, considering the abundance of its resources, the vigor of its population, and the natural strength of its defensive position. All these things are facts, and yet as you read them here be sure that a thousand pens are sharpening to deny them with the angriest and most lyrical vehemence. For the jacobites have built up the delusion, at once funny, pathetic, and ominous, that though the Confederacy was conquered it was not defeated, and that though it lost it has also won. The delusion is so powerful that it has not been penetrated by one of the fundamental truths with which our manual for children deals. The truth that, on the whole, American civilization has benefited by the defeat of the Confederacy is a matter of experience even to the jacobites; but they reject it in the prismatic belief that we therein lost whatever health we had and whatever hope there may have been for us, that the evils of our time originate in that defeat.

So our history for ten-year-olds and public thinkers will have to use clear, simple, emphatic words. The South was defeated, the North won the war, and the United States therefore became what it remains to-day, the bulwark of democracy and the basis of hope for the future. The Civil War, children are to be told, was a great catastrophe and it brought to the United States great evils that had not existed before—wars are

wars. Nevertheless, the war had to be fought for many sufficient reasons—in order, to name only one of them, that the continental nation should not be balkanized—and the victory of the North was good for the modern world. “Good” must always be a comparative word but it approaches the absolute here, when what we have is balanced against what we should have had if the South had won.

Short, blunt words will explain that, and then our one-syllable history will examine the circumstances from which the irrepressible conflict developed. It will go back to the Fathers and show that, in order to establish a nation at all, they had to leave unsolved two problems which, because of developments they could not foresee, lodged a social and political paradox at the center of our life. It will describe how the system founded on slave labor reached its height, began to deteriorate and decline, and became anachronistic in the modern world. It will show how this economy, together with the social system it infused, gradually lost its efficiency and its political control of the nation. It will dwell on the efforts of that decaying system to protect itself. The vigorous minority that had dominated the country while the system was expanding became, as the system slowed down, a reaction which was resolved to maintain the *status quo* at any cost—and so ultimately paid the price in full with interest compounded. In that defense it forfeited all chance for peaceful adaptation to the developing order, for the preservation of such values as might have been amalgamated with those that were on the march. While it was withering within because of implicit unadaptability it became first blind to its own interests, then stupid and immovable, and at last suicidal.

It set itself square against the current of the democracy, thus created the one crisis that the system of the Fathers has not been able to resolve within the established framework, and so perished—with greater agony, destruction, and residual evil than need have been. It took its stand, made its war—and found that it could not harmonize its own discords, resolve its conflicts, or hold the invader off.

These chapters will describe the one all-out effort of an American reaction, the one last-ditch opposition to the progress of political and social democracy in the United States. Reading them, certain of our *naïfs* will be enraged but others may learn, like the children for whom simple manuals are intended, to get to work on analogous patterns that are visible to-day. That is a commendable aim for historians who want to instruct the instructors of the public.

When it is achieved there will be other goals for them to shoot at, other plain, blunt facts which can be usefully recalled to the various co-operating groups mentioned above.

The record shows that the United States has repeatedly adapted its democracy to a changing world, that its democracy is dynamic, that it keeps going. That it has been willing to take risks and has been justified in taking them. That it has opposed the forces which seemed baneful to it—successfully. That it has learned that some questions can be settled forever by war and that it is best to have them settled in your interest. That it has been willing to go to war for self-preservation and for the preservation of its beliefs. That its experience proves the efficiency of democracy in war. That it has won its wars. That, on the basis of the record, it will win this one.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages



Harpers *Magazine*

THE NAVAL DEFENSE OF AMERICA

SEA POWER TO-DAY AND THE U. S. NAVY

BY HANSON W. BALDWIN

SEA POWER can no longer be tailored to the traditional definition of Mahan—fighting ships, merchant ships, and bases. Air Power has modified naval design, naval tactics, naval strategy; the skies of to-morrow will supplement the seas of to-day as an avenue of transport; fleets of the air have become a fourth element of modern sea power as essential and fundamental to control of the interlacing world-wide routes of trade as ships and bases.

The European war has shown with definitive clarity—off Norway, in the Mediterranean, around the wreck-strewn coasts of the British Isles—that the plane has cast a long and ominous shadow across narrow waters, and that the navy which does not have a large portion of its strength in air power, in the appurtenances of air power, or in defense against air power is, therefore, obsolete. But, no matter what to-morrow may bring, the Kingdom of Bluewater is to-day still the Kingdom of the Ship.

It is possible, though not at all probable, that in some distant future planes will largely replace ships in the carrying trade of the world. But it is impossible for planes to replace ships or to share any large part of the international carrying trade *now* or in the immediate future. The world's largest plane—still only a blueprint conception—will at maximum carry a payload of perhaps 30 tons. A single small cargo vessel will carry 100 times as much, and though the speed of transport of the plane enables it to make several trips while the ship makes one, air transport cannot now, or in the foreseeable future, overcome this terrific differential.

This points the problem of sea power versus air power. The problem has been oversimplified in the battleship-versus-plane "duel" of the Sunday supplements and in the forums of public debate. It is immaterial whether planes can sink battleships or not. Of course they can, and of course they will—any

ship ever built can be sunk if it is attacked in enough force under the right conditions. The battleship is the paragon of navies only because it has been constructed to "take" more punishment than any other ship can absorb and still remain afloat. If all battleships were to be wiped suddenly from the slates of the world's navies it seems exceedingly likely that in ten years "super-cruisers" or whatever you might want to call them would have reached a stage of development where they would probably be nearly as costly and almost as strong as the battleship.

But the end struggle would still be, not between the battleship and the plane, or the "super-cruiser" and the plane, or the submarine and the plane, but between the ship and the plane. And until the plane can (1) take the place of the ship in the world carrying trade, and (2) protect or destroy merchant ships as effectively as can armed ships, it cannot usurp the function of the ship. The plane is already essential to both these purposes but it is not yet the primary implement of sea power. Ships in the counter-blockade of Britain have sunk far more shipping than planes.

Fighting ships are, therefore, as the war has shown, the fundamental means of dominating ocean highways. It is Britain's fleet that has driven the commerce of Germany and Italy off the seas and locked the coast of Europe in a band of steel. We can understand the tremendous importance of sea power in this war if we consider what would have happened had there been no British fleet; long ere this the streets of London would have been renamed.

Blockade is still an effective weapon, though it must be remembered that blockade alone has rarely, if ever, won wars; wars must be won by a combination of all arms. Modern blockades are both aided and hampered by air power. It is no longer possible to maintain a close-in watch of an enemy port or coastline as in the days of the wind-ships; planes (and submarines) have made it

too hazardous. The distant blockade drawn well beyond the one-hundred-fathom curve and far in the reaches of ocean, is the modern pattern. Such a blockade, where it cannot be interfered with effectively by land-based air power (*viz.* the British blockade line maintained by the Northern Patrol from the Hebrides to Iceland) is materially aided by either ship-based, or where geographical situations permit, by shore-based, air power. Large flying boats, maintaining an aerial patrol across miles of water, can detect blockade runners with more facility and less military effort than several ships. Even if the planes cannot seize such ships, they can direct surface units of the blockading squadron to the scene.

The Norwegian campaign showed, on the other hand, the limitations as well as the capabilities of navies. Though Britain dominated the oceans she could not dominate—against German planes and submarines—the narrow waters of the Skagerrak and Kattegat or the coastal seas of Norway. She could not prevent the transport of German troops to Norway, though Britain's sea power could and did transport British troops to Norway and kept them supplied as long as they remained there. Air power hampered the free operations of sea power; no longer was it feasible as in Nelson's day to take the British fleet into The Sound, there to bombard Copenhagen or blockade the sea routes from Germany to the north. The German success in Norway was due as much, however, to complete surprise, superb timing, and unexcelled co-ordination of effort as it was to the power of the plane. Part of the British failure—pinned upon sea power—was due to the sloppiness of British effort, as well as to the caution with which the British ships were handled. Geography was another factor which favored the Germans with the inestimable advantage of shorter lines of communication and the value of interior position.

If the Norwegian campaign showed the limitations of sea power and the re-

strictive influence of air power upon ships in narrow waters, the Mediterranean campaigns have brilliantly displayed what sea power can do under a resolute commander. The British successes in Egypt and Libya, the Greek successes in Albania were made possible only because the British—despite Italian air power (remember the old shibboleth? Italian planes were to hold the Mediterranean in fief)—controlled the sea.

And at Dunkerque—despite one of the most terrific aerial bombardments of the war—sea power succeeded where none had thought it might succeed; it saved the remnants of an army from destruction. It was aided by fortuitous circumstance (the weather for a time shrouded the crowded beaches in mist) and was protected by the Royal Air Force; but again sea power showed that it could risk and take great punishment for the sake of great accomplishment.

II

Technically the war has taught many lessons. The battleship is still essential to sea power, although to-day it must be girdled with the web of cables of the degaussing apparatus to protect it against magnetic mines; it must be heavily cased in thick and mighty armor and guarded by internal "blisters" (compartments filled with air, or oil fuel, to take the shock of underwater explosion); it must be divided and sub-divided into watertight compartments to make it as nearly unsinkable as possible; it must bristle with anti-aircraft guns and carry its own planes; there must be at least bullet-proof protection for all topside personnel, and it must carry both submarine-warning apparatus (underwater sound-detection devices) and aircraft-warning apparatus (radio wave instruments). The modern battleship is a seventy-million-dollar investment, but for any nation that pretends to sea power it is worth it; for the battleship is the only ship that can stand in the battle line and slug with the enemy heavyweights.

Cruisers and lighter vessels also must receive all the protection which size permits against torpedo, mine, shell, and bomb. Cruisers must no longer be tin-clads (only the sturdy armor of the *Exeter* in the classic battle with the *Graf Spee* saved the British cruiser from destruction; the *Graf Spee's* light armor permitted damage from lighter shells than her own which materially reduced her fighting capacity). Cruisers must be fast—even faster than in the past—in order to screen the van and flanks of a battle line whose speed has been stepped up many knots.

Destroyers, unarmored and fragile things of speed, are vulnerable, the war has shown, to bombs; although no battleships and only one cruiser have been sunk by planes, more than a score of destroyers have foundered under a hail of bombs. Modern destroyers must be prepared to cope with air attacks; all of their principal guns should be double-purpose for use against both air and surface targets; in addition, they must have numerous rapid-fire smaller weapons, an effective anti-aircraft fire control system, and compartments or "funk holes" on the bridge and below decks plated with armor that will turn machine-gun bullets and thus protect the personnel against strafing attacks.

Like the plane, the submarine has proved itself an essential part of naval war; in the World War and again to-day it is threatening the very citadel of Britain's security. Submarine operations, co-ordinated with aircraft operations, the two arms linked by efficient short-wave radio, have played havoc with the convoys.

Mines, laid by submarines, and planes and surface raiders, carrying heavier explosive charges than in World War days and actuated by widely differing mechanisms against which it is difficult to guard, are an important weapon of modern naval war; minelayers and minesweepers, escort and convoy vessels and patrol craft in great numbers are essential elements of a modern sea power.

But the chief naval lessons of the war are three:

(1) Naval warfare of to-day and of the future is, and will be, three-dimensional; it is idle to talk of "control of the seas" if planes above and submarines below (both of them destined to play a more and more important part in naval war) harry your commerce at will. Because of the elusiveness of the plane and the submarine, even sea powers which are vastly inferior on the surface will be able to create havoc with an enemy's trade unless that enemy is plentifully supplied with planes, anti-plane weapons, patrol and convoy craft, and anti-submarine weapons in great number.

(2) Seamanship in the modern navy is definitely of secondary importance to technical expertness in design and operation. It is no longer enough, as in Nelson's day, to be able to "lay your ship alongside an enemy"; good seamen are essential but good technicians even more so; for a modern navy is a complex machine and must be run by men who understand machines.

(3) The greatest lesson for the United States is one which Mahan put concisely before the advent of air power, but which must now be modernized to fit the lessons of the Twentieth Century. A navy, he wrote, must have a secure base of operations. The long arm of air power to-day threatens bases that once satisfied this definition of security. The greatest threat to British sea power from the skies comes not against the ship upon the sea, but against the ship in dock, against the harbors, wharves, fuel oil supplies, ammunition factories, and all that vast complex of shipbuilding firms, steel mills, etc., that are essential to the construction and maintenance of war-ships.

The war has shown that Britain to-day is an insecure base for sea power and one which will become more so with the unquestioned increase that to-morrow will bring in the range and power of the plane. The center of gravity of

world sea power, which began to shift westward across the Atlantic in the World War period, is now moving with indubitable rapidity to North America. Whether or not the British fleet outlasts this war, it can never find the same safe havens in the harbors of the British Isles that it knew in Napoleon's day. The natural tendency of this war is a transfer of British industry to Canada and a greater dependence upon America's mass-production machines. Sea power moves with it. A shipbuilding industry is even now springing up in Canada; whether or not the British fleet is physically transferred to the Western Hemisphere, it seems certain that world sea power is now passing to the United States.

For geographically, in this foreshortened world of the Twentieth Century—a world made narrow by the plane—the United States now and in the immediate future occupies the same sort of position that Britain occupied in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. To-day an insular power like Britain, close to a hostile or potentially hostile continent, cannot provide that secure base which is the one indispensable requirement of sea power. The United States can and does provide such a base; we are now and in the years immediately to come the insular power that Britain was in Napoleon's day, subject perhaps to occasional raids by air as England then was (by sea) but not to serious assault so long as we hold the ramparts of ocean. Our future greatness lies upon the great waters.

III

The United States Navy approaches this era in its history approximately equal in battle fleet fighting strength to the navy of Britain, for long the Mistress of the Seas. As of December 1, 1940, the United States Fleet, the greatest in the country's history, had in commission about 800 ships of all types from battle-ships to harbor tugs and small craft. Of this number about 316 are combatant

ships of the five principal types as follows:

Battleships.....	15	(12 fit to lie in the battle line)
Aircraft Carriers....	6	
Cruisers.....	37	(18 "heavy" or 8-inch gun ships; 19 "light" or 6-inch gun ships)
Destroyers.....	159	(75 old four-stack World War design; the rest built since 1932. In addition there are some forty-six former destroyers of the World War type in commission which have been modified and converted into light minelayers, light troop transports, and auxiliaries of various types)
Submarines.....	105	(66 old; the rest built since 1930)
Total.....	322	

This fleet—though powerful—has weaknesses. There are insufficient ships to provide a battle fleet for both coasts. Twelve of our battleships, four of our carriers, and the bulk of our cruiser, destroyer, and submarine forces are concentrated in the Pacific. The three battleships in the Atlantic—the *New York*, *Texas*, and *Arkansas*—are old and incompletely modernized. They are stout ships, with heavily armored decks and good seagoing characteristics, but when they were refitted in 1926–27 British objections prevented the elevation of their turret guns. These ships, therefore, have maximum ranges of only about 21,000 to 22,000 yards, and their speeds of 19 to 20.5 knots are inadequate for modern war. Despite their inherent strength and good design, the *New York*, *Texas*, and *Arkansas* can, therefore, be outranged and outspeeded by any modern cruiser; indeed, it is quite possible that an 8-inch gun cruiser, properly handled, could reduce them to flaming wrecks. Their needs are recognized and

money is available to raise their gun elevations and to modernize their propelling machinery; but in the present state of world tension it is not felt that they can safely be put out of commission for the year or longer that the alterations would require. The *Wyoming*, on the East Coast, is another ship which might be returned to some combat usefulness with modernization and alteration. A sister ship of the battleship *Arkansas*, the *Wyoming* was demilitarized under the terms of the London Naval Conference; her speed was reduced to a maximum eighteen knots and half of her turret guns were removed. The Japanese *Hiei* was similarly disarmed some years ago, but since the abrogation of the naval treaties in 1936 and the removal of legal restrictions she has been restored to her former fighting power and adds a tenth ship (although one of doubtful utility) to the Japanese battleship squadrons.

Moreover, the condition of our twelve battleships in the Pacific is not all that could be desired. Some of them are urgently in need of improvements; others, which have been modernized, have suffered somewhat in the process. The *West Virginia*, *Maryland*, and *Colorado*, our only sixteen-inch gunned battleships, have never been modernized; their deck armor, though strong, is not completely adequate; these ships still have the old cage masts now outmoded; their below-water compartmentation and watertight integrity is not as modern as it should be. The speeds of all our battleships are slow; we have the slowest battle line in the world—though perhaps also one of the most rugged and one capable of throwing a greater weight of metal in a shorter time than any other.

Our two great carriers, the largest in the world, *Saratoga* and *Lexington*, are similarly in need of modernization—larger elevators to handle the modern planes, replacement of the arresting apparatus which stops the progress of a plane landing on the flight deck, and other changes; but, as with our three battleships in the Atlantic, it is not felt

that these ships can be spared at this moment for the considerable time necessary to make the alterations. The *Ranger*, an unarmored, unsatisfactory hybrid of a carrier, now stationed in the Atlantic with the new and powerful *Wasp*, has a list at full load which makes aircraft operations difficult.

In cruisers we are in better shape; most of the "kinks," peculiar to the first of the class, have been "ironed out" of the 8-inch gun ships; and the 6-inch gun vessels of the *Brooklyn* class, heavily armored and with a terrific volume of fire (more than 100 six-inch shells per minute) are probably by far the best of their type in the world.

Our old World-War "four-stacker-flush-deck" destroyers are excellent sea boats and extremely serviceable ships, but our newer vessels—though not yet long enough in service to permit conclusive judgments as to their engineering durability—have proved far stabler gun platforms; they have very long cruising radii and a great volume of both torpedo and gun fire. They are, moreover, well equipped with high-angle guns which enable them to act as an anti-aircraft-screen for the fleet; indeed, the modern destroyer of American design is both an anti-aircraft ship and a destroyer. Difficulty has been experienced, however, in controlling adequately the fire of the anti-aircraft machine guns on the 1.1" "hose guns."

Our submarines are among the world's best, though we have experienced much trouble with some of our Diesel engines, particularly the HOR type. Our newest "pigboats" have a cruising range adequate to permit (from Pearl Harbor as a base) extended and protracted operations in the Sea of Japan.

Our fleet auxiliaries—cargo ships, tugs, oilers, storeships, ammunition ships, seaplane tenders, etc.—were too few in number and much too slow in speed until recently, but in the summer of 1940 the Navy commenced a whole-scale purchasing program and had bought (up to January 1, 1941) more than 120 mer-

chant ships, tankers, tugs, yachts, etc., which it has converted into fleet auxiliaries and small tenders. Some of these, specifically the newest tankers taken over from the Standard Oil Company, are splendid ships of great capacity and with speeds of eighteen knots, peers of any of their class in the world. The Navy has, in addition, recommissioned a number of older auxiliaries.

The merchant shipping situation was in a sense comparable to that of the Navy. A "Fifty Ships a Year" program to replace obsolete merchant vessels had been started by the Maritime Commission in 1937; fifty-five new vessels of various types had been completed under this program by late 1940; in all, more than 2,600 merchant vessels (steel and wood above 100 tons) of some 9,300,000 tons are on hand (at date of writing, January, 1940).

The quality of American naval personnel is in general excellent. The Regular Navy enlisted man to-day is the highest type in our history; he is intelligent, aspiring, and has initiative, albeit a ready and cheerful susceptibility to discipline. There is not a Communist or "sea lawyer" in a shipload, and properly handled he will go through fire and water.

He is not always properly handled. The American officer, to generalize, probably knows his job better than the officer of any other nation; technically he is far more master of his ship than the British officer or perhaps the German. He is not as good a seaman as the British (though probably better than the German) nor does he have to the same degree the qualities of calm imperturbability and innate leadership. Too often he is a narrow man, with fixed and unassailable ideas of politics, life, and society; too often—though master of the details—he cannot see the woods because of the trees. His promotion system, based in theory on merit, does not always so work in practice; too often personal and political favoritism and the cliques inevitable to any organization

bestow the favors of rank upon the men who have served long and faithfully if not too brilliantly. On the whole, however, the better men rise to the top. But they do not rise fast enough; our flag officers and senior captains are old compared with those of other navies; far too many of them suffer from nervous or heart disabilities; to stand the great strain of heavy responsibilities they should quite clearly be ten years younger. Two basic failures in their selection and training are responsible for some of the faults of the Navy's officer personnel. One is that there is no adequate test for character either at Annapolis or in the fleet when candidates for officer material are selected; and character is the fundamental of an officer corps. The second is that at Annapolis the midshipman tends to learn to place loyalty to his class (the class of 1940, etc.) above loyalty to the Academy; this is carried out into the service and tends to confuse and befuddle the officer in other allegiances; and the average officer, though he may not know it, too often puts loyalty to the Navy ahead of the higher loyalty to his country.

To remedy these defects the emphasis upon class spirit at the Naval Academy should be broken and the midshipman taught the higher loyalties. More opportunity should be given for entrance into the Navy's officer corps from civilian life, particularly from the Naval ROTC units, and the excellent technical schools which assist in completing the naval officer's education during his career should be broadened to inculcate in him greater knowledge of social conditions and institutions and a wider grasp of politics and history.

Despite these weaknesses, the American officer compares on the whole favorably with the officer of other powers, and he has behind him the optimistic American tradition of vigorous growth and courageous victory.

The great navy yards and bases of the East Coast (in order of their operating importance) are Hampton Roads; Bos-

ton; New York; Philadelphia; the Florida area (particularly for planes); and the new base at Puerto Rico, still far from completion. Pearl Harbor, a billion-dollar investment, is now in the focus of our mid-Pacific naval activities, and on the West Coast are other important operating bases and yards at San Diego, San Pedro, San Francisco, and the Puget Sound area. In all, the Navy has more than forty bases and shore establishments.

Behind the fighting ships and the medley of auxiliaries, shore establishments, drydocks, air fields, etc., needed to support a navy is the complex of America's industry with its naval cornerstone a steel industry with an 85,000,000-ton ingot capacity and an ability to turn out great eight- to twenty-inch slabs of armor, unsurpassed by any other nation and faintly rivalled by only two—England and Germany.

In tradition and training the American Navy compares favorably with any. Our gunnery, particularly our bombing, is excellent, though we discovered (with a fortunate fillip to our competitive spirit) it was not so far ahead of the rest of the world as we thought some years ago when a German cruiser, visiting a West Coast port, permitted some of our officers and men to witness her highly successful target practice. Our fleet air arm (with which there is not space to deal here) is unequaled. Our training schedules are arduous and comprehensive, sometimes too comprehensive.

We have two weaknesses. One is the mountain of paper work beneath which the Navy struggles; there are far too many typewriters and too many routine reports in the Navy; a typical American cruiser has some 30 typewriters as compared to the one or two aboard a "limey" ship. The other is that our nervous American "go-getter" tendency makes for a lot of frenzied energy and some lost motion; the British used to have a joking saying that if they ever fought the United States all their fleet would have to do to insure victory would be to remain safely at ease in port

for six weeks; at the end of that time they could sally forth to find an American Navy exhausted by its own frenetic maneuverings. The American shore organization has been another weak point in our naval set-up; its speed and efficiency compare none too favorably with the British and German dockyards. As a whole—despite a diffusion of its trained strength in recent months by recruits, a problem which will be of increasing gravity as the Navy undergoes its tremendous expansion of the next few years—the fighting fleet is strong, well-trained, and led by an alert, intelligent, hard-headed command.

IV

This, then, is our Navy to-day. What will it be to-morrow? The expansion program as now planned calls for the construction of 368 combatant ships and some 1,770 other craft (ranging from rubber landing boats to minelayers) in addition to some 450 merchantmen by 1946-47. It is a gigantic and unprecedented program and it is constantly being expanded.

We are constructing seventeen new battleships, twelve aircraft carriers, and literally hundreds of cruisers, destroyers, submarines, motor torpedo boats, and auxiliaries of every type. As now planned, the "two-ocean navy" is to consist (it is hoped by 1947) of thirty-two battleships (seventeen new ones plus fifteen on hand); eighteen carriers; eighty-five cruisers; 325 destroyers; 185 submarines, and from 13,000 to 15,000 planes, with a vast supporting force of smaller fighting vessels and a tremendous train of auxiliaries, all manned by 500,000 men. In personnel the proposed expansion is of a similarly sweeping nature.

The expansion plans call for the construction of necessary air fields, hangars, fuel depots, ramps, the necessary dredging, construction of wharves, drydocks, coastal fortifications, etc., at all of the new bases (sites for most of which, outside our own territory, were acquired

from England). Pearl Harbor, with the network of island bases around it at Midway and elsewhere, is receiving major attention and its capacity for handling an entire fleet has been considerably increased. The exposed fuel tanks there are being put underground; a new patrol plane base on the island of Oahu is being built. The new Alaskan bases are being rapidly developed as patrol plane and submarine bases. Panama's submarine base and naval air station at the Atlantic end are undergoing expansion and new dockyards and machine shops are to be built on the Pacific end. Bases within the continental limits of the nation were generally adequate before the present huge expansion program started. Chief work still to be done is the replacement of old machine tools and equipment in most of the nation's twelve navy yards; the addition of more drydocks (including three for 45,000-ton battleships in New York) and shipbuilding ways; additional machine shops and in some instances more land for most of the important navy yards.

This then is the nation's naval armament program, which it is hoped will create a "two-ocean navy" by 1947. How does this program meet our needs? Will it provide effective naval defense of the Western Hemisphere?

V

The base acquisition and construction program of the Navy seems more than adequate to enable defense of the strategic areas of the Western world. With one major exception—that absolutely essential base on the shoulder of Brazil, linked by small connecting bases to Trinidad—the Navy is now so established that if its bases are properly equipped and defended and implemented with ships and planes the Western world will be safe. There remain of course a host of details of construction, equipment, and expansion, and with the speed of some of this base

construction there is more cause for concern. The base on Trinidad is absolutely essential to hemisphere defense and must be in operation before the end of 1941. Bermuda and Newfoundland must also be expedited. Work at Hawaii should be materially speeded, and drydocks, shipbuilding ways, and new machine tools for the navy yards must be quickly provided. Of particular importance is the provision of several floating drydocks of different sizes, built to be shifted from point to point. The fleet now has one such—the ARD 1—a small dock taking destroyers only; there should be two others of larger capacity on the Pacific Coast and perhaps three in the Atlantic; one in the northeast; the other two in the Caribbean-South American area where satisfactory drydocks are scarce.

Indeed, aside from a speed-up of construction and care in planning the details of equipment, the Navy's base program seems more than ample. (Economy of force is absolutely essential; as Frederick the Great put it, "if you defend everything you defend nothing.") Care must be taken that our base program does not become overbalanced. The Bahamas are of limited usefulness and no expensive installations should be permitted there; a safe anchorage and an emergency landing field for land planes with a ramp for patrol planes seems all that is needed. Similarly Antigua and St. Lucia if over developed will be an unnecessary luxury.

Does the Navy's program provide the proper number of ships to be operated from these bases? Military strengths are relative; we must provide and maintain a Navy large enough to cope with the present fleets and planned fleets of enemies who may be operating against us in both oceans at the same time.

Battleship construction is obviously the bottleneck of naval shipbuilding. If we can build complicated and heavily armored capital ships at a rate fast enough to keep us abreast of other powers it seems certain that the corollary

elements of sea power—the carriers, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and auxiliaries—can be produced fast enough to provide a well-rounded fleet. Taking battleships as a yardstick of naval strength, let us compare them with the battleship fleets of our potential enemies.

BATTLESHIP STRENGTHS

	<i>Built</i>	<i>Building</i>
United States	15	17
Combined Totalitarian Powers	27	8?
Japan	10	4?
Germany	8	2
Italy	6	2
Russia	3	0?

Twelve of our ships at present are fit to stand in the battle line (the three in the Atlantic could be used in a pinch but at extreme ranges they would merely serve as targets to divert the enemy's fire from our longer-range vessels); perhaps eight or nine of the Japanese; four of the German (the others are "pocket battleships," which are really armored cruisers, and very old and obsolete battleships now used as training ships); all six of the Italian, and none of the Russian (they are all old and completely obsolete ships probably incapable of crossing the ocean).

Despite the seeming superiority of these four powers in combined battleship strength to-day, that superiority is more theoretical than real. Were Germany, Italy, and Japan to ignore common sense and strip their own waters of protection, they would be able at maximum to muster only twenty ships of the line against our twelve, which would give them a theoretical 5-3 superiority against us—the very ratio (American-Japanese) which it was decided, at the Washington Naval Conference, would make it impossible for either America or Japan to carry out effective operations against the other. It is obvious that a fleet operating offensively hundreds, perhaps thousands, of miles from its bases, close to enemy bases and enemy coast, exposed to attacks by enemy submarines and shore-based aircraft and steaming through mined waters, needs a very considerable

superiority of force in order to give some reasonable assurance of victory. A 5 to 3 ratio of superiority is not enough to insure such reasonable hope of victory as the careful deliberations of the Washington Conference showed and as our high-ranking naval officers have attested on numerous occasions before Congress. A fleet at least double the strength of the enemy, preferably 2.5 to 3 times stronger in fighting strength, is desirable for such long-distance operations as an attack against the Western hemisphere would require.

Moreover, there seems little possibility that the totalitarian powers (without accretions of strength from such sources as the British fleet) could muster even such a tenuous 5 to 3 superiority. The Japanese fleet is not built for trans-Pacific operations but for work close to the Japanese Islands (ours is really the only "bluewater navy" except for England's); all of the Japanese vessels are old; few of them have been so completely modernized as ours; all are more lightly armored; only two Japanese ships are armed with 16-inch guns (as compared to our three). It seems unlikely, therefore, that Japan and Russia in the Pacific could muster at the maximum (and then only by stripping their home waters) more than a fleet of eight battleships, and perhaps two or three carriers, for operations against the Western hemisphere—operations which could not possibly hope for any success until the mid-Pacific citadel of Hawaii was reduced (an operation of months even if totally unsupported by our fleet).

This mid-Pacific Gibraltar plus our screen of bases from the Aleutians to Samoa and the great distances of the Pacific could effectively delay any attempt at serious attack by Japan, while our fleet, shuttling through the Panama Canal (which confers upon us the inestimable advantage of an "interior line" of communication) steamed into the Atlantic to meet a possible thrust there.

In the Atlantic the Axis Allies, plus a Russia virtually impotent on the seas,

might gather together at a maximum perhaps eight battleships and two carriers. Against either of these fleets we could employ the tactics of attrition—constant attack by submarines, long-range patrol planes, destroyers, mine-layers—as the enemy steamed toward the lands of the West; then at our own time of choice a fleet action in our own strategic waters, with our own naval bases nearby and our ships supported by an overwhelming preponderance of ship-based and shore-based aircraft and backed up by the resources of the greatest industrial nation on earth. Our homogeneous fleet, trained to operate together, would be opposed, at least in the Atlantic, to a hybrid collection of fighting ships of differing speeds and characteristics which put together would scarcely make a fleet. The naval odds against the aggressors in any such hypothetical case ought to be something like 2 or 3 to 1.

It seems fair, therefore, to say that our naval strength *to-day*, vis-à-vis the *present* maximum strengths of potential enemies, is adequate for defense of the Western hemisphere against those enemies. There are, of course, weaknesses—an inadequate number of carriers, not enough escort vessels for convoy work, etc., and above all our position would be materially improved were the three battleships in the Atlantic (or four, if the *Wyoming* is included) fit to stand in the battle line.

VI

What of the future?

So long as our present naval strength vis-à-vis the totalitarian powers is maintained—and this is the crux of our naval problem—we have little to fear at sea.

That ratio can be changed only in two ways: (1) if the Germans and Italians are able to seize part or all of the British fleet and that part of the French fleet which is still serviceable, and (2) if the totalitarian powers are able to outstrip us in a protracted building race.

We cannot foresee the future, and it seems idle to speculate on the possibilities

of parts of the Allied fleets falling into the hands of Germany. Were this to happen the naval ratios would, of course, be overturned overnight, as the accompanying table shows.

NAVAL STRENGTH OF THE WORLD POWERS
(In Numbers of Warships)
As of Jan. 1, 1941

BRITISH EMPIRE			
Type	Built	Building	Total
Battleships.....	16	7	23
Aircraft Carriers.....	7	5	12
Cruisers.....	62	21	83
Destroyers.....	221	18	239
Submarines.....	52	4	56
Total.....	358	55	413
JAPAN			
Battleships.....	10	*4	*14
Aircraft Carriers.....	6	2?	8
Cruisers.....	44	6	50
Destroyers and torpedo boats.....	135	10	145
Submarines.....	69	13	82
Total.....	264	35	299
FRANCE			
Battleships.....	1	4?	5
Aircraft Carriers.....	1	2	3
Cruisers.....	14	3	17
Destroyers.....	*52	*30	*82
Submarines.....	60	*25	*85
Total.....	128	64	192
ITALY			
Battleships.....	6	2	8
Aircraft Carriers.....	—	—	—
Cruisers.....	20	14	34
Destroyers and torpedo boats.....	120	12	132
Submarines.....	*94	21	115
Total.....	240	49	289
GERMANY			
Battleships.....	8	2	10
Aircraft Carriers.....	1	1	2
Cruisers.....	7	6	13
Destroyers.....	*47	?	47?
Submarines.....	*120	*180	*300?
Total.....	183	189?	372?
RUSSIA			
Battleships.....	3	0?	3?
Aircraft Carriers.....	1	2	3
Cruisers.....	8	?	8
Destroyers.....	30	*5	*35
Submarines.....	*150	20?	*170?
Total.....	192	27?	219
TOTALS FOR ALL NAVAL POWERS EXCLUSIVE OF UNITED STATES			
Battleships.....	44	*19	*63
Aircraft Carriers.....	16	12	28
Cruisers.....	155	50	205
Destroyers.....	*605	*75	*680?
Submarines.....	*545	*263?	*808?
Total.....	*1,365	*419?	*1,784?

UNITED STATES			
Type	Built	Building	Total
Battleships.....	15	17	32
Aircraft Carriers.....	6	12	18
Cruisers.....	37	54	91
Destroyers.....	159	205	364
Submarines.....	105	80	185
Total.....	322	368	690
* Estimated.			

(No deductions have been made for war damages, figures on building programs are estimates only. Japan's, particularly, may be considerably larger. She is known to have *projected* more ships than shown, but only those listed are thought to be actually under construction. Work on French ships listed as under construction probably has been halted, and a number of them, in unfinished state, were taken to African ports.)

It is, however, highly improbable, as we have already seen, that any large portion of the British fleet would fall into German hands, even in the event of a British defeat; it would be far more likely to go down in the defense of Britain, to be destroyed by its own crews, or to retreat to new bases in Canada and Singapore beyond reach of the totalitarian powers. Though unlikely, such a wholesale surrender is a possibility (the German fleet was surrendered to the British after the World War, though we must remember the British are seamen of different breed and with longer traditions than the Germans) and it must be guarded against. Our present construction program in numbers is more than reasonable long-term insurance against such a contingency. It is not wholly adequate, however, for a short-term *immediate* emergency—even though it is quite unlikely that any immediate emergency entailing a desperate all-out struggle in our own waters is likely.

We need more shipbuilding ways, greater speed in construction, and concentration in the next six months to a year on ships which can be built quickly—small submarines of standard design, small patrol vessels and escort ships (the Canadian corvette pattern, cheap, of

simple design and easy to turn out, is excellent), minelayers in quantity, long-range naval patrol planes, destroyers. We need to hasten the completion of our first two new battleships, the *North Carolina* and *Washington*. These are due for commissioning this spring and summer. Nothing should be allowed to interfere with the completion of these two ships; and the *Texas* and *New York*—if the world situation permits—might then immediately be put into dockyard hands for the work which is absolutely necessary to make them effective units of the battle line.

VII

If we must test our strength over a period of years in a shipbuilding race against the four totalitarian powers or possibly against the Eastern hemisphere, what are our prospects?

They are by no means hopeless; in fact it is distinctly possible that, aided by Canada and with the resources of the Western world to draw upon, we might outbuild the rest of the world. There is no question that such a race would be a brutal, debilitating struggle of exhaustion, but even if the totalitarian powers were able to alter the present ratio of naval strength to their advantage, the race would in no sense be a walk-away. For they have—even with all of Europe as their playground—no such seven-to-one superiority in building ways as has been so often and so glibly stated. In fact it is questionable whether they would have superiority at all.

The measure of a nation's ship construction capacity is not only shipbuilding ways; it is far more fundamentally the nation's industrial capacity. A shipbuilding yard is in essence an assembly plant; the steel forgings and castings are brought there to be machined and finished and assembled. Steel capacity, particularly (for warships) armor capacity, is in one very real sense therefore a yardstick of shipbuilding capacity. Other factors influencing that capacity are supply of machine tools and of

skilled labor, particularly of marine engineers, draftsmen, and designers. Shipbuilding ways are in one sense secondary; since a nation's capacity to erect such ways (where there are plenty of salt water sites available as in the case of the United States) is limited only by its supply of steel and skilled labor.

The United States has a larger steel capacity by far than any other single nation and, combined with Canada, almost as much as the principal nations of Europe and Asia together. Our armor capacity, doubled in the past two years, is to be doubled or tripled again in the next three, and both that and our steel capacity can be further expanded if needed. Present bottlenecks, not yet of serious import, in skilled shipyard labor and naval architects, can be, and are being, remedied by apprentice schools. Machine-tool shortages are of more serious import, since the demand for them is not limited to naval requirements alone but extended throughout the entire armament program. Nevertheless, in a shipbuilding race extending over years there seems little doubt but that all available yards could be supplied with machine tools.

What is the present and potential measure, therefore, of our shipbuilding capacity as compared with that of the rest of the world?

No precise answer can be given, because the precise facts in the case of other powers are not available. But the present estimated naval building programs of the rest of the world *combined scarcely equal our own*; our merchant shipbuilding program "Fifty Ships a Year for Ten Years" is probably exceeded only by Britain.

Nor can it be assumed that Germany, if she were to win this war, could utilize to full capacity all the ways of Europe. Many in England probably would have been destroyed or damaged (in the event of a British defeat); moreover, it is scarcely likely that the skilled workers and artisans of a defeated people would enter with energy and enthusiasm into

the service of alien masters. *Indeed, the easy and loudly voiced assumption that Germany could tap to the full the industrial capacity of the continent of Europe were she to win this war is fallacious; years of organizational effort, disciplinary control, and vast expenditures of money and energy would be required before the mass power of Europe's machines were harnessed completely to the Nazi war machine.*

With the Hog Island and World War tradition behind us, and the crucibles and forges of Pittsburgh flaring far into the nights, America need have little to fear from such a construction race.

This does not mean, however, that we can sit back complacently in the pride of past achievements. A gigantic task—our present shipbuilding program is nothing less—requires gigantic effort. We need more shipyards and more ways—another Hog Island for merchant ships, more ways for men-of-war. We need reorganization in the navy yards which will increase efficiency and loosen the deadly grip the civil service now clamps upon the yards—a grip which too often prevents the promotion of the fit and hampers the discharge of the unfit. We need more reorganization at the top in the Navy Department itself. Clearly the Bureau of Ordnance (which, however, must continue to be a bureau of specialists) should be under the newly formed Bureau of Ships; there is no substantial reason why two bureaus within the Navy Department should both have cognizance over the same kind of armor plate (depending upon its location in the ship) and should, as they have done in the past, compete with each other for that armor plate and lay down different specifications for the same type plate. Nor is there any reason why they should share jurisdiction in the installation of de-gaussing cables aboard ships.

The present ship-construction program, in so far as warships is concerned, when compared with the yardsticks of potential enemy strengths and against the background of the possibilities of to-morrow, seems therefore adequate.

The merchant-ship construction program is not adequate primarily because, while it equips us with sufficient new tonnage for the immediate future, it by no means is providing that surplus which Britain needs, and before very long Britain will require every ship she can buy, build, beg, borrow, or steal if she is to stay in the war.

Much of course depends upon the characteristics and qualities of the ships we are to build and upon the time in which we can complete them. The experience gained in the naval construction programs of the past seven years has been invaluable and construction time has recently been materially reduced. Contracts now placed call for the completion of our newest cruisers within thirty-two to thirty-three months as compared to forty months three years ago; submarine building time is now from twenty-three to thirty-three months or less as compared to twenty-nine to thirty-six months three years ago; and destroyers of more or less standard design are being built in eighteen to thirty-six months as compared to twenty-eight to forty-four months in 1938. But costs are constantly increasing and increasing tremendously and there has been too little reduction, so far, in battleship building time.

VIII

Partially because of this latter factor, partially because we started our major expansion program somewhat after the rest of the world's navies had begun theirs, *this year—the year 1941—may be the crucial naval year for this country; for during this year our naval strength vis-à-vis the totalitarian powers may be lower than at any later date.*

For the German submarine-construction program is at its peak, and the new German battleships *Bismarck* and *Tirpitz* are in service, as are the two new Italian vessels of the *Littorio* class. Japan is expected to commission two new battleships, probably of 35,000 to 42,000 tons displacement, mounting 16-inch guns, toward the latter part of the year,

for which the *Washington* and *North Carolina*—first of our new battleships—must compensate (hence one of the reasons for completing these new ships on, or ahead of time). The next three battleships, *South Dakota*, *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, representing a considerable modification of the *North Carolina* design, probably will not be ready until 1943. As our program progresses, the totalitarian powers—unless they have conquered all of the world in the meantime—should steadily fall behind in the race for sea power; if our construction lags or if there is any indication that we are not maintaining the present naval ratio—roughly a 5-3 superiority *within the waters of the Western hemisphere*, we must revise our program and hasten construction. Every effort should be made to complete the entire program by 1947, though it now seems doubtful that this will be done.

One of the factors that will make for inevitable delay will be experimentation with radically new designs. In a program of such scope new and advanced designs must be incorporated, but they should come toward the end of the six-year period—not the beginning—for new designs inevitably mean delay in construction and no delays can be permitted during 1941. Standardization of design is for the moment the watchword; the small submarines, the new destroyers, the new cruisers should be for the next eighteen months virtually duplicates one of the other. Our deficiency in aircraft carriers should be remedied, ad interim, by converting merchant liners into carriers.

Though the major burden of any shipbuilding program such as this must fall upon the United States, this country would not be wholly without help in the event of a ship construction race. Canada, which now has under construction some sixty corvettes, in addition to motor torpedo boats and other light naval vessels and merchant ships, could materially aid with the lighter type of construction; Brazil, with the help of the

United States, has developed some destroyer construction yards (they are really assembly plants, since the bulk of the material comes from the United States) near Rio de Janeiro; and Argentina has limited construction capacity.

But the South American nations could be of material aid in defending the West in a very real way. Carlos Hevia, former President of Cuba, has suggested the formation of a Latin-American naval patrol force and the suggestion is worthy of serious study. No such effort would be warranted of course were it to detract from the strength of our main fleets—the Battle Force and Scouting Force of the Pacific Fleet and the Atlantic Fleet. But the Navy now possesses a considerable number of small patrol craft, converted yachts, gunboats, old destroyers, cruisers, etc., and as more of these become available some of them could well be assigned to special duty in co-operation with the ships of Latin-American nations. Such a force might be in turn under Latin-American and United States command; the flag of the "Latin-American Patrol Force" might first fly, for instance, from an Argentine ship, then from a Brazilian, then from a United States man-of-war. Such a force should undertake the responsibility of patrolling Latin-American waters, with particular attention to all areas from the Amazon southward, and could be, in case of war involving the hemisphere, of particular utility as a scouting and information service. In this way the very considerable number of light vessels and small craft in the Latin-American navies could be employed to greatest utility and the co-operative effort would be of inestimable psychological value in forging the links of hemispheric unity, as well as in providing the pattern for a world police force—a form of international collaboration which is essential if wars are ever to be prevented.

IX

The war, the new-found might of air power, and the United States naval-con-

struction program are forcing a complete alteration in the world naval situation revolutionary in its implications. The center of gravity of naval power is shifting to the United States. And the United States, which has fostered the only really new development in naval tactics since the World War—the “carrier striking group”—is now building new ships of tremendous striking power, great strength, high speed, and long range, able to create a strategical diversion of some magnitude in any corner of the world, able, indeed, to conduct offensive operations far from base and to give that aggressive quality which any defense program must have if it is to succeed. The “carrier striking group” as used in United States fleet maneuvers has consisted of a carrier accompanied by several fast, long-range cruisers. The group, designed for detached and independent, or semi-independent operations, can strike far around the flanks and toward the rear of an enemy as preface to a fleet engagement, falling upon the enemy’s carriers and destroying them; but, perhaps even more important, it can range far across the ocean commerce lanes, destroying enemy commerce without much fear of successful opposition; or it can harry an enemy coast line.

Our projected battle cruisers and the high-speed, long range 45,000- to 55,000-ton battleships are similarly useful for more than fleet actions. The new battleships would naturally form a battle line of tremendous power, but two of the 35-knot 45,000 tonners, accompanied perhaps by a carrier and cruisers, or

several of the 26,000-ton battle cruisers (which, when completed, will outgun and outspeed every cruiser in the world) could also act as a far-ranging strategic weapon—a striking group which would force any navy or combination of navies on earth to “cover up,” to guard its commerce lanes with tremendous forces, and to retain large portions of its own fleet in readiness to repel raids by such a group. With such ships in being and capable of extended operations in European or Asiatic waters, obviously even if the Western hemisphere were fighting a coalition of enemies, those enemies would not dare to strip themselves of all (or even most) of their naval protection in order to provide a combined fleet for operations against the Western hemisphere. Ships of the new types, therefore, can do much to provide the implements for aggressive naval defense.

It may be asked of course what about the enemy? Will he not, is he not, building similar giants of the seaways? It seems quite probable that he may be, but on paper what is known of the designs of our newer ships seems to make them superior to any others in the world (with the possible exception of the German *Bismarck* and two other German battleships building). They may not of course be as fine in finished form as in blueprint dream, but even the fact that they are on paper will have a large effect on future history. A naval program such as ours is the most effective argument against a victorious Germany; built or building, these ships of tomorrow are dictators of the future.



BRITISH DEMOCRACY AND MR. KENNEDY

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

The following article, which quotes Mr. Kennedy as saying that "democracy is finished in England," is presumably based upon the report of an interview with Mr. Kennedy, written by Louis M. Lyons of the *Boston Globe* and syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance. In fairness to Mr. Kennedy, it should be stated that he has publicly repudiated that report. We think it is also fair to mention, however, that a close reading of Mr. Kennedy's repudiation, and of his later speeches and comments, leaves it doubtful whether he does or does not subscribe to the view that "democracy is finished in England." In any case, as there are certainly some people in this country who do subscribe to that view, Mr. Laski's article is pertinent and timely.—*Editors' Note.*

MR. JOSEPH P. KENNEDY is reported to have expressed the conviction that "democracy is finished in England." "Some form of national socialism," he thinks, will result from our present effort; though Mr. Kennedy does not tell us if he means thereby to imply that we shall emerge after the war with institutions akin to the Nazi system. It is possible—since the study of doctrine has never been one of Mr. Kennedy's major activities—that he means no more than a prophecy that British democracy after the war will be compelled to plan its economic life in more wholesale fashion than in the past; and his judgment may involve an identity in his mind between democracy and those rights of the economic adventurer in the period before 1933 which the New Deal, at its best, has been seeking to destroy. Until Mr. Kennedy defines his terms with some precision the real meaning of his incisive judgment is largely concealed from the outsider.

It is yet important to examine that judgment. After all, more Americans probably are interested in the fate of Britain than at any time these hundred years; and more Americans realize how much of the American future will be shaped by that fate. Mr. Kennedy, they will remember, was American Am-

bassador to Great Britain in four of the most critical years of its history. He was intimately acquainted with its leading governmental figures. He lived with great fullness that social-political life of Mayfair in which gossip at Lady Astor's, or the vivid whisper of the eminent quidnunc at the Bank, is believed to shape the destiny of the nation. He had access to all the facts; there was hardly a day when he did not telephone the President or the State Department. Few American Ambassadors of modern history have more fully or more publicly occupied the center of the diplomatic stage. If, in the light of Mr. Kennedy's intense experience; if, after seeing the reaction of London to the air raids; after watching the birth of a new spirit in Britain with Mr. Churchill's Premiership and the entrance of the Labour Party as a "full partner" into his government; if too, after estimating the significance of those great air battles of August and September, Mr. Kennedy's considered judgment is that "democracy is finished in England," there must be many Americans whose faith in the course President Roosevelt has charted for them will be shaken. Here, they will think, is a man who knows the facts; he has been at the center of things; he has the right to judge. And

his considered judgment is that "democracy is finished in England." Is not this, they will argue, the reality behind the thick clouds of propaganda which seek to obscure the truth?

And has not Mr. Kennedy's judgment been acclaimed with enthusiasm? The wireless in Germany and Italy, Communist sympathizers all over the world, the men and women who still believe that the fate of Europe, slave or free, is no American concern, have already found in Mr. Kennedy the best ally they have been vouchsafed since the fall of France. They do not tell America that Mr. Kennedy was on close terms with those "appeasers" who greeted Munich with enthusiasm and were prepared, in September, 1939, for a super-Munich; that he knows little of Britain below that level of life where peers and bankers, great editors and important politicians exchange their indiscretions. The Britain of the Labour Party, the Britain of the trade unions, the Britain of those solid little people who for two centuries and a half have governed themselves, and are dying at the rate of six thousand a month because they will not surrender the right to govern themselves—this Britain Mr. Kennedy does not know at all. Yet it is the Britain which wrought the miracle of Dunkirk; it is the Britain which has driven Goering's airmen from the skies in daytime; it is the Britain that, after London and Coventry, after Manchester and Liverpool, after Bristol and Cardiff proclaims proudly to the world that "we can take it." That Britain Mr. Kennedy left unexplored. But that is the Britain which made the democracy which Mr. Kennedy thinks is finished. I think he might have investigated its temper before he pronounced so decisive a funeral oration.

II

Mr. Kennedy, as I have said, does not define his terms. It is not easy, therefore, to be sure what he means by "democracy." I shall assume that he means a social order in which men may freely

speak their minds, freely associate for purposes they happen to approve, freely change their government when they are dissatisfied with its performance, freely insist upon an adequate response to the living and spontaneous expression of public opinion. That, at least, is the essence of democracy in America to-day. It is, I think, the essence of British democracy also. It is the rule of a representative government which lives or dies by the consent of the people. That is the "democracy" which Mr. Kennedy believes to be "finished in England." What is the evidence for his judgment?

In the realm of free speech no honest observer can seriously say that there have been any grave invasions of individual rights. It is true that the Government has immense powers over this area; it is also true that its exercise of those powers has, on the whole, done credit to it. There have been a number of cases in which the police have acted stupidly; a number also in which an over-zealous magistrate has fined or imprisoned for foolish utterances, neglect of which would have been wise. Not a few, even of these, were prosecutions of those inveterate gossip-mongers who rejoice in the retailing of exaggerated misfortune for the pleasure of the panic they spread. But pacifist and Communist propaganda go on virtually unchallenged; until recently the *Daily Worker* was permitted to explain with avid vehemence that this is a purely imperialist war and that there is no salvation outside the Soviet Union. Mr. Palme Dutt cables his passionate Stalinism to the *New Masses* without interference from the censor. Mr. Middleton Murry and his disciples show the antagonism between this war and Christianity. The National Council of Civil Liberties takes up with minute care every case in which it appears that injustice has been done; even the Minister of Information, in some ways its special target, has thanked it for its vigilant service.

There are cases too in which men have been dismissed from armament factories;

and it has been alleged that they are the victims of their Communist opinions. Some of these cases I have personally investigated; and I can testify that it is not Communist opinion,* but interference with the process of production that is the real cause of dismissal. More serious, if more complicated, are the cases in which conscientious objectors, including teachers, and the employees of the British Broadcasting Corporation have been victimized for their opinions. Here I can only say that the Departments of State have not dismissed any conscientious objector, and that Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, has publicly rebuked authorities which have taken this course. It is not an easy problem. In the Borough Council of which I am a member the employees themselves came to us to demand the dismissal of a clerk in the control room of the A.R.P. service on the ground that a conscientious objector could not do this work efficiently; and for several days it looked as though we should have a serious strike on our hands. At a crisis like this it is not easy to remember that workers with sons in the fighting forces may have as strong an objection to working with a conscientious objector as the latter has to fighting. On a balanced view of the whole position, I draw two conclusions. It is clear, first of all, that essential freedom of speech has lost none of its status; and it is clear, second, that the government is well aware that it could not attack this freedom without a public protest which would undermine its authority.

The press can make its complaints with reason. The censorship is slow, it is often stupid, and I think there are one or two occasions on which it can be shown to have been guilty of malice. But the press cannot, I think, complain that its freedom to criticize has suffered interruption. The press played a large part in the defeat of Mr. Chamberlain. It eliminated Lord Macmillan, as Minister of Information, by its ridicule. It has done a good deal to alter shelter-policy.

In finance, in transport, in the myriad problems of the evacuation it has done a great work in setting a perspective which compelled new and vital ministerial decisions.

Nor has there been interference, with one exception, with freedom of association. The trade unions play a more vital part in the national life than at any previous time; and all the big unions report increases in their membership. The Communist Party still functions both in its own name, and under those ingenious aliases in which it loves to dress itself; Mr. Pollitt tours the country, as usual, and fights every seat for Parliament where he has hopes, at least before the event, of saving his electoral deposit. The I.L.P. holds its conferences, and declares with its usual emphasis that this is a capitalist war on which every true socialist must turn his back.

The exception to this freedom is the Fascist organization. This has been dissolved by the Government, and some seven hundred members of it, including their leader, Sir Oswald Mosley, have been interned under the Defense of the Realm Regulations. I do not think this action either extraordinary or indefensible under the conditions. The close association of the Fascists with Hitler was well known. They constituted, as Quislingism has shown everywhere, a menace which no nation fighting for its life could neglect without peril. It is to be noted, moreover, that every one of the internees has been given the right to state the case for himself to an advisory committee presided over by an eminent Liberal lawyer, and that, when the danger of invasion at least temporarily diminished, many of the smaller fry were released. I should not deny that this "preventive arrest" is wholly contrary to the spirit of the Common Law; it has no defense save the necessity of the public safety. But I do not think any responsible person who reflects on the experience of Holland and Norway, of France and Belgium would doubt that the technic of Nazism requires a counter-technic

proportionate to the vileness of its habits. And, after all, let us compare the mildness of preventive detention with what would have been the fate of Sir Oswald Mosley and his friends in Germany or in the Soviet Union.

Mr. Kennedy was always interested in Parliament; I do not think he will say that its importance has lessened since the war began. It was Parliament, let us remember, that drove the Government forward to meet the Nazi challenge on the invasion of Poland; and it was Parliament which, no doubt much influenced by public opinion, brought about the replacement of Chamberlain by Churchill. The conditions of its function are naturally different with a wartime coalition than in the classic party conflicts of peace. But all the vital realities remain. Question-time is still a vivid and comprehensive examination of every aspect of administration. Ministers must still answer—as the problem of refugee internment and the tragi-comic history of the Ministry of Information have made clear—for their blunders; and they must revise those blunders if they want to stay in office. The Prime Minister—a good House of Commons man if ever there was one—still makes his almost weekly report to Parliament; no one knows better than he that he lives or dies by his power to retain its confidence.

It is true that Parliament has prolonged its own life; it did so, under even less tragic necessity than now, in the last war. It is true also that the main political parties are observing an electoral truce, so that, except for an occasional freak candidature, there are no by-elections. The reasons for the truce are obvious. The supporters of a coalition government cannot fight one another so long as they accept the main principles for which it was formed. And by-elections would be semi-farcical when millions of the population have moved from their homes, when, also under black-out conditions, the main methods of political propaganda are suspended. Imagine a great public meeting in the Free Trade

Hall in Manchester—now a blackened heap of rubble—when German planes began to drop their bombs. But no one doubts that, given victory, the people will choose a new Parliament; and no one doubts either that, on this saving condition, the new Parliament will make a new government to shape the character of Britain in the period of reconstruction.

I do not think any honest observer of Britain in wartime would say that the effectiveness here of public opinion has suffered any eclipse. On the contrary, in matters like air-raid precautions, old age pensions, allowances to the dependents of the fighting services, food policy, workmen's compensation, our relations with the Soviet Union, our treatment of the refugees (I take instances only), it has been astonishingly vigorous and determined. It could indeed be urged with truth that in those realms where, as in the case of India, British policy seems most patently defective, its inadequacies are due to the absence of a strong public opinion on the matter. No one who has watched the war closely but is aware that a government, a single minister even, who neglects the decision of a strong and resolute public opinion is lost. It was that neglect which caused the end of the Chamberlain epoch. For the fact is that, as never before, the common man is aware that he is the pivot of the war effort; he knows that it cannot be won without him.

I wish while he was in Britain that Mr. Kennedy had heard the discussions, not merely in Labour and Trade Union conferences on Saturdays and Sundays, but at an R.A.F. officers' mess, in a London shelter, or at an A.R.P. post. He would, I think, find that, as at no time since the seventeenth century, ordinary people have made up their minds that it is time they charged themselves with the care of their own destiny. Some months ago I wrote a little book on the nature of the war; since then I have answered over eighty letters from men in the R.A.F. about our war aims, many of them elaborate and detailed questionnaires. I have

never known the intellectual life of the universities more intense. The army education scheme has evoked a response which has surprised even its more enthusiastic devotees. Books like the well-known "Penguin" series sell in their tens of thousands; and the public libraries report an unprecedented demand for books on economics and politics. I have to travel about Britain a great deal; and my own experience is that as soon as one's daily paper is read, the railway coach, especially if soldiers are present, becomes almost at once a discussion of war aims and the development of economic and social democracy after the war. Symptomatic too of the public temper was the enormous interest aroused by J. B. Priestley's radio talks; only Mr. Churchill, since the war began, has had a more attentive audience; and the stuff of Priestley's talks was, above all, a passionate plea for liberal democracy.

III

Now I know, I think, as well as Mr. Kennedy that British democracy is a structure far from complete; indeed, I suspect that my interest in hastening its completion is more profound than his. There are grave inequalities in wealth; there is nothing like the equality of opportunity there ought to be; nothing can justify our slums, our defective nutrition, our distressed areas, the difference between the infantile death-rate in Mayfair and the infantile death-rate on Tyneside. We have an immense job before us in making the economic and social foundations of our democracy proportionate in depth and breadth to its political foundations.

I myself have no certainty that this task will be accomplished by consent, partly because I know enough of history to know that it has no certainties, and partly because I know that there is no subject about which men more willingly or passionately fight than questions which concern the reconstruction of a property system. If Mr. Kennedy's judgment

was meant merely to express a judgment upon the outcome of the effort we shall have to make in reconstruction, his thesis is even more interesting than the implication—which I have here examined—that what is "finished" is the political foundation of democracy.

For it is fascinating, if this is Mr. Kennedy's view, to note that he shares the extreme Leninite interpretation of Marx. He must know that no party is more wedded, in all normal circumstances, to the duty of respecting constitutional obligations than the Labour Party. It conceives of its title to reconstruct our social and economic system as built on its ability to win a majority in the House of Commons for its views; so long as it cannot obtain that majority it agrees that its socialist principles cannot be translated into action. It abides, that is, by the judgment of the people; its abiding faith is a faith of respect for representative democracy as a form of government which, with all its limitations, is better than any other form we know. From the Labour Party certainly no attack on democracy is to be apprehended. It is to safeguard democratic principles that it is fighting this war; for, having seen what Nazism does, it knows that the victory of Hitler means their destruction.

Does Mr. Kennedy then mean that "democracy in England is finished" because if Labour wins the right to organize British reconstruction the forces of privilege will turn Fascist? That is a possible view; and it is strongly urged by those new-found supporters of Mr. Kennedy, the Communist Party. If Mr. Kennedy means this, as an American democrat, I think he owes the supporters of Britain the evidence upon which he bases that view. Did he hear it from Mr. Chamberlain? Did he hear it from Mr. Churchill? Did he glean it in the "Cliveden set," whatever that be? Is it the opinion of his city friends? From this angle, if it be the right one, Mr. Kennedy, I suggest, has said too much or too little. Too much by far if he cannot supply us, who seek in Britain to safeguard

democracy, with a bill of particulars which would enable us to take steps against those among its secret enemies who have declared themselves to him; too little by far also if he can supply that bill but refrains, because of loyalty to friends, from doing so. For there can be no personal loyalties of that kind in a crisis where, if this view be right, men whom Mr. Kennedy, if he cared, could name are contemplating the necessity of a conspiracy against democracy even while they avow that they are seeking to defend it.

Or it may be that Mr. Kennedy is merely expressing the Marxist belief that a privileged class never abdicates peacefully from the possession of power; his judgment may be an inference from his historical reading. Again it is entirely possible that Mr. Kennedy is right. Against this view, if it be his, I can only say, first, that I have never known the mind of this country more open to great experiment, nor have I ever known the common people of Britain more determined upon its inception. This is not an attitude confined to the faith I hold in politics; it is voiced with vigor in the editorial columns of the *Times*—by no means a socialist organ. Mr. Kennedy could hear it if he visited us again from men of the highest eminence in the ranks of the fighting services. I have seen vital memoranda of Ministers, again not of my own political faith, which have the same emphasis. I have attended discussions with business men who agree that the real lesson of the war is the need to begin now to lay the foundations of a new social order. There is a greater chance to-day of what may be termed a revolution by consent in Britain than at any time in history. For war with Nazism has taught us—above all in the tragic fate of France—what we have to lose if democratic institutions perish; and I hope that we may take advantage of the lesson. I concede to Mr. Kennedy that there is no assurance that we shall do so. But because the prospect is a possible one I think it premature to deny its reality.

One other possibility remains. Mr. Kennedy, I gather, fears the extension of bureaucracy in Britain; the extension of official controls, I presume, is fatal to democracy. Now if Mr. Kennedy means by this that the growth of state-power—invariably in wartime—is an irresponsible growth, which develops a vested interest of its own alien from public well-being, I know of no evidence to support his view. One can, I think, draw up a very serious indictment of our civil service since the war began. It has been slow, where it should have been swift, to demand powers—above all powers in the economic realm, which were urgent; it has been gravely unimaginative and unexperimental, where these qualities were obviously called for; and it has, only too often, worked at the tempo, and with the procedure, that war inhibits and peace alone permits. Above all, I think this is true in that world of finance which is Mr. Kennedy's specialism. But if his judgment suggests that official action has been due either to irresponsibility or to vested interest Mr. Kennedy is simply ignorant of the facts. For no one who has had any intimate acquaintance with the official world but will bear witness that the delays and the procedures are the outcome of an excessive tenderness for the habits of peacetime; they are a sacrifice upon the altar of that shrinking from intervention which, for over a century and a half, business men like Mr. Kennedy have insisted is the first principle of good government.

I suspect indeed that Mr. Kennedy means by "bureaucracy" interventionism. Himself a former knight-errant of the speculative art, he may not have much affection for a world in which business men are no longer allowed to "control their business in their own way." I suspect that he dislikes wartime controls in Britain for the same reasons that he grew increasingly cool toward the New Deal, and that he has a not unnatural nostalgia for the epoch when the Lords of Creation had elbow-room for their fantastic adventures. As that future in

Britain takes shape it is likely enough that there will be no room there for the Vanderbilts and the Goulds, for the Harrimans and the Rockefellers. We are passing away in Britain from the epoch of finance-capitalism because we have learned, very slowly and very painfully, that it makes the Lords of Creation the feudal masters of a grim society which frustrates the possibilities of science and, in the name of profit, imposes restriction where there might be abundance.

IV

A visitor to Britain in these days to whom, as to Mr. Kennedy, all doors were opened could have had much of vital significance to report. Above all, I think, he could have described an ancient and proud nation renewing its spirit the more profoundly the deeper the dangers in which it was involved. He could have written of that Thermopylae which was the first stage of the Battle of Britain. He could have told Americans how ordinary people, confronted by dangers more grim than mankind has ever known, showed a capacity for heroism and endurance which, though they may have been equalled, have not been surpassed, in the historic record. He could have explained that he had learned how the spectacle of great suffering for a great principle had revealed to him why men like Jefferson and Lincoln grew ever more strong in their conviction that democracy is the only government capable of calling forth at their best the qualities of simple folk. He could have insisted that the greater the sacrifices an inspired leader asks for from his followers the more eagerly they are forthcoming, granted only that they are asked for that the fortress of freedom be defended and its ramparts made more secure. Men who felt the chains of slavery being fastened upon them could not have wrought that miracle of the little sea-craft of Dunkirk. Men driven toward the slave-state would not have gone so proudly against such odds to victory in the air.

So that when Mr. Kennedy reports, not these things, but that "democracy is finished in England," as the lesson of his four years' stay in Britain, I cannot help thinking that his judgment gives us an insight rather into Mr. Kennedy than into Britain. He might have had that view with some approach to justice when we failed the heroic defenders of Republican Spain; he might have had it once more when we handed over the free state of Czechoslovakia to Hitler and his Gestapo; he might have had it again as he met the long procession of English aristocrats returning from their pilgrimage to Nuremberg. But he began to doubt the reality of British democracy only when it took up the challenge of its foes. He discovered that it was "finished" only when it began to reaffirm its faith. The more deeply it renewed its principles the more alarmed he became for its future. He did not understand that, with a nation, as with an individual, it profits nothing to retain its whole world if thereby it loses its own soul.

What Mr. Kennedy's judgment tells us is that his faith is not ours, his standards are not our standards. We shall emerge, no doubt, from this conflict scarred and crippled; at least, as victory comes we shall emerge from it as free men. Because we cherish freedom, the price, be it never so high, seems, I think, to almost all of us comparatively a little thing. We have seen great and honorable peoples overtaken by tyranny; we have heard their agony as the chains are riveted upon them. As a people, we have proclaimed to the world that we shall perish as a nation rather than accept the servitude the enemy declares to be our lot. Inch by inch we contest the ground. It is a hard road and a long one. But we believe that in climbing it we are fulfilling a task that history has made our mission. We are proud in our hour of travail that, whatever its Ambassador may say, the President and people of the United States of America have understood, as they have greatly aided, our cause.



WHEN IT IS OVER

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

WHEN it is over—for it will be over,
Though we who watched it be gone, watched it and with it died—
Will there be none the less the yellow melilot, the white, the high sweet clover,
Close to the dusty, fragrant, hot roadside?
Oh, yes, there will!—
Escaped from fields of fodder, for there must be fodder still.

Ah, yes, but nothing will escape. . . .

Yet sweet, perhaps, in fields of fodder still.

When it is over—for it will be over—
Will there be none the less, will there be still
In April on the southern slope of an orchard, apple orchard hill,
Red-and-white buds already fragrant, intent upon blossoming?—
There will; I know there will.

But for whom will they blossom?—
They will blossom for what, not whom,
I think:—the streakèd bloom
Red-and-white, and the hardy fragrance, strong, all but visible,
almost but not quite in sight,
Long, long before its pretty petals in a May wind fall,
Will be the finished apple in the eyes of all beholding it;

I see him well: the human creature studying the only good
A tree can be—stout wood
For building or for pulp whereon to print the expedient thing,
Or, if not that, food.
He walks through the apple orchard just now blossoming,
Dismissing to the necessary, the developing, past
The present beauty and the fragrance enfolding it.



MEETING HITLER'S ARMY

BY IDA TREAT

ON June 12, 1940, the Battle of France was ending in disaster. It was one of those incredible June days when it looked as if the weather man himself had turned totalitarian and joined forces with the enemy for the push into France.

The North had fallen. German troops were sweeping south and west along the coast. Tanks and armored cars thundered over the roads of Normandy, ticking off the Channel ports like so many milestones. After Dunkerque and Boulogne, it was le Havre, Cherbourg, Granville.

On the Brittany island where I had lived so many months—ever since my husband's ship had put to sea for an unknown destination—we waited for the outcome, nerves strung to breaking, with a sense of utter isolation. No word from André for weeks; the mails had stopped. The radio too had lost its voice, but we had no need of broadcasts to know what was happening. The news flashed across country at lightning speed. "They" were already at St. Malo, "they" had reached the outskirts of Rennes. The front was rushing toward us, to our far corner of Brittany.

That June afternoon I watched our French sailors abandon the coastguard station, dumping munitions into the sea and making a bonfire of the rest—charts, flags, rockets, and instruments—before crowding into the launch that was to take them to Brest, or perhaps to England—nobody knew for certain. I also watched the soldiers of our little garrison set up their machine guns on the hillock

outside my garden wall—set them up and take them down again, with blank-faced wrath and bewilderment as the order came to stack arms and abandon all resistance.

"What are we here for anyhow?" they clamored. "For nine months you kept us here doing nothing and now there's a chance to fight you won't let us!"

The middle-aged lieutenant, as bewildered as his men, fumbled for words to comfort them. He found nothing to say except that orders were orders and you couldn't expect to hold up the German advance with a couple of machine guns and a handful of reserves. And besides, if the main French forces were beaten . . .

At that one of the gunners spoke up. I can see him still in his patched horizon-blue uniform and wooden sabots (after nine months of war, barely a dozen men of the company had received their army boots) smudging away his tears with an angry fist.

"*Mon lieutenant*, you mustn't say we're beaten. I was at Verdun. France can't be beaten like that. We've been betrayed."

For the first time I heard that cry. It swept through the ranks everywhere at the time of the Armistice. "*Nous ne sommes pas battus; nous sommes trahis.*"

All the while planes were roaring overhead. Since morning the invasion had reached our sky. Heavy bombers, each with its escort of fighters, swung in from the horizon, flying so low that we ducked instinctively every time a group passed

over. They were not for us—our little island wasn't worth a bomb, the soldiers said—but repeated explosions came from the mainland.

"What can we hope to do against all that?" the lieutenant muttered. A messenger brought him a slip of paper that he read frowning, then tugged his mustache with a sigh. "Well, *mes enfants*," he said, turning to the men, "it seems that the game is up. From now on, it's every man for himself. Those of you who can, try to make your homes while there is still time. But you have no time to lose. The Boches are at St. Brieux; they will be here to-morrow."

By nightfall, except for the lieutenant who stayed on to surrender the post, not a sailor or a soldier remained on the island. Our protectors had gone. Five hundred civilians left behind; and the enemy expected sometime within the next twenty-four hours. It was a lonesome feeling.

In the meantime there was nothing to do but wait. No one thought of running away—indeed, where could we run to? If remote Brittany was invaded, where might we hope to find sanctuary? Then too, we had seen too many refugees during the past weeks, streaming in by hundreds of thousands from Belgium and northern France, not to have learned the terrible lesson of the invasion. Whatever happened we were far safer at home than trapped on the crowded roads.

After the soldiers left, dim memories of old wars set people digging in their gardens, burying silver and other valuables and hiding trunks of linen in the haystacks. A notice posted at the *mairie* (town hall) warned us against "hostile demonstrations" and ordered us to turn in firearms and other "dangerous weapons." It resulted in an amazing collection of obsolete pistols, rusty swords, Chinese daggers, and African spears (one careful lady even included the carving knife and meat-chopper in her bundle). But I dare say whatever modern weapons the islanders owned went prudently

into the ground along with the silver. As René the postman said, "A few guns more or less won't be missed by the Germans." And grimly, "They may come in handy for us one of these days."

II

At 9 o'clock, Thursday June 13th, the first Germans reached the little port facing the island on the mainland, five miles away. The townspeople heard the thudding of motors and, peering through the slits of their shutters, saw three motor-cycles bound into the empty square. Three motor-cycles with three men in dusty green uniforms, their faces all but hidden under the heavy "dishpan" helmets. On the handlebars of one of the cycles was tied a bunch of roses. The machines drew up in the middle of the square, the men cast curious glances at the granite house fronts and shuttered windows, then one of the three swung his legs off the cycle, clumped across the cobbles to a café, and banged his fist on the closed door. It opened cautiously, the soldier raised his hand—an international gesture—thumb to his lips. "*Bier*," he said and disappeared withindoors. A few minutes later a side-car carrying an officer joined the men in the square and after a brief halt wheeled off again in the direction of the town hall. Four motor-cycles, five men in uniform—the town was "occupied."

It was fully an hour before other uniforms reached the port. This time four tanks rattled and roared through the main street and, without stopping, swung into the road toward Brest. Then followed the long procession of covered trucks—mastodons caked with dust, closed tight; but beneath the flapping curtain at the rear one caught glimpses of more green uniforms and the glint of metal. No bunches of roses here, but tied to either headlight of every truck was a French soldier's helmet and a sailor's blue beret with the red pompom. If the invaders hoped to win over the French

they made a mistake there at the outset with those dangling trophies, exhibited like scalp-locks. To the average Frenchman mockery is more unforgivable than a massacre.

Though none of us really expected to be massacred, none the less we anticipated something pretty grim. We knew what had happened to civilians in the north and refugees on the road. As it turned out, nothing took place according to our expectations. For days the occupation of Brittany was all but invisible from the island. Regiments swarmed past on the mainland but none came to us.

From the mainland came reassuring reports—apparently the Germans were making an effort to be as unobnoxious as possible. It appeared they were “correct” in their contacts with the population and everything they took they paid for—in marks to be sure, but you could change the marks for francs at any bank if you so desired. Pauline Legall, our grocer’s wife, who had gone to the mainland for provisions, told how a German soldier had carried her heavy basket all the way from the market to the pier. German soldiers had offered their seats to women in the autobus, one of them explaining in very creditable French: “We are nice people, you mustn’t believe British lies about us.” And poor Madame Petit, a refugee from Lille—her arm still bandaged from a machine-gun bullet received on the road—had to give up her bag too, much against her will, to a hulking lad in uniform who told her it had to be so. Such were the “orders.”

Orders or no orders, it was far from the treatment we had expected. In that first reaction of relief many people began saying that perhaps Germans were less black than they had been painted.

In the little port across the strait, wooden-like sentinels stood guard before the *Kommandantur*, the handsomest house in town, belonging to a wealthy ship-owner who had fled to the south. Rows of army trucks lined the quays; and sol-

diers in green clumped in and out of the stores or stood about the doors of pastry shops stuffing down tarts and cakes.

“They clean out the shop in fifteen minutes after each *fournée* (baking),” Madame Téry, the *patissière*, told me. “I never saw such appetites. Two of them will eat six big tarts between them and a dozen little cakes as well. They act as if they were famished.”

Her brother, who owns the big café on the square, said there wasn’t a bottle of champagne left in town.

“It’s the only wine they know. They lap it up like cider.” And in a husky whisper, “They drink it in the morning!” He also said if I wanted gas for my car he knew a sure way of getting it—“Twenty liters for a bottle of Clicquot—or anything that sparkles. They don’t know the difference.”

He told me too that the soldiers had already emptied the shops of perfume, soap, fountain pens, silk stockings, and silk underwear. All that they sent to Germany to their families.

“If they’ve been deprived for years—as they say—I suppose it’s only natural, but still they oughtn’t to take everything we’ve got. If they keep on I see hard times ahead,” he prophesied. “When they’ve taken all the cream, the milk will go too. Did you know they’re buying up all the butter? They fix the price at twelve francs a pound, then they go to the farmers and offer twenty. Yesterday there wasn’t a pound for sale at the market.”

We had no butter on the island either. The merchant who came twice a week from the mainland failed to put in an appearance and local merchants said shipments from Normandy must be held up somewhere. None of them came through. Signs began to appear on the shops: “No butter, no oil, no coffee, no sugar, no soap.” And at the *bureau de tabac*, “No tobacco.” It was only the beginning.

Exactly one week after the Armistice was signed I had my first direct contact

with German soldiers—in my own garden. The *garde champêtre*, our local policeman, brought two officers to inspect the former French army post next door and called at my house for the key. Two blond Aryans, with boots like mirrors—they spoke beautiful French, were stiffly courteous, played with the dog, and made polite remarks about the view. They were also particularly anxious to be shown the villa of a French journalist known for his anti-Nazi writings who had taken refuge in England.

Then, without warning, we were “occupied.” On the 3rd of July, 400 soldiers moved over to the island. A commission had come the day before, leaving sundry chalk marks on the doors of houses near the port and in the village: “1 officer, 15 men; 2 officers, 30 men.” All the hotels had their quota; the office of one of them became the *Kommandantur* for the island. Beds, mattresses, blankets, and sheets (sheets for soldiers! Did they have sheets in German barracks?) were requisitioned in the empty houses of summer residents. The troops were billeted on the townspeople; the former quarters of the French soldiers were left unoccupied. Did the Germans consider them “too filthy” or was there another reason? We already knew that on the mainland they had left the old French barracks standing empty, billeting their men in schools and private houses—a precaution against eventual British bombs. On our island the men in green were quartered within five hundred yards of the port.

“They’re scared of getting trapped away from their boats,” the *garde champêtre* confided. “They expect *les Anglais* to come over any minute!”

The launches that brought the men from the mainland crowded the little port. Beached on the sand lay rows of strange-looking craft: the famous rubber boats—elliptical rubber rings like mammoth sausages 2 to 3 feet thick, inflated and stuffed with kapok. Each had a cleated wooden floor and was big enough to hold from 30 to 40 men. The launches

had towed long strings of them to the island, bobbing over the waves like the jointed tail of some monstrous seaserpent, while the islanders looked on with skeptical grins at this regiment of Loch Ness monsters. Did the Germans expect to navigate the English Channel with craft of that sort? The launches also brought rafts in tow, loaded with army wagons and buncchy somethings hidden by tarpaulins that we took for guns. Horses too, blindfolded and held by uneasy-looking lads. For the first time the island was to be treated to the spectacle of men on horseback. Though the newcomers laughed boisterously, some of them looked quite pale; it was clear they were not used to the sea. In the group of islanders at the port the grown-ups watched them in silence, but small boys giggled and, pointing first to the soldiers and then to the sea, yelled, “Gloo-gloo-Angleterre—gloo-gloo,” and took to their heels.

No soldiers were quartered in our end of the island, the wildest, wind-swept part, overgrown with gorse and bracken, facing the sea. I might never have made closer acquaintance with the men of Hitler’s army had it not been for my cat.

III

The cat used to spend her days on the garden wall watching what went on in the lane outside. Whenever a German passed she would arch her back, cock her head on one side, and reach down a playful paw, making overtures that were invariably successful. One day I heard boots scraping on the stones and a hand in a green sleeve reached up beyond the wall. The cat gave a surprised squall, wriggled free and escaped into the farmyard across the lane where my neighbor, Alain Lebras, was splitting wood for the fire. The soldier followed the cat but when he saw Alain he promptly forgot it. Stripping off his coat, he took the axe from the hands of the astonished peasant and fell to work on the wood pile.

Now Brittany hospitality is no empty

word and a stranger who chops wood for you on a hot July day, be he enemy or friend, deserves a glass of cider. Alain filled a bottle from the barrel in the shed and brought out a couple of glasses; then, as he understood not a word of the guest's conversation, he sent his wife across the lane to ask Madame Ida to come and translate. So that was my first real contact with the Army of Occupation—in the person of one Emil Herter, private soldier in the —th Engineers, he too a peasant, from the hills near Munich. There was nothing specifically Aryan about him—he was undersized and stringy-haired with no outstanding trait of color or feature. He might even have passed for a Frenchman, Alain's wife declared, except that there was something queer about his mouth—she guessed it was too big.

The soldier had a pleasant smile, but a hard glint showed now and then in his eyes. I noticed it several times during that first conversation, which at first was less a conversation than an interrogatory. He was glad to find someone who spoke his language but—

"How do you happen to speak German? Where did you learn it? Have you ever been in Germany? When? What are you doing in this far corner of Brittany? Don't Americans speak the same language as the British?"

And where was my French husband and what was he doing? I replied that I possessed no more information than he did. My "*Mann*" was on the sea and I had had no news of him for weeks.

At that the hardness went out of the soldier's eyes and he said with a rueful laugh that he was worse off than I. He had not seen his wife and boys for nearly a year—and he had been fighting all the time, in Poland, in Norway, and just now in France. The change in the man was so sudden it was bewildering. In a breath he went on telling me what a terrible thing war was: he had been through hell in Poland, had lost all but 30 out of 140 comrades on the Aisne, had almost gone crazy sitting in the icy mud

of the Siegfried line last winter, and that if the war dragged on a second winter anything might happen, even a revolution. I made no comment at all to that. After the quizzing I had just been through, it sounded like provocation. I had yet to learn—what I discovered later—that in each German soldier there are two distinct persons: the man—a man like everyone, with wife and children and spontaneous reactions—and in addition, the Nazi—who recites a lesson. (You could almost hear the quotation marks.) The two are rarely in harmony, nearly always in flagrant opposition, and what is still more startling, neither the "man" nor the "Nazi" seems aware of the contradiction. I made the observation over and over again.

An example, by way of illustration.

"You seem to be great friends with the Italians," I said on one occasion. (I may add that I learned to avoid direct questions, for when I did, the Nazi bobbed up inevitably with an evasive reply.)

"You think we are friends? Oh, Hitler and Mussolini—yes, to be sure, they are old comrades. But as for the people—I have known Italians. They're all alike—in for themselves and what they can get out of it. Look at the way they came into the war. They've got something of the Jew and the Nigger in their makeup. But (this with dignity) of course I won't say anything against the Italians, because they are our allies!"

Altogether that first meeting with the man in green left an uncomfortable impression. Was he a creature of the Gestapo and was the cat incident merely a pretext for making contacts with the native population on our north shore? Or was not every German soldier, by definition, a potential spy and informer?

That night I heard the latch of the garden gate click and the sound of boots on the gravel. I hurried to the door. It was Emil Herter again, this time all smiles and cordiality. He greeted me like an old friend.

"I hope I'm not disturbing, *gnä' Frau*, but—" he fumbled in the deep pocket of his baggy trousers and drew out a quart bottle filled with yellow liquid. "They tell me you are short of oil on the island. One of my *Kameraden* picked up this. He thought it was white wine. It is of no use to us—perhaps you can use it."

Oil—it was the first I had seen in weeks. And a whole liter!

"Where did your comrade buy it?"

"He didn't buy it." Another broad grin. "*Er hat 's organisiert*" (he "organized" it). *Organisieren*—to expropriate. That, I learned, was the meaning of the word in soldier slang. So it was loot he offered me, taken no doubt from one of the vacant villas. He noticed my hesitation. "It did no good where it was. The people it belonged to are in Paris. Rich people who live a lot better than you. They have two houses—nobody has a right to two houses. Some of the empty villas here have cellars full of wine. And the rest of you on the island, you haven't a drop." (It was true.) "Do you think that is right?"

I had heard the soldiers were emptying the cellars of unoccupied houses. It was the first sort of looting that occurred on the island. I had not heard, however, that the wine had been distributed among the population. Could I accept that bottle of oil?

My neighbor Madame Lebras saw no reason to hesitate. Oil was oil, she said. You couldn't be too squeamish in wartime. And well, it was just so much the "Prussians" wouldn't get! She carried off her share of the bottle without a qualm, and that night at least two families on the island had fried potatoes for their supper for the first time in many weeks.

From that day on I had frequent callers. Apparently it had been noised abroad that in our corner of the island was a lady who spoke German. I suspect too that I had been listed somewhere—possibly on the lists of the *Kommandantur*—as "*Deutschfreundlich*." The men in green dropped in at all hours, walking

into garden and house as if they belonged there. At first on all sorts of pretexts—didn't I have potatoes to dig or wood to cut? At last, without the shadow of a pretext, they simply came and stayed.

All were common soldiers, the humble cogs of Hitler's great war machine. Peasants for the most part: Hans the Rheinländer, Eric, Emil, and Wolfgang from the Bavarian hills, and Karl August from the "hunger-districts" of East Prussia, struck with amazement at the fertility of our rich black soil. Johann Fuchs and Hermann Stötter, on the other hand, came from the factories of Frankfurt and Düsseldorf; and Helmut Müller from Berlin. Most of them were so like the blue-uniformed peasants who had been my neighbors all winter that it was sometimes startling. And yet there was always a difference. The "Nazi" stood ever in the shadow, like a watchful censor, particularly when two or more soldiers were present; though when the soldier came alone he withdrew almost completely and when he intruded in the conversation it came like an afterthought.

"Of course I am speaking to you *als Mensch*, as man to man. I say things I wouldn't say as a soldier. Though if I thought you were hostile to us or our allies I'd tap you on the shoulder and say 'Follow me.' If you tried to betray me I'd say, 'The woman lies.' And I should be believed, not you. A soldier's word is always taken before a civilian's—except when it's a question of rape. They're strict about that, you know."

All were eager to talk. After the months of soldiering, they said, it was good to be in a family atmosphere and forget the war. They were all in their late twenties and early thirties, with wives and babies at home—babies who had not yet seen their fathers or would not recognize them when they came home. I saw their pictures and heard how hard it was for "*meine Frau*" to keep the little ones fed and clothed. We in France were fussing over food shortages and restrictions—it had been like that in Germany for years.

"*Meine Frau*, like all the women, wears wooden-soled shoes," Johann Fuchs told me. "They go clop, clop, clop in the streets. I've sent her two pairs of leather ones with high heels, and little blue ones for the baby. And a little knitted woolly coat. We have no wool, you know, at home except for soldiers. Our 'wool' looks and feels like the real thing, but it isn't warm. They say it's made out of wood and glass."

Helmut Müller said his wife had asked for powder and rouge. She wanted silk underwear too. I said I had heard that German women were not supposed to use rouge. He nodded with a grin.

"*Das ist Propaganda*—but you know how women are. In Berlin you see lots more elegant women than here in Brittany. I have seen ladies on the *Kurfürstendamm* with their lips and nails painted blue. That is the latest *Pariser Mode*."

Karl August had sent home coffee, five pounds of it, "*organisiert*" in an abandoned shop in the north of France. He had not sent it by post—that was too dangerous. There were a lot of new people in the post office who stole half of what passed through their hands. He had given it to a comrade who was going home on leave.

"Maybe he'll take part of it, but at least he'll leave something for my wife."

Helmut Müller had been married for four years but he had only one child. Was that not exceptional? I asked. I thought Germans went in for large families. He laughed goodnaturedly.

"*Das ist auch Propaganda*. What good are children when you can't feed them? My wife says she won't have another, not for a long time."

In Helmut's wallet, together with the photographs of his wife and boy, were three or four others—pictures of girl friends, he said.

"Haven't you a good many girl friends for a married man?"

"But soldiers are men," he answered, "and when you are months away from home . . . Though our army is strict.

You're not supposed to—well, have relations with any woman who isn't a professional." That was for reasons of hygiene, he assured me, since France, as everyone knew, was rotten with venereal disease and the army could keep a careful check on "professionals." But there was also another reason. "The girl might have Jewish blood and you'd be responsible for another Jewish baby. You've got to think of the Race."

"I suppose you couldn't imagine losing your heart to a Jewish girl?"

The Nazi glint that had shot through Helmut's blue eyes when he said "Jew," went out like a candle-flame.

"Oh but I have!" he said ecstatically. "*Liebe*—love doesn't obey laws. Do you know what *Liebe* is? She was a fine girl too," he went on dreamily, "but"—and his voice hardened again—"I saw to it that there weren't any children."

The men in green had much to say on the Jewish question. That is, they all said the same thing, quoted verbatim from the Nazi lesson book: the Jews had plotted to dominate the world; they held all the democracies in their grip; they were responsible for the war and all the misery it caused; they were vermin that had to be destroyed.

Karl August said he thought some Jews were decent people just the same. There had been a man in his town, a rich Jew who kept a store. He gave land for a school for backward children, lent horses to break the ground for the foundation, and paid for the labor. A nice man, but when Hitler came to power, he had to go. "The good ones have to suffer for the bad."

In general, our conversations steered away from politics. That, I gathered, was forbidden ground; besides, all the necessary thinking on such matters had been done by the author of *Mein Kampf*.

Even talkative Helmut was chary of expressing his views before a comrade. That attitude of mutual distrust was characteristic. It looked as if the famous *Kamaradschaft* were purely superficial—a thing commanded and imposed while

underneath it was every man for himself. It seemed as forced as the "spontaneity" of the soldier choruses that rang from one end of the island to the other as the men marched by. "*Singen!*" shouted the *Unteroffizier* and the song rang out, as timed as if he had ordered, "Fire!" I never heard soldiers sing unless they were ordered.

Yes, there was a curious lack of solidarity among these brothers in arms. One day I saw three soldiers drinking together at a café in the village. One of the three was noisily drunk. He announced to the room that he was going home on leave. "I'm going to-morrow and I'm never coming back. Never, you understand. The *verfluchter Krieg* can go on without me!"

His friends did what they could to calm him. They looked uncomfortable and kept casting uneasy glances toward the other customers, all of them French. At last their companion got to his feet, reeled over to the bar and demanded more cognac. It was refused him, whereupon the soldier fumbled at his belt, dragged out his knife and made threatening passes at the barman's belly. The other two soldiers sprang up from their table—we expected to see them lay hold on their friend and lead him off to bed. Instead of that, they dashed out the door and returned with an officer. The Frenchmen present were dumfounded. Give over a comrade to an officer—the traditional enemy! Such a thing, they said, could never have happened in the French army.

Though the Germans drank heavily, one saw fewer drunken soldiers than might have been expected. Drunkenness on duty was severely punished; to be drunk in public was only slightly less serious, the soldiers said, because of the bad impression it gave the French. After the first novelty of drinking wine wore off, the men said they fell back on beer and brandy, by preference. They couldn't stand the wine; it gave them rheumatism. But it may have been the damp sea air—and the wettings they got

in the Channel during rehearsals for the invasion of Britain.

IV

These invasion rehearsals went on daily, all along the coast. Before day-break launches towing strings of rafts and rubber boats set out to sea; then, sheltered by a smoke screen, they made their way back again and the troops took the island by storm. The summer was warmer than usual, but the water along the coast was always cold—colder than any he had ever felt, Hans the Rheinländer said. The men shivered in their drenched fatigue uniforms—coarse white cotton drill—on top of which they wore all their military equipment plus a life preserver.

The military command had requisitioned all the life preservers of the region and all the rubber boots (most of the fishers I knew had buried theirs rather than hand them over). All through July and August rehearsals went on, alternated with swimming lessons on the one beach of the island. Civilians had been warned to keep away from the spot they were "attacking"; but everything the soldiers did was clearly visible from the heights above the shore.

When the men first came they told us that September first had been set as the date for the invasion of Britain. Later, they said it had been postponed until the 15th. About the 15th, however, something disastrous took place. We never learned the particulars—the soldiers themselves were no better informed than we. But something dreadful, they said, had happened. Both they and we had heard that British planes bombed transports near Brest and St. Malo. Had there been an attempt at invasion or only another rehearsal? We knew that there were many victims—the figures the soldiers gave us varied from 10 to 50 thousand. For days, parties scoured the coast at low tide hunting for bodies. Fishers from Granville said fishing was interrupted for ten days on the Normandy

coast because of the number of corpses washed ashore. We heard they were burned as soon as found. We heard too that the bodies that came ashore were already half-burned, and the story circulated that British planes had sprayed the ships with oil and then dropped fire bombs. What seemed more probable was that the bombed ships were oil burners and that the oil from their tanks took fire. Rumor no doubt exaggerated the story, but it was clear that something serious had taken place. For then it was that the date for the invasion of Britain was again postponed—this time indefinitely. It would not take place before spring, Helmut Müller said.

He had already told me of the plan of invasion as he knew it. The British ports and coast defenses were first to be destroyed. A strip of coast fifteen miles deep had to be completely razed and when British airports had been rendered useless and the RAF wiped out, the Germans would enter England "as easy as walking into butter." But the British ports still stood and every day we had proof that the RAF was alive and active. British airmen repeatedly bombed Brittany airports from which German planes left nightly for raids on Britain. The beacon that used to sweep our sky to guide the returning Stukas was soon extinguished. Then the bombers ceased to roar overhead on the road toward Britain. At last only reconnaissance planes passed over us—sometimes German, sometimes British. It looked as if the German raiders had retreated inland to safer quarters.

"Their aviation is strong," Karl August murmured, squinting up at a plane that passed out at sea, so high it was barely more than a silver speck in the afternoon sky. "I think Hitler himself underestimates its strength."

He told me that of course, if worse came to worst, they would have to use poison gas for the invasion. Indeed, every indication pointed to the fact that *Gift Gas* would decide the Battle of Britain. "No need to be squeamish; the

Poles used it—they got the gas from the English. It's unfortunate though that the prevailing winds over Britain blow from the west. That's the trouble with gas—you always have to wait for a favorable wind."

The men pointed to the barges that for days during late August and early September crept cautiously along the coast. Some of them were painted with fantastic streaks and patterns, white on black. ("Night camouflage," Johann Fuchs explained.) "We're going across on those things, packed in like herring. We've gone through fire—now they're going to drown us. Gloo-gloo!" they laughed, but the laughter rang hollow.

During all the talk about invading England I heard not one word of enthusiasm. At times the "Nazi" recited the lesson heard that morning (every morning, the men received *Unterricht*, an official commentary on the war situation, given by an officer): "No weapons can stand up to ours—our Stukas, our tanks, the ground mines that explode waist high and scatter 3,000 bullets, the thermite bombs that melt concrete and steel. We'll wipe out England in three weeks."

So spoke the Nazi, but first the sea must be crossed; and the sea filled every man with apprehension. Comments were gloomy.

"Our generals are all landmen, they don't know the sea. They don't take it into account. But they won't stop for that. What does it matter to them how much it will cost in men? Do you know what a German soldier is, *gnä' Frau*? He's a post card, that's all. When he gets killed send another post card! Another man takes his place." And again, "When I think of all I've been through—it's a miracle I'm still alive. If I've got to risk drowning on top of all the rest I'd like to blow out my brains now. If they send me to England I tell you I'll do it."

Always that haunting temptation of suicide. It ran through their conversations like a *leit-motiv*. And there were

suicides among the German troops in our neighborhood, almost an epidemic at one time (seven in one week, Helmut Müller told me). Though that came later, when the news of the British bombing of German cities first leaked out.

Were there no seamen in Germany? the Brittany sailors wondered. "Not one of these fellows knows how to handle a *canot*," they said. It was only too true. The Germans had gathered up all the launches along the coast and shattered them on the rocks during their rehearsals. They lay under water at high tide, their engines coated with salt. Of all the motor craft belonging to the island only one remained seaworthy, and when the weather grew stormy French seamen were requisitioned to run it.

The restrictions the Germans imposed on sailing craft threatened at one time to hold up fishing all along the Brittany coast. It came about in this way: One day at sea two fishers from the port on the mainland met a British submarine. It hailed them in a friendly fashion, the Britishers bought their fish for a generous sum, and treated the men liberally to drinks. They returned, delighted with their adventure, and boasted of it openly. Within a few days everyone on the coast had heard the story. Almost at once fishing restrictions were posted: "All boats must anchor daily in the same place, at the same hour. All boats must leave together at the same hour daily and fish in a square not over 500 yards in width and not over five miles from the coast."

The notice met with scornful laughter. "What about the fish? Have they too been notified?" For several days the fishers sulked. Then, mysteriously, the notice disappeared and soon afterward the boats went out singly as before. Each carried two flags, the French tricolor at "half-mast" beneath the white flag of the Armistice. Those who neglected to do so risked being shot at. The boats had to be back in port at sundown, and the men's papers were always carefully scrutinized when they went

ashore for fear a British agent might have slipped in among the crew.

The Germans kept a careful lookout for Britishers. All through August and September they expected them constantly. As many rumors circulated among the German troops as among French civilians. One night, according to Hans the Rheinländer, the troops on the mainland sat all night at their guns waiting for their arrival. A launch set out with a messenger to warn soldiers on the island. But the messenger met a rock on the way, narrowly escaped drowning, and spent the rest of the night up to his waist in water waiting to be rescued. One more launch was added to the wrecks along the coast.

On the night of the 19th of September—it was a dark, rainy night—three men landed with a rowboat on the north shore of the island and stopped at René the postman's to ask for food and something hot to drink before pushing on to the mainland. They declared they were French sailors returning from England, but their French was queer, René said, and they inquired very particularly about German patrols and where they could best land without attracting attention. They may have been British agents, although René suggested they might even be Germans, posing as British to see how the islanders received them! In any case, they got a cordial reception, were fed and warmed and helped on their way, and we heard nothing more of the matter, though from then on German patrols stopped at houses from time to time on their nightly rounds and searched them thoroughly.

V

Every week or so British planes showered us with leaflets, some from the Free French forces telling us to keep up our courage, others warning us to stay away from airfields and concentrations of German troops. We were forbidden to read them under penalty of fines and imprisonment. Only children under ten

were authorized to pick them up and they were supposed to turn them in at once to the German authorities. However I doubt whether a single sheet ever found its way to the *Kommandantur*. The leaflets passed from hand to hand and ended at last in the kitchen stove.

So far we had been allowed to keep our radio sets, though from time to time the rumor circulated that they were to be taken from us. One day, late in September, the *garde champêtre* brought news that the Germans had called them in. We were ordered to carry them to the *Kommandantur* that afternoon. However, Wolfgang, the Bavarian, who accompanied the *garde*, made a reassuring gesture behind the Frenchman's back.

"We are only going to choose ten of the best for ourselves and give the others back. Don't bother to turn in yours; it might be taken."

The radio was our greatest comfort in those days, and though listening to British broadcasts was strictly forbidden (fines and prison as always), no one I knew listened to much else. We never admitted the fact, though the soldiers asked us repeatedly if we knew what the BBC was saying. Karl August advised me not to miss the musical programs from England. "Theirs are always so gay. Ours are dismal—solemn music, just like a funeral. All you have to do is tone down the loud speaker between numbers so people outside won't hear English spoken." Karl August wasn't the only one to express grudging admiration for the British radio. "It's unbelievable," Helmut Müller said. "Here they are getting blown up every night and yet they go on singing and dancing and playing jazz just as they always did."

When British planes began bombing German cities I learned a surprising fact about German soldiers and the British radio. Johann Fuchs dropped in one afternoon, very much excited.

"Have you heard? The British have bombed Berlin—they have hit *Unter den Linden*. The *Potsdamer Bahnhof* is on fire, the *Lehrter* station too. One of our

men saw it; he came back to-day from *Urlaub* (leave). So it's true what they say!"

"What who says?"

"The British radio."

"You listen to British broadcasts?"

"Of course we do. It's forbidden of course, but a soldier can do anything. *Ein Soldat macht was er will!* Our radio tells us nothing. They're keeping things from us."

The news of the bombing of Berlin upset Müller even more than the others. His wife and boy were there. He told me of a soldier who had received a letter saying his family had been killed in a bombardment and who had shot himself. There was a rumor that the German censor intended to hold up letters to keep bad news from leaking out. If so it was "*gemein*" (a dirty trick). "First they said no British planes could ever get through to Germany. Then they said they'd never fly over Berlin. Now they say British bombs aren't worth anything—they don't do any harm." All that was nothing but lies—and it too was "*gemein*." He told me the soldiers had started a petition asking to be informed what places had been bombed and who had been killed. He said later it had been refused. "They say it would be giving information to the enemy. As if the British didn't know what they had bombed and where!"

VI

In the meantime the war showed no signs of ending. The soldiers grew depressed. Hitler had promised it would all be over by Christmas, but no one believed it any longer. Even the French were better off than the German soldiers. The French were conquered but many had come home to their families, whereas the Germans had not seen theirs for months—and who knew when they would see them again? They were fed up with the war. Hans the Rheinländer put the general feeling into words.

"Only ten thousand people at most,

in all the world, ever want war—the people high up.” Of course the British were to blame and the Jews. Germany never wanted war, Germany wanted justice and a new order in Europe.

“Naturally we’re not free, not as you understand freedom. Everyone has to go wherever he is sent and do whatever he is told. Sometimes we feel uncomfortable—those of us who remember the old days. But our children won’t know anything but this and they’ll think everything is perfect. Of course after the war things will be better. Hitler says things will be better. Only we never thought the war would last so long.”

Talk about the war grew increasingly bitter. Why should Britain stand always in the way of German hopes and plans? “What made her interfere when we went into Poland? Someone had to clean up Poland.” That experience in Poland had been a nightmare. All the soldiers said the same thing about it—it wasn’t war, but sheer butchery. Guerrilla warfare is no warfare, it isn’t “honorable.” That was the way the Poles fought—they all took part, even the women and children. “They shot at us from windows and trees and behind walls; you never knew where they were. We waded through bogs. I lost my gun four times—all I had left was a knife. I was all covered with blood like a butcher. A barber cut the throat of one of my comrades he was shaving. We tied the man to his chair and threw a grenade under it. The women were the worst of all. We had to do dreadful things, but the Poles were to blame. They fought like savages. War is for soldiers, not civilians. A German is an *edler Mensch*. He fights in uniform.”

Now they were in France. They had beaten the French, but the French didn’t seem to know they were beaten. They were a funny people.

“I guess you don’t realize how nice we’ve been. We could have done what we did in Poland. You ought to be grateful. You don’t know what war is. Your women run a mile when they see

us, the children too, though you know how fond we are of children. Why don’t you like us?”

I was asked that question many times. For it was true, ever increasingly true, the French population had no love for the invaders. French and Germans were two parallel and hostile worlds. There was almost no interpenetration. Sailors who had come home from England after the first shock of the Armistice regretted their return openly. I had to explain and explain again to the neighbors my own contact with the German soldiers. Their continued visits were embarrassing. Madame Lebras, who from the first had done what she could to help me—dropping in with her knitting every time she saw a green uniform enter the garden—defended me with energy.

“What can she do? They just keep coming, and she can’t throw them out. They are the conquerors.”

By this time summer had gone. Since July a wall of silence had shut off occupied France from the rest of the world. Still no news from my husband—already five months. No news from my sisters or friends in America. No hope of mail except from rare friends who had not fled to the south and “family post cards” which the Germans had at last allowed us to exchange with unoccupied France. The cards were printed forms like the ones I used to receive from André, “somewhere” with the Fleet. (“Health . . . Send me . . . Sentiments . . .”) For these “family post cards” the careful Germans had thought out all the details of our correspondence in advance and specified even the greetings.

They ran as follows:

CARTE POSTALE	
.....in good health	We are without news of...
.....tired	since.....
.....sickis sick
.....very sickvery sick
The family.....is.....died.....
.....is leaving.....	I need { baggage
on.....	{ funds
.....has started	{ provisions
school at.....	
Affectionate greetings	Signed.....
Kisses	

Ever since August food conditions had been growing steadily worse. We now had ration cards for bread, meat, sugar, coffee, soap, fats, and fuel; but the cards did us little good, for with the exception of bread flour, few supplies came through. Our "coffee" was roasted barley. No soap or oil had been on sale for months. What sugar we obtained (1 pound a month) was in the form of stony cubes of a mysterious substance, vaguely sweet, that blackened the wooden pestle when crushed. We suspected the Germans of taking our good sugar and replacing it with an *ersatz*. Meat too was scarce since butchers were now forbidden to buy sheep and cattle from the farmers. There was even a shortage of salt—the baker mixed his dough with sea water and we used sea water to salt our soup.

The soldiers blamed the blockade for the food shortage; once more it was the fault of the British. No one believed them. We knew where our butter, eggs, and potatoes went and who was buying up the sheep and cattle and shipping them out of the region. And while we lacked for food, the soldiers' canteen was stocked with good things: jam, coffee, ham, sausage, butter, cheese, and eggs. We peered in enviously through the windows, but were not allowed the sight for long—the Germans painted the panes.

The soldiers always claimed their rations were inferior to those of the French army. In theory, it was probably true. They received but one hot meal a day, stew and bread at noon. For breakfast and supper they had bread and coffee. However, this was conquered France and the bread was white, while with it went a big chunk of butter and ham or sausage and cheese. What was more, the soldiers had money to spend for extra food. They received 2 marks (40 francs) a day, eighty times as much as French soldiers were paid. The Germans were supposed to have ration cards for what they bought in the shops and to take their turn in the lines that waited outside for provisions. Yet I never

heard of a soldier presenting tickets at a shop and never saw one standing in line. They always walked in ahead and were first served. Who could prevent them?

At all hours of the day you saw them eating. Apparently their appetites knew no bounds. However, even food lost its novelty for them. They were not happy. We could see that. They had come to Brittany keyed up for the invasion of Britain. The invasion had not taken place—their morale was sagging.

Once the autumn storms began the invasion rehearsals had been almost completely abandoned. As a substitute, intensive drilling took place on the village square and on the rifle range that had been leveled at one end of the island. On the village square groups of new recruits—lads in their teens (none of them looked twenty)—practiced the goose step—a spectacle that convulsed the islanders. Four in a row, they held one another by the waist like chorus girls, to keep from tipping over backward as they flung their legs in the ataxic kick that always seems about to detach them from the trunk.

Was this sufficient to keep old soldiers busy and contented? Apparently the powers that run the German army did not think so. So it was that one afternoon late in October I received a delegation—Karl August, Hans the Rheinländer, Johann Fuchs, and Helmut Müller. All were wearing brand-new uniforms and long winter coats that flapped in the wind.

"We're going home," Karl August shouted, "going home on leave. Maybe we'll still be there for Christmas. After that, they say they're going to send us east, to the eastern front."

"The eastern front?"

"Yes, to Bulgaria—or some place like that. It will be warm there anyhow."

"So you're not going to invade England?"

They beamed happily.

"Oh of course, next spring. But we'll be gone. The others will have to do it."



A SOBER WORD ON THE DETECTIVE STORY

BY HARRISON R. STEEVES

I READ detective stories. I read them and I enjoy a good one. I can tolerate a mediocre one. I am strong-minded enough to put down—or to throw down—a poor one; and there are countless such. And I have read enough of them to wonder why they interest me; for I have little actual respect for the art. I cheerfully concede that I peruse ten quite worthless books for every reasonably good one; and at that I try to pick my writers. At least I keep a black-list of the duds. It saves time and expense.

For run-of-the-mill readers this confession of corrupt taste might be an innocent one, or at least an excusable one. But I am an accredited apostle of culture; for I am a college professor, and a professor of literature at that. That's quite another thing, isn't it?

Or is it? So far as I know, my occasional wallow has never affected my interest in or my judgment of "respectable" literature. "Lear," "Lycidas," *The Portrait of a Lady*, *Growth of the Soil*—all these work the same powerful magic as ever—in spite of my having discussed them for years with undergraduates. No, I think I've not been soiled, nor my intelligence reproached. And for the waste of hours in a confessedly idle pursuit, of course some hours were meant to be wasted. I'm neither sorry nor humble about it; nor am I proud.

I am intellectually interested, however, in my tolerance; and I should like to account for it in some reasonable way, and with a less glib explanation than "escape," which explains nothing. In

the first place, escape must be from a stupid or depressing scheme of life into an imagined world more roomy or more roseate. But the professorial job is for me neither stupid nor depressing. I like an occasional change from it, to be sure, but I can get that in many and various ways. In the second place, escape must be, or should be, to desirable latitudes in the world of fancy; and the doings and interests of detectives, amateur or professional, would be my last notion of an agreeable way of life. If I actually sought escape on one of the lower planes of literary interest, I ought to be attracted by the "Westerns"; for as a scene the West is for me (an anchored Easterner) a breathless emotional glory. But a story set in that scene I find invariably as arid as its physical background.

No, escape has little to do with the matter. I cheerfully admit the "escape" motive in the crotchet that divides my interest with the detective story—books on strange and out-of-the-way corners of the world. Tibet, Greenland, the Australian wilds, desert China, the reaches of the Amazon—they and their denizens perennially fascinate me, and I know why. It is because they are the farthest extreme from the seemingly tame and ordered life that civilization has wished upon me. But the detective story doesn't interest me in that way at all. I have no feeling whatever toward detectives as a class; it takes an extremely good crime (not necessarily a sensational one) to draw me beyond the

column-head of the daily paper; and I have only an academic interest in the genesis and psychology of the inordinate social aggressions.

I can tell you the state of mind in which I read detective stories, but I am not sure that that answers the question why I read them. They seem an unforgivable waste of time when my mental energy is high. When it hangs in a loose loop they can interest me. After dinner, at the end of two or three days of scarcely remitted work, when conversation is an effort and company a tax, they have their use. They go well in an armchair, with tobacco sufficient, and preferably with one's feet well elevated. Of course the final fifty pages should be read in pajamas. They are the best preparative in the world (except perhaps the story portions of the Bible) for thoughtless, unburdened sleep. For me, then, detective stories are a narcotic, mildly stimulative, to be taken as a rule when productive energy is low and discrimination more or less deliberately put aside. I can read them also in vacation intervals when idleness is virtue.

But if the mood in which I can read them is one of conditioned irresponsibility, I must nevertheless, as a "professional" reader, so to speak, allow my critical judgment and my self-respect their day in court. I am not sure, however, that defense is necessary for readers who have no reputation at stake and who take their detective yarns without qualms. And I am seriously interested in what detective stories give them.

When I speak of detective stories, of course I mean detective stories; not melodramatic crime stories nor clap-trap mysteries nor international spy stories with the thin thread of a sinister plot running uncertainly through them; nor miracle stories, not even when the miracle can be substantiated in the pharmacopoeia or the purlieu of the criminal courts. I mean stories in which a respectable problem of identity is presented to a respectable intelligence with, by preference, of course a modicum of liter-

ary intelligence in the writing and, if one is lucky, even a touch of literary grace above the mere needful trickery of the performance. Such stories have had good readers. We are told that bishops and Supreme Court justices have shared the weakness for them. That doesn't sanctify the weakness or give it more than a fictitious dignity, but it helps to make it critically intelligible.

Curiously enough, the taste for detective fiction (like that for chess and for great claret) seems to be all but exclusively masculine. To the best of my memory I have never met a woman who turned to it recurrently for sensation, escape, solace, amusement, or drug. Apparently there is something in the type that is foreign to women's minds or to their sympathies. Or perhaps their common sense revolts from its transparencies. Yet women are great readers of fiction, and possibly by mental constitution better readers of the novel than men. And women probably digest much of their usable philosophy in the very assimilable form of fiction; for a deserving novel demands some thought upon aspects of conduct and social responsibility that are not centered in one's own experience.

But fiction for women seems to require a distinct and significant animating idea. That is true, I think, even on the lower levels of wishful romanticism. There may lie the reason why the run of men—I don't of necessity mean cultivated readers—have to have their own kind of fiction—not that they are too busy or too tired to do "serious" reading, but that action, physical or mental, presented to them in relatively simple and static terms, has more appeal than subtler questions of ways of living presented through serious though fictitious cases. Men read the detective story largely for the reason that it does not have to be taken seriously. Probably women decline it for exactly the same reason.

Yet women write them! That doesn't alter the fact that (within the area of my

own knowledge) women don't as a rule read them. And if there is any explanation to be made of their writing them, and sometimes writing them extremely well, I am inclined to put it down to the simple fact that in any kind of good-humored trickery any clever and thoroughly intent woman can put it over any man, any time.

II

The absence of seriousness in the detective story is apparent first of all in the nonchalance, or even the sardonic humor, of the attitude it takes toward crime, and in its habitual compromise with retributive justice through the hundred and one expedients which will save from the gallows the perpetrator of an offense which has any colorable sanction. This indifference to moral intention, however, seems to me a small matter. A literary *divertissement* can, as Lamb pointed out, dispense with moral consistency.

There is a sense, however, in which detective fiction is more culpably unserious; and that is in its almost unvarying failure to evoke the emotional atmosphere of the situation that surrounds a considered crime from the birth of motive to the last heavy moments of expiation. And that failure is noteworthy because it is artistic failure. Of course the rules of the form prescribe that the animus of the detective's search be intellectual, not moral and not sentimental; yet the fact remains that most of these stories seem to flourish in an emotional vacuum, and that fact would seem at the very outset to come perilously close to barring them from the realm of art.

But why, you ask, do we need to drag art into the discussion of an essentially artless form? That question itself begs another question. *Is* detective fiction necessarily artless? My guess is that the early writers of it—Brockden Brown, Poe, Wilkie Collins—did not believe so, for their stories have emotive force. And the embroidery that has been expended upon recent stories of the type at least shows a sense of this insufficiency,

though with less happy because less integral effects. The widely expressed contempt for the type is not altogether "high-hat." It must come from knowing readers who expect a few of the vitamins which good art should afford. And once in a while, once in a long, long while, the detective story provides them. There are, I insist, a few actually classic detective stories—at least a dozen or a score. They are not artless. Still more importantly, they are not inartistic; and an inartistic work is simply one which fails to realize the proved potentialities of its form.

Possibly it is a corollary to the last remark that a work of art must accept also the limitations of its form—if that form is clearly defined. We don't look for Matthew Arnold's "high seriousness" in the *Ingoldsby Legends*; nor can we normally expect great revelation within the prescribed confines of the *genre* we are considering. Yet the mystery tale can be good art, at least in those respects which are elemental for any work of fiction. We should be allowed to breathe the real air of real places, feel the charm or the pressure of a distinct local life, hear the stir and play of agreeable conversation, and savor the everyday emotions. Above all, we can ask that the story be inhabited by convincing human beings, doing things that human beings do. Indeed I know of no first-class detective story in which the exigencies of a special complication are not managed with all-round literary competency—and with the air of social truth.

So far as the detective story is deficient in these clear requirements of good art it is deficient in fundamentals. And that deficiency in organic or "functional" art is intensified for the good reader's consciousness by an increasingly disturbing use of every sort of irrelevant and trivial appliqué art—glitter, gratuitous flippancy, meaningless wit, and conventional beautification. This is no depreciation of decorative purpose, but merely a reminder that art must be *in* a work, and not *on* it. Much, needless to say, of

this æsthetic frivolity must be blamed upon commercialism. In a "sellers' market," the economists tell us, the goods produced are likely to cheapen. Even the author of *The Middle Temple Murder* and the authoress of *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* have at times fallen victims to their own industry.

I doubt that the particular principles of this art, however, are as tightly formulated as some of its sponsors would have us believe. I have in mind at least three pronouncements—*ex cathedra*—which tell us what a detective story can and cannot be. And I have seen almost all these principles profitably ignored. In E. C. Bentley's *Trent's Last Case* three points of the law are violated: the detective is defeated in his inquiry (which we are told should never be); the effective clues to the criminal are not plainly planted, or rather not at all (and that, it is said, is sheer dishonesty); and there is no readable motive for the crime, though there is a triumphantly reasonable explanation—after the fact. But in spite of these presumed irregularities (and despite the fact that the story belongs to the past generation) I have never followed a plot with more urgent interest, and never been more utterly delighted with the brisk travel of incident, with the clear picture of a credible society, and with the deftness and the logic of the conclusion. That is as it should be: the critics cannot tell the writers the rules of the game, for all rules in art (as the best critics themselves have told us) were made to be broken. And in a form so wholly dependent as the detective story upon ingenuity and surprise the bout between the writer and the reader must be catch-as-catch-can.

It is still a step or two to the determination of what goes to the making of a good detective story. I am convinced, however, that it is all but impossible to offer any confident judgment upon that question; for while baseball-fans and Dadaists and Muggletonians have firm collective convictions, the detective-story readers are not only many but formidably

varied. All discussion of preferences is ultimately reduced to the question of what one likes because he looks for it, and there are many types within the type, as well as authors, to choose from. So any statement of preferences that I can offer must be invidious. I might add to the three or four works that I have mentioned in passing, Anthony Berkeley's *Trial and Error*, Margery Allingham's *Flowers for the Judge*, Percival Wilde's *Inquest*, Frances Noyes Hart's *Hide in the Dark*, Dorothy Sayers' *Nine Tailors*, and perhaps—with a conscious bow to tradition—Conan Doyle's *The Sign of the Four*. I have named books, not authors, for I have read some pretty unsatisfactory stories by most of these writers. And my omission of Dashiell Hammet, S. S. Van Dine, H. C. Bailey, Michael Innes, and a dozen others has no particular point, because I simply refuse to stand behind my preferences as a selection of the "ten best." They are not; they are stories that I like, and I know why I like them. The most erudite fan I know refuses to share all these likings and rates highly things that I have thought stupid or affected or weakly put together.

All of the stories I have mentioned except Doyle's, and—yes—Fletcher's *Middle Temple Murder*, are definitely more than well-made detective yarns. There is some breath of humanity, some charm, some wisdom of the world, even a quaint rarity of situation in *Trial and Error*, that proves the writer's possession of the literary sense. Beyond that, they are all literately and competently written. If there is no formula for success in those very general considerations, there is at least a refuge for the reader's self-esteem.

III

Yet if it seems impossible to find a common denominator for the preferences of detective-story readers, the question still persists: Why do you and I read these things? Why, particularly, when we know the formula so well, and when

the studied variations upon the inevitable theme only attest the limitations of the theme itself? We know they are agreeable rot, in the main. If they may be proficiently written, they are usually not. We seem, like the patient two outside the gates of Heaven in Dunsany's play, to reach toward that slow-motion shower of empty beer bottles in the agonizing hope that one, by unthinkable good luck, may be a full one.

Perhaps the first reason for the acceptableness of the detective story is its relative brevity. No distinctive literary type outside the drama is more definitely cut to length. A rapid reader can read a detective story in a three-hour sitting, a slow one, in six hours—two evenings at home. A man can undertake that much without the feeling that he has a contract on his hands. But if half his diversion after business hours is found outside the four walls of his house, he might count the number of nights it would take to get to the 786th and final page of the novel over which his wife has been gasping admiration. On the other hand, the detective story is not too short. The story magazine is well enough for short sessions, but too sketchy, too scattered, for the four-hour stretch before bedtime.

Then there is its tonic cheerfulness. Detective fiction is in reality a standing defiance of crime, social disorder, and all the varieties of calculated bad luck that may befall good people. In the end everything comes right. There is nothing in art—even in the lowest forms—more unswervingly optimistic, and nothing more steadily moral, at least in its acceptance of moral principles, though the Olympian right-mindedness of the writer may traffic strangely with those principles when an agreeable offender confronts them. This optimism and this morality, however, organic as they are, are in no sense critical or philosophic. They are casually and naturally accepted, as unexacting readers accept most simple views of life. On the whole, the detective story and the "crime story" appeal to quite different readers. The

two types may cross, but the true detective fan is impatient or disgusted if too much is made of the morbid sensations of crime and crime-hunting. Multiple murders he inclines to regard as excessive; and for the noise and sweat of mere gangster and police activity he feels a respectable contempt.

The good detective stories are not as a rule morbid. They focus in murder; but it is not the nature of the crime that intrigues us—except in relation to the solution. I doubt whether we need rationalize the almost exclusive concern with murder. Murder is after all the cardinal crime. Petty larceny would never do; and when grand larceny, arson, or conspiracy is used it is only as a setting for a good workmanlike murder. Kidnapping has had its place in the grosser sort, but again as occasion for murder. Rape is for fairly obvious reasons "out."

But there does seem to be a reason for the ubiquity of the murder theme. Murder is irrevocable and irremediable. It may have extenuations or justifications; it may even command active sympathy; but its hard finality places the offender beyond the power of compromise with the social temper or the usage of the law. Sympathy can be vindicated only in the facile equity of a lenient conclusion. Yet, I repeat, the incidents and the character of the murder are not matters of leading interest; a detective story is a story of detection.

But most of all, in the nature of things, the sustained vogue of detective fiction is dependent upon the type of challenge presented in the actual treatment of the unvarying problem. The prevailing view is that it is a challenge to the wits that holds us—patent as the challenge may be. It is a game, a pleasantly and harmlessly agreeable game of solitaire in which human beings take the place of pasteboards or pieces and the problems are problems of human activity.

But is that imagined challenge to the intellect any more than imaginary? Does the detection story really rank with

the "intellectual diversions"? For the majority of readers I am inclined to think not. I deeply doubt whether the process of deduction, as it is commonly called (though goodness knows the larger processes of detection are inductive) is followed with the conscience that one brings to chess, or even to contract bridge. We like to imagine the scrupulous "fan" ticking off point after point of evidence, matching character against character as the most promising suspect, carrying throughout the narrative a complete picture of the interrelations of events and characters, always on his caution of course against that final turn of the trick which will both defeat and dazzle the unwary. When Poe and Conan Doyle flourished, the reader did reason ahead—but in a straight line of well-oriented items of evidence which were carefully marked as the distinctive and necessary ones. Conan Doyle followed Poe's predilection for lucidity, deliberately "planting" the clue, though he might suspend the brilliant act of reason that gave it its value.

To-day that is all greatly changed. The elaboration of devices and expedients that attends the development of all arts (of all genres, if you don't like "arts"), and still more the vast extension and diversification in the mechanics of actual scientific detection, have quite naturally made the sowing of clues and the analysis of them a much more complicated business. And the cultivation of the reader in that immensely extended technic has forced the writer more and more into the practice of bafflement of a confusing and sometimes even an oppressive sort. When *A Study in Scarlet* was written, in 1887, there was no Bertillon system, no finger-printing; there were no radio cars, no such battery of lethal devices, either mechanical or chemical. But more important than that, there was no widely organized system of police intelligence, no comparable procedure in "forensic" science, and above all, no education of the criminal in the evasion of any or all of the methods of scientific de-

tection. Holmes's instant reconstruction of the leading features of both crime and criminal in *A Study in Scarlet* would strike our contemporaries as flashy and precipitate, and his tactics in the apprehension of the criminal would simply be laughed at. But the problem itself reposes in simple evidence simply handled.

To-day the writer of the detective story multiplies clues, multiplies suspects within an eligible *dramatis personæ* of at least four or five characters, offers a choice of solutions which is finally determined on the principle of the *reductio ad absurdum*, and frequently employs comprehensive time and place arrangements which require diagramming rather than arguing. Indeed, I have reached the conviction that the detective-story writer should be obliged by statute to supply all requisite maps, house plans, working diagrams, and time schedules, and if the characters are many (and particularly if they have no clearly defined personalities) he should furnish also a descriptive *dramatis personæ*. Stories so intricately contrived can be interesting—witness Ngaio Marsh's *Death in a White Tie* and John Rhode's *Death Pays a Dividend*—but it takes very good writing as well as elaborate routine to make them so.

But in stories of this type—and they are, after all, far the greater part of our modern mystery stories—complication of matter and method go far to defeat themselves. The casual reader tends to accept the fact that the author can, and will, fool him, keeps the maze of events loosely in his mind, and nonchalantly looks back over the path of cause and effect (if it is at all clear) after he has reached its end. The use of the mind hasn't much place in that experience. And it might be noted that the fascinating cases in the history of actual crime are not of the ingenious order. The Crippen case, the Becker case, the Hauptmann case all depended, at least in the retrospect, upon the assiduous working up of a few small but critical items of evidence. Possibly the proof of the supposition that it is not the unraveling

of a confused problem that holds us is found in the fact that the substitutes for the detective story in the form of crime "problem" books and "exercises" in detection have had no consistent success.

IV

No, I am sure the "good" reader is in the minority—and a small minority at that. For the greater number of us the case is different, and not so complimentary to the quality of our mental interests. Possibly we can get at the reality through a pertinent analogy.

Men like machinery, any product of skill and imagination that puts power into visible and continuous use. They like it at rest, but so much more in motion, because then it is living the kind of life that machines were meant to live. Dynamos, steam shovels, streamlined locomotives and marine engines are all success stories. The least technically informed of us men can hardly pass a battery of compressed air drills or a road-making machine in operation without a qualm of resentment that it is only adolescents and loafers who are permitted really to enjoy, for an hour on end, the working of a big and slick invention. It is not in the least necessary that we understand the mechanics of the thing; it is just a magnificent eye-filler. For a man the motor under the hood of his car is an object of delight if not of affection; for a woman it is only a mystery, and therefore troublesome and perhaps terrifying. All she wishes to know about it is that it is nasty and oily and hot and refractory, and that the only person who can deal with such a thing properly is another mystery in overalls. For a man the power-house across the hill is a monument of beautiful efficiency and quiet energy. For a woman it is an eyesore, and the source of the smoke that contaminates the week's wash.

Under all the inaccuracy of this generalization there is an undeniable psychological truth. And it fits the detective story as it fits the world of invention. We

have the glowing sense of the mind in action. But the mechanism of the mind is not presented by the writer or perceived by the reader psychologically, for the matter of the story is altogether concrete, and there is no particular concern for the relation between idea and behavior. The story of mental action has replaced the somewhat effete story of physical action—*Rob Roy* and *Treasure Island*—which also seemed to interest men more than women. By the same token murder, the almost unvaryingly standard subject matter, while it is felt by women as unpleasant to the touch, is accepted by the less fastidious minds of men simply as the raw material for the mental machine to work upon. That is why men like it, and why at least a score of men read it for every woman.

And that vicarious and fanciful spectator's pride that we men feel in the scientific and (we choose to think it) the male mind at work, almost demands that the owner of that mind be a male. Even the women writers seem to concede this. Agatha Christie has departed from the precept in this respect, but she flatters us by giving to her pleasant motherly detective (who is not a professional) a sedentary and intuitive shrewdness, accompanied by modest denials of any special capacity beyond observation and common-sense. And she has been presented to us, if I remember rightly, only in short stories, episodes that demand no sustained or highly systematized application to detective routine. The basic equipment of the story detective still remains what the male, by character, nurture, and opportunity, seems able to supply. Practically every writer of detective fiction recognizes that the anchorage of his story is a precise imaginative mind in a masculine personality of some uniqueness.

Here again the very determinants of interest in the type have tended to decadence. The uniqueness of Sherlock Holmes lay not in his mannerisms, his patronage of the adoring Watson, his cocaine, or any other trifling attachments

of the person, but in his impressive consistency with himself and the part he had to play. He was the detective fully in character. But the heritage of mannerism has fallen heavily upon more up-to-date writers, and the search for distinction has given us a flock of personalities who are unique in quite a different way. I am bored by the airs and the parade, the ostentatious savoir, of the Reginald Fortunes, the Philo Vances; equally by the intrusive unpersonableness of Mr. Pinkerton and Joshua Clunk. Ellery Queen, Monsieur Poirot, Lord Peter Wimsey, I can stand very well, though I am not greatly entertained by what is adventitious in their characters, their velvet lives, or their esoteric tastes. But occasionally I find myself fervently wishing that the favorites of detective fiction would die quick but quiet deaths, or that they might, in the saga style, breed clever sons and daughters to take their places. Bentley's singularly good story, *Trent's Last Case*, has as principal a perfectly normal and politely bred human being, and until an unhappy year or two ago there was no reason to think he would ever reappear in fiction.

This brings us to a final consideration—that the detective story does not occupy so isolated a niche in literary art that it can dispense with what is known as “good writing.” The besetting pain of the informed reader's experience is that there are so many of them (and how can he avoid them?) that are scandalously badly written, even down to the plainest requisites of grammar and syntax. There are fewer, but far too many, pretentiously over-written. And that failure to respect the “nothing too much” is peculiarly disturbing in detective fiction because its essential treatment is factual. That remains true no matter how dramatic the appeal of the factual may be.

But the future? No one who has followed the history of the arts has failed to be struck with the stench of a thoroughly extinct vogue. The æsthetic record is full of those painful revelations that what was thought to be good taste or tolerable taste is really bad taste. The mystery type is still holding up surprisingly well, but it will inevitably belong some day amongst the curiosæ: the Gothics, the sporting novels, the penny dreadfuls. For it is, like them, a freak, a specialty. Perhaps even now the knowing ones, sensing its precarious state, are accumulating first editions and queer rarities.

I should like to see the detective story renew its youth and flourish—at least for my lifetime. But I painfully suspect that it has been acquiring years as men acquire them, that what it has gained during its prime in spread, in cleverness, in diversification, in actual (though not consistent) power to stimulate the mind, has been gained as men's experience and aptitudes are gained, at the price of hardened arteries and cellular disintegration and exhaustion of physical resources. The signs of decadence seem unmistakable—excessive ingenuity, dissonant cleverness, an infectious flippancy and indifference to moral scruple; above all, a failure of humane interest in those disorders of the soul that underlie desperate acts and give them literary substance.

Yet the type has shown extraordinary stamina. It has lived powerfully in spite of the æsthetic and the ethical doubts about it and the ridicule of those who take their literature seriously. If it has fallen into infirmity the doctors may still keep it going for a long time to come. But when it is time for it to die we must be content to part from it as we do from the pleasantly aged, and shed no restless tears beside its bier.



I'M ON A DRAFT BOARD

BY GEORGE R. CLARK

ONE morning last September I found in my mail a letter from the Mayor of New York, asking me if I would be willing to serve on a local draft board. The work would probably require five evenings or so a week for a month, and an evening or two a week thereafter. Would I, if willing, fill out the enclosed card? I filled it out.

At that moment I thought of the impending job as chiefly judicial. I imagined myself sitting with two colleagues as a sort of court, ruling from the bench on the cases of men appearing before us: this man should go into the Army, that one should not. But it was to be a long time before I ever felt in the least like a judge. During the early weeks of draft-board work I felt more like a business man trying to organize a new business in (of all places) a schoolhouse, and then like a competitor in a gigantic and complicated parlor game played with cards.

First of all came a long wait. Early in October I was informed that the Mayor had passed my name along to the Governor, but nothing more happened, though the newspapers were full of stories telling how the draft boards all over the country were about to "spring into action." October 16 was Registration Day, when the young men of the nation signed up by the millions for the draft—going to schoolhouses where batteries of clerks made out for each man a card giving his name and address and sundry vital statistics. Not till the next afternoon did our local papers carry interminable lists of the personnel of the 280 local

boards for New York City; column after column of names, among which I found my own; and even then there was no springing into action. For although one of my two fellow-appointees was a creature of veritable flesh and blood—a friend of mine, as it happened, whom I shall here call Bronson—the other was apparently a disembodied name: he could not be found. Reflecting that the Selective Service system was starting out in New York by being selective to the vanishing point, Bronson and I had to wait patiently for the appointment of a substitute colleague (whom I shall here call Ross).

At last on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 22nd—almost a week after Registration Day—Bronson and Ross and I met and solemnly shook hands in a primary school building of Chester A. Arthur architecture, the main hall of which was redolent of some fifty small children playing gymnasium games. We elected Bronson as chairman and myself as secretary, introduced ourselves to the school principal, and set out with her to find a room for our headquarters. We chose the kindergarten. It was full of diminutive tables and chairs and one could not readily picture it as a prospective center for the recruiting of an army—except, perhaps, for a children's crusade—and its windows and door looked pretty insecure; but it was ample and conveniently placed, and the principal and custodian of the building amiably promised not only to replace the Lilliputian furniture with desks and chairs more suita-

ble to our stature but to install new locks. We thanked them and went home.

Bronson is a born executive—a representative of a species for whom I have a despairing admiration. When I confront a job to be done—such as shuffling and numbering four thousand registration cards—my instinct is to roll up my sleeves and be at it. Not so Bronson; his instinct is to sit at the telephone and mobilize personnel and equipment in order that other people may do it. By the following afternoon he had worked a miracle. As the result of hours at the telephone he had assembled an energetic Chief Clerk and two stenographers; workmen were installing office equipment; the kindergarten was already beginning to look like an office. We were ready, we decided, to take over from the school principal the four thousand odd registration cards which had been left with her after Registration Day and which she had kept hidden in a closet ever since; and she brought out her treasure—in fifteen ordinary-looking white shoe-boxes, insecurely sealed with tape.

We were well aware that each of the cards in those boxes represented the government's potential control over the next year of some man's life, and we wondered whether some man might not risk a little easy housebreaking to remove a card or two; so when it became clear that the locksmith would not finish his job that afternoon I took the boxes to the local police station for overnight safe-keeping—and then lay awake imagining somebody mislaying them and my name becoming an object of national obloquy. There are some 6,500 draft boards in the United States with nearly 20,000 volunteer members (not counting medical boards, boards of appeal, and other miscellaneous officials); I suppose that in those October days they were all having their separate worries about the suitability of schoolrooms for office use, the hiring of clerks, the wangling of filing cases and stationery from Headquarters, and the safety of their cards.

We had another worry the very next

day. According to the regulations our first task was to remove from our files all the cards of men who did not live in our district—but exactly what *was* our district? We knew only vaguely that it included certain election districts, and we needed a map. Selective Service Headquarters had none; the Election Board had none; someone had blundered. So I went down to Headquarters, sat down before the magnificent master-map there, and copied our part of it precisely, discovering that its boundaries wandered about haphazardly and sometimes cut diagonally through city blocks; and then we sat down to the imposing job of comparing every one of those 4,000 addresses with the street numbers indicated on the map—only to hear the reassuring voice of Colonel McDermott on the radio telling us not to bother to eliminate the cards of men who might live just outside our district. With a sigh of relief we sent to Headquarters only the few cards that obviously did not belong with us. Now we were ready for the shuffling and numbering.

II

The draft system was well designed for fairness. Each local board was to shuffle its cards thoroughly and number them serially from 1 to 4,000 (or whatever the total for the district proved to be). Then a master-drawing was to be held in Washington; pellets (each containing a number) were to be drawn from a big bowl, and the order in which the pellets were drawn in Washington—2734, 75, 3318, and so on, or whatever it might be—would determine the order in which the men in each district would be considered for service. The double operation of chance would do away with any fear of favoritism. But the job before the local boards was anything but simple. Indeed, the procedure set by the law to assure an obviously fair selection of men seemed to assure also the maximum number of tricky clerical operations for the boards.

We began with the shuffling. We assembled a huge clothes-basket and two waste-baskets, dumped all our 4,000 cards into them, poured them back and forth, picked them up by handfuls and threw them into another basket, riffled them this way and that for a solid half hour. Then Chairman Bronson was ceremoniously blindfolded and picked a card out of the hamper: Serial Number One. And we were off on the numbering. Being uneasy about the use of a numbering machine, we did it all by hand, sitting hour after hour with stacks of cards before us, writing on them 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, and so on interminably. Then the cards went to the stenographers for listing—another endless job: remember that at the rate of 30 names and addresses and numbers to the page, it takes a list 133 pages long to include 4,000 men! And there must be no mistakes whatever, even in the spelling of names like Salvator del Riana and Michael Halloran McBey and Per Peter Ganolfo, or there would be trouble later. (In our polyglot district only about one name in three could be transmitted orally to a typist without having to be spelled out.) Day after day the work went on; then the hundred-odd pages of the list were posted in the hall (after being covered with cellophane to prevent them from being thumbled into illegibility); and presently the hall was crowded with men searching for their names and Serial Numbers. We were ready for the big draw.

The draw was held in Washington on October 29th. You remember about that of course—how the first number drawn was 158, and when the Secretary of War drew it from the bowl and the President announced it a woman in the back of the hall screamed: it was her son's Serial Number. But not till the following Monday did we receive from Washington our Official Order Number lists: 36 pages of figures, five columns to a page. Then our parlor game went into its trickiest phase.

What made it tricky was the fact that at Washington they had put 9,000 pellets

into the bowl, to make sure that they had as many Serial Numbers as there could possibly be in any district. Every draft board had its own total of Serial Numbers; our total at that moment was 4,188. There was no quick automatic way of determining what Order Number attached to any Serial Number in any given district, for this depended on what the total for that district was. Our board had to go over the Washington list of numbers, cross out every number *over* 4,188 and place consecutive Order Numbers opposite all numbers *up to* 4,188. The result of our labors must look something like this:

<i>Serial Number</i>	<i>Order Number</i>
158.....	1
7345	
8628	
2755.....	2
4642	
5903	
3155.....	3
7876	
24.....	4

and so on. No chance to divide the job up into squads; it must be consecutive from start to finish—and if the last Order Number written down was not 4,188 we should know that we had made a mistake. There must be no mistakes. (I understand that some boards hurried and made mistakes and repented at leisure.)

If you had visited our office at almost any moment during the next week you would have seen two people sitting side by side, pencil in hand, and heard one of them chanting aloud, "One-fifty-eight is Order Number One; seven-three-four-five is *out*; eight-six-two-eight is *out*; two-seven-five-five is Order Number Two; four-six-four-two is *out*; five-nine-nought-three is *out*"—while the other member of the team watched for mistakes and both wrote down the results. I can testify from personal experience that anybody who plays this little game for two hours at a stretch without making a slip must be a superman. At last, days later, we got to the end of the list—and our last number was not 4,188 but 4,191!

Luckily our indefatigable Chief Clerk found all three errors within an hour. So far, so good. Then came the interminable job of putting the Order Numbers in red ink on 4,188 cards and making new lists.

If these jobs seem less than back-breaking, remember that they were constantly interrupted by men coming in with questions—"What's my Serial Number? I can't find my name on the lists." "What draft board would I belong with? I live at 348 East 113th Street and at the schoolhouse on 103rd Street they say they haven't got my name." "How do I volunteer?" "Can I get permission to go to Toronto on a business trip?" Remember that the office staff was inundated with other paper-work—unfamiliar forms and requisitions to be filled out and sent to Headquarters in endless variety. Meanwhile we were beset by exasperations as the brand-new administrative machinery inevitably creaked and groaned. Forms and supplies failed to arrive on time; not for over a month did a cent of salary money arrive for our clerical staff (till then Chairman Bronson paid them out of his own pocket). And when, puzzled by some question for which there was no answer in the voluminous regulations, we took it to Headquarters, the chances were that we found there an equal bewilderment and were told, "You'll have to use your own judgment."

At last the Order Number game was finished and we began sending out questionnaires, first to our volunteers, then to the non-volunteers who held low Order Numbers. (All direct volunteering, you may recall, had been stopped by the Army on Registration Day; since then any man who wanted to volunteer had been told to apply to his local board; all these candidates for volunteer service went automatically to the top of our list, ahead of Order Number One. Some of them really wanted to go into the Army, some were jobless and desperate and saw the Army as offering at least a meal ticket, others knew they had low Order

Numbers and thought they might as well get going and not wait to be called. By early November our board had 16 volunteers; by January it had over 30.) At last we could assume, as it were, our judicial robes.

One evening we held a not undignified meeting at which Bronson and Ross and I sat side by side behind a row of desks with the members of the Advisory Board flanking us, while the Chief Clerk called in the volunteers one by one and we examined their questionnaires and put them under oath and asked them questions such as "How will your wife make out if you go into the Army?" and "Did you do time for this robbery? How much and where?" Now for the first time we were dealing with men, not with cards, and we began to see some relevance between what we were doing and the United States Army.

Up to this time the successive delays to which we had been subjected had seemed to me intolerable. The medical arrangements were in a snarl. The doctors had not unreasonably objected to trying to give physical examinations in the school buildings, and it was taking much too long to arrange for examining facilities in the hospitals. When I read that there would be a call for men in November I was frantic: would we be ready? Bronson, however, refused to be disturbed. He had been at the telephone as usual and had discovered by grapevine methods that the building of camps was progressing even more slowly than we were and that very few men would be called before January. Take it easy, he said. And he was right. The military mountain labored and brought forth a mouse: our first call, for the last week in November, was for only *four men!* And we had at least a dozen physically fit volunteers.

Now we could classify at leisure.

III

The principle of the Selective Service Act is simple. All men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-six must register,

and the local boards, considering these men in the sequence determined by their Order Numbers, must select for service in the Army those whose enlistment will cause the least derangement of the industrial defense program and of the general fabric of the economic and family life of the country. The system set up for the guidance of the local boards is likewise simple.

Each registrant must fill out a questionnaire under oath, giving the pertinent facts about himself. If he is a non-declarant alien (hasn't taken out his first papers) or is physically, mentally, or morally unfit, he goes into Class IV—the last to be called. If he has dependents, the board may put him in Class III. If he has a necessary job—if his work is essential to the defense program, for instance, or he occupies such a key post in business that his departure would upset things too much—the board may put him in Class II. Otherwise he is eligible for Class I, which means that if he passes the physical examination he goes into the Army. In essence it is as simple as that, though there are a few other special classifications which need not detain us here: college students (deferred until July 1st), clergymen, public officials, men already in the Army, conscientious objectors, etc.

But where is the local board to draw the line on dependents? And who is essential to the defense program? And whose departure from his business would upset things too much? On all such questions the buck has been passed to the local board; it must set its own standards. This fact is at once a weakness of the system—because two local boards might view identical cases quite differently—and its greatest strength. For one has only to glance at a few complicated questionnaires to realize that no fixed rule laid down in advance could possibly be applied fairly to all the innumerable variations and complications of personal circumstance which are found in actual human lives, and no reasonable decisions could be made on such cases except

by a local agency with time enough to consider and debate questionnaires one by one, and if necessary to question the men themselves and their families and employers. Under a permanent compulsory training system, boys of nineteen or twenty could be called out virtually wholesale; but when a draft covers men up to the age of thirty-six all sorts of skills, ties, and obligations are involved, and it takes thousands of men to play the huge game of jackstraws involved in selecting out of a whole generation of Americans those who are freest to go.

In its actual operations the system is decentralized to a fault. You must imagine 6,500 groups of civilians all the way from Maine to Oregon, each sending out batches of questionnaires and considering them and classifying men in its own way, impatient of even the few rules laid down to guide it. You must think of these groups as representing an infinite variety of attitudes and working habits. There are hard-boiled and soft-boiled boards, finicky and slipshod boards, conscientious boards and—I dare say—dishonest boards. Some consider every case with grave deliberation and hold innumerable hearings; others roar through the questionnaires, on the hunt for obviously Class I men, and call in almost no one, leaving for later consideration the exact status of the men they pass over. Some boards had every man classified within the first few weeks; I dare say that when this article appears, in March, others will not have classified even a quarter of their registrants. And I expect that when I describe how our local board does its job many a draft-board member will say to himself, "Why, *we* don't do it that way at all!"

Our board holds one or two advertised evening meetings a week, during which we interview various men whose status seems to be uncertain: the man gives his name and number, we dig out his questionnaire, find what it was that puzzled us, talk with him briefly, and send him away. After the crowd has thinned down we pull out a stack of un-

classified questionnaires and go to work on them. We classify nine men out of ten sight unseen, simply by the data on their questionnaires. The members of the board also come to the office from time to time singly or in pairs and review questionnaires, our rule being simply that no man is put into Class I without at least two members examining his record carefully and agreeing about it.

Most questionnaires require only a minute or two of consideration. Picking up the top one on the pile, you turn at once to the last page to see if it has been properly signed and sworn, and to see whether the registrant has indicated what class he thinks he belongs in. Then you look at his answers on the question of citizenship, and at his court record if any; if he has taken out his first papers and has not been convicted of a felony he probably does not belong in Class IV. Then, proceeding backward through the document, you examine his claims for dependents; if he has none, he does not belong in Class III. If the first page of his questionnaire discloses that he is, let us say, a dishwasher in a restaurant, you know he doesn't belong in Class II (indispensable job). In that case he goes into Class I pending physical examination. Coming to your decision, you write "Class I" or "Class IIIA" or "Class IVC" on the questionnaire, toss it aside, and pick up the next one. If all went as easily as this a couple of attentive men could run through forty questionnaires an hour. But the line cases and complex situations bring you again and again to a dead halt.

Our board has established certain tentative rules-of-thumb. For one thing, we are very lenient now about dependents. For the present we defer (put in Class III) any married man who is living with his wife, any single man who is contributing a substantial amount to the support of parents or sisters or younger brothers. Our idea is that since during the first half of 1941 our board will be called upon to furnish only 250 men out of over 4,000 registered with us, it is bet-

ter to go all the way through the list if necessary to get these 250 men, and then to make a second combing if we have to, than to cut deeply, break up families, and get only to Order Number 1000 or 1500. This policy grows partly out of the special nature of our district: there is much poverty, there are many single men, there are very few necessary employees (for it has no defense plants), and on the other hand there are few families with any margin of financial safety in case their breadwinner should be drafted. Our problem is thus quite different from what it would be in a prosperous suburb full of young married couples, or an industrial town with an airplane factory. Out of every 100 registrants we find some 25 who are single and free even by our lenient standards; if 10 of these 25 should pass their physical examinations we might be able to get our quota of 250 recruits by June 30th without going beyond Order Number 2500. (I may be over-optimistic though in estimating the number of physically fit at 10 out of 25, for our batting-average with the doctors is depressingly low—another respect in which we must differ from the prosperous suburb.)

What about the other 75 men in each hundred, whom we defer? Some 60 or 65 of them are married, or otherwise have dependents, and fall in Class III; the remaining 10 or 15 are students (automatically deferred until July 1st) or non-registrant aliens or cripples or hospital cases or felons or what not. We do rather well on felons, for instance. At first we thought we should have to decide in each separate case whether or not a felon was to be classed as "morally unfit"—the regulations left the decision to us—but while I was arguing to my colleagues that a burglar might make good military material but that a drug-peddler would be pure poison in an Army camp, word came through that the Army had made up its own mind: it would accept no felons at all, they must all go into Class IVF. So our prospective study in criminology was aborted.

IV

After classifying several hundred men I agree with the sociologist on a neighboring board who told me that what has struck him most sharply in his work is how infrequently one finds, at least in the poorer districts of the metropolis, what might be called a normal family—husband, wife, a child or two, no curious involvements. We have quantities of single men supporting parents and one or two sisters and brothers—and sometimes on \$15 a week. One of the standard varieties is this kind of case: mother dead, father “too old and lame to work” (at 58!), sister can’t take a job because she has to look after the family and apartment, brother out of work, registrant on WPA. Many of our men rejoice in common-law wives. One man lives with his common-law wife, his mother, and his child by a previous (presumably legal) marriage—this former wife’s whereabouts being unknown to him. Another case we scratched our heads over was that of a man who had been married, had had a child, had then found that his wife was already married to another man, and was suing for an annulment; he thought he had no dependents and belonged in Class I.

Our difficulty in judging such complex cases is sometimes increased by the registrant’s acute difficulty in filling out the questionnaire intelligibly. We have an Advisory Board which keeps office hours in the domestic-science room of our schoolhouse and is charged with the duty of helping men fill out their forms—a duty in which its members must learn a lot about domestic relations, if not domestic science—but most men struggle along without such aid and sometimes without much grasp of the English language. One man, coming to the Conscientious Objector questions, put an X in the box indicating an objection to non-combatant service, but indicated no objection to combatant service. This hardly seemed a rational scruple and we called him in (with an interpreter), and

found (as we had guessed) that he had no conscientious objections at all—he had just been trying to show that he thought non-combatant service would be nice work if he could get it. Many men write down the whole roster of their family as dependents living with them, and then repeat it as dependents *not* living with them. Some are pleasantly vague: I especially remember the questionnaire in which the question, “To the best of your knowledge, have you any physical or mental defects or diseases? If so, what are they?” called forth the not wholly illuminating answer, “Yes. Ears and backside.” The men with common-law wives have various ways of setting forth their domestic status; my favorite version was that of the man who filled out the questions on marriage like this:

(Put an “X” in one box)

1 (a) I am (X) single
 () married
 () a widower
 () divorced

(b) if married, I married my present wife at
       ~~~~~ on ~~~~~  
                   (place)                  (date)

(c) I           DO           live with her  
       (do, do not)

After struggling with two or three ill-drawn questionnaires it is a pleasure to come upon one which indicates a competent mind at work—like that of the young man whose employer got him to attach a letter pleading that he was an essential employee. Across the bottom of the employer’s note the young man had written boldly, “If I were half as valuable and important as he seems to think I am, I’d be getting a lot more pay. So don’t pay much attention to what he says—only for God’s sake don’t tell him I said this!”

This young man’s willingness to serve, by the way, was exceeded only by the willingness of the subject of “Grate Britton” whom we were obliged by the regulations to put (temporarily at least) in Class IVC as a non-declarant alien, despite the fact that he wrote as follows:

I would like very much that this local board which I’m order by may look into my case as a number one military physical man and I have none responsibility what so ever. Just myself.

And I would like very much to go camp. I am not a citizen of this country but sence her freedom so listen I would like to help defend it. I am not writing this letter just to be call as some boys I know that don't have a job for I have one and will always have a job, but I just want to go and help fight for this country.

(We told him that if he would take out his first papers we'd reclassify him with alacrity.)

No matter where one draws the line between deferments and selections, there will always be perplexing line cases. There was, for example, the case of the young man whose parents were dead and who lived with his grandmother, reporting that he paid her \$6 a week out of his meager earnings for room and board. We regarded this as not a "substantial contribution" and decided to draft him—but not until after considerable argument, in which one of my colleagues contended that the grandmother could get another boarder, and another contended that we could not assume this and that the departure of the old woman's grandson might leave her badly stranded. I realized then to what an extent one's decision depended upon what mental picture the questionnaire evoked. If one thought of an old woman taking boarders (including her grandson) one voted one way; if one thought of grandmother and grandson living alone as a remnant of a family, one might vote the other way. How could we tell which picture came closest to the truth—not in literal fact, but in real substance? We might call the grandmother in, but even then how much would we really learn? At length we put the boy in Class I—but I still wonder sometimes what the actual situation was.

There are the complicated cases where two or three brothers share in the support of disabled or jobless parents. It is easy to say, "Let those other brothers take over the job"; but suppose they live in different districts and each boy's draft board says, "Let those other brothers take over the job"—what happens to the parents then? Then one reflects, "But suppose one of those brothers is prosper-

ous and well able to take over the whole load—how silly to defer this boy just because during the past year he has been paying his arithmetical share!" And one writes on the folder, "Call him in. Ask about the ec. standing of brothers." The other day we came upon the questionnaire of a young man who was helping to support his mother and two school-boy brothers; and we found he also had two other brothers registered with us. It seemed absurd to defer all three boys of draft age, and so we called them all in. They arrived with their aunt's fiancé as their very articulate spokesman, and for fifteen minutes we probed into the finances of the household; then we deferred the young man whose questionnaire was before us (because he was earning \$12 a week and the family certainly needed it) and made a mental note that maybe his jobless brother might be drafted later.

Again and again the questionnaires lead one into the deep waters of social policy. Consider the man who was supporting two sisters on a WPA pittance. He was willing to go. "How will your sisters make out?" we asked. "Oh, they'll be all right," said he easily. "One of them can go on Home Relief." Should we put him in Class I? *Argument pro:* Those girls will be about as well off on Home Relief as sharing his WPA wages with him; and besides, won't he be better off in the Army than hanging on to the WPA? *Argument con:* If we defer him he may be able to get a real job, now that other men are being sent into the Army—and after all, those girls *are* his dependents whether or not he thinks they could go on the town. *Unanswered question:* Is it better, as a matter of public policy, to have two people living on Home Relief or three people living on WPA? On such questions one could argue all night.

On most of these difficult cases only an all-wise God with complete sociological data (and perhaps a lie-detector) could be sure of getting the right answer. He might, for example, give us a ruling on



the man who has a wife and two children in Cuba and claims them as dependents, but has no job and has been unable to contribute to their support during the past year. Would a job in the Army give him a better chance to support them than he has now? (The answer to that depends on his chances of getting a civilian job if we defer him—and who knows what they are?) Is he perhaps quite irresponsible about his family, so that they'll get nothing in any case? (Only someone who knew him well could answer that; no draft board could find out by questioning him.) Should we assume that he *wants* to support them, and that part of our job is to remove from the labor market men who have no such obligations, so that he and his like may get a chance at real money? One turns over such a case in one's mind and decides to call the man in. On the evening of the next meeting he shambles in, replies to our questions haltingly, throws no real light on the problem. One feels that one might almost as well flip a coin.

Yet of this I am sure. No rule-makers, no remote agency in Washington, could come as near to making a stab at fair play as a local board which is willing to take a little time to consider the individual cases in their endless variety.

## V

One evening late in November our full board and the Chief Clerk were on hand at our office to say good-by to our first four volunteers. We equipped them with papers innumerable, provided them with subway fare to the induction station, wished them well, and felt, as they trooped out, that we had taken our first hurdle successfully. But the next day one of them returned, shaken to the depths. After having given up his room and sold most of his possessions he had been turned down by the Army because of a removable bridge in his mouth! Zealously our Chief Clerk took the matter in hand, got the boy re-examined by the

dental member of our medical advisory board, saw that he had the bridge tightened, interviewed the induction officers about him—and two weeks later, when substitutes were to be inducted, sent him back again, with an alternate, our No. 5 volunteer. This time *both* of them came back; both had been turned down. Naturally we grouched at a system which selects men, examines them competently, and then after they have burned their bridges behind them, rejects them on the basis of a second examination with (inevitably) somewhat different standards. And meanwhile we faced the absurd fact that after two months of hard work our board had produced for the Army exactly *three* men.

Since then, however, we have gone into quantity production. In early January we sent eighteen men (all volunteers), and in late January twenty-one more (including a few volunteers and many non-volunteers with low Order Numbers). Before this magazine appears we shall have stepped up our pace to something like forty or fifty a month. Until now the chief difficulty met by many of our local boards in New York has been with the medical examining; not only is it inconclusive, even when a board has a very competent examiner (as we have), because the Army turns down a few of his selections every time, but also it drags. The doctors don't like to examine men long before induction-time, and therefore some of them took things so slowly that they were unprepared for the big January calls; some of the boards could not meet their quotas, and anyhow many men were sent to camp on unreasonably short notice. Now they seem to be catching up, but the present medical situation satisfies nobody—the draft boards, the men, the doctors themselves—and should be studied thoroughly by Mr. Dykstra's office in Washington.

Meanwhile we draft-board members meet two evenings a week, interview line cases, thresh out awkward questions of procedure with the Chief Clerk, and

then, like so many professors with their examination books, settle down to grade thirty or forty questionnaires.

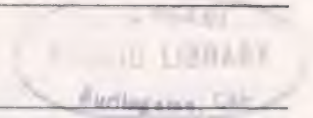
The law under which we are operating is a curious one. Essentially it is a war measure enacted in peace time. Only when men are alive to an immense emergency will it work at all well. The Administration should stand forewarned that it is not for long-continued use, that it bears little relation to a rational permanent military training system (if such be needed), and that if the emergency should abate (or if, the emergency continuing, the Army should decide that it required no more troops) the many thousands of men who are now giving their time to its administration would quickly tire of their task and the system might rapidly degenerate into incompetence if not corruption.

At best, the law provides for assembling a mass army on the 1917 model. For this there are two chief arguments. The first is that the future is so obscure that we cannot be sure we may not need many millions of men, and we might as well give partial training to as many as possible, if we can do so without preventing the Regular Army from getting that intensive training which is pretty clearly the first requirement. The second—and more dubious—argument is that the very existence of the law, the very registering of our manpower, the very fact that

hundreds of thousands of men are streaming off to camp and that millions of others are being thought of—by themselves, their friends, and all the rest of us—as potential defenders of the country, may be valuable to the national morale, may help strengthen that sense of unity and common obligation which a democracy always needs and this one particularly needs now. Whether the first argument is valid is not for a civilian to say—especially a civilian who lacks the gift of second sight. Whether the second argument is valid depends partly on the fairness and efficiency of the draft machinery, partly on whether the changing pattern of the war makes the effort seem valuable or wasteful, and partly on whether the men come out of their Army service benefited or disillusioned (and that is up to the Army itself). In any case, the experiment is still too young to be appraised rightly.

Meanwhile, however, the law is on the books, the experiment has been begun, and it must not be bungled. That is why, as Bronson and Ross and I, and our thousands of fellow draft-board members all over the United States, sit of an evening in our stuffy offices, and thumb over the scrawled questionnaires, and interview incoherent and often evasive young men, we carry a responsibility the collective weight of which is very heavy indeed.





# THE THREE SECRETS OF HUMAN FLIGHT

BY WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

SOMETIMES I watch myself fly. For in the history of human flight it is not yet so very late; even an old hand at it may still wonder once in a while and ask: how is it that I, poor earth-habituated animal, can fly?

Around the hangars you will hear it said that flying is "90 per cent airplane and only 10 per cent pilot"; our well-engineered airplane, sir, will take pretty good care of your boy or your daughter. But that must be discounted for optimism and salesmanship, and for the accomplished performer's poor memory of his own early bewilderment. If such numerical statements weren't almost meaningless, a truer estimate would probably be fifty-fifty. It is true that some designers are striving toward an airplane that can be driven through the sky as an aerial sort of automobile, without skill, without expenditure of soul power; so far, their efforts have had an unexpected effect: each improvement has been used, not to let airplane and pilot take it easier, but to make them accomplish more; so that airplanes have not become easier to fly, but harder, requiring more training.

In 1917-18 a pilot was often ready for actual combat after 20 hours of training; to-day, that amount of experience would not entitle him to carry his best girl once round the field in the most easy-going of air flivvers. To-day he needs at least 35 hours of solo time for the simplest passenger-carrying license; at least 200 hours for a commercial license. Insurance underwriters prefer to see a record of 500

hours; hangar opinion is that you are O.K. if you haven't cracked up in 600 hours. To be merely a co-pilot on an air liner you need 1,000 hours; and the Army at last reports was trusting its biggest, most expensive bombers only to pilots with at least 1,200 hours: if flying were an insignificant skill there would not be pilot shortages and governments would not worry about pilot training. If flying were simple much recent history would have read differently.

Any young boy can nowadays explain human flight—mechanistically: ". . . and to climb, you shove the throttle all the way forward and pull back just a little on the stick. . . ." One might as well explain music by saying that the farther over to the right you hit the piano the higher it will sound. The makings of flight are not in the levers, wheels, and pedals but in the nervous system of the pilot: physical sensations, bits of textbook, deep-rooted instincts, burnt-child memories of trouble aloft, hangar talk, machine-shop fumbling. As I watch myself fly I think I can distinguish in these things some sort of order; I think they all add up to three basic mental adjustments that make the earth-habituated animal at home in the air: the three secrets, as it were, of the art of flying.

## II

The first one is concerned with wings and how they fly: an understanding in your brain, and also a sort of wisdom in your hands until even your hands become

as familiar with Bernoulli's Theorem concerning the behavior of air as they are with Newton's law concerning the behavior of apples. An airport speech puts it that a fellow has got to know what an airplane will do: the seemingly fatuous statement has a lot of meaning, for airplanes, as any pilot will tell you, will do the damndest things. When you throw an apple upward and let it fall into your hand again, the mechanics of the thing, though actually highly involved, seem "natural"; you understand them without even using your intellect; but when you go riding around in the air on a wing, things happen which might make you think that the air is a crazy annex of our physical world in which all mechanical common sense is turned upside down.

The very origin of aerodynamics—the science of lift—seems to have sounded its key note. Magnus in 1852 decided to investigate the then inexplicable behavior of the "cut" tennis ball which does not obey the laws of ballistics but flies along unexpected curves: in plain American speech, the screwball. The effect which forces a ball out of its "proper" path is the same that keeps an airplane in the air—though it would take a page of mathematics to explain why; and the flavor of the unexpected, the contrary, remains.

On wings it is safe to go fast, dangerous to go slow. It is safe to be high, dangerous to be low. If you want more lift you pull your ship into a slightly more nose-high attitude; but pull it still a little higher, and your wings suddenly lose all their lift in a "stall" and let you down hard. When fliers want to say: "Take good care of yourself and don't fall down," they don't say, as might be common sense, "Keep your nose up"; they say "Keep your nose down." To make an airplane sit down on a runway and stay down, you move the controls as for an extreme upward zoom. If you are gliding and want to come down more steeply you don't point your airplane down more, you point it down less.

Or take the airport story—well in-

vented if not true—of how the great Eddie Stinson, out in Texas in 1916, discovered how to get out of a tailspin. He was in one, and once in a spin no flier had ever recovered. However hard you pulled back on the stick, nothing would make a ship's nose come up out of that twisting uncontrollable descent: a tailspin was death itself. Stinson, a tough man and one of the great fliers of history, thought he might as well get dying over with quickly, get down faster and bash himself all the harder against the ground. He pushed the stick forward for a steep dive: the spinning stopped and the ship recovered. Thus the suicidal reaction was the saving one.

To-day this type of recovery from a spin is a standard training maneuver. Even on to-day's airplanes the instinct of self-preservation, based on ground-trained common sense, would trick you into dead-wrong action, not only in tailspins but in other situations as well. If you let the ground come up relentlessly at a young pilot in some emergency landing his impulse is almost irresistible to pull back on the stick, steer away from the ground, try to squeeze out a few more moments of grace, a few dozen yards that would get him across those trees into the cow pasture beyond: it is called the death glide. Around the old-time training fields they knew it so well that they would jump on the crash truck before the student even realized he was going to crash. On the other hand, it is an axiom that if you only keep your nose down unafraid, and imagine you are landing into a beautiful airport, you can set almost any airplane down on almost any sort of terrain, including forests or farmyards, and probably walk away from the wreck.

The more analytical and logical your mind, the more exasperating is this basic paradox of flying. An instructor friend of mine lost a customer over it, a woman lawyer who wanted to be taught to fly. Her trained sense of A and B was outraged by her first few hours of instruction



(at airports even men lawyers are reputed to make terrible students: too logical). She posted on his hangar bulletin board a brief transcript of the instructional patter which he had been giving her, and it ran something like this:

"It's all very simple, see? Now you follow me through and take off. We want to go up, see? So first of all we get our tail up. We want to keep her straight, see? So we put some pressure on the right rudder. Now we gotta climb out over those trees, see? Well, don't hold your nose so high, you'll never make it that way. . . . Now cut your gun and do a landing. . . . Come on, hold back on that stick. Don't you see we are too high? Pull up that nose a little more. See, now we are coming down. . . ." That's what she wrote, and then she left to get her recreation out of the logical and predictable flight of golf balls.

Eventually the all-wrong logics of airfoils and air streams become all right to you. Just as there is sense in selling things on the exchange that you have not got, and buying things that you do not want, so there is sense in the apparent nonsense of aerodynamics. Just as the business man's mind can translate inventory into cash, future earnings into present values, pesos into pounds sterling, and see the dollar sign in all of them, so does the pilot's mind surely translate speed into lift, lift into height, height back again into speed, and see them as different forms of the same thing. But it takes time to make that adjustment in your intellect, and it takes even more time to make it in your body, make the behavior of a wing seem not only "reasonable," but "natural" as well. In flying, time—spelled with a capital T—means the number of hours you have had, and pilots are ranked and rated by it. The first question you ask about a pilot is: "How much time has he got?"

Actually these things seem contrary to common sense largely because we have never played with the air before, except for a few centuries of inept fumbling with

sails and kites and windmills. Even the word airfoil is new. It means a body designed to grab useful forces out of flowing air. Air flow and streamline too are new words and only half understood. A few years ago it still took hard argument to convince the public that air could offer serious resistance to an automobile. It took another argument to convince them that the best shape to cut through the air was one with a long tapering after-body, not one with a sharp pointed front as they had thought (because they took their sense for it from snowplows and cowcatchers). Thus the screwball laws of the air are slow to become reasonable to our minds; and even slower to become natural to our bodies, our nerves, our "feel."

It has taken me a good deal of air time, for instance, merely to get over the notion that I am really sitting on nothing. There is a nervous trouble among pilots called "aeroneurosis" which I think stems from this notion. I think it is merely the fear of falling, bravely suppressed, popping up in unexpected disguises. Just as you cannot swim until you believe that the water will carry you, so you cannot really fly until you believe that the air isn't a nothing but has substance and mass and the power to hold you up. In myself the last distrust went only when once I fell free for 1,000 feet or so on a delayed-opening parachute jump: the air, instead of being a void, turned out to be something on which you could lie as on a bed; something that you could feel yourself heavy against even as you fell.

Air and how it feels to a fast-moving body: that is perhaps the basic fact of human flight. If I had a son who wanted to grow up to be a flier I should not prepare him by teaching him how to drive. Wheels and wings have nothing in common. Nor should I make him balance in high places, or teach him all about motors. And I should certainly not teach him how to screw up his courage. I should give him a feel for the air by letting him play with a piece of card-



board held outside an automobile window at fair speed. Even I like to hold my hand out there and feel how the speed-stiffened air presses against it and pushes and pulls as I form it into different shapes and tilt it at different angles. For this—the push and suction of fast-flowing air—is what your wings if they were sentient would feel. If you have felt it you have already some understanding of wings.

It would be misleading, however, to give the impression that the pilot must constantly be making these sensory adjustments. Only about five minutes in an hour are his own senses, nerves, and muscles in charge of the plane; the rest of the time its own senses, nerves, and muscles—built into it by the manufacturer—direct it. For of all the amazing things that an airplane will do the most amazing to the novice is that it has a will of its own. It *wants* to fly, and much of the time the best thing the pilot can do is to fold his arms and lean back and let it fly. It may wallow in the gusts but it will not capsize; on the contrary, it will right itself without help from the pilot. Some air disturbance may throw it into a zoom or a shallow dive; it will do a couple of roller coasters, swinging back and forth between dives and climbs, but each one will be shallower than the last one, and eventually it will barge levelly ahead. It wants to fly and it hangs in the thin air as firmly and stably as a boat floats on the water.

American airport vernacular reflects that. At various times the airplane has been called various things: “airdrome”—which left the nature of its motion conveniently Greek and undefined; “car”—which irritated fliers because it suggested the wrong sort of motion; “machine”—which is now British speech, but does not reflect the almost-living behavior of the thing, its will to fly; “crate”—which became obsolete long ago when steel-tube construction replaced wood and airplanes no longer splintered apart in minor crackups. In the end, pilots have chosen the word “ship.” Etymologically they are wrong; a ship floats

because it is light, and in aeronautics the word should thus mean a balloon. But pragmatically they are right, for it behaves under you like a ship, a broad-beamed, stable one. If you have ever held the tiller of a sailboat you already know the “control touch” of an airplane. Just as the watercraft at times requires no steering at all but will nose its own way under the multiple balance of the pressure of the sails, the weight of its keel, the shape of its underwater line, so will the aircraft nose its own way and balance itself by the delicate arrangement of its wings, its weights, its tailfins, and the pull of the propeller.

There is a newspaper phrase that pilot so-and-so “winged his way.” It is misleading, for it connotes that a pilot keeps himself from falling down by some neuromuscular knack, by some continual management of his wings. Actually a pilot no more “flies” his airplane than a sea captain “floats” his ship. The airplane flies itself. It sometimes happens that an airplane, left unattended with the engine running, gets away pilotless. Usually such a ship will roll all over the airport chasing its tail; sometimes it will stagger aloft and crash into a tree. But it has also happened that such a ship cleared all obstructions and flew successfully for hours, until its fuel was exhausted. When the engine stops, an airplane will not fall out of control; it will simply assume a glide and come down gradually. Some lucky ones chancing to come down on flat open fields, have even landed themselves undamaged. And as if to dramatize the airplane’s inherent flying ability, one runaway air flivver even had sense enough to return to its own airport for the landing. Unfortunately it rolled into the airport fence.

In that sense airport opinion seems right when it credits human flight to the machine rather than to the flier. Unfortunately it sometimes demands more training to trust one’s ship than to try to fly it. For the air is at first an odd place to be, one that seems to call for quick and



courageous action. I can see this idea at work when I take a newcomer up for a first try at the controls. I can watch my student in the rear-view mirror and I can feel his action by keeping my fingertips and toes on the dual control. There is the fellow who grits his teeth and deals out quick thrusts in all directions as if he were fencing a duel against gravity. He has heard that a pilot needs "presence of mind" and he is not going to let gravity get ahead of him if he can help it. There is the fellow who hardly dares to move the controls at all and who immediately counteracts any control impulse by its opposite, thus paralyzing himself; who keeps shoulders and elbows drawn in tight and hardly even dares shift his glance away from the ship's center line. He has heard that a pilot needs a "keen sense of balance," and his organism suffers as if he were tight-rope walking across a deep chasm.

Perhaps the greatest source of accidents in flying is excessive maneuvering, especially in emergencies, true or imagined; the itch for control, the craving to do something, born of the sense that merely being up in the air calls for brave, energetic action. The art of flying lies frequently in not trying any tricks; the "foolproof" airplane, as the industry understands that term, is an airplane whose controls are restricted in motion and weak in effect. Actually, the most valuable item I find in my own bag of piloting tricks is a negative one, taught me by an old-timer: to lift my hands and feet off the controls for a moment especially in a difficult tight maneuver, say in a steeply curved approach to an emergency landing. In such a situation there is danger of tensing up on the controls and squeezing one's airplane into a cramped condition of flight that eventually throws it out of control. It is in such a situation that one's trust in the airplane, one's trust in the air itself must be deep-seated and almost physical, not merely intellectual.

Thus if you want to know what a pilot does as he "wings his way" across the

country, imagine him doing nothing acrobatic or fast. He does much what a sea captain does on the high seas, who steers across and keeps a lookout but otherwise simply bears the grandiose boredom of the sea.

### III

The second of the three secrets of flight has to do with freedom of motion: the human organism must uproot itself, as it were, from the solid and stationary ground. The airplane is not merely fast; it is free to the sixth and last degree of freedom: it can execute all the six conceivable kinds of motion all at once: speed forward, slip sidewise, climb or descend, roll, pitch, and yaw. But the brain, the nerves, the body, the soul of the flier are at first still rooted to the ground.

Let some new green flier get into some sort of trouble up there alone, in the slippery, wallowy air, and the first thing his earth-habituated organism craves is something to grasp hold of, something solid. And unless he has been well-trained he may use the control stick for a hand hold! This is what is meant by "freezing to the stick." In the older days, when the air was even less part of our common culture and newcomers were even less nonchalant than now, it used to be a frequent occurrence, even during dual instruction; to-day it is still sometimes the factor that turns a minor emergency into a fatal accident.

Fast, free motion can have unexpected results. For a pilot it must become reasonable and natural that heavy becomes light, and light, heavy: every time you make a steeply banked tight curve your own bodily weight becomes 300, 500, even 1,000 pounds, as centrifugal force pulls you down into your seat. It means that the blood inside you is pulled downward; while your feet heat up, your vision turns gray in what one might call a power faint, an enforced bloodlessness of the brain. It means that your cheeks sag; your eyeballs begin to flatten in



their sockets; your hand, which now weighs thirty pounds instead of five, arrives ten inches below the control switch which it is trying to grab, because your muscular co-ordination is not attuned to such gravity.

Curve your flight path some other way, and your weight becomes nothing at all. A practical joke pilots love to play on a photographer is to lift him a few inches out of his seat when both his hands are full of camera, and keep him floating weightless, dismayed, and pawing the air, for several seconds. All it takes is a small gesture of the hand. What you actually do is to drop the ship away from under him faster than he can fall, but not so fast that the cabin roof hits him on the head—though even that would be easy enough.

Curve your flight path still another way, and other startling things happen. The principle of acrobatic flying is that merely by curving your flight path you can command centrifugal forces that will paste you against the sky in any conceivable attitude whatsoever, at least momentarily. In the liberation of flight, up can become down. In a loop, for instance, it is reasonable and not supposed to be alarming to see the blue sky under you and the green earth hanging over you as a ceiling. Right and left can become top and bottom, as in a steep curve when the ground is wheeling as a huge disk off your wing tip. In such a curve to change your heading from east through north to west means, for the flier's physical sensations and as far as control action is concerned, not to turn but to climb: you climb around in a horizontal loop.

That is why pilots call an occasional bit of stunt flying "relaxing." It tears asunder the adhesions between the flier's mind and the ground. It kills the idea—so strong in the beginner's mind and so easily re-developed even in the experienced pilot—that it is improper and unsafe to hold the ground in any attitude but flat and even below him. Except perhaps for aerial fighting, the practical

job of flying does not require turning yourself upside down; but it does require willingness to let the ground tilt up and wheel around in crazy arcs—and equanimity while it does so. Every turn in an airplane, to name just one instance, must be integrated with a bank, much as a bicycle leans into a curve. In a sharp hurried turn you go way over. Such a turn may become necessary in an emergency close to the ground. And then the ground, vividly near, reasserts its hold on the pilot's mind, makes his control action timid and cramped, makes him reluctant to stick his wing tip down at the ground as steeply as required. Flat, skidded turns are an invitation to the tailspin and rank high among the causes of fatal accidents. "Ground-shy," says the airport post mortem.

Or consider how a pilot's mind functions while flying in a wind: how it must again tear itself free of the ground or else be tricked into disaster by optic illusion. What matters in flying, what keeps you from falling down, is not motion pure and simple, but motion through the air: the actual impact on your wings of innumerable particles of air. But—here is the pilot's problem—you cannot see the air, and thus, you cannot see your motion through it. What you can see, what gives you a vivid sense of motion, is the ground and how it slides along under you. But when you fly in a wind the sliding of the ground is deceptive; it is then a compound motion, registering not only your progress *through* the air (which gives lift to your wings and is genuine flying motion) but also your drift *with* the air (which your wings cannot feel and which to the pilot's mind is therefore fake motion). Gaged by the ground, this fake motion adds itself to your every maneuver: the wind distorts your curves and makes you slide sideways from your straightaways. It slows you down when it is against you and it gives you fake speed when it is with you: yet all the time you may be flying evenly and well-balanced through the air. In the air you may fly a continuous perfect



circle, so perfect that you hit your own propeller wash every time: the ground registers a pattern that looks like a coil spring pulled out of shape.

In a fast wind with a slow airplane these drift effects can be most disconcerting: I have actually moved backward over the ground while climbing at fifty miles per hour into a strong wind, and I have often been swept sidewise across the landscape as fast as I was flying forward; "crabbing" is what pilots call that sort of compound motion. It is much like what happens to a ferry boat on a swift current, except that in flying only the river banks are visible and the river not; and except that in flying, motion is twice as important as in ships: if you do not move you sink.

If you believe the ground you get the urge to correct your maneuvers for looks; you want to make those skewed curves look safer, saner, not so drunken. Your notions of vehicular propriety, developed behind automobile steering wheels on concrete roads, are indignant at that feeling of your being swept away, and swept away by anything as unsubstantial as a wind. But the pilot who gives in to terrestrial appearance spoils the aerial essence: the evenness of his motion through the air. You correct your curves for distortion, and find yourself skidding and slipping through the air; you try to stop the crabbing, and you find yourself crowding your ship with your controls "crossed," *i.e.* mutually opposing each other. You believe the fake impression of speed as you fly downwind, and you come to in an ambulance.

If all this seems a bit abstruse, and overburdened with logic, that is as it should be. Pilots themselves, who live in it, have much trouble grasping the more intricate phases of it and making them seem reasonable and natural. You ought to hear some of those hangar arguments involving a fly flying free inside a glass jar. If the glass jar is moved about by hand what would the fly see, feel, and think? How would it maneuver? The theory is tricky and a matter of mathe-

matics; but the practice is simple and a matter of nervous attitude, of abandon: that the flier must let go of his nervous hold on the ground and abandon himself to the air; that he must think of himself, not as part of the landscape, but as part of the wind that blows across it.

#### IV

The third of the secrets of human flight has to do with the senses: how to develop a new eye, a new ear, a new touch; and how they add up into a sort of special air sense by which you "know your way around."

For when the terrestrial man first goes aloft he is deaf, blind, and numb. He has violent impressions; he sees faraway landscapes move in a strange manner, but his senses fail to deliver the information he needs—where he is, where he is going, and whether there is danger. As for his eye, it cannot see any of the essentials of flight: the air itself that bears him, that he must jealously prevent from hitting his wing at the wrong angle, is invisible. So are the two big spiralling vortices that his wings leave as their wake and that do the actual work of keeping him up. And so are the burbling and eddying of the air flow that occurs when he overpulls himself and stalls his wing: all invisible. "If we could only see the spray!" once mused the late Anthony Fokker wistfully.

Because the air is a visual void, has no perspective and no middle ground, one's judgment of depth and distance is labored and brain-interpreted, instead of vivid and immediate. Thus an airline passenger doesn't get dizzy, although a step-ladder would give him the jitters; thus a first-flighter thinks he is standing still when he is whizzing at three miles a minute. And the fledgling pilot spends more than half of his training course at one single problem: how to glide down for a landing and really hit the spot he is aiming at. His first attempts are like those of a drunken man to put a key into a keyhole.



As for the newcomer's ear, all it conveys to him is alarm. Ever since God equipped the lion with a roar, loud noise has been a frightening device of nature that by-passes all reason and attacks the soul direct.

Furthermore, inside a cloud the pilot's natural sense equipment fails completely. With vision, the master sense, blotted out, all other senses are adrift and their indications meaningless: a loop, a curve, level flight—all feel and sound much alike.

An airport story tells of an Army flier going through high, thin, milky haze who caught up with a civilian ship, also groping along there almost out of sight of ground. Feeling proud of his speed, the lieutenant turned himself upside down and overtook the other in this position. And thereupon the civilian, distrustful of his vague impression that the earth was beneath him and trustful of the new evidence presented to him, promptly turned himself upside down too.

Flying "on instruments"—when you can't see anything—is a fierce and monkish art—the castigation of the flesh translated into aeronautical terms. You must cut out your imagination, and not fly an airplane but regulate a half-dozen instruments—keep them in line, systematically, slam, kick, or coax them to show what you want them to show, by using your rudder pedals and sticks and throttle "on" them—coldly: forget about the airplane; keep the instruments in line and the airplane will take care of itself, and never mind how it feels. You must hold at bay all your natural senses, cut through your own sensations of speed, of direction, of equilibrium. If you feel that you are hanging by your ear you must not give in. If your instruments tell you to turn yourself upside down don't cringe but do it. At first, the conflicts between animal sense and engineering brain are irresistibly strong and you give in to the animal every time. And even after hours of instrument experience it will come back: sudden attacks of vertigo, cramps of the

space-consciousness, powerful, like seizures. And the penalty of instrument errors is not just a stall or a spin; it is a spiral dive at high speed. Unless you break yourself out within seconds, it puts such terrific strain on the ship that the wings come off: farmers hear a momentary racing of a motor, and see you falling out of the clouds in pieces.

Most of the flying that is done in war and peace is done not on instruments, but by the natural senses of trained men. How does a pilot's natural air sense work? It is not a new sense at all; what used to be called the Flying Instinct is merely ordinary sense perception doing new and unexpected jobs; or perhaps ordinary sensory jobs, done by new and unexpected parts of the nervous system. "Now I get it!" cries the student while he is learning how to fly a curve. "I get it by the seat of my pants!" And from then on he is no longer afraid to let the ground tilt up in his curves, for he suddenly knows exactly how steep he must make his bank to keep his equilibrium: just steep enough to keep him sitting in his seat without sideways pull, as in an automobile on a curve banked just right for his speed. The official term for flight by the pilot's natural senses, rather than on instruments, is "contact," *i.e.* visual contact with the ground. But the airport term for it, "flying by the seat of your pants," is more descriptive. Though all the pilot's information is not gathered that way, most other ways of sensing are of similarly unofficial unorthodox character.

Of all possible maneuvers, take a glide, with the engine idling, down to a landing in a small field. Of all the pilot's perceptual problems during the glide, take only one: how he senses his speed. It is a vital problem. To the flier speed is equivalent to buoyancy; near the ground, equivalent to life itself. A couple of m.p.h. too slow, and the wings stall, the ship drops out from under him and crashes into the ground before he can catch it. In a landing approach too much speed is also bad; a few m.p.h. too



fast, and the ship retains its buoyancy too long during the actual landing; it floats and floats across the field, refusing to "sit down," and finally floats or rolls into a fence. A delicate job of piloting; and incidentally the typical situation on emergency landing. Vision is useless for it, and the air speed indicator is not sensitive enough. It is up to the pilot's perceptions.

Speed can be heard. The flow of air past a ship's skin makes a hissing sound that is reassuring when it is brisk and that alerts you when it peters out: quick now, point your nose down a bit more, pick up more speed. Sail planes, whose only sound it is, are flown largely by their hiss. Old-style training ships were flown largely by the low humming of their wing's bracing wires. It used to be said that if you slowed them up too much and pulled yourself closer and closer to a stall, the wires would hum down a descending melody: "Nearer-my-God-to-thee." In getting familiar with a ship you often discover some warning sound that comes (not by design but by chance) just before the stall: a howl or a whistle or a rattle. In one ship I used to fly the burbling of the air flow would set up a flutter in the fabric covering; it sounded as if someone were rapping sharply on the cabin roof.

If such clues seem a bit flimsy, here is another: speed can be felt also by your fingers. Count Zeppelin, the airship man, once said that man would never fly safely on wings for, unlike the birds, man has no nerves in his wings. Actually, the practiced pilot extends his sense of touch out to his wing tips and feels for the air flow out there much as one might hold out one's hand from a drifting canoe and feel for the flow of the water. Just as he can move his control stick or control wheel and send forces out to his wing tips, moving control surfaces there, so the same wire pulleys send forces from the control surfaces back to his hand on the stick. In brisk flight they send back a lively elastic resistance against the pilot's hand. As flight slows up and the

air flow slackens, that resistance turns soft, mushy: the stick feels sloppy. In some ships this control feel "goes out" completely when the wing begins to stall, and the stick moves loosely as if the wires had snapped.

Admiral Byrd tells about that clue. On the way to the South Pole his big trimotor, heavily loaded, was in trouble in the mountains; it refused to climb and when pointed up it threatened to stall. The pilot merely leaned back and showed Byrd and the others one thing: he could spin the big control wheel round with one finger. All in the ship were fliers and understood what that meant: it meant that when pointed up enough to clear the mountains, the plane was on the verge of stalling or spinning. They jumped to the trap door and dumped some of the load on the glacier below and eased their ship. Thus if you want to know where a pilot's attention is as he floats down to a small-field landing—it is in his hand, "feeling out" that invisible speed by small stirring motions, much as you might stir with a spoon in a cup of coffee to feel if the lump of sugar had yet dissolved.

If the clue too does not seem clear and definite enough for your comfort, here is another: you can sense that all important speed lift directly—somewhere within you. This is the nearest thing to the mysterious Flying Instinct which used to be considered the thing that makes a flier fly. It is possibly the one gift that makes some persons "born" pilots. "How do you know whether you are about to stall?" I once asked Al Bennett, a "born" pilot. He has made rescue flights to an icebound island where he has had to slow his approach-glide down to the last allowable degree, in order to plunk his ship into a small schoolyard. "It is all through me," he answered. Flight surgeons speak of this as kinesthesia, call it joint and tendon sensing, deep muscle sensing—which can be loosely described as the sensing of one's own weight. Here is how it works: by the natural law of wings, speed and

lift are two forms of the same thing. If you glide briskly and pull your nose up, you get a lift, and your ship comes up against you from underneath, like a horse taking off for a jump, and makes you feel heavy. If you glide slowly and try to pull some lift out of your ship you get no response. And if your flying speed is almost gone and you try the same thing, your wings stall, the ship begins to settle away from under you, and you feel a softening and lightening of your seat. Take that process in extreme miniature: minute pressures of the hand on the controls, minute responses of the ship, minute variations of your sense of weight: in a "born" pilot they are blended into a continuous feel.

An intricate art? Or just a fancy way of driving a car? You can see how the

popular ideas regarding human flight strike one who flies: They are almost all true, but seldom in the sense in which they are believed. Surely flying is as easy as driving a car—once you have understood how a wing flies. Surely it involves mechanics but they are those of the airfoil, not of the garage, and a housewife has as good a grounding in them as a tinkerer with machines: both start at scratch. Surely you need keen senses—but the sharpest vision won't help if you are fooled by wind drift. It is an intricate art but a teachable one. You need nerve, but only so long as you allow yourself to be puzzled by the air. Surely the air is full of mysteries and an eerie place to invade. But like the sea, it is friendly to those who are willing to be shaped by it.

## LIKE A LION RANGING

BY NANCY BICKEL

**L**IKE a lion ranging down from distant hills,  
 Clawing up earth and loosing angry rivers,  
 Jaws full of snow and mangled daffodils  
 Comes spring, his feet ableed with mountain slivers.  
 A raging beast he comes, caught in his mane  
 The stuff of trampled oaks, and from his eyes  
 Geysers of sudden, unprovoked rain  
 Shatter the smile of summer-dreaming skies.  
 Instant and terrible, he crushes all  
 Who would detain him or make fair his way,  
 Maddened and fierce, he only stops to maul  
 The sleeping face of heaven into day.  
 My heart, a lioness, rages at his side,  
 Matching his progress with impatient stride.





# I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT

A STORY

BY LEANE ZUGSMITH

THE Charles Street police station was only a couple of blocks away, so it didn't take the detectives more than five minutes to get over. When they rang the bell Adelaide just stood and looked at Mrs. Carlisle. She was naturally a pale colored girl, but now her skin looked like bleached-out khaki and the freckles under her eyes stood out like drops of tar.

The bell rang a second time, peremptorily. "I'll go," Mrs. Carlisle said nervously. "And for goodness' sake, Adelaide, put some powder on or something and don't keep looking like something the cat dragged in."

This time she didn't even notice that Mrs. Carlisle was different; she even treated you enough like a white girl to know you used powder too. She couldn't keep back the tears again. "You don't know how they'll talk to me," she said and she put a thin shaking hand to her eyes.

Both the men looked enormous, not tall so much as bursting out of their clothes, their shoulders, their arms, their hands big enough and strong enough . . . she winced and made herself think: for their jobs. Even the sunburnt one, who couldn't be more than thirty, or anyway more than a few years older than she was, eyed her in a way that chilled her.

"Perhaps I'd better tell it first and then Adelaide can," said Mrs. Carlisle. She made the detectives sit down and

handed them cigarettes. "Because Adelaide—"

The older one interrupted her. "What's her last name?"

"Morrissey," said Mrs. Carlisle. "Look, officers, Adelaide has worked for me, part-time, for nearly four years. I trust her utterly." She looked up at Adelaide standing near her and smiled. "What happened, as I said over the 'phone, was somebody rang the bell around three and Adelaide pressed the button and he came up and said he was from the cleaner. Adelaide said he said Mr. Carlisle wanted his brown suit cleaned."

"A nigger or white?" asked the older one.

"He was a Negro, Adelaide said." Mrs. Carlisle's fair face became flushed as though she were angry or embarrassed, Adelaide couldn't tell which. Anyway, it was all she could do to pretend she didn't know the young one's cold blue stare was fixed upon her.

"And she never saw him before in her life," the older one said, then he snickered.

"I never did," said Adelaide without moving. "He said, just like Mrs. Carlisle told you, he said Mr. Carlisle stopped by on his way to the office this morning and said to come get a brown suit between two and three when I'd be here, like I am every other day, I mean, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. That's the God's own truth." Her

voice cracked on the last words and once more she put her hand over her brimming eyes.

"Adelaide should have asked what cleaner he came from," Mrs. Carlisle said quickly. "If I'd been home—but that's carelessness, not dishonesty."

"I would of," Adelaide said, crying harder. "Only I just took it for granted. I thought it was orders."

"Anyway," said Mrs. Carlisle, grinding out her cigarette in the ashtray, "my husband didn't stop by any cleaners and didn't plan to have his suit cleaned and it cost him eighty-five dollars less than four months ago." She suddenly looked winningly at the men. "Is there any chance of tracing it, officers? We really can't afford to lose it."

"Well, I think maybe we can." The older one got up ponderously and moved toward Adelaide. "With a little co-operation." He showed almost all his teeth. Then he said roughly: "All right. Do you want to give us his name now or would you prefer to come along with us and give it later?"

Inside her it felt as if an icy oil was coming right up into her throat. She wet her lips. "I don't know his name, I never saw him before," she said faintly. It wasn't going to be any use, she thought, it wasn't going to make the least little bit of difference that she hadn't had a thing to do with it.

The younger one was on his feet now looking at her—but that wasn't news; he hadn't ever stopped since he walked in. "Come on now, Adelaide," he said and his voice was soft and syruplike; it sounded worse to her than the other one's. "Tell us about that boy friend of yours. Let her sit down a second—" he looked at his companion—"and tell us about that fellow she thinks the world of."

"What's the nigger's name?" the older one said in a bark.

Mrs. Carlisle twirled her wedding ring fast round her finger. "I'd rather you didn't talk to Adelaide that way if you don't mind," she said in an apolo-

getic voice. "My husband . . . and I feel, that is—" She stopped and looked helplessly at the etching of the water-fowl over the sofa. "I mean, Adelaide's been with us, part-time, for nearly four years." Mechanically she added: "I have utter trust in her."

"Well, either you want us to get him or you don't," the older one said indifferently. "We can just take her along right now; it's all the same to us." He put a big meaty hand on Adelaide's arm and she checked her impulse to pull away.

"My goodness, we want the suit back," Mrs. Carlisle said uncertainly.

"Okay." The older one used Adelaide's arm as a lever, so rapidly that she found herself before him without remembering moving. "Get your duds," he said.

As she started to move she spoke. "I didn't have a thing to do with it," she said in a dull, solemn voice. "It was the first I ever laid eyes on him."

"Get moving," said the older one.

"Of course you didn't know him," said the younger one but there wasn't any compassion in his cold eyes. "But what about your boy friend, maybe *he* knows him? Why don't you try to think back, Adelaide, you know to the night you told him about that fine brown suit the mister had?"

She lifted her head. "I never knew which was the brown suit before to-day," she said drearily. "I don't clean the closets but once a month and I don't take time to look at all that's in them."

The older one jabbed his thumb beneath her shoulder blade. "All right. Save it for later," he said.

"Oh, wait a minute." Mrs. Carlisle clenched her small hands into fists. "I just can't let you—my husband would never forgive me."

"It's up to you, lady." The older one closed his eyes as if he were bored, inclined his head to one side, and nipped his ear lobe between his thumb and finger.

"Don't you have a boy friend, Ade-



laide?" the younger one said in his soft voice.

She looked from him to Mrs. Carlisle, twisting her ring. If she said yes they'd make her give Jules' name. Then they'd go to see Jules' boss and, even though he hadn't had a thing to do with it either, they'd try to pin it on him or he'd lose his job anyway. "No, I haven't," she said, looking straight at the detective.

"All right," he said lightly.

"Let's get going," said his companion.

Mrs. Carlisle backed up to the door. "I don't want you—I'd much rather—" She looked unhappy. "I mean, you couldn't take her if I don't prefer charges or something, can you?"

The older one arched his eyebrows and half yawned. "If you want to drop the whole thing," he said elaborately, "it's your privilege."

"My goodness!" She looked from Adelaide to the two men and back again. "You see, my husband would be simply frantic to have a human being we know . . . when there isn't any *positive* basis to go on," she said, her voice dwindling away at the end.

"Okay." The older one clapped his hat on his head. At the door he said over his shoulder, "Next time you call, you might find out what you do want first." He looked at her with his lips puckered as though he were about to whistle.

The young one gave Adelaide a long look before he disappeared; it made her feel as though someone had pulled the knife out of her.

Mrs. Carlisle lighted another cigarette and, without looking at Adelaide, said in too bright a voice: "Well, we're just where we started, aren't we?"

Adelaide shifted from one foot to another before she said: "Mrs. Carlisle; I don't know how to thank you for sticking up for me, except somehow I'm going to find him. I think I'd know his face anywhere, even if it was ten years from now."

"I doubt if Mr. Carlisle's suit would be the right size for him by then." Mrs.

Carlisle straightened the pottery on the mantelpiece and, with her back to Adelaide, said: "Why don't you just finish up? You've been held way over your time."

"Oh, that doesn't make a speck of difference," Adelaide said fervently.

She felt her legs wobbling as she went toward the bedroom which she had just started on when Mrs. Carlisle had come home and she had told her about the man getting the suit. Adelaide kept shaking her head sidewise as she thought of it and she turned the mattress without remembering she had turned it earlier. But Mrs. Carlisle remembered. She had followed Adelaide into the room and seemed to be fooling round in one of the dressing-table drawers for a long time.

"Are you turning it again, Adelaide?" she said.

Adelaide stared at her for a moment and then at the bed. "I guess I better put my mind down on my work," she said. "I just couldn't help think about it."

Mrs. Carlisle left the room but she was back before Adelaide had started dusting. Usually she kept out of Adelaide's way but now she seemed to have a million things to do. And when Adelaide went to the living room to empty the ash-trays they had all been using, Mrs. Carlisle was never more than a few steps away. She didn't say anything, she didn't have to, Adelaide thought bitterly. There was sterling silver about; she had been polishing it for nearly four years with everybody out. Only now it was different.

When she was ready to leave Mrs. Carlisle stopped her before she reached the door. "Oh, Adelaide, I hope you don't mind," she said in an artificial voice. "I mean, leaving your key. I forgot I was expecting a friend overnight and I haven't an extra one for her."

"Yes, ma'am," said Adelaide. She fished in the cracked patent-leather handbag that Mrs. Carlisle had given

her when she had finished with it. As she handed over the key she said:

"I lied once this afternoon. I said I didn't have a boy friend because I thought if I did they'd make it bad for him, no matter what. That was the one time I lied."

Mrs. Carlisle flushed. "Oh, Adelaide, please let's not. I never connected you with anything like that. I wouldn't dream of it." She waited a moment for a reply; then she said hurriedly: "It's just that this sort of thing happening makes me so nervous. Maybe we could switch hours some way so you could come in while I'm home and then you wouldn't even need a key, would you?"

She looked up at Adelaide with the same appealing face she had shown the detectives and, for a moment, Adelaide wondered what she would have done if only the soft-spoken one had appeared. Then she said carefully: "You're afraid to have me any more, I guess."

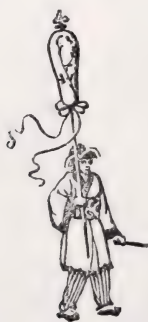
"That's such a wrong way to put it," Mrs. Carlisle said. She backed away a little as she spoke. "It's just that this is a terribly upsetting experience for me. After all—look, Adelaide, you must

admit I refused to prefer charges against you."

"Yes, ma'am," Adelaide said and she thought of Mr. Carlisle who had taught his wife never to say "nigger" and who read all the books that said colored people were also human beings. "Only you don't want me back any more, I guess, do you, Mrs. Carlisle?"

"I just don't know," she answered in a distressed voice. "I just can't think right now."

I know, Adelaide thought as she quietly closed the door and walked down the apartment hall. She could even hear Mrs. Carlisle telling her husband later: "It isn't that I suspect her; I wouldn't dream of it. Darling, I snatched her away from those dreadful men. But it would make me so uncomfortable to have her around, I don't think I could stand it." And Mr. Carlisle would finally say something about mailing her maybe a day's pay. She wouldn't send it back either, she thought, as she trudged toward the subway. She only hoped they'd think to send her work shoes too. She was going to need them if she could find another place.







## YOUR WAITER LOOKS AT YOU

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

JIMMY NEAROS is a waiter. He has curly black hair, an assured manner, and, though he has only just turned thirty, a considerable knowledge of human behavior, the fruit of years of patient observation. He has been all through the mill, from counterman in a "hash house" to busboy to banquet waiter, and finally to his present place at the top of his profession: a "club and hotel waiter," which means he works in the more expensive places in New York. At present he is looking for a night club. He is a bachelor, lives in a furnished room off Times Square, and likes to eat in cafeterias and Greek restaurants when he is off duty. He never orders hash, croquettes, meat balls, or hamburger steak.

Jimmy's jobs, or "engagements," seldom last more than a year or two and often much less than that, and even when he is employed his earnings fluctuate greatly, since they depend mostly on tips. When he is employed he averages \$40 or \$50 a week, but idle periods cut his income to a long-term average of about \$25 a week. Like most waiters, he saves little, spending money freely when he has it. Most of the girls he takes out are waitresses he has met on one job or another or at the union hall. He complains that they are spoiled by their contact with the patrons—or, as he always calls them, the "customers"—who take them out and spend money on them, and that they expect a poor waiter to compete with the well-to-do gentlemen he serves at table.

Jimmy's is a trade which has its own language, in which a non-tipping customer is a "stiff" and a reprimand from the boss is a "cigar"; its own occupational disease, flat feet; and its own code of honor—anything goes with customers or the boss, but waiters always stick together and the unforgivable sin is "pulling parties," *i.e.*, inducing parties about to be seated elsewhere by the headwaiter to sit at one's own table. It is a peculiarly urban occupation and can be studied at its full flower on this side of the Atlantic only in New York City. Nowhere else in America is dining out so firmly established in the folkways. This fact Jimmy verified personally during the past two summers while working in the British Buttery and in Heineken's "Holland House" restaurant at the New York World's Fair. Serving "parties" from all over the country, he made the sad discovery that there are vast reaches of the American hinterland where people apparently never eat outside the home and, consequently, know nothing of the custom of tipping.

This discovery was a serious one, for Jimmy's trade is peculiar in that from half to three-quarters of his earnings come from employers who are under no legal obligation to pay him anything at all. At the British Buttery, for example, he made about \$47 a week, of which only \$12 was paid him by the house. Because of the influx of out-of-towners, his tips were lower than usual, averaging barely 10 per cent of the checks. In city hotels tips run about 15 per cent of the check,

and in night clubs from 20 per cent up, depending on the condition of the customer.

This is only the most important of a number of human relationships on which Jimmy's earnings as a waiter depend. He is a worker who applies his skill not to machinery and raw materials but to human nature. For his is one of those professions, like a bank president's or a boxing promoter's, in which success depends not on the mastery of any particular skill or knowledge but entirely on an instinct for dealing with people. To get his orders from the kitchen Jimmy must keep on good terms with the cooks: they can get him fired simply by making him wait beyond his turn for his orders to be filled. To get a good "station," which may mean two or three times larger earnings than at a post near the kitchen doors, he must not antagonize the headwaiter. If he is popular with his fellow-waiters they will help him in a hundred small ways; if not, they will, in a hundred equally small but important ways, make it harder for him to do his job. Fortunately, Jimmy is well equipped by nature to cope with the special problems of making a living as a waiter. He is an instinctive diplomat and, even more important, a bold and shrewd practical psychologist who can usually get just what he wants out of cooks, headwaiters, and customers.

In his eight years of experience as a waiter Jimmy has learned a number of things, such as that the house makes most on chopped steak, that the quickest way to soothe burnt fingers is to put them in butter, that when two people grab for the check the one who really wants it always gets it, that tips run higher when customers pay the waiter than when they pay at the cashier's desk, that customers take as much lump sugar home in their pockets for souvenirs as they use in their coffee, that the most popular drink is a dry martini and that two out of every five martini drinkers don't eat the olives. But the one subject he has really mastered in a systematic way is tipping.

Since his earnings depend on it, Jimmy has studied the psychology of diners thoroughly and patiently. He regards his relationship with every new "party" as a battle of wits. As an observer in the background he is a rather cynical philosopher, but as a contestant for the maximum tip he is a psychologist as practical as Dale Carnegie—though his conclusions differ markedly from those of Mr. Carnegie.

## II

On the strategy of extracting tips waiters divide into two schools: the dominating and the ingratiating. Adherents of the latter school try to win the sympathy and the good will of the customer by treating him with deference and showing alertness to carry out his wishes. Most waitresses belong to this school. Jimmy thinks this method is incorrect, and he claims it is a fact that waitresses on the same jobs average considerably lower tips than men. This is odd since one would think that, most checks being paid by men and waitresses running well above the average in looks, a pretty waitress would get a bigger tip from a man than another male would. Jimmy's explanation is simply that people tip less from good will than from a sense of inferiority.

The essential thing, he believes, is to establish a moral dominance over the customer. How this is accomplished depends on a complex inter-relation of factors: the customer's personality, his social and financial status, whether he is with his wife, his girl friend, his family, or other men. Jimmy says it is not difficult to make most customers feel they are tiring you, being rather boring in fact. The whole art lies in planting in the customer's mind, by keeping one's distance and by subtly *resisting* his wishes, a half-formed consciousness that he is imposing on one and that he is, altogether, an inferior sort of fellow. This vague feeling is likely to be translated into a good tip in order to win back the good opinion of the waiter. It is a



delicate operation, for if conscious resentment is aroused, the result may be no tip at all or, even worse, a complaint to the headwaiter. Complaints are very serious, a single one often being enough to get a waiter fired. ("You gotta know how to handle them. If it looks like they're ready to complain, go to them right away and apologize.") No one has yet complained about Jimmy.

There are two points at which Jimmy brings to bear most heavily his psychological arsenal: in getting the customer to order as expensive a meal as possible, and in returning the change to him at the end of the meal.

It is not hard to bully inexperienced diners into taking drinks by asking at once, "Beer or cocktails?" Men out with their girls are in a specially weak position, since they don't want to appear to be cheap skates. It is hard for them to resist suggestions for big spending by the waiter.

Jimmy has noticed that people who ask for advice as to dishes almost never accept his first proposals. He therefore always starts off with a moderately priced dish and when this is turned down suggests an expensive one, which the customer finds it hard to refuse, having already rejected one suggestion. Another thing he has noticed is that people ask for advice from the waiter in inverse ratio to their hunger. Thus he is almost never asked to suggest an appetizer, but is frequently consulted about desserts.

There are certain well-known tricks in presenting the change at the end of a meal. An experienced waiter never gives a fifty-cent piece in change if he can help it, because people think of this big, heavy coin as worth more than its equivalent in small change. Presented with a tray bearing a fifty-cent piece and a dime, a customer will usually pocket the dime and leave the fifty-cent piece; presented with two quarters and a dime, he is likely to leave it all. Jimmy always takes care to bring the change divided in such a way that the customer will have to leave a little too much or much too

little, a choice usually resolved in favor of a little too much. It is also a good idea to separate the change so that the amount the waiter wants left is in a pile at the end of the tray farthest from the customer. If the tray is then placed so that the customer has to reach a little to get the change, and if the waiter stands close to it, the results are usually satisfactory.

These arts can influence the size of the tip only within strict limits. The decisive factor, after all, is the customer himself. Certain types of customers mean little or no tips as soon as they walk in the door. Blood cannot be squeezed from a stone. From long experience Jimmy has accumulated a stock of knowledge about diners which is as instinctive and invaluable to him as wood lore is to a trapper. To gauge the ability to pay of male customers he looks first at the collar, to see whether its cut is fashionable and how it fits.

The way the order is given is also significant. People with little money to spend always look first at the prices and are likely to say, "Give me the eighty-five cent special" rather than "Give me the breaded pork chop." No one ever says, "Give me the two and one-half dollar steak." Not that ability to pay and willingness to do so are at all synonymous. Jimmy has served people who didn't even bother to look at the check, covering it with a large bill without turning it over, and yet who left him a strict ten per cent tip. On the other hand, he found that men who showed up at Heineken's in their shirtsleeves were often so abashed when they discovered it was a swanky place that they left an extra large tip to make clear their social standing. This confirms him in his general philosophy of tipping, that generous tips are the result of humiliation rather than benevolence.

There are many rules-of-thumb by which the probable size of the tip can be predicted. Army officers usually order expensive food but leave very small tips. A sure omen of a good tip is an order



for scotch and soda before the meal. ("When a waiter gets a scotch and soda party he tells everybody, 'I'm made for to-night.'") The best kind of party is made up of two or three New York married couples. The worst is an out-of-town mother with grown children. Jimmy has had the mother snatch from under his fingers a tip left by the children. Very bad also is a party of women. ("When you get a bunch of women you're in for trouble.") One such party of seven women insisted on separate checks so as to avoid paying the extra tax on meals over one dollar. Jimmy confirms the common impression that men are better tippers than women, though he thinks a lot depends on the state of the lady's love life at the moment. Women dining alone tend to be either very sweet or very nasty to the waiter, reflecting, in Jimmy's opinion, their current relationship with the boy friend.

At the Fair Jimmy had a fine opportunity to study the geographic aspects of tipping. He found that the French leave an exact ten per cent, the English a trifle less, and the Dutch a good deal less. Among Americans he found the line sharply drawn between New Yorkers and out-of-towners. He says he has served the most elaborate meals to Middle Westerners without receiving a dime for his trouble.

Simple ignorance rather than stinginess seems to be the usual explanation: some of the out-of-towners he waited on were so used to the privacy of dining at home that they dropped their voices to a whisper when he came near the table. Sometimes he informs such customers, in a pleasant way, that it is customary hereabouts to leave something for the waiter.

With people who leave small tips on purpose he is not so pleasant, especially if the captain is not near. He is likely to hand back the tip, saying, "Keep it. You need it more than I do." Sometimes this brings forth a better tip, but in any case, says Jimmy, "you feel better if you tell it to them."

### III

The waiter's life is a constant struggle against antagonistic and potentially hostile forces—cooks, headwaiters, customers. The aim is always to outwit, conciliate, maneuver these forces so as to extract the most from the job. There is, finally, "the house," that is, the company or individual who owns the restaurant and hopes to profit from it. The truth must be set down here that most waiters will chisel something off the house if they can get away with it, and that some waiters have developed technics for doing so of a remarkable subtlety and complexity. Jimmy is an honest waiter—that is to say, he does not resort to actual theft and forgery even if he thinks he can get away with it. But he has kept his eyes open.

The most primitive kind of chiseling practiced at the expense of the house is simple larceny. By dint of years of handling plates and glasses, veteran waiters come to acquire amazing skill with their hands. In quiet periods they amuse themselves with contests in juggling crockery and silverware. Jimmy can do things with glasses, but he admits his touch is crude compared to that of some oldtimers he has worked with. He has seen a banquet waiter pocket cigars by the handful while passing them round to the guests and even pour himself out a glass of wine and drink it without interrupting pouring the wine at table. A more innocent use of such conjuring tricks is to save trouble. It is strictly forbidden of course to use plates more than once, but a skillful waiter can wipe a slightly dirty plate clean with his side towel so deftly as to be practically invisible. It is also forbidden to handle ice and butter with the fingers, but the hand is quicker than the eye. Even when customers happen to be looking right at the waiter they don't realize what he is doing.

In order to realize any cash, however, larceny is not enough. It must be reinforced with forgery and embezzlement:



In all first-class restaurants, where customers usually pay the waiter instead of the cashier, there is an elaborate system of control designed to make it impossible for the waiters to keep any of the cash given them by the customers. The checks in each waiter's book are numbered consecutively and before he can go home at night all paid checks are tabulated and he must account for any missing ones. A flat fine of \$5 is levied for each lost check. To see that no food is "passed out" of the kitchen, a "checker" sits just inside the kitchen door and inspects all food taken out. The waiter gives the checker the meal check he has made out (in indelible pencil, to prevent subsequent erasures) and uncovers all the covered dishes on his tray. The checker, working a cash register, prints the amount of each dish opposite its entry on the check.

The checker is always a man because he must be tough and able, if necessary, to grab a waiter trying to get away with something. It sounds like a burglary-proof system, and yet Jimmy says that waiters often beat it; in one restaurant a clique of about twenty waiters are known to have done the house out of \$5 or \$6 apiece every night by manipulation of checks and food. This particular group worked through a crooked checker, but it is possible, though much more difficult, to chisel even when the checker is honest. Food can be smuggled past the checker by holding a plateful underneath the tray. Surprisingly complicated and profitable things can be done with checks. Although every check made out must be paid to the cashier eventually, it can be exploited several times over if the waiter can make change from his pocket instead of going to the cashier. A "standard" check for some common order, such as two martinis, can be presented for payment to as many parties as order martinis, the waiter keeping the whole transaction in his own pocket. When a waiter has the good fortune to serve an intoxicated party, he often inquires among his colleagues

to find who has the biggest unpaid check on hand at the moment. This he presents to the drunken host, gives change out of his pocket, returns the property check to the other waiter, and then goes and pays the smaller check in to the cashier, pocketing the difference.

A more ambitious bit of chicanery, involving theft, forgery, and embezzlement, is what Jimmy calls "the roast chicken gag." This begins with the snatching of a whole roast chicken when the cook is looking the other way. Whisking the bird into his side towel, the waiter tucks it into his jacket and gets it out past the checker. He then claps the chicken on a clean plate, grabs a handful of french fried potatoes and a spoonful of peas from the dirty-plate stand and serves the creation up to the unsuspecting customer. Next the waiter must make out a check with non-indelible pencil, present it to the customer, and give him change from his pocket. The final step is to erase the record of the whole transaction and use the check over for a legitimate order. Jimmy thinks this is really a lot of trouble and risk to go to for the sake of a few dollars—which is one reason he remains honest—but, as he says, "it's like an artist—they get a kick out of showing they can do it." There may even be considerable personal danger involved if the house wants to be tough. When the management of a restaurant on Broadway discovered that a ring of waiters was holding back money the suspected men were called upstairs to the manager's office one by one and, without any further formalities, badly beaten up by a couple of specially engaged thugs.

The one department which can be counted on to show a profit is the bar—that is, if there are no "leaks." It is possible to check up on the bartenders fairly well by measuring the amount of liquor consumed against the cash receipts in the till. But even this system is not leak-proof, as some bartenders smuggle in their own bottles of liquor and serve drinks out of these, pocketing the

customers' cash—and the profits too. Nor will any bar be without leaks so long as waiters show the ingenuity of Jimmy's friend, Sporty.

Sporty's system is to fill a glass with cracked ice and pour into it tea and water to make a "stage highball." Waiting until the bartenders change shifts, Sporty takes the iced tea up to the man just come on duty, and explains that his partner has put in the wrong mixer and the customer will not accept the highball. The bartender dumps out the contents of the glass, refills it with a real highball, and Sporty has a drink on the house.

Jimmy is a loyal though critical member of his union, which has some fifty thousand members in New York City and whose full name is the Hotel and Restaurant International Alliance and Bartenders International League of America (A.F.L.). His criticisms of it are all on the score of its failure to go far enough in protecting the interests of

its members against the employers. Of the necessity for a union in his trade he has never had any doubt. He remembers too well the old days, before the union was strong in the city, when waiters got no wages at all from the house and were driven to work fifteen days straight, with one day off, in many hotels in order to increase their earnings from tips. He also remembers being fired more than once because he had an argument with a captain or because something he did happened to displease someone in authority. Under union rules, if a waiter is kept on for twelve days it is considered evidence that the boss considers him competent and he can be fired after that only on proof that he has committed some serious offense such as stealing or being drunk on the job. A waiter's life at best is a precarious affair. His skill and value do not increase with years. In the union Jimmy feels that he has an anchor. And now if he can only get that job in a night club. . . .







# OUR UNKNOWN PACIFIC ISLANDS

AMERICAN OUTPOST NO. 3

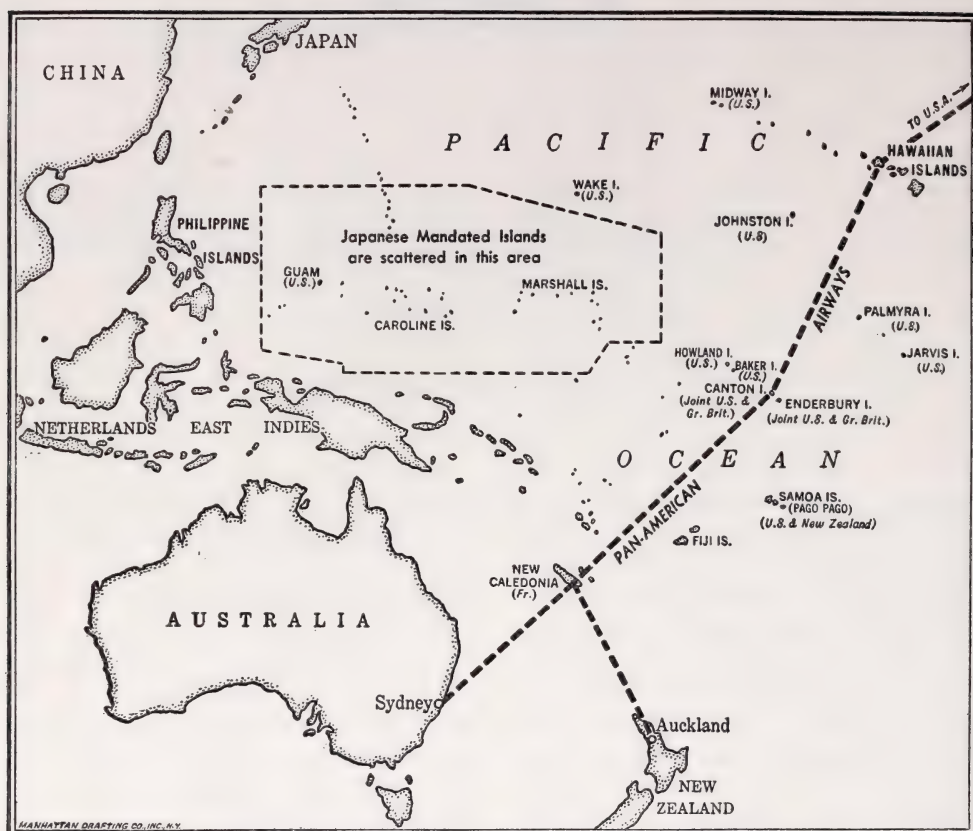
BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

IN RECENT months—largely because of the activities of the Pan-American Airways and because of apprehensions of war in the Pacific—Americans have discovered with some surprise that the United States is the owner of a chain of little islands that stretch south of Hawaii toward Australia and New Zealand. These islands, little more than stepping stones, are Johnston, Palmyra, Jarvis, Howland, Baker, Canton, Enderbury, and Samoa. Samoa, in spite of having at Pago Pago the best harbor in the South Sea Islands, remains a relic of an old dream that never came true. Right now the air liners go straight from Honolulu to Canton and then directly to the French island of New Caledonia on their way to New Zealand. But it is possible that a new scheme—a plan of naval strategy which few Americans have thus far taken seriously—will shortly give Pago Pago surprising usefulness and that the other islands will really be steps toward it. It is time that we understood how we happen to own those strategic parcels of property and what they may mean to us.

All through the South Seas, in New Zealand and Australia, and along the west coast of South America there are traces of American activity running back for a century and a half and more. American whalers, missionaries, traders, and sailors of high and low degree have left their impress at various points throughout the Pacific below the equator.

Often their stories are highly romantic, like those which Herman Melville wove into his great books, but just as often they are practical. Someone had a scheme for extending American power far to the south of Hawaii that would give reality to an imperial dream. What the Americans did in these distant places long ago is now a part of local legend, but seemingly with only a tenuous relation to the present.

The Australians like to recall that the first trading vessel to enter Sydney harbor was an American ship, the brigantine *Philadelphia*, Captain Patrickson, out of Philadelphia with miscellaneous goods. It sailed into Port Jackson on November 1, 1792, when the first Australian settlement was approaching its fifth birthday and Captain Patrickson sold the authorities much needed beef, wine, pitch, tar, and notions. The New Zealanders remember that American whalers in the early eighteen hundreds began to visit the Bay of Islands in the North Island to establish shore stations and trade for food with the Maoris. This was decades before the British took formal possession of the country and began systematic settlement. American whaling captains have the credit for discovering, between 1791 and 1840, no less than twenty-five South Sea Islands, mostly small, and the contacts between sailors off these ships and the natives provide many a lively passage in old logbooks. It was these early visitors who gave the Fiji Islands



their romantic reputation as the home of dangerous adventure, and how many American sailors augmented the cannibal food supply the record fails to say.

But with all their pioneering and high adventure, the Americans took permanent possession of only a few small islands in the Samoas. For the rest it is a matter of more or less shadowy claims to still smaller islands, claims which we considered worth asserting only twice so far in our history—once when guano figured importantly in the fertilizer trade; again when landing places for trans-Pacific air clippers became a matter of vast importance. South of Honolulu sounds like the title of a new movie melodrama, but to-morrow it may become a fascinating chapter in the story of American politics in the Pacific Basin.

That the United States is overlord of almost as many Polynesians as any other nation is something about which few Americans ever reflect. The Polyne-

sians inhabit the islands which fall within a great Pacific triangle the base of which extends from Hawaii in the north to New Zealand in the south, the point being formed by Easter Island to the east. Within this triangle, which includes in addition to the islands named, Tonga, French Oceania, and hosts of small groups, live two hundred fifty thousand brown people of Mongoloid-Caucasoid-Negroid origin, called Polynesians to distinguish them from the Micronesians who are chiefly under the Japanese flag and the Melanesians who are under the Australian and British flags. Taking the Hawaiians and the people of American Samoa together, about thirty per cent of all Polynesians are living in American territory. Only New Zealand—with her Maoris at home, plus the natives of her portion of Samoa, and the inhabitants of the Cook Islands which she administers—has more. How does the United States happen to be in Samoa?



## II

The Samoan Islands were first seen by a Dutch Explorer, Jacob Roggenwein, in 1722, but the records of his voyage were lost for many years, and most stories of the islands begin with a Frenchman, Bougainville, who visited them in 1768 and, because of the skill of the native boatmen, called them the Navigator Islands.

In the late eighteen thirties the United States Government sent Captain Charles Wilkes, U.S.N., on an exploring expedition in the South Pacific. One of Wilkes's assignments was to locate ports of call for American whalers, and he turned in an especially enthusiastic report on Pago Pago in the Samoan island of Tutuila. In 1839 he fixed up an agreement with the local chiefs to govern relations between the visiting ships seeking water and food and the natives, and also made arrangements to govern the treatment of shipwrecks and shipwrecked sailors. That Wilkes fastened upon Pago Pago is very significant, for while the economic development of the Samoas took place on the larger islands to the west, Pago Pago is the best harbor in the South Sea Islands and ranks with Pearl Harbor and Manila Bay among defensible points in the Pacific generally. Moreover, Wilkes was probably aware of the fact that the Samoas are centrally located in the South Sea Islands and perhaps he perceived that they are fairly central with regard to the Pacific Ocean, taking its entire sweep from north to south. Certainly these considerations, and others of a more commercial flavor, were in the mind of Admiral Meade when in the course of a South Seas cruise in 1872 he negotiated a treaty with the native rulers granting the United States the right to build a naval base at Pago Pago. This treaty was rejected by the Senate which had, as it happened, the habit of rejecting all of President Grant's experiments in territorial imperialism.

The Samoas were regarded as a promising field for commercial enterprise. There was so much of it by 1845 that

the British appointed a consul; in 1853 the Americans followed suit; and in 1861 the Germans sent a man to join them. The elements of the Samoan controversy were assembled. Samoa, geographical focal point of the Pacific, became a focal point of conflicting imperialisms.

The Germans, beginning about 1855, took the leadership in all commercial affairs. The spearhead of their economic activities was the Hamburg firm of Goddefroy and Son, which was mainly interested in copra. This concern set up headquarters at Apia in the island of Upolu, which was then and still remains the chief commercial center of Samoa. (It was at Apia that Robert Louis Stevenson spent his last years writing, among other things, caustic comments on the German activities.) The British and the Americans never got very far in a strictly commercial way. From the beginning the Americans, or rather that tiny minority of them who took any active interest at all, seem to have been obsessed with the idea of hanging on to Pago Pago for strategic reasons. The British were chiefly concerned to protect their missionaries and to block annexation by either of their rivals without a *quid pro quo* for themselves. Only the New Zealanders among the British people really coveted Samoa. New Zealand, under the leadership of Sir Julius Vogel, was then aiming to become the center of an Anglo-Saxon commercial empire in the South Seas.

What the Americans actually did has its comic side, but it was a prelude to something perilously close to tragedy. Some of the most fantastic aspects of the story circle round two individuals both of whom have now become pretty shadowy figures, William H. Webb and Colonel A. B. Steinberger. In 1869 Webb launched a scheme for a steamship line from San Francisco to New Zealand and Australia, Pago Pago to be a port of call. He applied to the United States government for a subsidy and was refused, but the New Zealand government, then in the first stages of the policy of



borrowing London money freely to spend on local development, granted him one. (This was the domestic phase of the policy of Sir Julius Vogel, aforementioned, and the whole outlook is known to New Zealand historians as "Vogelism.") Webb's line lasted three years. In addition to having his ships call at Pago, Webb tried to create some business there. Acting with one James Stewart, he bought up a quantity of land and tried to launch a speculative boom. This never came to anything. It also appears that Webb was somehow tied up with Admiral Meade who, in 1872, just as Webb was fading out, turned up at Pago and negotiated the treaty granting rights for a naval base. Such a base would have created trade for Webb's ships. This was twelve years before Pearl Harbor came into American hands!

When the Senate turned down Meade's treaty General Grant used his executive power to dispatch an agent to Samoa to investigate and report. The agent was the redoubtable and mysterious Colonel A. B. Steinberger. Webb and Stewart figured in Steinberger's list of friends. He made a tremendous hit with the natives, gave them the idea that he could get them under American protection with himself as Governor, and returned to Washington with a glowing report. This report is still used as a source in the latest government literature on Samoa. Although he could not redeem his promise of American protection, Steinberger returned to the islands and exploited his prestige to set up a native government in which he took the post of Prime Minister. But he overreached himself, for Webb and Stewart became convinced that he had somehow doublecrossed them and they let it out that he had, between visits to Samoa, been in Hamburg and made a deal with Goddefroy and Sons whereby he would favor their interests once he gained political power. This angered all hands except the Germans and in 1875 the American Consul and the commanding officer of a visiting British ship of war cooked up a scheme

whereby Steinberger was practically kidnapped and deported in the British ship to Fiji where he was released. This created a great scandal and the Consul was fired. The British officer resigned. But Steinberger was effectively eliminated from Samoan politics. President Grant had little luck with his friends.

Three years later the Samoans, feeling keenly the constant pressure of the Germans, sent a representative, La Mamea, to Washington to negotiate a treaty. La Mamea conducted his negotiations with Assistant Secretary F. W. Seward, son of the Seward who in 1867 had extended American Pacific interests by purchasing Alaska and taking over Midway Island. The result, says Samuel Flagg Bemis, was "a treaty of amity, most-favored-nation commerce, extraterritoriality, and quasi-protection." The treaty included also the right to maintain a naval station at Pago Pago. To testify to the reality of this right the government sent out a cargo of coal in 1880. From this time on the American interest in Samoa—or at least Pago Pago—became plainly "official."

The American treaty led the Germans and the British to negotiate similar treaties, but the Germans continued to push for special advantages, and by 1884 the natives were appealing to Britain to take over the islands. Germany's reply to this was to stir up an insurrection to bring her native friends to the top. Meddling in native political disputes and wars was a favorite pastime of the representatives of the contending governments. In June, 1885, the State Department protested to Germany against this action and eventually asked for a conference at Washington to settle the whole issue. Before it was convened in 1887 the British made a deal with the Germans, agreeing to give way to them in Samoa in return for their support in Egypt and the Near East. The conference, therefore, ended in stalemate. The Germans proceeded to organize their power and to discriminate against both the British and the Americans.



The New Zealanders once more put pressure on Britain to take over, but nothing happened. In January, 1889, President Cleveland submitted the whole muddle to Congress, and by March Britain, Germany, and the United States all had ships of war in Apia harbor. Hostilities seemed imminent—tragedy to replace comedy at Samoa. But on the sixteenth of the month as the ships swung at anchor a great hurricane blew up. The American and German ships were piled up on the beach, total wrecks, but the British vessel got away to sea. The New Zealanders to this day say proudly that it was New Zealand steaming coal that saved the British vessel!

It is sometimes romantically alleged that the modern American Navy was born of this disaster, for it revealed what poor ships America really had and how few. The hurricane eliminated the entire American Pacific fleet. However, the Sprouts, our leading naval historians, show that reconstruction actually began in 1881 under President James A. Garfield; that Alfred Thayer Mahan, who supplied the ideological impulse for real progress, did not publish *The Influence of Sea Power on History* until 1890, clearing the "way for a revolutionary advance in American thinking on the subject of naval strategy and defence"; and that the Apia hurricane was really significant because it provided "first-rate arguments for a program of *accelerated* naval construction." [My italics.]

Instead of leading to war, the concentration of naval vessels led to a conference in Berlin the issue of which was a joint protectorate of the three powers, a solution which, strangely enough, the Senate accepted. President Cleveland was, however, hostile to the whole arrangement and it really settled nothing. In 1899, when the results of the Spanish War were being digested, the islands were partitioned between the United States and Germany, the British receiving compensation from the Germans in Tonga (now included in New Zealand's Cook Islands), the Solomons

(now controlled by Australia), and in West Africa (now under the Union of South Africa). Thus by 1900 the United States had complete control of Tutuila with the harbor of Pago Pago as well as a number of smaller islands, the Germans having taken Upolu and Savaii, the two largest islands in the group, and also some scattered small islands.

When the American naval authorities sent out an expedition in 1900 to establish a "station" at Pago the commanding officer persuaded the chiefs of Tutuila to offer sovereignty to the United States. Four years later the chiefs of the smaller islands followed suit. But it was not until 1929 that these generous gifts were formally accepted by the United States—by Public Resolution No. 89, 70th Congress. The Germans kept control of their portion of Samoa until 1914, when the New Zealanders seized it as part of their war. At the Versailles Peace Conference German Samoa was assigned to New Zealand under a C-class mandate after Woodrow Wilson had blocked the drive for outright annexation. Thus it comes about that in the South Pacific the United States has a common frontier, not with Germany, but with the Dominion of New Zealand.

After all this struggle and risk what did America get? It got, reading from east to west, Rose Island, an uninhabited coral atoll, the Manua group consisting of Tau, Olosega, and Ofu islands, Aunuu Island and Tutuila. (Dr. Margaret Mead wrote *Coming of Age in Samoa* after studies in the Manua group.) In 1925 Swain Island, 210 miles north of Tutuila in the Tokelau group, all the rest of which is controlled by New Zealand, was added to Samoa for administrative purposes. It had long been owned by an American citizen. The total area of American Samoa is 73 square miles, a little more than the District of Columbia. The island of Tutuila has an area of 40 square miles and it is there that the marvellous harbor of Pago Pago is found.

From 1900 the islands were governed



under the executive authority of the President as Commander-in-chief of the Navy. His powers were delegated to the naval officer who happened to be assigned to command the Pago station. Under this arrangement the government was "a thorough if diplomatic absolutism." In 1929 when Senator Hiram Bingham introduced his resolution accepting sovereignty he also included a provision for a Commission to investigate conditions in the islands—the native political pot had been boiling for a decade—and recommend changes in the government. This provision, like the rest of the resolution, followed suggestions made by interested persons in Honolulu. Testifying before Bingham's Commission in Samoa, such natives as had ideas asked for "civil government" and United States citizenship. To them "civil government" seems chiefly to have meant curbs on naval absolutism by giving some power to the natives; and the demand for citizenship appears to have arisen from the ambiguous status of the two or three hundred Samoans living in Hawaii and the smaller group living in California. The Senate accepted Bingham's suggestions for change, including the granting, in part, of the requests of the natives; but in February, 1933, the House rejected them. This left Samoa almost exactly where it was before, the sole difference being that sovereignty was clearly in American hands at last. To-day the Navy governs under the slogan, "Non-exploitation of the natives, non-alienation of the lands, and Samoa for the Samoans." The recent Annual Reports of the Secretary of the Navy contain no illuminating information on conditions in Samoa and, indeed, it would appear that whoever makes up the Report simply copies last year's remarks almost verbatim into this year's Report, changing only a few figures.

Barring the Naval Station, Samoa seems to be a native reserve, with the usual disabilities of such reserves. Private enterprise by whites is discouraged.

But as Professor F. M. Keesing remarks in his invaluable study, the islands have been subjected to missionizing, pacification, economic development, political domination, and educational penetration. These have produced a cultural-pathological situation common throughout Polynesia. The Samoans under American rule are perhaps a little better off than they would be under a power willing to allow whites to get an economic foothold among them. But that they are living in a tropical paradise one may doubt. And as their numbers increase—the population is now double what it was in 1900, totalling about 13,000 including 200 whites on the Naval Station—the pressure on the land resources is intensified. Trouble in Samoa is bound to recur in the future.

All told, the United States has spent about \$10,000,000 in Samoa since 1900 and it is spending now at the approximate rate of \$500,000 a year. Income from customs, harbor dues, and miscellaneous fees is small. The Navy helps the natives get a little income by marketing the copra crop for them and a few natives make a little more—perhaps a total of \$7,000 a year—by selling handicrafts to the tourists. (The last time I was in Pago I contributed \$2.75.) The ships of the Matson Line, an offshoot of the Hawaiian sugar and pineapple trade, call at Pago on the Pacific Coast-Australia run and they make money out of the call since few other ships ever visit the port. (William Webb and Admiral Meade were right!) The fact is that Samoan society in its present phase could not stand up if it were not for the subsidies obtained, directly and indirectly, from the Naval Station.

What role the Pago Station plays in the American defense system to-day is more than a bit mysterious. The most impressive thing on the Station is the radio tower. The naval vessel usually in port wouldn't impress anyone. There is no wharf at which vessels of the size of the Matson liners can tie up. It is necessary to anchor in the stream and



transfer both passengers and freight to shore by lighters. No fortifications were built before 1921 and after that date construction was forbidden by international treaty. The naval quarters are attractive, being built on the style used in the Panama Canal Zone. But the classic description is to be found in Somerset Maugham's story "Rain," that tart if somewhat libelous yarn of life in Pago:

The ship turned sharply and steamed slowly in. It was a great landlocked harbour big enough to hold a fleet of battleships; and all around it rose, high and steep, the green hills. Near the entrance, getting such breeze as blew from the sea, stood the governor's house in a garden. *The Stars and Stripes dangled languidly from a flagstaff.*

Soon, however, the situation may change. For as I write this, the Navy has asked for over eight million dollars to prepare a seaplane base at Pago Pago.

### III

The story of the Americans in Samoa is odd and somewhat inconclusive. Their activities with regard to other islands south of Hawaii are also a bit odd. Those worth particular notice are Howland, Jarvis, Baker, Canton, and Enderbury Islands. Two others, Johnston and Palmyra, have already been absorbed into the Hawaiian defense system and can best be discussed in direct relation to it. Midway, Wake, and Guam are islands also owned by the United States but far away from this stepping stone chain. All are mere pin points on the map. But as things stand to-day, if they should suddenly sink beneath the waves they would all be missed.

On August 18, 1856, Congress passed an act which authorized American citizens to take peaceable possession of islands containing guano deposits wherever found, providing that they were not in the possession or occupation of any other government. It was just sixteen years since Justus von Liebig had started off the modern fertilizer industry by announcing that he believed that the

principal plant foods were nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash. His conclusions were quickly supported by the findings of two eminent English experimental agriculturalists, Sir John Lawes and Sir Henry Gilbert. Soon it was known that guano, the excrement of sea birds, was rich in nitrogen and phosphorus and contained also small amounts of potassium. Guano thus assumed commercial importance and for about thirty years the trade in it flourished. Since the turn of the century, however, other sources of the basic constituents of fertilizer have been found. But when guano was in demand American citizens scoured the Caribbean and the South Pacific looking for islands containing deposits of it. They found guano on Howland, Jarvis, and Baker islands among others, all of which were originally discovered by American whalers. Once the guano was exhausted the islands were promptly abandoned to the birds again. But the mapmakers, disliking white space, and assuming that any part of the globe not plainly in the possession of someone else must certainly belong to the British, colored these landspecks red to harmonize them with their nearest neighbors.

Back in 1924, before the prospects of establishing transoceanic air services were at all bright, Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State for President Coolidge, stated that,

It is the opinion of the department that the discovery of lands unknown to civilization, even when coupled with a formal taking of possession, does not support a valid claim to sovereignty unless the discovery is followed by an actual settlement of the discovered country.

Since Howland, Baker, and Jarvis islands had been discovered by American whaling captains but only temporarily occupied, years later, by the guano hunters and then abandoned, the American title to them under this dictum was hardly valid. But by the same token, neither was the British. The status of the islands was, to say the least of it, indeterminate.

It was for that reason, one presumes, that when in 1936 the United States



suddenly decided that it had use for them once again the British raised no objection, in spite of their color on maps. In that year the Coast Guard cutter *Itasca*, acting under the direction of the Division of Territories and Island Possessions of the Department of the Interior, carried some young Hawaiians of the Kamehameha Boys' School of Honolulu to each of the islands, where it left them in charge of meteorological equipment. The government was bent upon improving its weather forecasting data from this general part of the world to assist aviation. On Howland Island a landing field was built. But the boys were also technically settlers and their presence was designed to give the United States valid title to the islands.

About this time Pan-American Airways was proposing to establish a clipper service from Honolulu to Auckland, New Zealand, by way of Kingman Reef—1,100 miles south of Honolulu—and Pago Pago. Several successful trips over the run were made by Captain Musick, but one unlucky day, just after taking off from Kingman, Musick's ship blew up into small fragments. So great an impression had he made on the citizens of Auckland that they are building a memorial to his memory on a point overlooking a lovely stretch of Auckland harbor.

When the Pan-American people revived their idea of a South Pacific service, following the disaster at Kingman, they shifted their run to the west and fixed on Canton and Enderbury Islands as convenient stopping places. The peculiar value of Canton Island is not its size but the fact that there is a superb lagoon there, perfect for the landing of sea-planes. Enderbury Island, near-by, lacks a lagoon and was apparently selected as a possible landing place for land planes. These two islands pretty definitely belong to the Phoenix Group, which is included in the British Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony governed from Ocean Island under the authority of the British High Commissioner for the Western Pacific who makes his headquarters at Suva in Fiji.

In June, 1937, an amusing event took place at Canton Island. To view a solar eclipse, vessels from the United States and New Zealand carried scientists there. The Americans arrived first and occupied the only really good anchorage. When the New Zealanders arrived they summoned the Americans to give up the anchorage, for the island was a British possession. The Americans politely but definitely refused!

On March 6th of the following year, after significant rumors had appeared in the press, President Roosevelt issued an executive order putting Canton and Enderbury Islands under the Department of the Interior. It was made known that between 1860 and 1880 Americans had occupied Canton while engaged in the guano trade. But since under Mr. Hughes's dictum the island (and neighboring Enderbury as well) could hardly be claimed for this reason, it was stated on good authority that the State Department had adopted a new line of reasoning. In the future claims for coveted territory whose ownership was indeterminate (this chiefly involving Pacific Islands), would rest upon (a) discovery, (b) former occupation, (c) failure of any other nation to occupy; or (d) a combination of these points. The British, evidently very alert to protect their interest in stray islands useful for trans-Pacific air navigation, had taken time by the forelock; for in the previous September, after the contretemps over observing the eclipse, they had sent two radio operators (New Zealanders) and equipment to Canton Island. It was given out that they regarded the island as indispensable to a future Australia-Canada airline. The American occupiers, as usual Hawaiian boys trained to collect meteorological data, did not arrive until March 7, 1938, the day following the President's order. On the 9th Great Britain formally reserved her rights in both Canton and Enderbury islands.

The whole business thereupon went underground. It was announced, however, that no out-and-out dispute be-



tween the United States and Great Britain would take place, sarcastic remarks from Nazi bystanders notwithstanding.

All that the two nations were up to with their extraordinary maneuvers was to establish principles valid for any and all Pacific islands of doubtful status. The task of defining what America thought was wise and proper was handed over to a committee consisting of Jay Pierrepont Moffat, then Chief of the Western European Division of the State Department, now Minister to Canada, Admiral William D. Leahy, now Ambassador to Vichy France, and Ernest H. Gruening, then in charge of the Department of the Interior's Bureau of Territories and Island Possessions, now Governor of Alaska. The British case was presented from time to time by British Ambassador Sir Ronald Lindsay. It was probably formulated chiefly in the Colonial Office in London, though the governments of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada were consulted and also, no doubt, Imperial Airways. The final result is to be found in Executive Agreement Series, No. 45, where it is recorded that the parties agreed, "without prejudice to their respective claims," to administer the islands jointly for fifty years, the first such agreement into which the United States has entered since the short-lived arrangement for control of Samoa made in 1889. The United States—really Pan-American Airways—would install landing facilities and accommodations for passengers at Canton, these to be available at proper rental charges to all airlines incorporated in Great Britain or any of the dominions. (But as thus far the United States has consistently refused to allow the British to land anywhere in the Hawaiian Islands, this privilege is not of much use.) The Canton agreement was made public on April 6, 1939. It was an executive agreement because, unlike a treaty, such a document does not have to be ratified by the Senate. And so the matter rests.

#### IV

What sum one should get after adding up the foregoing items is impossible to say. There are no answers in the back of this particular book. But some conclusions suggest themselves. They are based on data both ancient and modern.

Back in 1887 Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State for President Cleveland, made a statement which is as clear an indication of what was in the minds of those who followed through the tortuous goings-on in Samoa as any ever put on paper. Bayard said that American interest in the Samoan Islands

... is mainly because of their geographical position. They lie in the pathway of a commerce that is just being developed. The opening of the northwest coast of North America to civilization and commerce by means of the transcontinental railways had given to this group of islands an interest which they had never had before. . . . Moreover, we all hope for the penetration of the isthmus in some way or other. If that occurs a new feature of interest will be added to them. . . . There is something beyond the mere material value of the land and products, and it is for that reason that the United States desires to see that group of islands maintained for the common use of all nations.

And, as later appeared, the United States was willing to take possession of all or part of them if circumstances required that solution.

The joker in this is that the trade Secretary Bayard saw developing has never come to very much, even after the Panama Canal had been built. In 1938 only 3 per cent of American exports went to Oceania (*i.e.*, the South Pacific Islands, New Zealand and Australia taken together) and only 0.8 per cent of her imports were obtained from there. The United States is in Samoa because men in high places were beguiled by a will o' the wisp—or so it has appeared.

The motivations with regard to the smaller islands are much more practical, or so we think to-day! Guano had its use, and the United States has long encouraged commercial aviation. A line to the South Pacific dominions is an



obvious complement to the line to Manila and Hong Kong. I understand that the clipper service to New Zealand has already justified itself commercially and, if an elaborate scheme for covering the islands with branch lines is carried out, it will be even more profitable.

But other values carry tremendous weight in these days of conflict between nations. Pick up a map outlining the naval zones in the Pacific Ocean, and you will find that the United States is supposed to have complete control of a vast area extending from beyond the Aleutian Islands of Alaska south to Pago Pago and a little farther. Realists may dispute the reality of the control of the southern reaches of this area. According to the same map, Japan has absolute control of East Asian waters and of a great sweep of the Pacific Ocean east of her main islands. There is a huge no-man's-land between the American and Japanese preserves in the North Pacific. The British, for their part, claim control of the area south of the equator, excepting where the Americans cut in at Samoa. These three great naval zones chiefly overlap in the Central Pacific where are found the Japanese mandated islands, the British Gilbert and Ellice Islands Colony, and the American outposts of Wake Island, Guam, and the Philippines, as well as Howland, Jarvis, Baker, Canton, and Enderbury Islands. The Pan-American clipper running from Honolulu to Canton Island, to French New Caledonia, and Auckland, New Zealand—prospectively to Brisbane and down to Sydney, Australia—goes straight through the particular part of the Pacific where all three naval powers are theoretically tight up against one another.

In 1937, when Amelia Earhart took off from New Guinea and disappeared, she was heading for the Howland Island landing field. To search for her the United States Navy combed 250,000 square miles of ocean around Howland Island, working west toward the Japanese mandates and the British Gilberts. In the dispatches recounting this effort

the area covered was consistently referred to as "strategical." It is the area in which the three naval zones meet.

The strategy of the Pacific is a puzzle to the layman and, this writer understands, far from being an open book to the navalists. But one thing is clear. As far as the United States and Japan are concerned they are supreme on their respective sides of the North Pacific Ocean. Neither can successfully attack the other across the Pacific, for the distance from bases is too great. By the same token, it will be difficult, if not impossible, for the United States to retain possession of the Philippines if Japan makes a sudden rush for them. They do not give the United States a secure foothold in Japan's naval zone. For these reasons any important warfare between Japan and the United States in the Pacific is rather apt to come in the central and southern areas of the Pacific; and that warfare will chiefly involve light ships and aircraft. (Significantly enough, Australia and New Zealand are to-day buying American seaplanes for patrol work in coastal waters and the islands.) It will be, on the American side, planned to define the outside limits beyond which the Japanese cannot be allowed to go. And it is in warfare of this character—pressure warfare it may be called—that the United States will, it is likely, collaborate with Australia, New Zealand, and perhaps Great Britain. The recent exchange of naval attachés between the United States and Australia is but one more straw in the wind.

If this proves true, then Pago Pago and the other islands may suddenly assume great importance. On that amazing day the ghosts of Captain Wilkes, Admiral Meade, William Webb, Colonel Steinberger, and the others will have a high old time in whatever heaven they inhabit. For at last they will be more than Americans with odd ideas of how the country should employ its resources. They will be prophets with honor. Pago Pago will have come into its own.





## KEEP AN EYE ON RUSSIA

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

EVERY day the American press prints news about the parts that Britain, Germany, and Japan are playing in the international crisis. The average American reader is justified, therefore, in assuming that his country's main role in the war is limited to relations with those three powers. The United States, it would appear, is faced with the dual problem of holding down the Japanese and helping the British beat Germany. Once the Japanese and Germans are disposed of, the United States and Britain will be able to rearrange the world according to their common idea of right and justice.

Except when special situations have arisen, there has been comparatively little in the news about Russia. To be sure, the Soviet Union has stayed out of the war, but that does not mean that the Red dictatorship of Joseph Stalin is not one of the most vital factors in to-day's world crisis. Moscow has gone to great lengths to maintain her non-belligerent status in order that she may capitalize on the war. The state of breakdown and destruction that must follow the conflict is the prize for which the Kremlinites are waiting. Who wins or loses the war matters little to the Soviets if it is a long, exhausting war. The U.S.S.R. counts on being the ultimate victor in the struggle.

The attitude of some of the American press toward the Soviet Union is of a piece with the capacity of the American public for wishful-thinking. In no other field has the American public let its

wishful-thinking run so wild as in its concept of Bolshevist Russia. At times it has been so emotional as to approximate the fantastic. Rarely has it been logical; seldom has it been enlightened. Small wonder then that Americans were shocked by the Hitler-Stalin deal. But unless we forgo wishful-thinking in our relations with the Soviet Union we run the risk of being shocked again, and perhaps again. Indeed, a realistic attitude to the Soviet question should be made part of our national defense.

During the years between the Armistice and the Nazi-Soviet pact there grew up in this country an extraordinary myth about the Soviet Union. There were reasons. The overthrow of the Tzar appealed to the democratic tradition; the American Communist Party was naturally committed from the start; the liberals were fascinated; numbers of business men were interested in the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce and the possibilities of Russian trade; the Book-of-the-Month Club distributed *New Russia's Primer*. In general, the Five-Year Plan aroused widespread curiosity, if nothing more. Finally, with the rise of Hitler, the formation of the Popular Front lent color to the argument that Russia was the defender of peace. Taken altogether, the effect of all these attitudes in the United States was powerful, despite the strong anti-Communist sentiment among conservatives. The observer who forecast an eventual deal between Bolshevism and Nazism was a "disguised Fascist" who was attempting

to "sow dissension among the peace-loving democracies."

The Hitler-Stalin pact accomplished at least one constructive result in the United States. It rudely awakened many people from their dream of Soviet dedication to peace and democracy. But not for long. Scarcely three weeks later, when the Red army attacked the doomed Poles, the old shibboleths about democratic, peaceful Russia began to reappear. Stalin had invaded Poland to stop the Nazis. Many Americans expected the Red Tzar to lose no time in stabbing the Nazi Führer in the back. In the British Parliament Sir Archibald Sinclair thought the Soviet actions must be "rather ominous" for the Germans. And Mr. Boothbay, a Conservative member, revealed his optimism: "I hope and believe that one day we shall get the support of Soviet Russia." Later came the Russian attack on Finland. Public opinion in America and Britain recoiled before this bald act of aggression. But after the epic Finnish resistance was broken Moscow once more found champions in the Western democracies.

In these rapid changes of opinion toward the Kremlin a vast confusion reigned in people's minds. Is Stalin really ranged with the Axis? Or is he lined up with the democracies? Is he friend or foe? Before we can attempt to consider these questions we ought to give due weight to certain facts.

## II

In the first place, relations between the Nazis and Soviets are not based on friendship. It is the relationship of gangsters plotting robberies and the division of loot. The gangsters do not trust each other; their guns are loaded. Still the partners know that there will be more plunder to divide if they work together. They will continue to work together just as long as it is mutually profitable. How long will it be to the advantage of the Nazi and Soviet partners to continue their program of collaboration and mutual non-aggression?

At the outset let us keep in mind that Russo-German collaboration is no new invention of the Nazis. The Germans undoubtedly know the Russians better than do any other people. German economic relations with the main branch of the Slavic family go back at least six centuries. This historical background is vital to an understanding of the German-Russian situation to-day.

Bismarck realized that it was to Germany's advantage to establish good political relations with Russia. The Iron Chancellor fashioned his diplomacy along this line. But Kaiser Wilhelm II dropped the old pilot and the pilot's Russian policy and in the treaty of Brest-Litovsk aimed to make Russia "a vassal state within the German orbit." Germany's collapse in late 1918 brought about a renewal of the Russian orientation.

In the post-war period these "brothers of outlawry" established a close military entente in defiance of the war victors. In contravention of the Versailles treaty, Reichswehr officers went into Russia on forged passports, helped organize the Red army, created schools for staff, tank, artillery, and air training. Defeated Germany seemed to have taken Bismarck's advice to heart, and Lenin hoped to use the Reich's military and industrial skill to defend the Socialist fatherland against the "machinations and attacks" of that "other world" of capitalism. It is an ironical fact that German reactionaries worked hand in hand with Russian radicals.

When Adolf Hitler came to power he made opposition to Bolshevism a rallying cry. He swore everlasting hatred of the "blood-stained scum of humanity" who ruled the Kremlin; he vowed to save Europe from the "gang of criminals" who threatened to project their Russian Bolshevism on the rest of the world. The Soviet leadership answered in a similar vein of invective. Inside the Nazi hierarchy a struggle developed between the pro-Bolsheviks and those who wanted to attack the Soviet Union. Alfred Rosenberg, chief of the Foreign Affairs



Section of the Nazi Party, led the latter group; the army leaders and some of the left-wing Nazis spoke for the former. Meantime there was no letup in the billingsgate between Berlin and Moscow. And the world at large was completely taken in by the collective-security farce staged at Geneva by Comrade Litvinov under the direction of Joseph Stalin.

Now the attitude of the Nazis, whether they advocated war or rapprochement with the Soviets, was the same. It could be summarized in one sentence: "*Ich fresse dich oder du frisst mich!* (If I don't devour you you'll devour me!)" This was exactly the point of view of the Soviet leadership toward the Third Reich. Each of the totalitarian giants sought to devour the other. German officers had long looked enviously at Russia's vast stores of raw materials and her huge potential of man-power. If the Reich were in a position to develop those resources of food, timber, metals, and oil and organize that man-power, Germany would be the most powerful nation on earth. It was a prospect to dazzle the defeated German militarists. Colonel von Niedermayer was their spokesman when he said: "United, Germany and Russia are invincible. They complete each other in the happiest way."

At the 1936 Nuremberg congress Hitler called forth the cheers of his huge Brown-Shirt audience when he shouted: "If I had the Urals, with their incalculable store of treasures in raw materials, Siberia, with its vast forests, and the Ukraine, with its tremendous wheat fields, Germany and the National Socialist leadership would swim in plenty."

In Moscow the Soviet leadership has all along considered the Reich as the great power most likely to head the procession from capitalism to Bolshevism. In the early post-war period the Soviet, through the medium of the Third International and the German Communist Party, made strenuous efforts to gain control of Germany. The abortive Communist revolutions in Munich, Hamburg,

Dresden, and other German cities in 1919 and 1920 did not, however, materially promote Bolshevism in the Reich. Germany was not "ripe." But there has never been any doubt in Moscow that the time will come when the "ripening" process has proceeded far enough for Communism to take over this advanced industrial nation.

It appears likely that Karl Haushofer, head of the Geo-Political Institute, and other political strategists of Nazi Germany believe that the Reich can gain control of Russian natural resources without fighting. But first the Reich must win the hegemony of Europe. In order to avoid the danger of major wars on two fronts, the Nazi politico-military tacticians advocated an entente with the U.S.S.R. Von Ribbentrop is credited with the scheme—probably a plan of Haushofer's—of dividing the world into "spheres of plunder" for aggressor nations. According to this arrangement Italy would be paid off in North Africa, Russia would be bribed by rich territory in the Near and Middle East, Japan would be deflected from designs on Soviet possessions southward toward Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies. The arrangement would keep the totalitarian powers from coming into conflict with one another over the division of loot from the "pluto-democratic" countries.

Stalin undoubtedly recognized the fact that Nazi foreign policy would lead to war. His strategy, therefore, was to orient Nazi aggression away from the Soviet domains toward the nations in that "other world" of capitalism. War among his enemies, the master of the Kremlin could rest assured, could not help but strengthen his own hand. The longer the struggle lasted the more exhausted the capitalistic countries would become, and the "ripening" process would be accelerated in every belligerent nation. Meanwhile the Soviet Union would remain out of the war; it would continue to build up its strength and prepare to profit from the hostilities and from the impoverishment, despair, and



chaos which the war would visit upon victor and vanquished.

Let us emphasize that each of the Nazi-Soviet partners knew what was in the other's mind. Hitler's strategists knew that Stalin hoped for a long war that would prostrate Europe and advance the world revolution. But they believed that the Reich could win a quick victory before the breakdown would come. And the Kremlinites—shrewd, hard-boiled masters of power politics—realized what the Nazis expected to do about Russia after a German victory. But the Soviet leadership was of the opinion that it would be fairly simple for the Nazis to win early victories, difficult for them to gain a decisive triumph. Stalin and his followers certainly counted on a long war.

Soviet calculations regarding the "second imperialist war" have so far proved astonishingly accurate. Hitler's smashing defeat of Poland was only the beginning of the war. Yet it opened the way for the Soviets to march in and take over more than half of Poland, without risk, and without expending men or materials in the conquest. In late 1939 the Soviets attacked Finland. The Germans did not like this Russian *Drang nach Westen* (drive to the West), but they could do nothing about it. Nor a few months later could they prevent Stalin from annexing the three Baltic republics of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. Here was indeed a westward drive that rendered the Soviet's partner most uneasy. It brought the Red army to the frontier of East Prussia; it removed the last buffer state between the U.S.S.R. and the Baltic.

But the Baltic was not the only theater of Russian imperial activity. By mid-summer, 1940, his troops were in control of the former Roumanian provinces of Bessarabia and northern Bukovina. Red artillery was now in a position to sweep the lower Danube. This was more than uncomfortable; it was a bitter humiliation for the Nazis. For Hitler and his followers had come to consider the Danube a German river from the Black

Forest to the Black Sea. It was part of their life-line to the Near East. Its mouth was to be the eastern gateway of the great riparian artery of commerce that would connect the Rhine and the Danube, bringing the commerce of north Germany into touch with the Black Sea area and the Near East.

Now, however, Hitler was in no position to bar the passage of Red troops into Roumania. He was involved in a crucial struggle with Britain; Stalin was still at "peace." As long as the war lasted Hitler would have no liberty of action toward his partner in aggression. If the Nazis should make any move against the Bolsheviks that would bring on war between the Reich and the Soviet, they would be playing the British game. Stalin continued to hold the whip hand. In spite of all Hitler's military victories, the war went on, and the Führer had to depend increasingly on the Soviet as a source of supplies and a means of circumventing the growing severity of the British blockade.

Stalin probably had his moments of uneasiness when France was falling beneath the Nazi military juggernaut. It may have occurred to the master of the Kremlin that the work of his own Soviet fifth column in helping Hitler destroy the French republic might turn out to have been shortsighted. But if Stalin indulged in these thoughts it was not for long. The valorous and stubborn resistance of Britain must have soon encouraged him to return to his original belief that the war is to be long, exhausting. As the struggle has gone along, Stalin has found himself more and more in the enviable position of holding the balance of power over two sets of his opponents. He had more reason than ever to be satisfied with his long-tested diplomatic formula: if you can play your enemies against each other you cannot lose.

### III

As these lines are written Stalin is the real winner of the war. Not only has he



won a vast tract of territory on his western frontier, he holds the balance of power in Europe and Asia. The man who was snubbed at Munich is now courted by every great power in the world. Appeasement of the Red Tzar has for some time been the order of the day. Germany, Italy, Britain, Japan, and the United States all hope to win the Bolshevik dictator's support against their enemies. Each of them has been making overtures to the Kremlin.

Germany, we repeat, has more than once swallowed her pride in her dealings with the Soviet. She has been forced to stand by and watch the Reds take over lands along the Baltic and in Danubia which have long been earmarked by the Nazis as part of their *Lebensraum* (living space). Hitler's propaganda machine, which used to spew forth vilification of the Soviet leaders, adopted a comradely tone. What a warm spirit of co-operation existed between the Brown and Red dictatorships! What brotherly understanding! Berlin's official communiqué, following Molotov's visit in November, stated: "The exchange of views was conducted in an atmosphere of mutual trust." That did not deceive the Turks. Long schooled in the devious ways of Oriental diplomacy, the Turks sensed weakness beneath the euphemistic phrasing. They could read into it the compromises which Molotov had in all likelihood exacted from Hitler. Comrade Stalin usually gets his quid pro quo.

As for Britain's attitude toward Stalin, it has been rent with conflict between the need to win the war and natural abhorrence of Soviet aggressions against Poland and Finland. Englishmen were bitter over Stalin's cavalier treatment of their diplomatic-military mission which was cooling its heels at the Kremlin gate when the Nazi-Soviet deal was rudely announced. London openly expressed sympathy for Finland. But the British desperately need allies against Germany. Early last summer London sent left-wing Sir Stafford Cripps as Ambassador to Moscow. The Kremlin's friends were

said to consider him "open-minded." If anyone could win Soviet support for Britain, Downing Street believed, it was Sir Stafford. But the months have gone by and Sir Stafford has been able to win little that even faintly resembled Soviet favor for Britain.

Japan, which used to proclaim that the Mikado's empire was the guardian of the Far East against Bolshevism, has been assiduously courting Moscow. Mired down in its long war in China and embroiled in an increasingly difficult diplomatic wrangle with the United States, Tokyo has turned toward Moscow. No longer do the Japanese boast of their plan to seize Vladivostok. Last October Japan sent a new Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Lieutenant-General Tatekawa, whose avowed mission was the consummation of an agreement with the Russians. It has dawned upon the Japanese that their foreign policies have placed them in the position where they are at Stalin's mercy. In consequence they are making a frantic effort to appease the Soviet.

For years Italian Fascists proclaimed that their "march on Rome" saved Italy from Bolshevism. The bombastic Duce sent his legions to Spain allegedly to fight Communism. He joined the anti-Comintern Pact. In a typical expression of contempt for the Soviet Union, the newspaper *Telegrafo* sneered: "Russians are not men like us. They are simply human material good to be shot, deported, kicked in the rear!" But to-day Italy is engaged in a conflict with the British Empire that reflects little glory on the military prowess of the Fascist troops who faced the Tommies and Evzones. So Rome has become an ardent appeaser of Moscow. On November 7th, for instance, Count Ciano, the Duce's son-in-law and Italy's Foreign Minister, visited the Soviet Embassy in Rome to help celebrate the twenty-third anniversary of the Communist revolution. It was a matter of jest among the foreign diplomats in the Italian capital that the Russians "enjoyed caviar and Ciano."



Since the Nazi-Soviet deal the United States policy toward Moscow has been indicative neither of outright appeasement nor consistent disapproval. When Red troops attacked Finland Washington lost no time in ordering a "moral embargo" against the Soviet Union. President Roosevelt told a delegation of American youth gathered on the White House grounds that the U.S.S.R. is "a dictatorship as absolute as any other in the world." On July 22nd, after Stalin had taken over the Baltic nations, Mr. Sumner Welles, Acting Secretary of State, flayed the Kremlin's actions and charged that the liberties and territorial integrity of the three small victim nations had been "deliberately annihilated." Nevertheless the United States continued to have an Ambassador in Moscow, although there has been no Ambassador in our Berlin embassy for more than two years. Washington appears to draw some kind of distinction between the aggressions carried out by Hitler and those by Stalin.

Meanwhile the Soviet was making heavy purchases of certain strategic materials in the United States, notably cotton, copper, oil, and tools. These imports were entering the U.S.S.R. through Vladivostok. At the same time the Soviet was obligated to supply the Reich with cotton, oil, and other raw materials essential to Germany's *Wehrwirtschaft* (military economy). Just how much economic help Moscow is able and willing to give Berlin is a military secret carefully guarded by both capitals. But there are reasons to believe that in some lines this Russian aid is considerable. At any rate the British Ministry of Economic Warfare thinks so. On January 15, 1941, it stated: "Some American producers are helping Germany indirectly by selling Russia commodities in which Germany is deficient." Thus our policy of appeasement of Russia has been conflicting with our policy of all aid to Britain.

American cotton did not necessarily reach the Nazis. It might be kept in

Siberia for Soviet consumption. But that would make it possible for the Bolsheviks to release to the Reich an equivalent amount of their own cotton grown in Turkestan. The same is true of oil. Petroleum products shipped from the United States to Vladivostok could be used in the Soviet Far Eastern provinces and would save the long haul there from the Caucasus fields. And the Kremlin would have just that much more of its own oil to barter for the Reich's machinery and armaments.

On January 21, 1941, the United States removed the "moral embargo" against the U.S.S.R. Stalin had not repented his bombings of Finland or his invasion of the Baltic republics, Poland, and Roumania. Washington did not, however, remove any of the economic restrictions against another aggressor, Japan. Some observers believed that the Russians would still not be able to obtain airplanes in the United States, because all the planes that can be produced for months ahead have been placed on order for the Americans and the British and the countries which they are aiding against aggression. They saw little actual change in the economic relations between the United States and the Soviet. But nearly everybody saw political significance in the move. It was regarded as a further warning to Japan. Call it what you like, it was a form of Soviet appeasement.

#### IV

Since his Polish, Baltic, and Danubian adventures, what has Stalin been doing? The Red Tzar has been busy strengthening his economic position and building up his army. Informed reports from the U.S.S.R. indicate that the Bolsheviks are sacrificing all other lines of activity to the military. The Finnish campaign revealed weaknesses of the Red army which Stalin is determined to eradicate. For the present, at any rate, the officer corps not only seems to be relatively free of purges, but its prestige has been



elevated to a new level in Soviet society. Officers and men alike are being constantly reminded that the "socialist fatherland" is in perennial danger of attack from that "other world." "We are a besieged fortress," declares President Kalinin. "It is true that this fortress is a huge one—one-sixth of the earth. But the remaining five-sixths are our principal and irreconcilable enemies." While the Russian people are being constantly reminded of the "wise Stalinist peace policy," they are also given a warning: "Toilers of the Soviet Union, do not forget capitalist encirclement!"

Another example of propaganda for internal consumption is provided by the publication *Socialist Agriculture*: "The capitalist world is trying to send to our country not only spies and terrorists; the enemy is trying to wreck with anything possible, trying to find the most subtle methods. Seeds infected with pink worms, lemons with larva of the Mediterranean fruit-fly and infected potatoes were sent as luggage. . . . But the malicious plots of the enemy will not be realized." This nefarious traffic in agricultural pests and diseases was charged to Britain and the United States. The objective of such propaganda is to whip up fervor for war preparations and to key the people and the fighting services with fanatical zeal to carry out the orders of the Kremlin.

From the Soviet press and the speeches of the Kremlin hierarchs since the Nazi-Soviet pact one might believe that Britain was Russia's principal enemy. For instance, there was Molotov's speech last August before the Supreme Soviet. The Bolshevik Premier and Foreign Commissar said: "It is difficult to imagine good relations with England, considering all her hostile acts against the Soviet Union." But the Russian relationship with Germany, according to Comrade Molotov, is excellent and "all British efforts to weaken it have failed."

In spite of the Kremlin's denunciation of British "provocations," the Soviet leadership knows that the U.S.S.R. faces

no immediate threat from Britain. The only nation which can now seriously menace the Soviet is the powerful Nazi military dictatorship with which Russia has a common frontier from the Baltic to Hungary. The Bolsheviks realize full well that there is always the danger that a Reich, defeated at the English Channel, might turn in desperation eastward against the empire of Joseph Stalin. Hitler might do this to hide his failure in the West; he might do it to occupy his large army; he might do it in a despairing effort to obtain more raw materials and food for his blockaded country. In Moscow they know, moreover, that Alfred Rosenberg, the arch advocate of war against the Soviet Union, still occupies a position of influence in the Nazi hierarchy. They are aware too that Hitler has long maintained a skeleton Ukrainian military organization, headed by the former hetman, General Skoropadsky. This set-up could be used to create an "incident" that could be employed as a pretext for a German attack on the Soviet Ukraine.

The Kremlin has taken a number of measures in order to minimize the danger of a Nazi thrust eastward. In the first place Stalin is now represented in his Berlin embassy by Comrade Dekanozoff, a fellow Georgian, who has the same type of Asiatic cunning as his chief. Second, the Soviets have encouraged the Pan-Slav movement in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria and are giving support to Communist organizations in the former Czech provinces, and in Norway, Poland, and other lands under Nazi rule. In Roumania the left wing of the Iron Guard has a strong Communist element. Recent bloody rioting in that colorful kingdom appears to have been precipitated by the radical faction of Iron Guardists, a fact that may betray Soviet inspiration. All these disturbances in the occupied countries have the effect of spreading out Hitler's secret police, élite guards, and military garrisons. And they help keep the Nazis so busy in their labors to establish the Axis "new order"



that they have less time to interfere with Moscow's affairs.

It is Stalin's intention to give Hitler enough economic help to keep the war going. The Kremlin can be certain that Haushofer and the German army chiefs are urging upon the Führer the necessity of continued good relations with Russia, that it is better to be certain of the Soviet imports which are coming into the Reich than to gamble recklessly on obtaining Russian supplies by military conquest. Furthermore, Stalin can be certain that as time goes on and American aid to Britain increases, Hitler will—barring an early German knockout of the British Isles—become more and more dependent upon Soviet economic aid. The one danger which the Kremlin dreads most is a sudden victory for either side. If it becomes necessary to increase Russian aid to Germany in order to prolong the war, Stalin will do it. At the XVIIIth Party Congress, Mikoyan, People's Commissar for Foreign Trade, made the noteworthy admission that Soviet trade "depends directly upon political relations."

In the background of Nazi-Soviet affairs stands Comrade Vishinsky, a figure almost unknown in the United States but well known to the Nazis. This Vice Commissar of Foreign Affairs is the man whom Stalin is grooming for the spotlight in the event that it ever serves the Kremlin's purpose to turn against Germany and co-operate with Britain. Vishinsky stands behind the scenes today, much as Molotov did in the months before he took the place of Litvinov. The retirement of Molotov and the advancement of Vishinsky would be a sign that Stalin is moving toward closer relations with Britain. The Nazis know this. So do others. That is why the word is being passed out from Istanbul, Sofia, and Belgrade: "Keep your eyes on Vishinsky!"

By the same token, if the Reich should defeat Britain this year, Molotov, or some understudy, would certainly continue Soviet collaboration with the

Nazis, but along lines dictated by Hitler.

Nothing could serve the Kremlin's ends better than the involvement of the United States and Japan in the hostilities. That would leave the Soviet Union the only great power outside the spreading conflict. Not only would such involvement relieve the Kremlin of nearly all dangers of attack from west or east; it would put Moscow in an even better position to profit from the war. Stalin could enjoy the spectacle of his enemies in that "other world" destroying one another in a suicidal conflict that could hardly help but spread Bolshevism. His dream of a Soviet Europe would be that much nearer reality.

Many Americans harbor the hope that Stalin will one day come to our aid against Japan. This sanguine expectation may encourage us to take a stronger stand in the Far East than we should otherwise feel justified in taking. War with Japan may be unavoidable. This article is not concerned directly with that question. But if we have learned to replace wishful-thinking by a realistic mental approach we shall make our plans without counting on Soviet help. If we wish to avoid shocks, unnecessary losses, and costly blunders we shall make our plans on the basis of our own strength. We shall expect no aid from Moscow.

Laying all emotion aside, we should recognize Stalin for what he is—a master practitioner of *Realpolitik*, a political realist who combines the craft and subtlety of Oriental diplomacy and the cynical ruthlessness of a Machiavelli. His goal is dynamic world revolution; ours is world peace and stability founded on international justice. The two programs can have nothing in common. If we would avoid disastrous mistakes we must recognize the ugly fact that Berlin and Moscow follow the methods of gangland. The double-cross is a basic move in their strategy. To repeat: as long as it is mutually profitable to them the two dictatorships will stand together against their common enemies, the Western democracies.



The war is Stalin's supreme opportunity to spread his expanding revolutionary imperialism over Europe—and over the world. It is his undeviating policy to take advantage of whatever conditions arise from the war. A psychological factor that must be reckoned with as grist to Stalin's mill is the win-or-lose-all spirit with which the Nazi hierarchy entered the war. The desperate gamble might destroy them, but there was compensatory triumph in the thought that their defeat would entail the destruction of Europe. This "Samson

psychosis" promises to prolong the war to serve Stalin's ends. If the war proves to be Germany's *Götterdämmerung* the Nazi leaders might deliver their defeated fatherland into the hands of the Red dictator. And a bolshevized Greater Reich is well worth Joseph Stalin's effort to remain nonbelligerent.

Can we Americans allow wishful-thinking and a policy of Soviet appeasement to dictate our relations with Stalin? Can we afford to deal with this situation by any approach except cool-headed, intelligent realism?

## THESE FIELDS AT EVENING

BY GILBERT MAXWELL

**R**OVING these fields at evening, I am taken  
 Savagely with a great wind plunging by  
 Full of a hundred voices blowing, shaken  
 Out of the troubled sky.  
 Alone upon these rocky slopes forsaken  
 Save for that cry,  
 I am persuaded that my dead awaken;  
 They that were strong and had no will to die.

Their axes wrenched a wilderness asunder.  
 Behind their oxen teams, with sweaty stride,  
 They broke the new ground, turned the small seed under,  
 Reaped, and were satisfied.  
 Now are they come in anger, in the thunder,  
 Back to this land whose acres rolling wide,  
 The dwarfy scrub pines and the rank weeds plunder;  
 Now are they come, the dead that have not died.

Now are they come who speak the tongues of breakers,  
 The languages of monsoons, crying one  
 And each a hundred strong: "Beware the takers  
 Less generous than drought or greedy sun,  
 Less leisurely than wilderness—the makers  
 Of want, the beaks that strip the skeleton.  
 Beware lest these hard-bought, neglected acres,  
 Part of the last that free men walk upon  
 As Jews or Mormons, Catholics or Quakers,  
 Be less than free before this year is done."



# GOD SEES THE TRUTH

A STORY

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN

IT was getting cold. For a while I stood on the corner of Horatio and Greenwich and watched night settling on Jackson Square, then I crossed the street and went into the library. You hate to get caught at closing time in the middle of a novel, so I picked up a collection of short stories, put my hat and coat on the back of a chair, and sat down for a couple of hours with the classics—escape literature, the opium of the people.

The man next to me coughed. The small library was crowded, chairs were close together, and I could sense him fidgeting in his. I looked up and saw a long brown face, deep-blue eyes, and a shock of purple-black hair. He wiped his lips with a handkerchief and concentrated on his book. I turned to mine.

You don't really escape. You read a story about China, Peru, or Madagascar and the characters become your sisters and your cousins and your aunts, your friend who was killed in Spain, or the front-page names who were great statesmen yesterday and are going to be shot to-morrow. Afterward you go home, think about the characters, change the plot, and try to figure out the meaning of the story.

The man in the next chair leaned forward and began to write in a notebook. If he had the right kind of beard he would look like Don Quixote. Clean-shaven, he looked like an idealized Mephistophiles.

I opened my book at random, the way

my Kansas grandfather used to open the Bible for a text to guide him. By chance I hit on a story by Count Leo Tolstoy entitled "God Sees the Truth But Waits." This story, I thought, must have been written about Russia in the old Tzarist days. I don't know anything about Russia in the old Tzarist days, and who cares? I knew that after the first page it would become the story of any man anywhere. That's the advantage of reading for fun. The names of the characters, the place, and the author are not important. What is important is that something you recognize as true is happening to someone you recognize as real.

Tolstoy's story was about a young merchant named Ivan Aksionov who lived in Vladimir. One summer day he started out for the Nizhni Fair, and his wife warned him not to go because she had dreamed he would come back from the Fair quite gray. Aksionov laughed that off and went away.

The man in the next chair disengaged a pair of very long legs from under the table. In rising he knocked my hat down. Apologizing in a bass voice, he picked it up and replaced it on my chair. His English was good but with a slight accent I couldn't place. He nodded and went off toward the shelves. I went back to Tolstoy.

I began to live the strange life of Aksionov, a life of suffering and redemption, and I didn't notice when the man



next to me came back. When I had finished "God Sees the Truth But Waits" I looked up and saw him hunched over his notes. I couldn't see him clearly this time because there was mist in my eyes and I had to blow very hard into my handkerchief. The man looked up and smiled. A foreigner, I thought. He thinks because he picked my hat up that we're friends for life. I thought this and caught myself smiling at him. It must have been the story, full of the mystical spirit of Tolstoy's old age.

They were starting to turn the lights out in the library. It's always later than you think. I got into my coat and went to the door. Mephistopheles was behind me. Outside the air was clear and frosty. I took a deep breath, reached into my pocket for a cigarette and fished up an empty Camel wrapper. I crumpled it and threw it away.

"Please," Mephistopheles said. He held out a pack of Luckies. I took one and he lighted it for me. In the flare of the match his face looked familiar. He smiled and said, "Won't you join me for a drink?"

"Thanks," I said. "My name's David Burns." We shook hands.

"You don't recognize me?" the tall man said.

"I'm sorry."

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*," he intoned in his rich bass. "We met in Madrid. You were on the Lincoln Battalion paper and I was in the command of the Internationals."

"Of course," I said. "You're the German playwright. But I can't remember your name."

"Erich Neumann," he said. "I don't expect to be recognized these days. Just another exile. *Vae victis*. Besides"—he broke into a boyish grin—"history moves very rapidly these days. Let's get our drink. It's not far to the Hai Alai."

The bar was warm, and Neumann had enough sense to order sandwiches. After our second Spanish brandy I was beginning to feel good.

"Excuse me," Neumann said, "but something you were reading in the library seemed to move you very deeply."

"A story by Tolstoy. 'God Sees the Truth But Waits.' The ending is swell."

"I don't know that one," he said. "Won't you be good enough to tell it?"

"It's a shame to butcher a masterpiece," I said, "but the gist of it is this. A merchant named Aksionov starts out for the Fair. On the way he meets another merchant whom he knows. They put up in the same inn for the night and sleep in adjoining rooms. Aksionov, always an early riser, gets up at dawn and drives ahead. About twenty-five miles down the road he stops to have his horses fed. Suddenly the police chief of the district appears and begins to cross-examine Aksionov about his movements the previous night. He says the other merchant has been found with his throat cut. They'll have to search Aksionov's things. The police go through his luggage and find a blood-stained knife. Aksionov is terribly upset. He stammers that the knife is not his. But the police chief says: 'This morning the merchant was found with his throat cut. He was robbed of twenty thousand rubles. The house was locked from the inside. You are the only one who could have done it. And here is the blood-stained knife in your bag.'"

"Very good," Neumann said, draining his glass. He held up two fingers to the bartender. "An innocent man is falsely accused of murder, and all the circumstantial evidence is against him. Very good indeed." The bartender put two drinks before us.

"That's not all," I said. "The official then says to Aksionov, 'Your face and manner betray you.'"

"Of course," Neumann said. "The real criminal knows how to conceal his feelings. The innocent man becomes flustered. And the official mind reasons that he who is flustered must have committed the crime."

"That's what happens," I said. "Ak-



sionov's voice breaks, his face grows pale, he trembles with fear, he protests his innocence."

"That is," Neumann grinned, "the hero exhibits all those symptoms of innocence which establish his guilt."

"Exactly. Aksionov is arrested. He is tried for killing and robbing the merchant and declared guilty. Afterward his wife and young children visit him in jail. There is a very touching scene between husband and wife. He urges her to petition the Tzar not to let an innocent man die, and she tells him such a petition has already been turned down. Finally the wife says: 'Tell me, dearest, tell your own wife, wasn't it you who did it?'"

"Did she say that?" Neuman asked, looking up quickly. "That's really marvellous. Tolstoy understood that an official lie is stronger than a private truth. Once you are accused of a crime, however falsely, those nearest to you begin to feel that where there's smoke there must be fire." He held up two fingers of his left hand to the bartender, and with his right scooped up some salted peanuts and popped them into his mouth.

"That's what she says," I went on. "It upsets Aksionov very much. He bids his family good-by for the last time. Alone, he is in agony because his own wife suspects him. He says to himself: 'It seems only God can know the truth. We can appeal to Him alone, we can expect mercy from Him alone.' So from now on Aksionov writes no more petitions; he gives up all hope; he only prays to God day and night."

"Unfortunately," Neumann said, "the prayers do not affect the authorities."

"They do not," I said. "The authorities condemn Aksionov to be flogged, then they send him for life to the Siberian mines. He lives there for twenty-six years as a convict. His hair and beard turn white, he walks slowly with a stoop, speaks little, never laughs, and prays often. On weekdays he reads *The Lives of the Saints* alone. On Sunday

he reads the Bible aloud in the prison church and sings in the choir. The authorities like him for his meekness. The other prisoners respect him. They call him Gran'dad and The Saint; they make him their spokesman in dealing with the authorities and appoint him judge of their quarrels. All these years Aksionov gets no news from home. He doesn't know whether his wife and children are alive."

"And they," Neumann said, "don't know and don't care whether he's alive."

"Tolstoy doesn't say anything about that. But one day a fresh gang of convicts come to the prison. Among them is a tall strong man of sixty with a closely cropped gray beard. This man has been sent to Siberia for stealing a horse. He boasts that once he did something really wrong and should have been sent up long ago but was not caught. This man's name is Makar and he says he comes from Vladimir. From him Aksionov learns that his wife is dead and his sons very rich. The other prisoners then tell Makar how poor old Aksionov came to Siberia. They explain that some one had killed a merchant and put the knife among Aksionov's things and Aksionov had been unjustly condemned. Makar slaps his knee and says: 'Well, this is wonderful; it's wonderful we should meet here.' So Aksionov asks Makar whether he's heard of that affair. Makar says 'yes,' but he's forgotten what he's heard; and anyway the man who committed the murder must have been the man in whose bag the knife was found. 'How could anyone,' he says to Aksionov, 'put the knife into your bag while it was under your head? It would surely have awakened you.'"

"Makar is the murderer of course," Neumann said smiling.

"Aksionov senses that," I said. "He knows this is the man who killed the merchant."

"Twenty-six years have passed since the crime," Neumann said. "All these years an innocent man has been suffering for it. Now he faces the real criminal."



And the real criminal continues to lie about it."

"That's it," I said. "Aksionov walks away in silence. All night long he lies awake and thinks of his ruined life. At first he feels like killing himself. Then he thinks: It's all that villain's doing. His anger against Makar is so great he wants to get revenge even if it costs him his own life. He prays all night but gets no peace. By day he avoids Makar. Two weeks pass this way. One night, walking about the prison, Aksionov catches his enemy digging a hole in the wall. Makar warns him: 'Keep quiet, old man, and you'll get out too. If you talk, they'll whale the living daylight out of me, but I'll kill you first.' Aksionov looks at his enemy and trembles with rage. 'I don't want to escape,' he says, 'and there's no need for you to kill me. You killed me long ago. As for reporting you, I may do so or not, as God may direct.' Next day the authorities, by sheer accident, discover the tunnel. The governor of the prison questions everybody to find out who dug it. The prisoners who know don't want to betray Makar. The others are ignorant of the whole affair. So all the prisoners say they know nothing about it. Finally the governor turns to old Aksionov."

"Wait a minute," Neumann said. "This sounds like the high point of the story and deserves a drink." The bartender placed the bottle before us. "Go on, please," Neumann said.

"The Governor says to Aksionov: 'You're a truthful old man, tell me who dug this tunnel.' Aksionov trembles and thinks to himself: Why should I protect the man who ruined my life? Let him pay for what I've suffered. But if I tell, they will probably flog the life out of him. And maybe I suspect him wrongly. And after all, what good would it do me? So Aksionov looks up at the governor and says: 'It's not God's will that I should tell.' They can't make him say another word and the matter has to be dropped."

Neumann started to say something, but changed his mind.

"That night," I went on, "Makar slips into Aksionov's cell, bends closely over him and whispers: 'Forgive me. It was I who killed the merchant. I was going to kill you too, but I heard a noise outside, so I hid the knife in your bag and escaped through the window.' Aksionov is silent and doesn't know what to say, but Makar gets on his knees and begs: 'Forgive me! For the love of God forgive me! I will confess it was I who killed the merchant, and you will be released and go to your home.' That's what Makar says. But Aksionov says: 'It's easy for you to talk. I've suffered for you these twenty-six years. Where can I go now? My wife is dead, my children have forgotten me. I have nowhere to go'. Makar, still on his knees, begins to beat his head on the floor. 'Forgive me!' he cries. 'Look what I did to you, yet you had pity on me. You did not tell. For Christ's sake, forgive me, miserable wretch that I am!' He begins to sob and, hearing this, Aksionov sobs too."

"Nineteenth-century Russians," Neumann said.

"And Aksionov says to Makar: 'God will forgive you. Maybe I'm a hundred times worse than you.' At these words Aksionov's heart grows light, all desire for home leaves him, he no longer wants to quit the prison; he only wants his last hour to come. The next morning Makar goes to the prison authorities. He confesses his guilt. An order is issued for Aksionov's release. They bring it to his cell, but it is too late."

"Aksionov is dead," Neumann whispered.

"Yes. And that's the end of Tolstoy's story."

"A great story," Neumann said. "I can see that. What I can't see is why it brought tears to your eyes."

"I have a cold," I said.

"To be sure," Neumann said, filling our glasses. "I think I can explain your cold. You are living in an age when innocent men suffer for the crimes of the guilty. It enrages and bewilders you.

You are relieved to read how the forgiveness of the innocent softens the heart of the guilty. By his beautiful charity, the saint heaps coals of fire upon the head of the murderer. In the end the guilty man confesses everything, the innocent man is exonerated, and all's right with the world."

"There is something beautiful in that," I said.

"Only it's too late," Neumann grinned. "The exoneration doesn't do the innocent man any good. By the time it comes he's dead."

"What of it? By the time he dies the innocent man knows he's exonerated, and by the most important person in the drama for him—the real murderer."

"That's the weakness of the story for our times," Neumann said. "It was written for the nineteenth century and that's where it belongs."

"What has time to do with it?"

"We don't know the real story of the nineteenth century," he said. "It's too near to us. But we know it was an age of great achievements, brutal deeds, and lofty ideals. Its romantic nostalgias and religious revivals haunted the laboratories of science like so many ghosts. Do you know what Stendhal said of the nineteenth century? He said it was a hypocritical century." Neumann folded his long fingers together and went on. "Do you know what made the nineteenth century hypocritical? Opened by Napoleon, it was an age that worshipped the Strong Man. But its literature pretended that the real hero of every drama is the victim. However, Stendhal's verdict may be too harsh. There were people in that century who had a conscience and were capable of dying for mere ideas. I imagine even a murderer could not escape the *Zeitgeist*. Confronted with the contrition of the man he has injured, the criminal begs pardon and confesses. Yes, it all smells of the age that runs from *Werther* to the 'Cherry Orchard.' But where could it possibly happen to-day?"

"Why not?"

"Because it's against the spirit of our times," Neumann said. "The twentieth century, which began in 1914 and is just getting under way, is terribly realistic. Consider the world about us and let me retell your story in a modern way. See if it doesn't sound more familiar."

He slowly filled our glasses and looked at them in silence for a few moments.

"To show that surface details do not matter," he finally said in a low voice, "we are going to change them. Imagine that the story happens in my home town, the lovely village of Starnberg in Bavaria. We are going to call Aksionov, let us say Axel. Makar will be Mirbach. You can change all the other details if you like. Instead of an inn, we have a hotel; instead of horses, high-powered autos; instead of the blood-stained knife, an automatic that has been fired; instead of *The Lives of the Saints*, the works of the philosophers; instead of faith in God, faith in history, the conviction that time rectifies everything. I insist that these details do not matter. What is important in a murder is not the instrument but the murder. And what is important in our story is that for twenty-six years Aksionov-Axel has been suffering innocently for a crime which Makar-Mirbach committed. Everything happens just as it happened in Tolstoy's tale. Even the character of Axel-Aksionov remains the same; it seems that people like that still exist. At the end of twenty-six years he meets Mirbach-Makar in prison. Axel longs for revenge in his ambiguous way. The tunnel is discovered. And at this point we make the first vital change in the story. This is happening in the twentieth century instead of the nineteenth."

Neumann smiled, took a sip of brandy, wiped his lips with his handkerchief and went on.

"We are now at the turning point of the story. The governor of the prison is examining the convicts. He's trying to find out who dug the tunnel by which a few of them planned to escape. He is urging Axel to tell the truth, and Axel is thinking the matter over. He has every



ason for exposing Mirbach, but, as a nineteenth-century romantic, he takes pity on his enemy. He doesn't want to see him punished. He begins to doubt whether Mirbach really committed that murder twenty-six years ago, and he feels that after all these years revenge would be senseless.

"At this moment Mirbach is also thinking. He differs from Makar in one essential respect: he is a twentieth-century realist. The fact that he committed the murder and allowed an innocent man to suffer for it shows he is a Strong Man. Now one of the outstanding traits of the Strong Man is that he is capable of imagining any motives except his own. Mirbach watches his victim hesitate at the Governor's question and says to himself:

"That man must know it was I who killed the merchant. He hates me because I have done him an irreparable injury. If our positions were reversed, I could betray him. Why shouldn't he betray me? As long as he is here, I can never rest. Even if he doesn't tell on me now, he is bound to revenge himself some other time. The first law of life is self-preservation. It is either he or I. Besides, the interests of mankind require that I should survive. He is a weakling. He permitted himself to be punished and atoned for my crime. He is doomed by history. The future belongs to people like me. I was able to benefit from the murder and to escape punishment. History is always on the side of the victor. It is my moral duty to get this feeble mystic out of the way before he becomes a danger. He is a danger right now. He is hesitating and that proves he will give me away. I must speak first."

"And so, at the very moment when Axel decides to protect his enemy, Mirbach raises his hand and speaks. 'Your Excellency,' he says to the prison governor, 'I know who dug the tunnel. It was Gran'dad Axel.'

"And now observe the reaction of the various characters in the Bavarian drama to this startling, wholly unexpected an-

nouncement. Axel of course is thunder-struck. He turns pale and stammers. He reacts in every way to this false accusation just as he did to the false accusation of murder twenty-six years ago. The poor old man stands there trembling and thinks: 'This can't happen to me.' To be sure, it *has* happened to him before, and it's happening to him again at this very moment. But the born victim never believes anything can happen to him until it's too late. But there is another reason why Axel stands helpless. He is paralyzed with fascination by Mirbach's audacity. His rage is overcome by wonder and admiration. He is one of those people who, lying under the victor's heel, say: 'Give him credit, he got away with it; he's a genius; *voilà un homme!*' That secret admiration is Axel's undoing.

"The prison governor is at first surprised by Mirbach's accusation. But he has the typical official mind, like the police chief who arrested Axel twenty-six years ago. Axel's agitation, the result of innocence, convinces the Governor of his guilt.

"But most interesting is the reaction of the other prisoners. They have known and loved Axel for twenty-six years. He has been their spokesman and their judge. They know he has suffered for another man's crime but they have no idea who the real criminal is.

"On the question of the tunnel the prisoners are divided into two groups. A small minority know that Mirbach dug it. They are his fellow-conspirators in the plot. They know he is accusing Axel falsely, but Mirbach's safety is their safety. They admire Mirbach's brilliant maneuver in diverting the guilt to Axel and remain silent.

"Most of the prisoners, however, do not know who dug the tunnel. They think: Mirbach is a fine fellow. He has just arrived in prison and it's not likely he would try to escape so soon. Anyway, why should he lie about Axel? He could keep quiet like the rest of us. He would not say this unless it were true.

Axel, on the other hand, has every reason for trying to escape. He has been here twenty-six years for a crime he did not commit. Anyone would try to escape under these circumstances, especially when he learns his sons are very rich.

"The majority of the prisoners believe Mirbach is telling the truth. They are like Axel's wife twenty-six years ago when she suspected him of committing the murder. They are the good people who believe that where there's smoke there must be fire. And they don't feel sorry that Axel is caught. On the contrary, they begin to resent him. They are no saints, but he is; what right has he to try a trick like digging the tunnel?"

"So Mirbach speaks his lie and all the prisoners keep silent. Nobody denies the accusation except poor old Axel in his feeble way. That settles his fate. And since our story takes place in the twentieth century, Axel is not flogged. He is shot.

"Mirbach, naturally, is delighted. He is safe from his victim. More than that, the authorities reward him for exposing the man who dug the tunnel. They want to show the prisoners that it pays to be an informer. They give him all sorts of privileges, and after a while they reduce his sentence and arrange for his release.

"The day before he leaves prison Mirbach confides to the other convicts that all along he has known who killed the merchant twenty-six years ago. Poor old Axel was drunk when he did it and suffered from the illusion that he was innocent, and Mirbach didn't want to disturb that illusion. The convicts consider this very decent of Mirbach and cheer him when he leaves the prison."

"Why does he have to vilify the old man after he is dead?" I asked.

"The murderer must always vilify his victim," Neumann said. "That's the only way he can justify his crime. From the prison Mirbach goes back to Starnberg. He calls on Axel's rich sons and tells them how he met their dear old father in prison and what intimate

friends they were. The Axels are ashamed of their father because he was a convict; but they are also ashamed of being considered lacking in filial devotion. When Mirbach tells them how the old man died in his arms, they embrace him and present him with thirty thousand marks to show their gratitude and to get him far away from Starnberg as rapidly as possible.

"With this money Mirbach goes to another town, opens a business and becomes rich. Nobody knows he is a robber and a murderer, and that an innocent man died for his crimes. He spends his remaining days as a pillar of virtue in the community. And never once does he think of poor old Axel in his grave."

"I can see how the Axels fall for Mirbach's story," I said. "But why must Mirbach become a pillar of society. Isn't that carrying the thing too far?"

"When crime is completely successful," Neumann said, "it ceases to be crime and becomes virtue. We can know only the survivor's story."

"In that case successful falsehood could become truth."

"That's happened now and then," Neumann smiled. Then his long, dark face became serious and he said, "Don't you think my Starnberg story is nearer to the spirit of our times? Some day I may write it. I'll call it 'God Sees the Truth But Won't Talk'."

"That," I said, "would be blasphemy against religion, and against Tolstoy."

"I guess it would be," Neumann said. "But I can think of a better title. It's not my own. A modern painter named Kokoshka used it for a play he once wrote, and it haunts me these days. '*Nicht der Mörderer, sondern der Ermordete ist schuldig.*'"

"Sorry. I don't know any German."

"It means: not the murderer but the murdered man is guilty."

"All this sounds like irony without pity," I said.

"The pity is there too," Neumann said quietly, "if you know where to look for it."





# AMERICAN OPINION ABOUT THE WAR

THE EVIDENCE GATHERED BY THE GALLUP POLL SINCE 1939

IN September, 1939, *Harper's Magazine* published an article called "What We Think About Foreign Affairs." In this article Francis Sill Wickware drew up a table listing in chronological order the questions asked by the American Institute of Public Opinion, popularly known as the Gallup Poll. The Institute's cross-section polls on a variety of political, economic, social, and other questions have been one of the most significant features of American journalism since 1935. Under the direction of Dr. George Gallup, the Institute's canvassers approach carefully selected groups of citizens in all parts of the country and obtain their opinions. The accuracy of this cross-section sampling method has often been demonstrated.

The first article traced the trends of American public opinion on foreign affairs from September, 1935, to May, 1939. The polls showed a growing belief that war in Europe was certain, that feeling against Hitler and distrust of German policy was strong, that the sympathy of a large majority would be with England and France in case war did come, that similarly large majorities were against the United States getting into the war, but that, again, large majorities wanted the United States to increase its Army, Navy and Air Force. The last-named topic had a particularly interesting aspect. Beginning in January, 1938, the question was usually put in this form: Should the United States (a) build a larger Navy? (b) increase Army strength? (c) enlarge its Air Force? All

three questions drew large affirmative majorities, but the question about the Air Force drew the biggest of all. If the polls be taken as an accurate reflection of public opinion, it is clear that a strong popular backing for increased air strength has been present in the country for a long while and that this interest antedated by a considerable time the intense preoccupation of the Administration and Congress with the question.

Now, with Mr. Wickware's assistance, we have gone to the Gallup sources again and, arranging the data somewhat differently, have picked up the story where it was left in September, 1939, with the poll listing these three problems voted the most vital: keeping out of war, solving unemployment, and recovery of business.

For purposes of condensation the questions are grouped under five general heads: Aid to the Allies, Go In or Stay Out?, Whom Do You Favor?, Which Side Do You Think Will Win?, and The Draft.

For convenient reference we append a brief list of key dates:

Germany invades Poland, Sept. 1, 1939.  
Britain and France declare war, Sept. 3, 1939.  
Russia invades Finland, Nov. 30, 1939.  
Germany invades Denmark and Norway, April 9, 1940.  
Germany invades Holland and Belgium, May 10, 1940.  
France signs armistice, June 22, 1940.  
Destroyer-base deal announced, Sept. 3, 1940.  
President signs Selective Service Act, Sept. 16, 1940.  
Italy invades Greece, Oct. 27, 1940.

—The Editors.

## AID TO THE ALLIES, AID TO BRITAIN

*October 4, 1939*

(Two surveys, one before President Roosevelt's speech to Congress concerning the Neutrality Act, and one after):

Do you think Congress should change the Neutrality Law so that England and France could buy war supplies here? Before the speech: For change, 57%; against change, 43%. After the speech: For change, 62%; against change, 38%.

*October 22, 1939*

Do you think the United States should do everything possible to help England and France win the war, except go in ourselves? Yes, 62%. No, 38%.

Do you think the United States should do everything possible to help England and France win the war, even at the risk of getting into the war ourselves? Yes, 34%. No, 66%.

Do you think Congress should make changes in the Neutrality Law so that England and France, or any other country, can buy war supplies, including arms and airplanes, in the United States? Yes, 60%. No, 40%.

*November 3, 1939*

Do you think Congress should make changes in the Neutrality Law so that England and France, or any other nation, can buy war materials, including arms and airplanes, in the United States? Yes, 56%. No, 44%.

Same poll taken of *Who's Who*. Yes, 78%. No, 22%.

*February 7, 1940*

Some members of Congress favor our government lending Finland money to buy farm products and other non-military supplies in this country. Others say this might get us into war. Do you think the government should lend money to Finland? Should lend, 58%. Should not lend, 42%.

Would you favor the United States government lending money to Finland for airplanes, arms, and other war supplies? Yes, 39%. No, 61%.

*March 3, 1940*

If it looked as if the Allies would lose the war unless we loaned them money, would you be in favor of lending them money? Should lend, 55%. Should not lend, 45%.

*May 10, 1940*

If you were voting for President, which type of candidate do you think you would be more likely to vote for: (A) a candidate who promises to keep us out of war and refuses to give any more help to England and France than we are now giving them, even if they are being defeated by Germany; (B) a candidate who

promises to keep us out of war, but who is willing to give England and France all the help they want, except sending our Army or Navy? Candidate favoring greater help, 66%. Candidate opposing greater help, 34%.

*May 24, 1940*

If England and France are unable to pay cash for airplanes they buy in this country, do you think we should sell them planes on credit supplied by our government? Yes, 51%. No, 49%.

*June 14, 1940*

If the Allies need more money for running the war, would you be in favor of the United States and other American republics buying the British, French, and Dutch possessions in the area of the Panama Canal? Would favor purchase, 81%. Would oppose purchase, 19%.

*June 30, 1940*

President Roosevelt has taken action making it possible for England and France to buy some airplanes that were being used by our Army and Navy. Do you approve or disapprove of this action? Approve, 80%. Disapprove, 20%.

*July 19, 1940*

Do you think we are giving enough help to England, or do you think ways should be found to give England more help than we are at present, but short of going to war? Give more help, 53%. Giving enough now, 41%. Give less help, 6%.

*August 18, 1940*

England needs destroyers to replace those which have been damaged or sunk. The United States has some destroyers which were built during the last war and are now being put back in active service. Do you think we should sell some of these ships to England? Yes, 61%. No, 39%.

*November 17, 1940*

If it appears that England will be defeated by Germany and Italy unless the United States supplies her with more food and war materials, would you be in favor of giving more help to England? Yes, 90%. No, 10%.

*November 24, 1940*

Should the United States send more airplanes to England, even though this might delay our own National Defense Program? Yes, 60%. No, 40%.

*December 7, 1940*

Should the Neutrality Act be changed so that American ships can carry war supplies to England? Yes, 40%. No, 60%.

*December 13, 1940*

If England offers to pay its World War debt by giving us islands or land near the Panama



Canal, would you approve or disapprove of accepting this offer?

	<i>Approve</i>	<i>Disapprove</i>
November, 1939.....	66%	34%
To-day (December 13, 1940).....	88%	12%

*December 20, 1940*

The Johnson Act prevents any country which has stopped paying interest on its debt of the last World War from borrowing money in the United States. Would you approve of changing the Act so that England could borrow money from our government?

	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
May, 1940.....	35%	65%
November, 1940.....	54%	46%
To-day (December 20, 1940).....	55%	45%

*January 15, 1941*

Since the English have lost many ships, they may not be able to come and get the war materials we make for them. If this proves to be the case, should American ships with American crews be used to carry war materials to England? Yes, 42%. No, 45%. Undecided, 13%.

Vote of those who voted *yes*: If American ships and American crews are used to carry war materials to England, should these ships be guarded by our Navy while crossing? Navy should convoy, 82%. Navy should not convoy, 12%. Undecided, 6%.

### GO IN OR STAY OUT?

*October 6, 1939* (five weeks after the outbreak of the war)

Should we declare war and send our Army and Navy abroad to fight Germany?

	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
Month ago.....	16%	84%
To-day.....	5%	95%

*October 20, 1939*

If it appears that Germany is defeating England and France, should the United States declare war on Germany and send our Army and Navy to Europe to fight?

	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
First week of war.....	44%	56%
To-day.....	29%	71%

*October 22, 1939*

What should be the policy of the United States in the present European war? Should we declare war on Germany and send our Army and Navy abroad to fight? The United States should fight, 5%. The United States should not fight, 95%.

*October 25, 1939*

Do you think the United States will get into the war in Europe, or do you think we will stay

out of the war? Will go in, 46%. Will stay out, 54%.

*February 21, 1940*

If it appears that Germany is defeating England and France should the United States declare war on Germany and send our Army and Navy to Europe to fight? Yes, 23%. No, 77%.

*May 19, 1940*

Do you think the United States will go into the war in Europe or do you think we will stay out? Will go in, 51%. Will stay out, 49%.

*May 29, 1940*

Do you think the United States should declare war on Germany and send our Army and Navy abroad to fight?

	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
September, 1939 (outbreak of war).....	6%	94%
October, 1939.....	5%	95%
December, 1939.....	3.5%	96.5%
April, 1940 (after invasion of Norway)...	3.7%	96.3%
To-day (May 29, 1940) (after invasion of France).....	7%	93%

*July 7, 1940* (after the French surrender)

If the question of the United States going to war against Germany and Italy came up for national vote within the next two weeks, would you vote to go into the war or stay out of war? Would vote for war, 14%. Would vote against war, 86%.

*December 29, 1940* (cumulative)

Which of these two things do you think is the more important for the United States to try to do: to keep out of the war ourselves, or to help England even at the risk of getting into the war?

	<i>Stay Out</i>	<i>Help England</i>
May, 1940.....	64%	36%
June.....	64%	36%
July.....	61%	39%
August.....	53%	47%
September.....	48%	52%
November.....	50%	50%
December.....	40%	60%

*February 2, 1941* (cumulative)

If you were asked to vote to-day on the question of the United States entering the war against Germany and Italy, how would you vote?

	<i>Stay Out</i>	<i>Go In</i>
July 15, 1940.....	85%	15%
October 13, 1940.....	83%	17%
December 29, 1940....	88%	12%
February 1, 1941.....	85%	15%

*February 5, 1941*

Should a vote of the people be required be-

fore Congress can send men to fight overseas.  
Yes, 52%. No, 48%.

### WHOM DO YOU FAVOR?

*October 22, 1939*

Which side do you want to see win the war?  
Allies, 84%. Germany, 2%. "Neutral," no  
choice, 14%.

*March 31, 1940*

Same question. England and France, 84%.  
Germany, 1%. No choice, 15%.

*April 26, 1940*

If Italy goes into the war, which side would  
you like to see her join? Allies, 96%. Ger-  
many, 4%.

### WHICH SIDE DO YOU THINK WILL WIN THE WAR?

	<i>Allies</i>	<i>Germany</i>	<i>No Opinion</i> <i>or Undecided</i>
May 19, 1940....	55%	17%	28%
July 2, 1940.....	32%	35%	33%

	<i>England</i>	<i>Germany</i>	<i>No Opinion</i> <i>or Undecided</i>
September 11, 1940	43%	17%	40%

### THE DRAFT

*October 8, 1939*

Do you think every able-bodied young man  
twenty years old should be made to serve in the  
Army or Navy for one year? Yes, 39%. No,  
61%.

(36% under thirty favor conscription, as  
compared with 40% over that age. Only  
33% of the well-to-do class approve the idea of  
conscription; 45% of those in the lower income  
group and on relief approve it.)

*June 2, 1940*

Should the United States require every able-  
bodied young man twenty years old to serve in  
the Army, Navy, or Air Force for one year?  
Yes, 50%. No, 50%.

Do you think the CCC camps should give  
military training to every man in the CCC?  
Yes, 85%. No, 15%.

### Compulsory Military Training

	<i>Favor</i>	<i>Oppose</i>
Voters under thirty....	44%	56%
Voters 30-49.....	49%	51%
Voters 50 and over....	55%	45%
Men only—under thirty	41%	59%

*July 10, 1940*

Do you think every able-bodied young man  
twenty years old should be made to serve in  
the Army or Navy for one year? Age 21-25:  
Yes, 52%. No, 48%.

*July 28, 1940*

Same question.

	<i>Yes</i>	<i>No</i>
Young people 15-20...	67%	33%
Young people 21-29...	62%	38%

*August 11, 1940*

Same question. Favor conscription, 66%.  
Oppose conscription, 34%.

*August 16, 1940*

Should the National Guard be called for one  
year's training? Yes, 85%. No, 15%.

*August 30, 1940*

If the draft law is passed, will you, person-  
ally, have any objection to spending a year in  
some branch of military service?

	<i>No</i>	<i>Would Have</i> <i>Objection an Objection</i>
Men 21-24.....	68%	32%
Men 16-21.....	81%	19%

Do you favor increasing the size of our Army  
and Navy by drafting men 21-31 to serve in the  
armed forces for one year? Yes, 71%. No,  
29%.

*December 22, 1940*

A group of students for the ministry who are  
conscientious objectors refused to register for the  
draft and were sentenced to a year in jail.  
Do you think this punishment was too severe,  
or not severe enough? About right, 55%.  
Too severe, 24%. Not severe enough, 21%.

*December 29, 1940*


Do you think the draft is being handled fairly?  
Yes, 92%. No, 8%.

Do you think the Army is taking good care of  
the men drafted so far? Yes, 91%. No, 9%.





## One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

I AM writing this in a beach cottage on a Florida key. It is raining to beat the cars. The rollers from a westerly storm are creaming along the shore, making a steady boiling noise instead of the usual intermittent slap. The Chamber of Commerce has drawn the friendly blind against this ugliness and is busy getting out some advance notices of the style parade which is to be held next Wednesday at the pavilion. The paper says cooler to-morrow.

The walls of my room are of matched boarding, applied horizontally and painted green. On the floor is a straw mat. Under the mat is a layer of sand that has been tracked into the cottage and has sifted through the straw. I have thought some of taking the mat up and sweeping the sand into a pile and removing it, but have decided against it. This is the way keys form, apparently, and I have no particular reason to interfere. On a small wooden base in one corner of the room is a gas heater, supplied from a tank on the premises. This device can raise the temperature of the room with great rapidity by converting the oxygen of the air into heat. In deciding whether to light the heater or leave it alone, one has only to choose whether he wants to congeal in a well-ventilated room or suffocate in comfort. After a little practice, a nice balance can be established—enough oxygen left to sustain life, yet enough heat generated to prevent death from exposure.

On the west wall hangs an Indian rug, and to one edge of the rug is pinned a button which carries the legend: Junior Programs Joop Club. Built into the north wall is a cabinet made of pecky cypress. On the top shelf are three large pine cones, two of them painted emerald-

green, the third painted brick-red. Also a gilded candlestick in the shape of a Roman chariot. Another shelf holds some shells which, at the expenditure of considerable effort on somebody's part, have been made to look like birds. On the bottom shelf is a tiny toy collie, made of rabbit fur, with a tongue of red flannel.

In the kitchenette just beyond where I sit is a gas stove and a small electric refrigerator of an ancient vintage. The ice trays show deep claw marks, where people have tried to pry them free, using can openers and knives and screwdrivers and petulance. When the refrigerator snaps on it makes a noise which can be heard all through the cottage and the lights everywhere go dim for a second and then return to their normal brilliancy. This refrigerator contains the milk, the butter, and the eggs for to-morrow's breakfast. More milk will arrive in the morning, but I will save it for use on the morrow, so that every day I shall use the milk of the previous day, never taking advantage of the opportunity to enjoy perfectly fresh milk. This is a situation which could be avoided if I had the guts to throw away a whole bottle of milk, but nobody has that much courage in the world to-day. It is a sin to throw away milk and we know it.

The water which flows from the faucets in the kitchen sink and in the bathroom contains sulphur and is not good to drink. It leaves deep-brown stains around the drains. Applied to the face with a shaving brush, it feels as though fine sandpaper were being drawn across your jowls. It is so hard and sulphurous that ordinary soap will not yield to it, and the breakfast dishes have to be washed with a washing powder known as Dreft.

On the porch of the cottage, each in a special stand, are two carboys of spring water—for drinking, making coffee, and brushing teeth. There is a deposit of two dollars on bottle and stand, and the water itself costs fifty cents. Two rival companies furnish water to the community, and I happened to get mixed up with both of them. Every couple of days a man from one or the other of the companies shows up and hangs around for a while, whining about the presence on my porch of the rival's carboy. I have made an attempt to dismiss one company and retain the other, but to accomplish it would require a dominant personality and I haven't one. I have been surprised to see how long it takes a man to drink up ten gallons of water. I should have thought I could have done it in half the time it has taken me.

This morning I read in the paper of an old Negro, one hundred and one years old, and he was boasting of the quantity of whiskey he had drunk in his life. He said he had once worked in a distillery and they used to give him half a gallon of whiskey a day to take home, which kept him going all right during the week, but on weekends, he said, he would have to buy a gallon extra, to tide him over till Monday.

In the kitchen cabinet is a bag of oranges for morning juice. Each orange is stamped "Color Added." The dyeing of an orange, to make it orange, is Man's most impudent gesture to date. It is really an appalling piece of effrontery, carrying the clear implication that Nature doesn't know what she is up to. I think an orange, dyed orange, is as repulsive as a pine cone painted green. I think it is about as ugly a thing as I have ever seen, and it seems hard to believe that here, within ten miles, probably, of the trees which bore the fruit, I can't buy an orange which somebody hasn't smeared with paint. But I doubt that there are many who feel that way about it, because fraudulence has become a national virtue and is well thought of in many circles. In the past twenty-four

hours, I see by this morning's paper, one hundred and thirty-six cars of oranges have been shipped. There are probably millions of children to-day who have never seen a natural orange—only one that has been colored artificially. If they should see a natural orange they might think something had gone wrong with it.

There are two moving picture theaters in the town to which my key is attached by a bridge. In one of them colored people are allowed in the balcony. In the other, colored people are not allowed at all. I saw a patriotic newsreel there the other day which ended with a picture of the American flag blowing in the breeze, and the words: one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. Everyone clapped, but I decided I could not clap for liberty and justice (for all) while I was in a theater from which Negroes had been barred. And I felt there were too many people in the world who think liberty and justice for all means liberty and justice for themselves and their friends. I sat there wondering what would happen to me if I were to jump up and say in a loud voice: "If you folks like liberty and justice so much, why do you keep Negroes from this theater?" I am sure it would have surprised everybody very much and it is the kind of thing I dream about doing but never do. If I had done it I suppose the management would have taken me by the arm and marched me out of the theater, on the grounds that it is disturbing the peace to speak up for liberty just as the feature is coming on. When a man is in the South he must do as the Southerners do; but although I am willing to call my wife "Sugar" I am not willing to call a colored person a nigger.

Northerners are quite likely to feel that Southerners are bigoted on the race question, and Southerners almost invariably figure that Northerners are without any practical experience and therefore their opinions aren't worth much. The Jim Crow philosophy of color is unsatisfying to a Northerner, but



is regarded as sensible and expedient to residents of towns where the Negro population is as large as or larger than the white. Whether one makes a practical answer or an idealistic answer to a question depends partly on whether one is talking in terms of one year, or ten years, or a hundred years. It is, in other words, conceivable that the Negroes of a hundred years from now will enjoy a greater degree of liberty if the present restrictions on to-day's Negroes are not relaxed too fast. But that doesn't get to-day's Negroes in to see Hedy Lamarr.

I have to laugh when I think about the sheer inconsistency of the Southern attitude about color: the Negro barred from the movie house because of color, the orange with "color added" for its ultimate triumph. Some of the cities in this part of the State have fête days to commemorate the past and advertise the future, and in my mind I have been designing a float which I would like to enter in the parades. It would contain a beautiful Negro woman riding with the other bathing beauties and stamped with the magical words, Color Added.

In the cottage next door is a lady who is an ardent isolationist and who keeps running in and out with pamphlets, books, and marked-up newspapers, hoping to convince me that America should mind its own business. She tracks sand in, as well as ideas, and I have to sweep up after her two or three times a day.

Mail arrives along toward noon, in a maroon sedan. I received some letters to-day commenting on the remarks I made about Mrs. Lindbergh's book, including one letter which pointed out that in the same issue wherein I had stated that there was nothing new in Nazism, Mr. Hitchcock's article appeared stating that the Nazis had invented a whole new system of capitalistic arithmetic. This should convince people that *Harper* authors work independently of one another—or, in my case, don't work at all. Another letter was from a man who said that my sudden championship of democracy was characteristic of die-

hard capitalists who are trying to buy off the future and who refuse to see in the present struggle the obvious birth pangs of socialism. He said it was doubtful that a country gentleman in a pastoral sanctuary could have any real feeling for America, but that a person like myself was unconsciously serving the "purposes of history" by resisting revolution and hence keeping it from the tendency to overrun itself.

So I sat around for a long time in a self-doubting mood, wishing that I knew some way of earning a living except by writing, and wondering whether there was any "purpose" behind history which I was unconsciously serving by resisting revolutionary processes and whether I really felt about capitalism the way many of my detractors think I do. So this made me quite sick, and I began having stomach pains and I asked my wife if she thought I was a bloated capitalist and she said, No, just bloated. And I doubted that there was any purpose shaping men's affairs on this planet, however much men like to think so. Economists often see a purpose behind men's struggles, and so do revolutionaries; but I doubt if biologists do.

Then I opened some more mail and felt better when I found a letter from a neighbor back home who lives right next to my pastoral sanctuary, and he said he missed us and hoped we should soon get rolling north on the tar. Also received a notice from the Harvard Biological Laboratories in Cambridge, telling me that I could now buy, for two dollars plus postage, victrola records of American poets reading their own stuff. I would gladly give two bucks to hear Shelley pronounce his four immortal words, "Bird thou never wert . . ." but I am loath to spend any of my money to encourage the Narcissus complex in our modern singers. Besides, I think the popular feeling for poetry is changing in this country because of the quiz programs, and that a poem is more and more just something that it is fun to see whether John Kieran remembers the last line of.



Floridians are complaining this year that business is below par. They tell you that the boom in industry causes this unwholesome situation. When tycoons are busy in the North they have no time for sunning themselves, or even for sitting in a semi-tropical cottage in the rain. Miami is appropriating a few extra thousand dollars for its advertising campaign, hoping to lure executives away from the defense program for a few golden moments.

Although I am no archaeologist, I love Florida as much for the remains of her unfinished cities as for the bright cabanas on the beaches. I love to prowling the dead sidewalks that run off into the live jungle, under the broiling sun of noon, where the cabbage palms throw their spiny shade across the still-born streets and the creepers bind old curbstones in a fierce sensual embrace and the mocking birds dwell in song upon the reminiscent grandeur of real estate's purple hour. A boulevard which has been reclaimed by Nature is an exciting avenue; it breathes a strange prophetic perfume, as of some century still to come, when the birds will remember, and the spiders, and the little quick lizards which toast themselves on the smooth hard surfaces that once held the impossible dreams of men. Here along these bristling walks is a decayed symmetry in a living forest—straight lines softened by a kindly and haphazard Nature, pavements nourishing life with the beginnings of topsoil, the cracks in the walks possessed by root structures, the brilliant blossoms of the domesticated vine run wild, and overhead the turkey buzzard in the clear sky, on quiet wings, awaiting new mammalian death among the hibiscus, the yucca, the Spanish bayonet, and the palm. I remember the wonderful days and the tall dream of rainbow's end; the offices with the wall charts, the pins in the charts, the orchestras playing gently to prepare the soul of the wanderer for the mysteries of subdivision, the free bus service to the


rainbow's beginning, the luncheon served on the little tables under the trees, the warm sweet air so full of the deadly contagion, the dotted line, the signature, and the premonitory qualms and the shadow of the buzzard in the wild wide Florida sky.

I love these rudimentary cities that were conceived in haste and greed and never rose to suffer the scarifying effects of human habitation, cities of not quite forgotten hopes, untouched by neon and by filth. And I love the beaches too, out beyond the cottage colony, where they are wild and free still, visited by the sandpipers that retreat before each wave, like children, and by an occasional hip-sprung farmwife hunting shells, or sometimes by a veteran digging for *Donax variabilis* to take back to his hungry mate in the trailer camp.

The sound of the sea is the most time-effacing sound there is. The centuries reroll in a cloud and the earth becomes young again when you listen, with eyes shut, to the sea—a young green time when the water and the land were just getting acquainted and had known each other for only a few billion years and the mollusks were just beginning to dip and creep in the shallows; and now man the invertebrate, under his ribbed umbrella, anoints himself with oil and pulls on his Polaroid glasses to stop the glare and stretches out his long brown body at ease upon a towel on the warm sand and listens.

The sea answers all questions, and always in the same way; for when you read in the papers the interminable discussions and the bickering and the prognostications and the turmoil, the disagreements and the fateful decisions and agreements and the plans and the programs and the threats and the counter threats, then you close your eyes and the sea dispatches one more big roller in the unbroken line since the beginning of the world and it combs and breaks and returns foaming and saying: "So soon?"






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## *The Easy Chair*

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### MANIFEST DESTINY

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

SINCE last month's lecture, Mr. Walter Lippmann has declared in print that President Polk ordered General Taylor to fight the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, which reveals a misunderstanding of important events. Another columnist has admonished us with some untenable theses about the Mexican War. And a number of editorials have discussed Manifest Destiny with less accuracy than the statutes require. Now unquestionably we can learn something about the present crisis by examining the earlier one, but it seems desirable to understand the 1840's before applying them.

Probably Mr. Lippmann meant to repeat the familiar assertion that James K. Polk sent Taylor's army to the Rio Grande to provoke hostilities. But the point of that expedition of '46, and its moral for us now, is that it was sent not to bring on war but, in the expectation of the President, to make war unlikely. It was a show of coercion, a loaded (really, a half-loaded) gun flourished openly—in one word, a bluff. Polk came into office with as unmistakable a "mandate" from the people as any in our history. He undertook to obey it, and the criticism to be made of him is not that he was either unfaithful or unscrupulous, but rather that he miscalculated what was necessary and that he did not foresee some important consequences of his acts.

His mandate was clear. He was to get Great Britain out of Oregon. He was to

defend Texas against Mexico—the election was a mandate to annex Texas, but President Tyler attended to that before Polk was inaugurated. Finally and more vaguely, he was to draw a new map of the United States in accordance with Manifest Destiny. He rightly interpreted the final provision to mean New Mexico and California. He had to solve a series of problems in international relations, and there was the danger of war in all of them. His first mistake was one common to war Presidents, including John Adams, James Madison, Jefferson Davis, and, though to a smaller extent, Lincoln and Wilson: he thought he could achieve the results of war without fighting. We have recently had some among us who made the same mistake. He saw the risk of war with Great Britain in terminating Joint Occupancy and acting as if Oregon were an American possession; he thought he could take that risk in safety; he was right. He saw a triple risk of war with Mexico: in defending Texas (his constitutional duty), in reasserting the unsubstantiated boundary claims of Texas, and in trying to force Mexico to sell New Mexico and California to the United States. In pursuing those ends he was willing to fight a war if one should prove necessary, but he thought that he would not have to. He thought he could get the results of war by threatening war as an alternative. He was wrong.

He had his mandate and he had a legal case against Mexico, several million

dollars of adjudicated but long unpaid claims of American citizens and a series of diplomatic discourtesies and small aggressions. On that case he took his stand, to settle the boundaries of Texas and to acquire California and the Southwest by purchase. He opened negotiations according to the rule book and sent Taylor's army into the disputed territory to put a snapper on the diplomatic whip. He was Lincoln provisioning Fort Sumter, Davis firing on it, Wilson arming merchantmen, Roosevelt trading destroyers. In the month of April, when our wars start, he found that he had made a mistake. He then made another mistake: he decided that he could buy a peace but eventually found that he had to conquer one. . . . That is all a columnist need know about the origins of the Mexican War.

Less than two years later the House of Representatives formally resolved that the war had been "unnecessarily and unconstitutionally begun by the President of the United States." The House was wrong, as it has sometimes been before and since. Objectives which could be attained only by war had been set for the government by the unmistakable intention of the American people. Moreover, though we have ever since felt guilty about that war as one of aggression, parallels now being drawn with it by isolationist editors will not hold. Our imperialism of '46 was directed against vast but uninhabited areas and infinitesimal societies which had been dislodged from the Spanish empire and were existing in anarchy. Mexico was neither a nation nor a government, it was hardly a society; it was, and remained for decades, a phase of imperial collapse, an endemic civil contention unable to achieve stability of any kind. Texas was not an American Sudetenland but the colonization of a waste place which had achieved precisely what Mexico could neither give nor assure it—an orderly way of life. New Mexico was more an Indian fief than a Mexican province; in two centuries it

had found less use and function in the Mexican system than the American system had found for it in the last two decades; Mexico had been unable to govern it or to defend it against its savage overlords. California had had no real connection with Mexico for many years, its native organization had broken down, it was without stability, protectorates over it had been contemplated by two European nations, and the process that had made Oregon American was at work on it. All three provinces were beyond the frontier of Spanish and Mexican control; all three stretched across the predetermined course of American expansion. The war that made them American soil has the ugliness of any war, and no powerful nation looks admirable while imposing its will on a weaker one. But the injustice to Mexico was slight and the provinces fell not so much to conquest as to the geographical system of North America. If there is guilt it must be assigned to geography, and the conquest was determined when the first American canoe crossed the Mississippi to the Louisiana Purchase. Or when the first British and French adventurers paddled westward up the Charles and the St. Lawrence.

Polk acted on these certainties and gave Manifest Destiny a deed. It is, however, to be said against him that he did not understand that he was also ringing up the curtain on the Civil War. Yet no one in America saw that otherwise than dimly, and only a very few saw it at all. It was as if the match he touched to a firecracker set off a demolition bomb. It was his historical misfortune to bring (by accident, so he angrily thought) all the suppressed conflicts of our social system and all the disguised imbalances of our economic system into explosion. The cleavages that had been hidden or disregarded for twenty years, some of them for sixty years, were dramatically made clear. Before Polk left office the politics and economics of slavery were in open



conflict with those of the developing industrial revolution. The attempt to resolve the conflict in 1850 failed. In 1860 the appeal to arms was assured.

Parallels cannot safely be drawn between the domestic situation produced by that war and the one presumably to be produced by the war in which we are now engaged. There are too many fundamental differences. Since the parallels are being drawn, however, certain things must be borne in mind. Probably the basic one is the fact that, however suggestive the present disharmonies within our economic system, in the 1840's there were actually two systems. One of them, the system of slave labor, had already passed its prime, was declining in vigor, and had become an anachronism, whereas the other was gaining in vigor with every access of power from the unfolding industrial revolution. The extension of cotton culture to the old Southwest had indeed made the old Southwest rich but it was bankrupting the old South. Probably the system as a whole was already operating at a loss and the process of decay was only accelerated, not begun, by the Civil War. Furthermore, if then, as now, the political necessity was to define the limits of majority of power and the safeguards of the minority, we are now clearer in our minds and better educated by experience. Twenty years of political ineptitude, cowardice, compromise, and obscurantism had built up so much confusion that the real issue could not be faced in its own terms. The struggle pivoted on a subterfuge. The issue was whether the decaying or the expanding order should control the government, but the struggle pivoted on a peripheral and essentially meaningless question, whether slavery should be politically organized in the new territories where, as everyone knew, the economics of slavery could not possibly take hold. That subterfuge is the greatest tragedy of American history. And finally, eighty years after 1861, no one is going to produce another Civil War in America in defense of the *status quo*.

Such urgent domestic realities as these were suddenly forced into the open by Polk's foreign policy. Our domestic problems are hardly less desperate to-day, but let us not prophesy about them on the basis of what happened following 1846. Our political leadership is more honest and incomparably more intelligent than, North or South, it was then. Our government is more powerful, more flexible, and more solidly based, it adjusts more easily; and if a century has done nothing else to the American people it has made them much more realistic. And however desperate our domestic problems may be in themselves, they shrivel into insignificance when compared with the exterior, the foreign, problem. Polk's foreign policy was concerned with some small efforts on the fringe of settlement; ours turns on the central problem of survival. When the war which he had done so much to make inevitable broke out in '46, John C. Calhoun said that an era of the United States had ended and a curtain was drawn before the future through which he could not see. If there is a curtain between us and the future, few have any difficulty making out what is on the other side. And if those few include the columnists who are weighing Manifest Destiny again, they may be drawing the wrong morals from the resurrected phrase.

Manifest Destiny meant many different things to the Americans of a century ago. To find its most impelling meaning, however, you need only draw on a map of the United States a jagged line that cuts off California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, and write across Oregon, Washington, and Idaho the legend that they are as much British as American. The gaping incompleteness that results will look far less irrational to you than it looked to any American of the '40's. The tug of the unsettled lands west of the Mississippi exists for us as little more than a nostalgia or a spectacle out of Hollywood, but our great-grandfathers felt it as a spiritual



obligation. Probably they believed more easily than we do, certainly they were more confident of themselves; but they had no more doubt that they had been charged with making that great emptiness American than that they were under a moral obligation to provide schools for children. The logic of geography was the faith of successive generations. The continent was there, they felt that destiny bade them occupy it, and they did.

There was another meaning, however, which, if it was vaguer, was also deeper. Manifest Destiny meant the belief of the Americans that the experience of the Republic had proved something. Between their grandfathers' time and their own the experiment precariously launched by the Constitutional Convention had produced a nation which was already secure and was certain to dominate the western world. They had seen Great Britain apply the lesson their grandfathers had taught and by losing a colony create an empire. They had seen France harvest a planting of American seeds as a more democratic order which neither wars nor reaction had been able to destroy. They had seen the same planting bring forth a similar if smaller harvest elsewhere in Europe. They had seen their own people grow increasingly free and vigorous; they had seen the common man acquire a greater dignity and a wider opportunity than he had ever had before; they had seen a higher standard of living develop here than there had ever been anywhere else in all history. They believed that this success, which no one could impugn, flowed from and was sustained by the democratic institutions of the United States. They believed that the process would go on. By continuing in the way set for them they would sooner or later confer the benefits they had experienced on other nations and peoples. Adventurers used the phrase Manifest Destiny to make aggressions against Nicaragua and the West

Indies look lovelier than they were, but for the generality of Americans it meant not war but peace. It was a simple affirmation that the American way of life was the best, American experience the key to the future, and American democracy the hope of the world.

The belief was naïve, self-confident, and no doubt bumptious—and it was cut square across by the Civil War. That perhaps inevitable resolution by force of contradictions within our system perpetuated the system but also eroded some of the bases of our faith. When the phrase Manifest Destiny reappeared it was not an expression of belief but a rationalization of our adolescent imperialism. We eventually repudiated that set of adventures altogether, though the bill for them has not yet been paid in full and the phrase ceased to be spoken. Now, here and there, in tentative ways, as another war comes on, we begin to hear about Manifest Destiny again.

No one can say that in the twenty-four years between wars the Americans had many beliefs or made many affirmations, or that in the later half of the period they have felt much confidence in themselves. But also it has been a long time since they faced the naked question of survival, a question which has a way of animating simplicities. The phrase has power again, and the faith it stands for may not have been dead after all but only sleeping under the doubts and languor of the modern mind. We have taken up this war as if we were resuming a process of history which, we have come suddenly to see, was too readily denied and too long interrupted. A century ago Manifest Destiny was the belief of the American people that their way of life was desirable for other people and would be the more secure if other people adopted it, and we seem to have decided that they were right. It has proved to be the destiny of this generation to give Manifest Destiny a deed.





# Harpers *Magazine*

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## THE MALADY OF WISHFUL THINKING

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

**D**EMOCRACY, except in time of war, is free from the atrophy of the critical faculty that is imposed by the streamlined modern-style dictatorship. The huge forum on our foreign policy and on the issues of war and peace which is in constant session on the radio, on the lecture platform, in the press is impressive in itself. It is doubly impressive to one who, like the present writer, has seen three wars begin in foreign countries without a fraction of the preliminary discussion which has been and is being carried on here.

The Soviet citizen never did learn from his *Izvestia* or *Pravda* (the two leading Soviet newspapers are rather inappropriately called "News" and "Truth") that the Red Army was invading Manchuria during the conflict with China over the Chinese Eastern Railroad in 1939. The Soviet troops, just like Japanese troops in similar situations, were always represented as "counterattacking," repelling the malicious aggression of the Chinese. And no Moscow or Leningrad or Kharkov or Odessa Forum of the Air

gave Comrade Ivanov an opportunity to debate with Comrade Petrov the question whether the Soviet Union was on sound Marxist moral ground in vindicating by force of arms its claim to a Tzarist concession enterprise of a type which was always denounced as "imperialist" when possessed by any other power.

The much bigger war between Japan and China in 1937 also began without any public discussion in Japan. There were no preliminary debates about Japanese policy in China. The final decisions were taken without any pressure or influence of public opinion by a few military and civilian leaders who were themselves often at cross-purposes. The country half slipped, half blundered into a war which grew constantly in scope and size from the original conception of a punitive expedition to North China into a gigantic scheme for the conquest not only of China but of many adjacent regions of the Far East.

France, where I was stationed at the time of the outbreak of the second World

War, would normally have afforded more facilities for free discussion than the Soviet Union or Japan. Yet a strange fatalistic apathy hung over the country during the few weeks before the beginning of hostilities. No doubt strong hints, financial and otherwise, had been given to the press, and meetings on the subject of war and peace were discouraged. Moreover, in France there was no such machinery for the discussion of international affairs as exists in the United States, where any small town with a college is likely to burgeon forth at least once a year with a current-events forum.

So a curious situation prevailed. Every other Frenchman with whom one talked was convinced that war would mean disaster. But almost no one ventured to voice this opinion, although there was still no censorship or special punitive legislation. A study of the French newspapers during the last week before the declaration of war would reveal a few protesting or questioning voices. There was an anti-war resolution of the Congress of French Teachers, a similar manifesto, addressed to Premier Daladier, by a group of women who had been active in social work. But in general the Frenchman, individualist that he is, bowed to fate with Oriental resignation. He obeyed his mobilization order without enthusiasm and went off to a war that was to end in a national catastrophe.

The future American "unknown soldier" is at least getting a run for his money. Over a long period of time the pros and cons of every position from extreme interventionism to extreme isolationism have been threshed out. If certain forms of financial and social pressure are applied, if name calling sometimes replaces argument, if epithets like "appeaser" and "war monger" act as a deterrent to timid souls, there is still no organized systematic repression of free expression of opinion. If verbal brickbats, remarkably similar in size and shape, are hurled at *The Wave of the*

*Future* by embattled democrats, no one is prevented from reading Mrs. Lindbergh's book. Indeed, its sales have probably been kept up by the barrage of criticism.

## II

But if a democratic country escapes the blight of outright repression it is susceptible to the subtler disease of wishful thinking. People want to hear and read what they would like to believe. To tell an unpopular truth to a large audience may be commercially and socially almost impossible. Mass wishful thinking does a vast amount of harm, if only because those who indulge in it are not cushioned against the impact of hard unpleasant developments when these occur.

I have followed the trail of wishful thinking around the globe from Moscow to Tokyo to Paris and back to America. I was first impressed by the starry-eyed hypnosis of a considerable number of American radicals and liberals in regard to the Soviet Union.

I am not thinking primarily of the parade of cranks that regularly descended on me and other foreign residents of Moscow when the open season for touring the Soviet Union began in the summer. Some of these were diverting and amusing. There was the lady who announced with a rapt air that she saw triumph written in the skies. There was the genial Californian who believed that the world's ills would be well on the way to cure if Russia could only be induced to participate in the Rotary International. There was the veteran British suffragist who committed her emotions to verse in a poem that began:

I yearned to see your wondrous land,  
I longed to shake you by the hand;  
And now at least my dream's come true  
And I have seen and talked with you

and ended:

I turn my face unto the West,  
Feeling the East is doubly blest.  
Comrades, the brightness of your light  
Is needed to dispel our night.

And there were shoals of enthusiasts



who liked to see their names in *The Moscow Daily News*, telling all who read that curious newspaper:

"I have been in Russia forty-eight hours, and I *know* that all the stories of famine and forced labor are lies."

I am thinking rather of the professors, ministers, social workers, scientists, physicians, and authors, some of them men and women of distinction in their proper fields, who let their common sense be butchered to make a Soviet holiday. On a basis of conducted tours, misleading statistics, intuitive train-window impressions of Soviet morals, manners, and living conditions and the resultant flood of superficial, half-baked books, a conception of Russia gained ground in the early thirties that bore about as much relation to the actual situation as Thomas More's *Utopia* would bear to the Court of Henry VIII.

The harm was twofold. There was the psychological letdown for the individual when his emotional investment in Russia went bankrupt. What was more serious, it was these credulous pilgrims to the Moscow shrine who helped to create an extremely misinformed body of public opinion about Russia as an advanced humanitarian democracy and an eager ally of Great Britain and France in opposing the march of fascism.

Even now, after the Stalin-Hitler Pact, the invasion of Finland, and the many instances of collaboration between the Nazi and Communist dictatorships, traces of these early illusions about Russia continue to crop up. People often hate to admit, even to themselves, how badly they have been fooled and it is usually easier to bamboozle than to debamboozle.

I was impressed by American wishful thinking of another type after the outbreak of war between Japan and China. There were the prophets who would knowingly insist, with a great parade of impressive-looking figures, that on such and such a date Japan would run out of oil, or run out of gold, and then obligingly "collapse." Just how a nation of

seventy million people would "collapse" was never made entirely clear.

Here again one saw wishful thinking in the familiar shape of a spurious escape from the necessity of facing a disagreeable alternative. Japan was clearly out for empire in the Orient. America could acquiesce in this process on the ground that its interests in Asia were not sufficiently important to be worth a long-range war. But this would have offended the moral sense of the wishful thinker. Or America could have endeavored to stop Japan by armed force. But this would have conflicted with another instinctive impulse of the wishful thinker: to avoid any course with a suggestion of danger and sacrifice.

So hope persisted that the Japanese war machine would halt if only enough ardent young students would go about chanting: "If we use cotton Japan gets notton." A missionary of my acquaintance in Tokyo received a letter from his niece asking if it were not true that this incantation and the accompanying agitation had not already brought about an uprising of the Japanese proletariat. Needless to say, there were no signs of any such movement, and I could never see that the Japanese worker reacted to the war differently from the Japanese of any other class. Apart from the enthusiasm of a few extreme nationalists, the general attitude was of resigned acceptance of war and its accompanying hardships as something that could not be helped, like a flood, a fire, or an earthquake.

There was a continuation, in the case of Japan, of the illusion that had already been punctured in the case of Italy: that sanctions by themselves would stop an aggressive move by a major power. Those who put their trust in sanctions may have been learned in economics, but they were deficient in knowledge of elementary psychology.

A regime that bowed to foreign economic pressure, openly exercised, would stand little chance of being able to continue to govern its own people. So, with



the certainty of being damned if it should yield, the aggressive regime would take the sanctions in its stride or, if they became intolerably embarrassing, would strike out with at least a sporting chance of victory. Sanctions have their place as a means of war. As a substitute for war they belong in the phony category.

Another illusion that lurked behind the idea of sanctions as a panacea was the idea that an aggressive power on the loose would allow itself to be immolated on the altar of Victorian financial orthodoxy. There was too little realization that an age of gold, symbolically and literally, had given way to an age of iron, that there was more in the economic technic of the totalitarian state than was dreamed of in Adam Smith's economy.

Moving from Japan to France, where I arrived in April, 1939, I found wishful thinking in full bloom as to the course of the coming war before and after it began. I myself did not see how war could be avoided after the British Government had given its guaranty to Poland at the end of March, 1939. This created the old problem in physics of the irresistible force meeting the immovable object.

Hitler would obviously not remain content with the existing German-Polish frontier. Poland, strengthened by the British assurance of support and faced with the example of what had happened to Czechoslovakia after Munich, would just as obviously not yield an inch. Conflict was fundamentally inevitable. But the late Senator Borah was far from being the only prophet who insisted that no war would take place.

The "phony war" theory was another illustration of the incurable tendency to see developments through rose-colored glasses. There was never any serious chance for a negotiated peace after Hitler had attacked Poland and after the British and French declarations of war. For Hitler to have yielded would have meant his downfall. For France and England to have accepted the new map of eastern Europe would have been a humiliation far graver than that of Munich. Great

Britain and France would have abdicated as great powers if, after subjecting their peoples to the strain and hardships of mobilization, they had laid down their arms without further struggle after Hitler's easy victory over Poland. Yet if one looks back over the American news columns during the first months of the war, when everything was so quiet on the western front, one finds repeated rumors of a possible early peace—all calculated to blind the American public to the serious realities of the situation.

Perhaps the most vivid example of an exercise in wishful thinking that had a direct and disastrous effect on American defense and foreign policy was the widespread conviction that the war would be a walkover for the Allies. Here a number of factors were at work. Strongest, no doubt, was the general American aversion to Hitler and all his works. From hoping that Hitler would lose it was an easy step to believing that Hitler *must* lose.

French censorship (at once severe, stupid, and capricious) helped to nourish this illusion by rigorously eliminating from the cables of American correspondents any suggestion that all was not for the best with French military preparations and prospects. German émigrés made their unconscious and unwilling contribution to the same end of creating a smoke screen about Hitler's terrific striking power. They circulated stories, which were eagerly snapped up by wishful readers in the United States, in England, and in France, about impending economic and financial breakdown in the Third Reich, about semi-starvation and industrial impotence.

One such story, which gained especially wide currency, was to the effect that the German tanks at the time of the occupation of Austria were so decrepit that they broke down during the unopposed advance, so that the German troops had to complete their journey by train and bus. The natural inference was that the tanks would behave in the same way in Poland and in France.



Somehow they didn't. One of my last memories of Paris in wholesale flight is of a Russian woman, whose family had found a second home in France after the Revolution, recalling the tale of the broken-down tanks and bitterly adding:

"Why were we fed with such lies?"

### III

The easiest way to sell an article on the war in America, as a reference to magazine and newspaper files will show, was to give it some such title as "Germany Cannot Win." The misleading picture of the balance of military strength on the Continent was not, in many cases, the fault of the American writers and journalists on the spot. They were under the pressure of editors who, in their turn, were under the pressure of readers who wanted to be told what they would like to believe. Shortly before the German offensive commenced in May I talked with a journalist of outstanding ability and judgment who said:

"When I send a message that sums up a few of the strong points and a few of the weak points in the German position I regularly receive a request for a longer message devoted exclusively to one or more of the weak points. I'm afraid the final picture is distorted and unbalanced."

There were some cases of course when Americans in Europe, like Americans in New York and San Francisco and Sioux City, were led astray by their emotional predilections. I recall one diplomat who was firmly convinced that by 1941 Great Britain and France would possess such superiority in the air that the war would end without any real fighting on the ground. The Germans would be swept from the skies, would see the game was up and would throw in their hand. Then the Anglo-French air armadas would move eastward and finish the job by serving notice on Stalin to quit his ill-gotten gains in eastern Poland.

Only a few individuals of course at that time were in a position to know

what a pathetic misconception of the relative strength of the belligerents was implied in this happy-ending vision of the war. I must say, however, that I was a skeptic when the diplomat outlined his prediction to me with persuasive eloquence and enthusiasm. It seemed just a little too good, a little too easy to be true. One could not shake his happy faith, however. And later, on the eve of the greatest débâcle in French military history, he expressed the most positive conviction that the morale of the French army was perfect. His proof?

"Members of my household staff come home on leave now and then. They tell me all the soldiers are eager to get a crack at the Boche. Of course they miss some things and they appreciate the rubber boots and other presents that I give them. But any idea that there is any depression or defeatism on the front is nonsense. Most probably it is pro-German propaganda."

Again I could not repress a mental question mark. The Frenchman is not deficient in the art of winning friends and influencing people. The diplomat's exuberant extrovert personality left his employees in no doubt as to what he wished to hear; and I could readily imagine that none of them would spoil their welcome by telling any tales of gloom.

Exact information about the relative state of preparedness and armaments in a war is of course uncommonly difficult to obtain. It is hard enough to know the approximate truth about the side to which one is assigned, and almost impossible to estimate the enemy's achievements and strength. Some of the best-informed French journalists, with old established contacts with the government and the General Staff, were convinced that the spring of 1940 would witness a shift in the balance of *matériel* in favor of the Allies.

Yet there were a few general considerations that might well have caused Americans to be less unreservedly optimistic about the outcome of the war. In the World War of 1914-1918 it required



the efforts of six great Powers, Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, the United States, and Japan, to pull down Imperial Germany. Of course these powers were not all fighting at the same time and were not all pulling the same weight. Yet all made some contribution to the final victory. Was it reasonable to assume that two of these powers, France and Great Britain, were so certain of victory against a resurgent Germany?

Two other points which were not state secrets but which were overlooked by wishful thinkers were the profoundly deteriorating results of the World War and of more recent internal strife on France's national strength. For a country with a declining birthrate as France's such an ordeal by slaughter as in the first World War was emphatically a Pyrrhic victory. There was no adequate replacement for the thinned ranks; and this was true not only for the soldiers, but for the working hands in field and factory. Whenever I traveled in the country districts I heard complaints of the absence of the older men who had taken the places of the young and middle-aged soldiers of the last war. Too many of those who would normally have been old peasants were dead at Verdun and the other battlefields of the other war.

And at a time when Germany was being brutally but effectively unified under a revolutionary dictatorship, Frenchmen had been deeply divided among themselves by two abortive semi-revolutionary movements, the fascist upsurge of 1933-34 and the subsequent radical regime of the *Front Populaire*. In retrospect all these things seem more than clear. Yet to mention them in Paris in the winter of 1939-40 was to write oneself down as a defeatist and a secret German sympathizer.

Typical no doubt of the self-delusion that prevailed in America up to the end of the tragic drama of France was a pep telegram which a New York editor dashed off to his Paris office, worded substantially as follows:

"Am sure Huns will never enter Paris."

The message arrived just as the harassed members of the staff were frantically searching for all available means of transportation to get away from the oncoming "Huns."

Those who remained in Paris until the eve of the German occupation must remember a poignantly pathetic example of wish- or rather dream-thinking which seized Parisians in the last days before the fall of the capital. The wildest, most impossible rumors, starting no one knows where, spread like wildfire.

"The French have pushed the Germans back fifteen miles," said the little concierge in the apartment house next door.

"No, it's twenty miles, and they have broken through the whole line," interrupted one of her neighbors. Work was at a standstill in Paris in those days and people frequently gathered in small groups to exchange news and gossip.

"It's a fact that a munitions factory in our neighborhood which had begun to evacuate has been ordered to stay," was someone else's contribution.

And all over Paris on one day, it was Tuesday, June 11th, to be precise, the story raced up and down the streets and boulevards that Russia and Turkey had declared war on Germany. Where it started no one could ascertain; but half a dozen persons eagerly repeated it to me on that one afternoon. An inquiry about the source of this news would regularly elicit the reply that someone else had "heard it on the radio." A French woman journalist whom I met later on a crowded refugee train between Tours and Bordeaux suggested that German agents had deliberately spread these stories in order to hinder the evacuation of Paris. However this may be (and the evacuation was so confused that it would have been carrying coals to Newcastle to disorganize it still further) there was an immense impulse, pitiful and understandable, to catch up and repeat these last hopeful stories before the final blow fell.

Wishful thinking is a recurrent, if not



an incurable disease. Some Americans are unteachable about Russia. They cling to the idea that a hard-boiled dictator like Stalin can be won with the lollypops of moral gestures, that a "Be nice to Russia" policy will deflect the course of Stalin's policy, with its consistent double objective: peace for the Soviet Union, war for the rest of the world.

If 1940 was a sort of morning after for much of the soporific wishful thinking of 1939, how many of the prevalent ideas of 1941 are likely to be confounded by the realities of 1942, or perhaps of an even earlier date? What will the dispassionate historian of the year 2000 say about the logicity of a very prevalent attitude which simultaneously recognizes England's war as "our war" and still shrinks back from full-fledged participation? And this in the light of the stern object lesson which France affords in the consequences of waging war halfheartedly.

Will it seem altogether intelligible in 2000 that America in 1941 should have taken the position of ruling out a compromise peace, insisting on a complete victory while remaining a non-belligerent? May it not seem a rather far stretch of the imagination, in the retrospect of future years, to have assumed that the British Empire alone could win the total triumph which it required the utmost effort of this Empire, supported by many powerful allies, to gain in the first World War?

A well-known commentator recently remarked that the American people are suffering from a case of schizophrenia, or split personality. They want England to win and they want to stay out of the war and they have not resolved the dilemma that emerges if these two desires prove incompatible. Much of the confused voting in the public-opinion polls points to the same conclusion.

Now wishful thinking, like schizophrenia, is a psychological malady. The sufferer faced with a disagreeable choice clings against the evidence of all his senses to the hope that there may be an easier way out. In relation to the

most urgent immediate problem, America's relation to the war, wishful thinking leads to a position dangerously similar to the one which German propaganda attributed to England during the first phase of the war.

England, so the French soldiers were told by loud speakers on quiet days at the front, by pamphlets which were showered down from airplanes, by every possible means, would fight to the last Frenchman. Some of the arguments for aid to Great Britain seem to be based on the premise that the United States will fight to the last Englishman.

This is not a very heroic policy and it may well prove to be not a very realistic one. If the war goes badly the day may come when England will pray to be delivered from such friends. Every observer in France whose eyes and ears were open realized how much bad feeling was aroused during the war among the French soldiers and civilians by the fact that very few British troops were on the front. And England was a full-fledged participant in the war and was giving substantial aid to France with its navy and air force. It is at least conceivable that a similar sentiment may grow up in England against an America that virtuously sets its face against "appeasement," yet refuses to take its full share in the prolonged destructive struggle that would seem to be the only alternative to "appeasement" in the form of some compromise peace.

It is difficult to take the long retrospective view in regard to an immediate situation. But it seems possible that the historian of the future will come to the conclusion that America's present-day policy was too largely dominated by wishful thinking. In retrospect it may well seem that one of the two clear-cut alternatives would have been more logical and more hopeful. The first of these alternatives would be full participation in the war. The second would be concentration on hemisphere politics and hemisphere defense, with a clear definition of the limits beyond which aid to

Great Britain would not go and no attempt to dictate the British attitude toward the final peace settlement.

Wishful thinking is the accompaniment of a too soft and sheltered attitude toward life. It produces much the same effect psychologically that a diet of mush would produce physically. It is in the same category with the postponement of a necessary operation, of an overdue session in the dental chair. It removes no difficulties and solves no problems; it only puts off the final reckoning to a later date with heavy compound interest.

It is an attitude that is only too easy to cultivate in a country like America, so incredibly richer than any other part of the globe, where life for a considerable part of the population is relatively easy and abundant, where people are nourished on a regime of Hollywood films in which the happy ending is something in the nature of a categorical imperative. In normal times wishful thinking is just a sloppy habit that does much the same

kind of harm to the victim that he would experience from an educational system that made everything easy by neglecting essential facts and disciplines.

But in a period of great crisis and swift change wishful thinking becomes one of the most dangerous diseases from which a democracy can suffer. The wishful thinker more or less deliberately shuts his eyes to the visible shape of things to come. He is always doing something that might have saved the situation if it had been done a few months or a few years earlier. He is always too late.

There is no place for this malady in the world's present iron age, an age that makes a supreme demand for hard, pitiless, unemotional examination and recognition of ascertainable facts as they are. It is high time to eliminate this disease from our individual and collective thinking. What was formerly perhaps a minor weakness may well become in an emergency a major source of decadence, even of national disaster.







# MUST A WAR ECONOMY BE PERMANENT?

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

EVERY day the newspapers report changes in the economic fabric of Great Britain at war: labor is conscripted and employers are forbidden to hire and fire without governmental permission; bank deposits are borrowed by the government with or without their owners' consent; factories, houses, shops are taken over summarily for defense purposes. There is incessant talk of a peaceful and orderly "social revolution." Is this war economy, which so radically differs from England's peacetime economic system, nothing more than an emergency measure, or does it foreshadow the future peacetime society of a free and victorious England?

When the present war started Great Britain at once introduced a "war economy"—the result of many years of careful planning. Yet, though this plan had been based upon World War experience, it was used at first in a manner which bore greater resemblance to the 1914 than to the 1918 concept of modern war. For the government concentrated on finance, money, and prices instead of on production. In the first months of the present conflict the Chamberlain Cabinet repeated the worst economic mistakes of 1916 and 1917. It looked on rationing of civilian consumption and on priorities for defense production as dangerous admissions of weakness which should be delayed as long as possible. Interference with the free market was frowned upon as a measure of last resort, to be used only sparingly if at all. And public attention was centered on the

discussion of Mr. Keynes' "How To Pay for the War," on public collections of money for planes, on loan drives, and on other purely financial devices.

This disregard of the major lessons of the last war—lessons which had been summed up as early as 1917 by the U. S. War Industries Board—was of course no accident. It was part and parcel of the catastrophic delusion of the "Sitzkrieg" which believed that England would win the war without fighting just because of her financial wealth. To doubt whether money would be enough to win a modern war was regarded in those early months before Dunkirk as a direct criticism of the entire Chamberlain policy—which indeed it was.

There are still some dangerous traces of this 1939 preoccupation with money in the 1941 British system. That English prices rose 37 per cent in the first twelve months of the war is largely due to this. The failure to understand the social and political functions of rationing in total war is responsible for much unnecessary and disturbing bitterness over the unjustified privileges enjoyed by persons with money in a period of common suffering. And one can still find in British papers proud dissertations on "business as usual," though there could be no greater danger at the present time than such an attitude.

But on the whole the British economy has undergone a profound and rapid transformation since the Battle of Flanders—perhaps the most profound and most rapid economic change on record. Under

pressure from below, and following the bold and spirited leadership of the common people in England, the Churchill government has completely altered the basis of England's economic war effort.

To this new basis of war economy England owes in no small measure her survival. For it made possible one of the greatest economic achievements of all times: the stepping-up of British armaments production. Twelve months ago—about Christmas, 1939—England was basically still on a peacetime economy with not more than 20 per cent of her national income going into war production; and there were fewer workers in the defense industries than there had been in 1915. By Christmas, 1940, 50 to 60 per cent of the British national income was spent on the conduct of the war. And there were 100,000 more workers in munitions plants than there had been in 1918. Within twelve months England, starting from scratch, caught up with the Nazis who had had a five years' start; for though total British armaments production is still seriously below that of Germany, owing to England's smaller population, output per capita is at present probably fully as high as that of Germany.

The shift to the new basis of war economy is becoming more pronounced every day, and with it a radical revision of all the formerly accepted beliefs. To maintain civilian consumption at a high level appears no longer praiseworthy but as a definite danger. To obtain the maximum results from the available labor, plant capacity, and raw materials, civilian consumption must be prevented from competing with the armaments demand of the government; it must be cut even where there is no shortage of supplies. For the nation that can cut its civilian consumption quickest and farthest will be able to increase its armaments production most rapidly.

To-day no English manufacturer is allowed to produce for civilian consumption on the home market without express permission from the government. Even if his plant and his labor cannot be used

at all for war purposes, he must obtain permission if he wants to use them for the production of goods for civilian consumption. Almost no raw materials are available without permission from the government-controlled priority boards, and to prevent the public from pushing up prices, civilian consumption is being cut down and directed so as to fit in with the managed production of civilian goods. It is symptomatic of this new economy that meat and other necessities are no longer rationed according to quantity, but according to price; each person is allowed to buy so-and-so many shillings' worth of meat each week, which makes it unprofitable for the producer to demand, and for the public to bid, higher prices.

Under this new system of war economy, prices and profits no longer control and determine production as they did under the peacetime market economy. On the contrary, production determines prices and profits. On the one hand, it is impossible for the private manufacturer to use his plant capacity for uses other than those dictated by the government in the interest of maximum armaments production. And on the other hand, there is little incentive for him to do so, as the civilian public could not pay higher prices for unscheduled production and might even be unable to absorb it; for taxes, compulsory or semi-compulsory loans, and the regulation of wages tend to keep civilian purchasing power in equilibrium with production for civilian use.

As the first result of this relegation of money and of the price mechanism to a back-seat, the problem of financing the war has become a subsidiary one. The Germans are exaggerating when they say that there are no financial problems so long as raw materials, workmen, and machines are available. It is still a matter of great concern whether money is to be raised by taxes or by loans; and of course finance is of major importance in the purchase of supplies from abroad. Yet the view that financing does not



count is nearer the truth to-day than the traditional one that money decides a war. Financial problems can justifiably be regarded as a purely technical matter so long as care is taken that every increase in the domestic production of armaments be counterbalanced by a corresponding cut in domestic civilian consumption. This is further borne out by the ease with which Great Britain has been financing herself. Not even the interest rates on government bonds had to be raised in spite of unprecedented borrowings.

Even more important under the present war economy, inflation has not only ceased to be inevitable but has become almost impossible. Barring unbelievable mistakes in government policy, an inflation can happen only if a government loses its political authority to enforce its production and consumption control, *i.e.* after military defeat. Otherwise, however, there should be no excess of purchasing power in the hands of the public; for all surplus of income over available consumption ought to have been drained away by taxes and loans before it could exert any influence upon the market. The same applies to the excess of unused profits in the hands of manufacturers which played such a tremendous part in the inflations of the last war. Nor should there be any expansion of credit in spite of the increase in government debt. For that increase will be counterbalanced by a decrease in private indebtedness. The higher government expenditure reflects mainly a transfer of national income from civilian consumption to armaments and not an increase in prices, or an expansion in the credit structure. According to the traditional symptoms, the trend in England, and even in Germany, seems to have been slightly deflationary. At least fixed interest-bearing securities sell higher than in September, 1939, while equities have tended to come down.

## II

The principles of the new war economy might become even more important for

the future peace economy of Europe than they are for the conduct of the present war. For the system of direct management of production and consumption succeeds where all previous economic policy has failed: in determining the ratio between consumption and investment.

All economic policy during the past hundred years has attempted to influence this basic ratio of economic life. Traditional, orthodox economic policy teaches that in a depression investment has to be stimulated while consumption has to be retarded. Since 1929 economic policy has reversed its aim; it has tried to stimulate consumption in the depression by raising purchasing power. Though contradicting each other, both policies are monetary policies. They aim to influence the ratio between investment and consumption by controlling the flow of money and of credit. The orthodox theory preaches "sound money" and contraction of credit; the new theory "deficit spending" and expansion of credit.

During the past ten years the knowledge and understanding of monetary phenomena have made greater strides than any other branch of the social sciences. Such new technics as that of the Exchange Equalization Fund or the use of government borrowing to keep down the interest rate represent lasting achievements of great value. It might even be said that within these past ten years we have learned almost all that there is to learn about monetary management and its potentialities. But this advance has shown also the limitations of monetary policy. Above all, it has taught that the new spending-lending monetary policy is just as unable to lift consumption with any degree of predictability as the old one was to increase investment. For consumption and investment in a market economy do not primarily depend upon monetary factors. They depend upon confidence. And confidence may or may not be controllable by monetary policies; from the point



of view of economic theory, it is an irrational, incalculable, element precisely because it depends upon political feeling to a much greater extent than upon a rational expectancy of profits or of interest rates.

Even Labour Party leaders in England to-day would admit that the policy of devaluation and credit expansion which was so successful from 1931 to 1939 would not have worked except under the essentially Conservative National Government. Yet the Labour Government which failed in the Depression wanted to do exactly the same things. An economic policy which depends for its success to such an extent upon purely non-economic factors is hardly to be trusted in major emergencies.

Precisely because they promised to replace the irrational factor of confidence by such rational and predictable devices as Mr. Keynes' "multiplier" or the "gold-commodity ratio" of the late Professor Warren, those policies of deficit-spending and currency-management were adopted by the democracies after the sound-money policies had failed to overcome the Depression. That the new policies are just as uncertain of success and just as dependent upon the irrational factor of confidence as the old ones is therefore a far more decisive criticism than any of the attacks made upon the soundness of the theoretical arguments of the new school. Now that "easy money" has been tried and found as wanting as "sound money," the claim of monetary policy to be able to manage the ratio between consumption and investment can hardly be maintained any longer. Some non-monetary economic policy must therefore be found which can really perform what monetary policy always promised. The terrible curse of unemployment is a daily reminder that modern industrial society must have some reliable, dependable, and understandable policy by means of which depressions and economic maladjustments can be overcome.

The principle of direct management

of consumption and production which underlies the present war economies in Europe actually manages the ratio between consumption and investment regardless of confidence. It is therefore one solution—not by any means an ideal one or a politically desirable one—of one of the basic problems of Europe's peace economy. And for this reason it cannot be expected that it will disappear with the war which brought it to the fore. On the contrary, it must be expected that the peoples of Europe will force their governments in the first post-war emergency to try a system which has worked so well during the wartime crisis. Although looked upon to-day as an emergency measure, born of and confined to the war, the new economic policy must be regarded as one possible basis for Europe's post-war economy—and so far the only one on the horizon.

### III

In the economic field the new system of direct economic management proceeds beyond the fight between sound-money and easy-money advocates into a sphere where money becomes a mere instrument of economic policy. In the social field the implications are even greater and even more fundamental. The system of direct economic management goes beyond capitalism and socialism into a sphere in which private property and private profits cease altogether to be the constitutive elements of the social structure and become subsidiary.

Ever since the first outlines of the present war economy appeared in the Nazi rearmament drive, economists and politicians have been arguing whether it is capitalism or socialism. Those on the Left who regarded it as the apogee of capitalism pointed to the maintenance of private property and private profits. Those on the Right who saw in it socialism, or at least the decisive step toward a socialist state, pointed to the complete control exercised by the state over the means of production. Actually,



it was quite clear from the start that it does not fit at all into these categories. But now that England has adopted the fundamentals of the system without the political and social totalitarianism which accompanied it on the Continent and without the totalitarian pseudo-romantic, pseudo-Marxist theories, it should be obvious that the essentials of the present European system of war economy burst the bounds of the traditional capitalism-socialism antithesis with its exclusive emphasis upon ownership and profits.

The basic innovation of the new policies is the realization of a theory long preached by engineers and by such technically minded industrialists as Henry Ford: that not profits, but orders are the fuel which drives the economic machine. Since orders in the war economy are directed by the government which manages the ratio between consumption and investment, the government is in absolute control of the economic machine. Private property and private profits are maintained. But the "profit system" is abolished. The decisive political, social, and economic influence no longer attaches to private property and private profits but has been divorced from them and handed over to the government which as monopoly-customer determines what the economy shall produce, how, where, and at what profit.

Just as in the economic field the new system cannot be dismissed as a wartime emergency measure, so in the social field it must be regarded as one possible basis for the social structure of post-war peacetime Europe. For it offers the first and so far the only solution to some of the most urgent and most baffling problems of social organization which existed in the peacetime Europe of yesterday: the problem of rational calculation under a planned economy, and that of the divorce of ownership and management in modern big-business capitalism.

There is violent disagreement about the means and ends of economic planning. But there has been virtual unan-

imity in the industrial countries of Europe during the past ten years that long-range economic planning is necessary. The Right believed in it just as much as the Left. Only a handful of orthodox economists held out against planning and in favor of the free-market economy. These orthodox economists were not only few in number; they were also almost without influence on such basic questions of economic policy as foreign-trade regulation, monetary policy, and taxation. Yet their opposition to planning was fully successful. They had one argument which the advocates of planning could never overcome: that only the profit system of a free-market economy allows accurate calculation.

The economic function of private profit is to determine whether a given investment or a certain method of production is economic and efficient. "Unprofitable" in free capitalism is synonymous with uneconomic and wasteful. It is easy enough to show that profitability is a highly unsatisfactory yardstick politically and socially. Everybody knows that free hospitals and public schools are "unprofitable" in terms of private capitalism and yet extremely beneficial for the community as a whole; the conflict between private profitability and public interest has been the theme of all critics of capitalist enterprise from Marx to Veblen and Hitler. Yet it is equally true that economic activities: investment, production, distribution, are socially detrimental unless they are economic and efficient; and the only gauge of economy and efficiency is profitability. There is no other safeguard against wasteful investments, huge losses, and sudden unpredictable explosions in the economic system. And such a safeguard is particularly necessary in a system which, like modern planning, subordinates strictly economic aims to political and social aims. It will be necessary and justifiable in such a system to make many investments which cannot be justified economically, just as it is necessary and justifiable to-day to maintain public



schools on a subsidy basis or to build battleships. But at least one ought to know how much such political investments cost in strictly economic terms.

In this dilemma the economists who believed in planning spent much time and energy during the past twenty years in the attempt to combine a profitless, socialist economy with accurate calculation. But the best they could devise were Rube Goldberg-like mechanisms which could never be expected to stand up under actual working conditions. And the cost-accounting and calculation-experience of the one country which tried socialist planning on a large scale—Soviet Russia—was not such as to inspire much confidence.

It is therefore of the greatest importance that the direct management of production and consumption, on which is based the present-day English war economy, maintain the costing device of private profits while not maintaining the free-market economy. It seems now to be possible to plan for military, *i.e.* non-economic purposes while the costing and calculation controls of the profit system are retained. That this is not a purely theoretical argument is shown by the experience of the belligerent countries in Europe. Independent observers report from both England and Germany that the present war economy allows much more accurate costing and calculation than the war economy of the last war. Certainly the comparative absence of strains in the present British economy, in spite of an unprecedented economic revolution, can be explained only by a well-functioning costing system. And yet profit does not, as in a free-market economy, determine production, and it is thus deprived of political and social influence. And even in the purely economic sphere profits have lost their meaning except as a costing device. With a war profits tax of one hundred per cent, Great Britain certainly does not leave any profits for the private capitalist to enjoy.

Next to the economic planning, the

control of big-business management has been the most widely publicized problem of post-Versailles European capitalism. That the divorce of management control from ownership in the large corporation threatens the very foundations of democratic society was generally realized. It is revealing that all three major European democracies—England, France, and pre-Hitler Germany—attempted to revise the management-control provisions of their corporation laws in the same way, though otherwise their economic policies differed widely. And it is even more symptomatic that these revisions were regarded at the time in the three countries as a decisive weapon against the Depression. In this country the problem has become predominant in the theoretical discussion with Berle and Means' pioneering study of *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* of ten years ago; but it has also played a considerable part in actual economic policy, and the attempt to solve it is responsible for much of the SEC legislation. It has perhaps not been realized as fully in this country as in Europe that the problem is not primarily one of good or bad, honest or crooked, but one of controlled or uncontrolled management.

That in the modern big corporation the stockholder cannot and does not exercise the control and management functions which are legally inherent in his right of ownership every stockholder in a big corporation knows. The holder of a hundred, or even of ten thousand shares, has neither knowledge nor time to occupy himself with the affairs of the business of which he is legally the master. He readily abdicates even his voting privilege to the management by means of a proxy made out by the management on behalf of the management. And it takes a major emergency, such as the bankruptcy of the corporation, to get the average stockholder to appear at the annual meeting.

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ship. This is the meaning of the trend toward "management as a profession" which is so marked in modern big business. Best management opinion to-day is even inclined to regard the ownership of stock in the managed company by the manager as not fully compatible with the strictest professional standards.

It must be said that this trend toward professional management has had excellent results. There never was a time when big-business management was on the whole as efficient, as alert, and as aware of its responsibilities as it is to-day. Nevertheless, the complete divorce of management and ownership poses a serious political problem. The managers of the big corporations control a very large part of the wealth of the country. They wield a tremendous power over millions of citizens—a power which in effect, though not in name, is a governmental power. Yet they are largely uncontrolled. The stockholders interfere but rarely, the government mainly by means of the criminal laws which are of doubtful value as means of social control. Professional managers are usually appointed by their predecessors and appoint their own successors; the shareholder has therefore not even the power of appointment, removal, or recall. Very much against the will of most managers, they have been forced into a position where theirs is an uncontrollable and absolute power. The most perspicacious of totalitarian philosophers, the German Nazi writer Ernst Juenger, had some justification when, twenty years ago, he pointed out that the modern big corporation realizes the Leader principle and is, therefore, a model that a Nazi-state would have to copy in the political sphere. Absolute, irremovable, and uncontrollable power has always been the greatest enemy of freedom; and the danger is particularly acute when this power is exercised efficiently, honestly, and benevolently. The crooked machine boss could always be removed more easily than the "enlightened despot."

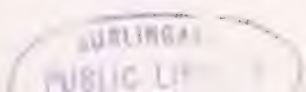
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and German corporation laws undertaken in the late 'twenties or early 'thirties tried to hand the power of control back to the shareholders—on the whole without success. War economy takes the opposite direction, and on the whole successfully. In England to-day the political part of the power wielded by corporation management—wages and hours, pricing, direction of output, employment, and credit—is rapidly being assumed by the government and becomes part of its political sovereignty. The manager retains his proper functions: production, engineering, and research, buying and selling, etc. And the stockholder retains his ownership and his dividend, though stripped of political control or managerial function. Though many people—this writer included—wonder whether the remedy is not worse than the disease, there can be no doubt that this is one possible solution of the political problem posed by the divorce of management and ownership in the modern big corporation.

#### IV

Though the English people, as a free people, not only decided to transform their economy according to the principles of modern war economy but forced the changes on their own reluctant government last spring, it is still true that in the economic sphere England only does to-day what Hitler did yesterday. It is an attempt to beat Hitler with his own weapons and to achieve the same total armament by the same means of total war economics. There are important differences between the system developed in Germany before 1939, and the British system of to-day; but they are mainly due to the desire of the British people to do a more thorough, quicker, and better job.

Advocates of economic regimentation and of a planned society may argue that the new economy and its principles are only incidental to the Nazi way of life, and are neither the cause of, nor inseparable





arable from, political totalitarianism and military aggression. They may point out that Nazi Germany did not even invent these new principles but took them from two sources, neither of which would have had any sympathy with Nazism: the U. S. War Industries Board of 1917, and Walther Rathenau, the Jewish Liberal who headed Germany's raw materials administration during the last war.

Yet the principles of the new economy are too closely linked with war and with totalitarianism to be accepted without rigid questioning as the economic basis for a post-war Europe of freedom and peace. Anyone who looks at the present European war economy to find out what kind of post-war world it foreshadows must therefore ask: Can such an economic system, a system which is based upon the management of production and consumption by the government, be made compatible with political, religious, personal freedom? Or must we pay for the solution of some of the urgent economic and social problems of modern civilization which the new principles promise with the loss of our political liberty and with the abandonment of the rights of man?

Two years ago there would have been only one answer to these questions: modern war economy and free, democratic government cannot be combined. This was the answer on which the appeasers based their policy; for, they said, any peace is better than a war in which we have to give up *automatically* and *instantaneously* the very liberties we go to war for. And even those who, like the present writer, disagreed sharply with the conclusions of the appeasers found it extremely difficult not to agree with their apparently incontrovertible premises.

That these premises of the appeasers have been proved wrong has been the most hopeful surprise—the only pleasant one in this war of unpleasant and horrible surprises. England has adopted a war economy fully as total as the German one. And yet England has not lost her

political freedom “automatically and instantaneously.” On the contrary, there is more freedom of discussion, more freedom of criticism, a greater respect for personal liberties, a more punctilious regard of the rights of man in Great Britain to-day than there was in the last war. So far none of the dire consequences to freedom, so generally expected by the apologists for Munich, has come to pass in England.

Yet it would be premature to say that the earlier fears have been disproved, and that the new economic principles can be used by a free and democratic society and for the production of constructive wealth instead of for the destructive implements of war. The English people themselves in the many discussions about the future society of Europe in their newspapers and magazines never tire of pointing out that the present achievement rests upon the spiritual upsurge of the war and may not be maintained once peace has been restored. Before anyone can accept the new principles as a basis for a free and peaceful future he must be able to give satisfactory replies to at least four questions:

1 It is easy to plan for war since the goal is fixed: the defeat of Germany. It is also easy to cut consumption. But can a peacetime economy be planned? What should be its purpose and what should be its plan? And can you increase consumption by decree as you can decrease it?

2 Can a government which is in command of economic life be made subject to the consent and control of the majority of the governed? Or is the parody of a free vote in which Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini indulge all that can be hoped for?

3 Can such a government be sufficiently limited to allow freedom to the opposition, to minorities, and to that most important minority: the individual?

4 Can the middle classes on which free society has always rested be maintained? Theoretically, it might seem that they



could be protected even better than before. As long as property was regarded as the determinant of social structure the middle classes could not be given the preferential status in society which they ought to have in a free society. Capitalism—at least in Europe—could not protect them against monopolies and trusts; and Marxist Socialism could not exempt them from expropriation and was forced by the inner logic of its own system to destroy even the small Russian peasants—one of the stupidest and most treacherous acts ever committed by government. Neither Capitalism nor Socialism could make the necessary theoretical or practical distinction between small and big, personal and impersonal property. Under a new system which does not take a doctrinaire view of property the middle classes might therefore have more chance of privileged treatment. But actually, they have been so far the main sufferers from war economy and have been discriminated against rather than specially protected.

There have been some very intelligent attempts lately to provide an answer to these questions—the most convincing perhaps Professor Karl Mannheim's *Man and Society in an Age of Reconstruction*. Yet this writer does not feel that the basic objections against the projection of the principles of war economy into the future peace economy of a free and peaceful Europe have been satisfactorily answered so far. It is not only that "planning for freedom" seems to be a doubtful substitute for unplanned freedom. It is also difficult to see how we could plan for peace at all. There is not only no

agreement at all as to the purpose of peacetime planning: social welfare or a higher standard of living, greater economic equality or a more integrated culture. But each of these peace goals is in itself as ambiguous, as difficult to define and as vague as "victory in war" is clear, unambiguous, and obvious.

Undoubtedly these objections of the writer are shared by many persons, whether they are sympathetic to the idea of planning or not. But however justified our criticism, we cannot afford simply to dismiss the new economy as a wartime emergency measure which will disappear as soon as the war is over and victory is achieved. We must work out alternatives, better and newer solutions than those presented by the war economy, which do at least offer as much as the solutions offered by the new principles of direct economic management, and which yet avoid their dangers and shortcomings. For solutions there will have to be; it is inconceivable that a post-war Europe will be willing to suffer again the problems which the pre-war economy of "poverty in the midst of plenty" could not solve: long-term unemployment; the attrition of the middle classes between the upper millstone of big business and the nether millstone of the proletariat; the impossibility to plan, though absence of planning meant chaos; and the uncontrolled social and economic power of big-business management. The record of the past twenty years in Europe shows only too clearly that the masses, if offered no democratic and free solution of these problems, are willing to give up freedom and democracy to obtain security.



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#### IV

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"I wish you wouldn't call me Buffalo Bill." The bartender filled Lubbock's glass. "You start something like that you can wind up making life intolerable." He flipped the head off the glass and pushed it in front of Lubbock.

"A statue in Wyoming . . ." Lubbock shook his head wonderingly. "To-day they tea-dance for the Empiuh, to-morrow we get shot for the Empiuh."

"It don't necessarily follow." Sweeney moved closer, earnestly.

"Mr. Sweeney, of the flying Sweeneys." Lubbock patted him gently on the wrist. "The reader of *The New York Times*. I'll put a lily on yer grave in the Balkans."

"It may be necessary," Di Calco said. "It may be necessary to supply soldiers, it may be necessary for Sweeney to get shot."

"Don't make it so personal," Sweeney said angrily.

"Before we get through, Mr. Sweeney"—Lubbock put his arm confidentially round him—"this war is going to be very personal to you and me. It will not be very personal to the rabbits from the Hotel Pee-yeah."

"Why can't you leave the Hotel Pierre out of this discussion?" the bartender complained.

"The snow will fall," Lubbock shouted, "and we'll be sitting in tents!" He turned on Di Calco. "The Italian patriot. I'd like to ask yuh a question."

"Always remember," Di Calco said coldly, "that I'm an American citizen."

"How will you feel, George Washington, sitting behind a machine gun with Wops running at you?"

"I'll do my duty," Di Calco said doggedly. "And don't use the term 'Wop'."

"What do you mean running at him?" Sweeney roared. "The Italian army don't run at anything but the rear."

"Remember," Di Calco shouted at Sweeney, "I gave a standing invitation to meet you outside."

"Boys," the bartender cried. "Talk about other matters. Please . . ."

"One war after another," Lubbock

marveled. "One after another and they get poor sons-of-bitches like you into tents in the wintertime, and yuh never catch on."

"I'm overlooking the language." Sweeney took a step back and spoke dispassionately, like a debater. "But I'd like to hear your solution. Since you're so clear on the subject."

"I don't want to overlook the language," Di Calco said hotly.

"Let him talk." Sweeney waved his hand majestically. "Let's hear everybody's point of view. Let the Dutchman talk."

"Well . . ." Lubbock began.

"Don't be insulting," the bartender said. "It's late and I'm ready to close up the bar anyway, so don't insult the patrons."

Lubbock rinsed his mouth with beer, let it slide slowly down his throat. "Don't yuh ever clean the pipes?" he asked the bartender. "Yuh know, that's the most important thing about beer—the pipes."

"He's got a comment on everything!" Di Calco said angrily. "This country's full of them!"

"They are dividing up the world," Lubbock said. "I got eighty-five cents to my name. No matter which way they finish dividing, I'll be lucky to still have eighty-five cents when it's all over."

"That's not the way to approach the problem," said Sweeney. "Your eighty-five cents."

"Will I get Greece?" Lubbock pointed his huge finger threateningly at Sweeney. "Will Di Calco get China?"

"Who wants China?" Di Calco asked triumphantly.

"We get one thing," Lubbock said soberly. "You and me and Sweeney and Buffalo Bill . . ."

"Please," said the bartender.

"We get trouble. The working man gets trouble." Lubbock sighed and looked sadly up at the ceiling and the other men silently drank their beer. "Military strategists agree," Lubbock said, his tongue going proudly over the



phrase, "that it takes four men to attack a position defended by one man."

"What's that got to do with it?" Sweeney demanded.

"This war is going to be fought in Europe, in Africa, in Asia," Lubbock chanted. "It is not going to be fought in William Cody's bar."

"Sorry I can't oblige you," the bartender said sarcastically.

"I've studied the situation," Lubbock said, "and I've decided that there's going to be four times as many Americans killed as anybody else. It stands to reason. They're not going to attack us here, are they? We're going to take the offensive. Four to one!" He banged the bar with savage certainty. "Us four poor dumb yokels'll get it just to put one lousy Dutchman out of the way. Military strategy guarantees!"

"Don't yell so loud," the bartender said nervously. "The people upstairs don't like me."

"The worst thing is," Lubbock shouted, glaring wildly about him, "the worst thing is I look around and I see the world full of poor dumb stupid bastards like Sweeney and Di Calco and William Cody!"

"The language," Di Calco snarled. "Watch the language."

"Hitler has to be beaten!" Sweeney yelled. "That's a fundamental fact."

"Hitler has to be beaten!" Lubbock's voice sank to a significant, harsh whisper. "Why does Hitler have to be beaten? Because poor ignorant bastards like you put him there in the first place and left him there in the second place and went out to shoot him down in the third place and in the meantime just drank yer beer and argued in bars!"

"Don't accuse me," said Sweeney. "I didn't put Hitler any place."

"Sweeneys all over the world!" Lubbock shouted. "And now I got to get shot for it, I got to sit in tents in the wintertime!" Suddenly he grabbed Sweeney by the collar with one hand. "Say . . ." Sweeney gasped. Lubbock's other hand shot out, grasped Di Calco

by his collar. Lubbock drew the two men close to his face and stared with terrible loathing at them. "I would like to mash yer stupid thick heads," he whispered.

"Now, lissen," Di Calco gasped.

"Boys," said the bartender, reaching for the sawed-off baseball bat he kept under the counter.

"If I get shot it's your fault!" Lubbock shook the two men fiercely. "I oughta kill yuh. I feel like killin' every dumb slob walkin' the streets . . ."

Di Calco reached back for a beer bottle and Sweeney grabbed the big hand at his throat and the bartender lifted the sawed-off baseball bat. The door swung open and a girl stepped through it and looked blankly at them.

"Go right ahead," she said, the expression on her face not surprised or worried or amused. "Don't let me interrupt."

"Boys . . ." the bartender said and put the baseball bat away. Lubbock gave Sweeney and Di Calco a last little push and released them and turned back to his beer.

"People like you," Sweeney murmured, outraged, "people like you they ought to commit to asylums."

Di Calco straightened his tie and tried to smile gallantly through his rage at the girl, who was still standing by the open door, hatless, her dirty blond hair falling straight down to her shoulders. She was a thin girl, with the bones showing plainly in her face, and her hands skinny and rough coming out of the sleeves of the light old gray coat she was wearing. Her face was very tired, as though she had been working too long, too many nights.

"Would you like to close the door, Miss?" the bartender asked. "It's getting awfully cold."

The girl wearily closed the door and stood against it for a moment, wearily surveying the four men.

"I need some help," she said.

"Now, Miss . . ." the bartender started.

"Oh, shut up!" she snapped at him. Her voice was flat and worn. "I'm not bumming anything. My sister's just had a kid and she's laying in a stinking little hospital and she was bleeding all day and they gave her two transfusions and that's all they got and they just told me maybe she's dyin'. I been walkin' past this saloon for the last half hour watchin' you four guys talkin', gettin' up nerve to come in. She needs blood. Any you guys got some blood you don't need?" The girl smiled a little.

The men carefully avoided looking at one another.

"We're busted," the girl said, her tone as flat as ever. "The kid came out seven months and her husband's a sailor, he's on his way to Portugal and there's nobody in this whole goddamned, freezin' town I can turn to." She shrugged. "My blood's the wrong type." She took a step nearer the bar. "She's only nineteen years old, my sister, she had to go marry a sailor . . ." Lubbock turned and looked at her.

"All right," Lubbock said. "I'll go with yuh."

"Me too," said Di Calco.

Sweeney opened his mouth, closed it, opened it again. "I hate hospitals," he said. "But I'll come along."

Lubbock turned and looked slowly at the bartender.

"It's late anyway," the bartender said, nervously drying the bar with a towel. "I might as well come along, just in case . . . My type blood might . . . Yes." He nodded vigorously and started taking off his apron.

Lubbock reached over the bar and brought up a bottle of rye and a glass and silently poured it and pushed it in front of the girl. The girl took it without smiling and drained it in one gulp.

They all sat in the dreary hospital clinic room with the old dead light of the hospital on them and all the weary sorrowful smells of the hospital swelling

round them. They sat without talking, waiting for the interne to come and tell them which one of them had the right type blood for the transfusion. Lubbock sat with his hands between his knees, occasionally glancing sharply at Sweeney and Di Calco and Cody, all of them nervously squirming on their benches. Only the girl walked slowly back and forth down the middle of the room, smoking a cigarette, the smoke curling slowly over her lank blond hair.

The door opened and the interne came in and touched Lubbock on the arm. "You're elected," he said.

Lubbock took a deep breath and stood up. He looked at Di Calco, at Sweeney, at Cody, triumphantly, smiled at the girl, and followed the interne.

When he was through, when the blood had poured out of his veins, slowly and delicately, into the veins of the pale, quiet girl on the table next to him, Lubbock got up and bent over her and whispered, "You're going to be all right," and she smiled weakly at him.

Then he put on his coat and went back into the clinic room. The others were still there. They stood there, scowling at him in the blue hospital light. He smiled widely at them.

"Everything all right?" Di Calco asked solemnly.

"Everything's fine," Lubbock said cheerfully. "My blood is singing in her system like whiskey."

Di Calco looked at Sweeney, Sweeney at Cody, each with doubt and hesitancy in his eye.

"Say, Dutchman," Sweeney said loudly, "we'll buy you a drink. What d'yuh say?"

They waited, tense, almost ready for attack.

Lubbock looked consideringly at them. Cody put up the collar of his coat.

"Sure," Lubbock said, putting his arm around the girl. "It'll be an honor."

They walked out through the hospital doors, together.





# DIAMONDS COME TO AMERICA

BY RICHARD G. HUBLER

THE Greeks had a word for diamonds: *Adamas*. It meant invincible, referring to their ability to withstand fire. But not even diamonds could withstand the fire from the sky that rained upon the Netherlands in the summer of 1940 and on England in the autumn of 1940.

From Antwerp, Rotterdam, and London the great diamond migration began. A horde of diamond merchants, most of them of Roumanian, Polish, or Russian extraction, fled west for the sake of their lives, and they carried kings' ransoms folded in tissue paper and tucked in Manila envelopes. They looked for haven in the United States.

They arrived in New York by hundreds during the latter weeks of the German invasion of the Lowlands and France. In July the imports of uncut diamonds swelled to more than twelve times that of any other previous month. By the time the Battle of Britain was well under way 1,500 diamond dealers—90 per cent of all the prominent European ones, half of all those in the world—had reached New York with much of their stock. Only an estimated \$7,000,000 in gems was left for Hitler's troops to gather up. One Belgian family with \$338,000 worth of diamonds in a hand-case fled across France and the Spanish border in an ambulance.

There is a story told about that wholesale exodus: how, when the German invasion was imminent, a trusted member of an Antwerp firm went from shop to shop of the diamond dealers in that doomed city with a battered valise.

Into it the diamond men dumped packets of jewels, rough and finished. Only one concern failed to contribute. Its safe was locked and the one man who could open it was away. The diamond collector then went aboard a British destroyer and crossed the Channel to London with his fabulous burden. From London he went on to New York.

To-day the city of New York is the diamond center of the world. Last year it did a total diamond business of \$35,000,000, about \$6,000,000 above 1939, second only to the peak year of 1919 (\$80,000,000). This year is expected to break all records.

The Banque Belge, the controlling influence in the world-famous Diamond Syndicate, is quietly preparing to set up its main offices in Rockefeller Center. Negotiations are under way with State banking authorities to secure a charter; the United States government is being petitioned by the Banque's managing director, Paul Timbal, to release millions of dollars in frozen credits so that a diamond control in New York may be established.

So far their efforts have been thwarted by agents of the British and Belgian governments who wish to keep the Syndicate at home. Another agency—the Department of Justice—may operate to the same end. A year ago in Washington, Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold remarked: "The Diamond Syndicate had better watch out. I think they're a monopoly." The Syndicate's publicity man protested that it was an

English organization that sold mostly to five big firms in the United States (the chief buyer being the firm of Baumgold Brothers in New York, which keeps a minimum of \$10,000,000 worth of gems on hand). Nothing was done. But now that the Syndicate is endeavoring to get a foothold in New York Arnold may yet take action.

The other chief partner in the Diamond Syndicate and its backbone of production is the DeBeers Consolidated Mines, Inc., the inheritor of the diamond trust that Cecil Rhodes set up in South Africa in 1889 and the holder of a world monopoly of nearly 96 per cent of crude stones. This firm has sent to New York a skeleton staff and a small stock of stones with a view to setting up headquarters in America ultimately. The colossal store of roughs in the DeBeers vaults (the corporation mined over 1,500,000 carats, approximately \$375,000,000 worth at present prices, in 1938) remains in London, protected by reinforced concrete and feet-thick steel. But it is reported that this huge cache will be transferred to the United States immediately if the war abroad seems hopelessly lost.

Meanwhile plans are under way for a diamond building in midtown Manhattan. The refugee diamond traders have set up their own cubbyhole offices in and about the financial area, mostly on Nassau Street. Many of them are located on 47th Street. They have their informal trading mart in a cheap cafeteria in New York's upper 40's.

All this undercover readjustment of a world business affects less than 100,000 individuals—miners, dealers, cutters; but it is highly significant as a trend.

Diamonds always gravitate toward safety and security. Now more than ever they turn that way because they are the most highly prized booty in the world. Gold may be derided by economists of the New Order; diamonds cannot. There is no substitute for the hardness of diamonds in industry, in working metal and drilling stone. Nearly three-quarters of all the diamonds mined are

utilized in such work. The diamond is unsurpassed, for example, in drawing wire accurately. As much as 400 tons of molten copper can be drawn through a diamond die without enlarging the hole. And a Messerschmitt or Spitfire plane takes more than 500,000 feet of fine copper wire to outfit its motor and body.

During the early stalemate days of the present war the French were frantically buying up all the diamonds they could lay their hands on. They were going to use them on giant drills to tunnel beneath the Siegfried Line. Unfortunately the Nazi counter-plan of encirclement worked faster.

Aside from industrial uses, diamonds have their own intrinsic trading value. In a world where the gold standard has been abandoned diamonds have become a kind of international currency. Not only have the strict price control and careful production system of the Diamond Syndicate kept the value of diamonds from dropping permanently during the past fifty years; prices have risen more than 500 per cent in this period, with only one major slump, between 1930 and 1934.

## II

Brazilian stones are now getting into this exclusive market. Since the war began they have offered increasingly serious competition to the Syndicate, even without any organized production or export control. Brazil was the chief producer of diamonds from the time when the famous Golconda mines were worked out, a century and a half ago, until the discovery of fields in South Africa. Brazil gets its stones from two interior states, Minas Geraes and Goyaz. They are shipped from the port of Rio de Janeiro. The state has no monopoly. But each outgoing shipment is carefully checked by licenses issued by the government at Rio and checked again by the consulates in the various ports of destination. This precaution is taken to keep diamonds from falling into Nazi hands.



Yet the Germans are keeping up a steady flow of stones to their own country at a rate estimated at about \$5,000,000 a year. The Nazi traders in Brazil, disregarding the usual methods of waiting for diamonds to be brought to town by miners, go to the rivers to meet the native prospectors and offer them high first bids.

In the past few months, however, according to the Brazilian consulate, the licenses issued to American firms for diamond imports have increased tenfold, in spite of the fact that the Brazilian merchants usually demand cash down in Rio to increase their dollar exchange.

Seventy per cent of the Brazilian stones brought to the United States go into industrial work. The needs of defense and armament manufacture have enormously increased the demand for the diamonds and the price. The rest of the stones are put into safe-deposit boxes for the duration of the war to await reshipment to Europe, where they can be cut cheaply.

Precious stones appear to be one of the few sound investments left. Diamond merchants say that investors with an eye to the future have recently been purchasing heavily in the diamond market. A Cuban sugar planter, for instance, recently bought a \$90,000 necklace and promptly put it away instead of presenting it to a favorite. These buyers will probably take the usual 20 per cent loss in resale but they count on diamond prices going up at least as much as that before the end of the war—which, incidentally, they do not expect for two years.

Small stones have already enjoyed just such a boom. The price of diamonds ranging in weight from one carat downward as far as one twenty-five thousandth of a carat has soared. The worth of these *melees*, as they are called, has risen five or six times. One-carat stones formerly valued at \$50 have risen to \$300. Dealers find they can buy jewelry at retail prices, break it up (losing the cost of the metal and workmanship), and still make 100 per cent profit. Fortunes

have been made recently by discreet buying in the small-stone market. Traders are holding on, preferring to keep their *melees* rather than liquidate, holding a balance of 50 per cent cash, 50 per cent diamond chips.

The brother of one New York diamond merchant, caught in France by the German invasion, wandered about the country for three months before he managed to make his escape clad in an old tattered coat sewn full of diamond *melees*. The stones had cost him \$15,000. By the time he reached New York they were worth \$35,000. This jump in the prices of diamond chips is due partly to the fact that some 22,000 diamond cutters living in the Netherlands and Germany are cut off from their supply of rough stones by the English firm of DeBeers. These men are the specialists in *melee* production but they no longer have the raw materials with which to work.

There are about 400 diamond cutters in the United States. A large number of them are in New York with the Baumgold firm. They can do the skilled, minute work that was once a European monopoly. Wages in the United States are nearly eight times higher than in Europe—\$85 against \$12 a week. This fact and the lack of proper machinery (which makes the cost of cutting a quarter-carat stone in America \$26 per carat) have combined to push up *melee* prices.

The cutting of large stones, however, offers less difficulties in the United States. The work cannot be done as cheaply as in Europe but usually it can be done with greater care and skill. As a result the price of diamonds above a carat has remained for the most part unchanged, and the flow of them into the United States has steadily increased. Estimates from diamond merchants—not backed up by United States customs reports—put the influx of declared and smuggled stones as high as \$10,000,000 a month, rivaling the boom times of the 20's.

Many of the world's most famous



diamonds had already arrived here before the war. The half-pound, 726-carat Jonker, bought for a reputed \$350,000, was brought here by its owner, Harry Winston, in 1935 to be cut by Lazare Kaplan, America's foremost diamond cutter, who has handled \$250,000,000 worth of diamonds in his forty years in the business. European experts, after examining the curious shape of this three-inch-by-one-and-a-half-inch stone, had decided that the diamond would have to be cleaved along the line of its largest flat plane. Kaplan, after a year of study, disagreed. The stone was shaped like half of a ridged egg. He said that the proper angle of cleavage was about 45 degrees at right angles to the ridge.

It was a momentous decision. It was diametrically opposed to the judgment of the experts overseas. If a diamond is split against the natural grain it almost invariably shatters into well-nigh worthless flinders instead of falling into large marketable pieces. The St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company, which had underwritten a \$1,000,000 transport policy, would not insure the splitting. Nor would Lloyd's; it was one of the first risks of this sort that they had ever refused. Winston, however, accepted Kaplan's verdict and told him to go ahead. The preliminary groove was cut in the top of the stone, a square-edged steel wedge was inserted at exactly the right angle, then Kaplan struck the wedge with a special brass mallet, a blow heavy enough to fell a man. The Jonker fell apart in two perfect pieces.

Kaplan says that he felt no fear or nervousness, only satisfaction. "I have never made a mistake in a stone," he says. In calm, at least, he proved himself superior to Edward Asscher, the master diamond cutter who taught Kaplan his trade. When Asscher split the famous Cullinan stone he had a doctor and two nurses in attendance. As he delivered the final mallet-blow Asscher fell back in a faint and he remained for three months in a hospital with a nervous

breakdown. His diagnosis of the grain had been correct but the strain was too great.

"At that," says Kaplan, "his splitting was wasteful. He lost 65 per cent of the Cullinan, whereas the Jonker only had about 40 per cent wastage." Kaplan got 12 perfect stones totalling 400 carats from the Jonker. They were valued at \$2,000,000. All but two have been sold. For splitting the Jonker, Kaplan, like Asscher, probably got nothing but publicity.

The famous Vargas diamond, found in Brazil and named after the country's president, will be split here shortly. Winston is the owner of that stone as well, having paid \$750,000 for it.

According to Kaplan and many other experts, the most beautiful diamond in the world is also in the United States. It is not one of the great splinters of the Cullinan nor a section of the Koh-i-noor—most of these are hidden away behind sandbags in the Tower of London—but a 10-carat stone called the Orchid Diamond.

This full, flat-cut gem is of a deep rose-lavender color. Each of its 58 facets is perfectly cut at a mathematically determined angle to reflect and re-reflect the glints within the stone. Kaplan says it was the hardest job he ever had to cut it. It was originally a 30-carat stone, flawed and checked without any apparent grain. He studied the rough for years after its discovery in 1929 in South Africa before he cleaved and finished it in 1936. Now its loveliness sends most diamond men into ecstasies.

"It is like having in your fingers a mile of tropical flowers distilled into a single crystal," said one. Kaplan was offered \$35,000 for it immediately upon finishing the job but he refused it. Now it lies in a safe-deposit box. He says it is priceless.

The Golconda stone, found in 1745 in India, a 30-carat, \$300,000 gem owned by Trabert & Haeffer-Mauboissin in New York, is generally considered the purest blue-white diamond in existence.



## III

Most diamonds come from the De-Beers mines, located in various parts of Africa: Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, the Union of South Africa, the Belgian Congo, Angola, and British South West Africa. A few stones, perhaps five per cent of the total, come from privately owned mines, such as the one owned by Freudeman Bros. of New York, or from miners in Brazil and the Guianas in South America.

They are dug out of huge funnels of blue clay that extend for unknown miles down into the earth, funnels that are evidently the mouths of extinct volcanoes. Sometimes roughs are picked up in the alluvial deposits of rivers.

Natives mine and dig them in Africa, diamond prospectors do the work in South America. Practically every one of them is turned over to the Diamond Syndicate for sale. They are graded for size and quality and are then shipped to London, usually by registered airmail in small four-inches-by-one-inch tin boxes. Losses have always been negligible. Insurance rates on such trips are only three-eighths of one per cent.

From London the Diamond Syndicate retails the stones in mixed lots. Each sorting amounts to a different weight—the lowest that the Syndicate is supposed to sell to one merchant is \$50,000 worth. The stones are of all sizes and weights. (A carat is about .2 of a gram.) The diamond dealers must take without question whatever they get at a fixed price. This price fluctuates somewhat but it usually amounts to about three-fifths of the cost of the finished stone.

Another fifth of the price is invested in cleaving, cutting, and polishing the diamonds. There is a fixed rule in this operation, developed through centuries of diamond-working. Diamonds can be split only on some one angle of a regular pyramid. They must be sawed at vertical right angles to this—a process which may take two days or eight weeks. Then the polishing, which was formerly

done by rubbing one diamond against another and is now done by a porous steel wheel (of a secret formula) soaked in a mixture of olive oil and diamond dust, is executed at another fixed angle of more than 25 degrees.

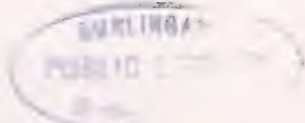
The final fifth of the price is in the hands of the dealer and lies between his usually scrupulous conscience and his customer. Most of the people buying diamonds nowadays are the middle-class, both in England and America. Few stones are used for display; most are put away for nest eggs.

Diamonds are rarely lost. Last year one fell out of a fifth-storey window on Fifth Avenue. The merchant, frantic, rushed down and told his story to the corner policeman. The officer calmly wet his finger, held it to the wind, estimated the distance of the stone's fall, bent over and picked it up.

On another occasion a two-carat stone slipped out of tweezers in downtown New York and everyone rushed out to search. The office boy came in late and wondered about the fuss. "A diamond just fell out of that window!" snapped the merchant. "Suppose you go down and find it!" The office boy left and returned in five minutes with the diamond.

Laymen may be cheated occasionally with counterfeit stones although X-rays, which pierce a genuine gem, are repelled by paste. Holdups are the biggest cause of worry for dealers. They occur frequently. Within six weeks in 1938, \$700,000 worth of stones were stolen from salesmen on the road by an unidentified Midwest gang. To-day seventy-five per cent of all robbery losses occur in the same area. The members of this gang always operate in the same fashion: they run the salesman's car off the road, hold him up, and make off.

There is no known way of recovering stolen diamonds. They gradually make their way back into the trade from shady sources to slightly less shady and upward until they are the possession of highly reputable firms and are resold again.



The profit is distributed along the way: the original robber gets no more than 20 per cent of the stone's real worth.

The reason for the continuance of this traffic is that there is no way of identifying a stolen diamond. A lawyer, Harold Zeamans, devised a way of fingerprinting stones by taking impressions of the facets and making very exact measurements but the method was too costly and not foolproof enough to be taken up by the large diamond firms.

Losses from dishonest salesmen are very rare. The men stand on their records and are rarely even bonded. There have only been three or four such losses in the past fifteen years.

The famous diamonds of the world are almost immune from theft nowadays by reason of their very size and fame. No cutter would undertake to break them up, weighed down as he would be by both sentiment and fear of discovery. Besides, nearly all the large stones are in crown jewel collections. The Cullinan (3,025 carats before it was broken up), the Excelsior (995 carats) and the Indian Grand Mogul (787 carats) all are in-

cluded in part in the British crown jewels. Parts of these gems are also in Indian and Asian collections. There is no private collection in the world that has any group of stones comparable to these in royal possession.

Some day the United States may produce its own rivals to these diamonds of legend. There is one diamond field already known in America, a farm in Murfreesboro, Arkansas—400 acres of clay 200 feet deep. Here until 1923, according to the Smithsonian Institution, more than 10,000 diamonds worth \$150,000 were dug up. Then the owner, Diamond John Huddleston, wanted to move and sold out to a syndicate for \$36,000. The depression ruined the corporation but now, refinanced, it is going to work again.

As for cutting, America may still do it as cheaply as Europe. Puerto Rico, with a heavy over-population and a low wage scale, is asking for new industries. There is more than an even chance that a new diamond cutting center will grow up there to match the diamond-trading marts of the world now in New York.







# GOOD-BY TO THE HOMESTEAD FARM

THE MACHINES ADVANCE IN THE CORN BELT

BY PAUL SCHUSTER TAYLOR

... a race of virtuous and independent farmers, the true supporters of their country, and the stock from which its best defenders must be drawn.

They constitute the bone and sinew and the strength of your government. In the hour of peril and danger they are always ready to rally around the standard of their country.

—From Congressional Debates, 1824, 1826.

THE Anglo-Saxon tradition of the importance to national security of a yeoman class of farmers traces from the victory of the English longbowmen at Crécy in 1346 through the successes of the Revolutionary American colonials. The tradition still survives. I am not surprised, therefore, when out in California I am asked, "What of the migrants and national defense?" The question comes naturally to those who view the landless families of the *Grapes of Wrath*, dispossessed in Oklahoma, wandering up and down the valleys of California. A century ago when the enclosure movement by which "One only master grasps the whole domain" drove British families from the land, the poet of "The Deserted Village" set down in prose "that countries are ever strongest which are internally powerful." The same sober thought is suggested by the drifting Joads of the West to-day.

To most Americans "the migrant problem" seems a long way off. But it isn't a long way off. The trek to the Pacific Coast is not just the product of a great drought on the Plains. That stream of human distress is the end-result of a long process going on from New

Jersey to California and from North Dakota to Florida. It's the most dramatic end-result, and most Americans do not know how pervasive and widespread are the forces which produce it. Nor do they realize how close home and how deep these forces strike.

Still fewer Americans know that in the Corn Belt, citadel of conservative, stable farming, the same forces are at work—excepting drought—which produced the Joads. Like the Illinois newspaper which carried the headline, "Migrant Problem Western Worry," we dismiss it as curious, but remote.

During my boyhood in Iowa I knew plenty of farmers, native and immigrant, who had worked from the bottom up to become owners of good farms. I have worked beside farm hands and seen them save from wages of thirty-five dollars a month until they could buy a team, cultivator, and enough tools to operate a farm on shares. Later they would rent for cash, then buy, and years afterward clear the mortgage. These solid farmers of Iowa regularly voted Republican, more or less out of continuing gratitude to Abraham Lincoln and the Homestead Act which he signed.

But to-day opportunity for the common man is narrowing over the lands of the Corn Belt. Only last August a regional official of the United States Department of Agriculture told the House Committee on Interstate Migration that twenty-five thousand Middle

Western farmers are not able to find a farm to rent! The question is arising, asked by country-life groups and editors, "What Future for Farm Youth?"

## II

Why cannot farmers get farms in the region where only three generations ago the campaign slogan "Vote Yourself a Farm" was victorious? Causes seldom are single, and they are not in this instance. For a decade industry has failed to draw off surplus farm youth at more than a fraction of the previous rate. For two decades the area available for Corn Belt farmers has not been expanding as it used to on the western fringes into the Dakotas and Montana. More human steam and smaller safety-valves are raising the pressure. Then too there is the complex economic situation rising in the past decade or two, which is suggested in the phrases now grown familiar, of "parity prices," "farm foreclosures," and the "Triple-A." Underneath, and along with these trends, is another which broadly we call "mechanization." One result of mechanization is bigger farms and fewer men. Another is the transformation of the occupation itself. Steadily, and in recent years rapidly, it is doing to farming what machines have done to domestic, handicraft production over the past century. The results of the process to both industry and agriculture are decidedly upsetting if not revolutionary. Where industrialization of agriculture runs its full course the term "farmer" no more suggests a man with hand on the plow than "manufacturer" now means what once it did—a maker of things by hand.

In simplest terms, the machine on the land to-day means this: The farmer buys a tractor. He thinks it will make work easier and hours shorter for him, with fewer chores. Also his wife will not have to feed and do the washing for the hired man. In short, it will bring the benefits of progress to the farm. After he gets the tractor he experiences the

first joys of finishing plowing at five o'clock on Tuesday instead of six o'clock on Thursday, and of stowing the tractor away in the shed where it will quietly await the next seasonal work and consume no gasoline, oats, hay, or pasture while waiting.

This seems indeed like bringing progress to the farm. So it is, and there's even more to it than appears at first. After a while the farmer realizes that after all the tractor in the shed is "eating up" something while it sits. It is eating "overhead costs"—interest and depreciation. Perhaps the farmer faces these facts and deliberately chooses what advertisements of farm machinery call "the warm glow of better family living"—as a man buys a fine phonograph and a pleasure car if he can afford them. But many a farm operator looks at his costs these days and cannot afford not to. He thinks of the time which he saved by fast plowing and few chores. These hours and days begin to look to him like idle time of a man and an idle machine. He sees that he could handle more land than he does, just as well and more economically. So he rents another 80 acres, or perhaps the whole of a neighboring farm.

If the farmer is slow to realize these possibilities, there are articles in the farm journals to help him. The *Prairie Farmer* tells him, "Perhaps you can estimate your tractor operating cost by comparison with a tractor operating cost study on 155 Illinois farms." The item goes on to point out that "Cost of two-plow tractors averaged 66 cents an hour when used 269 hours per year, 51 cents when used 512 hours, and 41 cents per hour when the tractor was used a total of 836 hours per year." Studies at the agricultural colleges and experiment stations of Corn Belt States commonly reinforce the point. A Purdue University bulletin, for example, says that "Noticeable economy is effected in the per acre cost, investment, and repair cost of machinery as size of farm increases." *The Outlook for Indiana Agri-*



culture in 1941, prepared at the same institution, has a summary which, by way of intimate and plain speaking, it puts into the mouth of "Farmer Jones." Leaning on the lower half of his barn door, pipe in hand, he says, "After studying the present economic situation and the outlook, here are some of the things I think it would be desirable for me to do in 1941: (1) Continue to rent that 60 acres of land adjoining my farm, as it is probable that a large volume of business will again be desirable. If I am going to buy this land within the next few years, this might be a better time to buy it than later. . . . Recognize that, although tractors and trucks and the large machines that go with them, such as the combine and corn picker, are likely to be even more justifiable than they were a few years ago, I must make sure, before I buy, that I will have enough use to make them economical and that I will be able to pay for them." If Farmer Jones didn't specifically say to "rent another 60," undoubtedly there are numerous farmers in Indiana and elsewhere who will decide to act as though he had said that or more. Most of them won't see—or heed it if they see it—the little 1936 pamphlet of the Federal Department of Agriculture which asks the farmer in black-faced type, "If you bought machinery to get increased returns, *what would happen if your neighbors did likewise?*"

On most of his new tractors our farmer has rubber tires, and even on his trucks and machinery. Lots of advantages are claimed for rubber—better traction, cushioning of shock, and speed. Buyers appear to be pretty well convinced. "The tractor or implement," urges the *Prairie Farmer* in January, 1941, "must also be pulled at the highest practicable speed with the widest implement it can pull satisfactorily." Speed will help him to use his machines to capacity. Speed will help him to farm more land. The *Prairie Farmer* says, "Rubber plays an important part in this era of expanding farm operations. Formerly it was

difficult for farmers who wanted to work nearby land to move their implements from farm to farm. It took time and subjected the implements to considerable pounding. To-day the farmer whizzes from farm to farm with his rubber-tired equipment over paved or bumpy roads—it makes no difference." The *Country Gentleman* cites an engineering authority who, reluctant in the days of steel wheels, since rubber tires have become available now approves renting more land in order to keep the man and his machine busy: "So when we are asked about expanding, our inclination is to say: 'Go ahead!'"

It isn't only tractors and rubber tires that give impetus to consolidation of farms. There are a host of machines—corn pickers, side-delivery rakes, pick-up hay balers, electric fences—and a variety of ingenuities which level fences, lengthen rows, mechanically elevate feed, develop assembly-line layout of buildings and feed yards. The amount of corn a man could cultivate in season always has been one of the factors which limited the size of farm. Small but tested beginnings have been made which promise under suitable conditions, by changed practices of ground preparation and planting, virtually to eliminate the necessity of cultivation. Likewise the combine harvester has just barely started to operate—picking and shelling corn in a single operation, delivering the kernels in sacks in the field like wheat. Thus the logical ultimate in mechanization of corn is approached; before long it can be machined from planting to harvest.

The same trend apparently is approaching a conclusion in the handling of forage. In acreage, hay ranks third among American crops, and is basic to the livestock industry. In *Agricultural Engineering* for January, 1941, Professor F. W. Duffee of the University of Wisconsin reports an analysis of a new forage harvester which chops grass for silage in the field. This machine, he states, shows comparative advantage in field labor requirement over the field baler of 13 to 1. "The forage har-



vester," he writes, "is of profound significance, as it represents the last link in the development of mechanized agriculture in so far as the three major crops outside the Cotton Belt are concerned." At point after point the bottlenecks which have held Corn Belt farming to a moderately small family operation are being broken.

### III

This progress has another side, and the reason for this article is to examine it. I asked a local representative of the Department of Agriculture in Indiana last summer what it means in his county when enterprising farmers consolidate other lands with their own. He replied that in the river bottoms, where farm consolidation is extensive, "present owners have bought or foreclosed adjoining land until an owner often controls several sections of land. The use of larger tractor equipment has gradually displaced the tenants who used to occupy about every 80 acres." The trend was by no means so strong everywhere, but from county after county in the Corn Belt come reports similar to these: "It appears that farms are getting harder to rent each year. I believe the cause of this is the efficient power machinery that farmers have which permits one man to operate more land. If a landowner desires to retire he can rent his fields to a neighbor and continue to live on the farm. This just makes another farm less for a farm family to operate." "One farmer will take one or two tractor outfits and rent the total sum of three or four farms. When these farms are incorporated in this way, one man will farm about six or seven hundred acres."

The spider-web complexity of operations which can develop is described by John Hays in his recent doctoral dissertation at Purdue University. He writes, "Only 55 per cent of the operating units in Deercreek Township and 42 per cent of them in Johnson Township were located in one contiguous tract and owned by one individual. . . . Some

of the operating units included as many as five different landowners, and as many as six separately located tracts of land some of which ranged from 7 to 15 miles from the home tract."

Last August we talked with an energetic and farsighted farm operator in Iowa. His family had established itself there shortly after the Civil War. Until about three years ago he operated the family farm of 200 acres. Now he has expanded his enterprise by leasing 40 acres three miles away, 440 acres six miles away, and 320 acres 75 miles away. He operates the entire 1,000 acres from a single headquarters with two hired laborers and only occasional help from his boys. He runs a large business in town besides, and serves the absentee owners of 3,000 additional acres, selecting and overseeing their tenants and collecting their rentals. All these farms he desires, so he told us, in order that his boys, faced in years ahead by restricted opportunities on the land, will each have ready for him at least a 1,000-acre farm to operate. From this, says their father, each boy can derive a good income, while living in town and using hired labor. His greatest fear is that public opinion hostile to consolidation of farms may deny by legislation that Iowa land offers a "commercial opportunity" to those like himself who can so use it.

The wage laborer in the Corn Belt has been hit hardest of all by mechanization. In the east north central States the average number of hired workers employed on farms declined from all causes by 25 per cent during the decade of the thirties. "But," as the *El Paso, Illinois, Journal* commented last Independence Day, "the farm laborer is a voiceless fellow who looks for a job somewhere else if he can't find it on the farm, and not much is heard from him." That is of course not on the farms where he used to find work.

Where do the Corn Belt tenant farmers go who are displaced by consolidation? So many go to town and on relief or WPA that the story becomes monotonous. Some become truckers, hauling



for other farmers, or pick up some minor employment. Others become farm laborers, when they can get work. First, however, they seek another farm; for farming is the only occupation they know. If lucky enough to find one it is usually on poorer soil than they farmed before. In central Illinois an 80-acre farm owner explained, "There's a strip of country over east—we call it no man's land. They get shunted over there, and then they hang on there till they get shuck out. I give 'em about two years there, generally, till they go busted."

The effects of farm consolidation often are seen in a chain of successive displacements. As an Illinois farmer said last summer, "They go over like a row of dominoes." A western Iowa operator, who is expanding his own farm, traced the similar history of tenants displaced from his district: "The tenant farmer moved off the best land here by consolidation moves with his equipment south of town where land is poorer, and where he can outbid tenants already there because of his superior equipment and ability. The tenant he displaces there moves on to the still poorer land of the Ozarks in Missouri, and even Arkansas or Oklahoma, displacing families there, either by leasing or purchasing land." If you will look at the maps of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics showing the origins of families which migrate to the Pacific Coast you will see how conspicuously the black dots cluster in these very areas. Thus consolidation of farms in the Corn Belt transmits a series of shocks, the last of which may be visible as the flight of an Arkansas or Missouri family across the country to Arizona or California. This is the direct, human link between the displaced farmers of the Middle West and the Joads.

#### IV

The displacement of farmers in the wake of achievements of the ingenuity of man is causing concern to the Corn Belt. I haven't heard anyone in the

Middle West say that "Progress is ruining us," as one Indian street vender said to another in Guadalajara when I was in Mexico a few years ago. But there is real uneasiness. Those enterprising farmers who themselves are expanding are aware of it. Some of them face it, like the Iowan who declared flatly, "Every farmer in the State who is not secure in his ownership is scared that he may lose his land by consolidation. The tenant who loses his place has no chance, absolutely no chance, to find a farm here."

Others shy off. In answer to the question what happens to those without places, a large operator in Illinois replied vaguely, "Well, I don't know just where they do go to. I guess they kind of dwindle off." By way of justifying his own expansion he added, "With all that money tied up in machinery, you can't let it set around. You got to use it as much as you can. . . . We put in good long hours." Another conceded, "Of course it's kind of tough on the little fellow, but a man has to look out for himself." An expanding operator of several thousand acres in Ohio said reflectively, "I have often wondered if this is better, for it means fewer people on the land." Then a pause, and he added with mingled helplessness and self-reassurance, "It's like industry which gets machinery, which puts people out of work. What can we do? We can't go back."

Sometimes there is defiance and open contempt for those who complain that they can't find a farm. *Wallace's Farmer and Iowa Homestead* printed an expanding farm owner's ringing call to those who are displaced to show the courage of our ancestors. "Are we not Americans, and as such should we not be privileged to use land as we see fit? We pay taxes, and in farming more land employ yearly possibly as many or more married men than a renter often does. I suggest to these tenants, why not look to States where land is cheap? Try and buy a farm and pioneer and establish a home for yourself and your posterity, as did

the forefathers of those who now possess good Iowa land." The editor's note simply asks skeptically, "What States, for instance?"

Those who have been displaced, or face the prospect of displacement, are filled with bitterness, despair, or fear. Many letters in farm journals reflect this. One in *Wallace's Farmer* said in August, 1939, "I've just been reading the letters about hog farming, one man farming two or three farms with tractors and letting the buildings set idle or renting the buildings out by the month. I am just like that. I did not get a farm last year. There are more like me. That is what is driving people on relief, and once on relief they don't give a care, and say: 'Let the government keep me.'" In the "editor's haymow" of the *Prairie Farmer* last September a woman pleads, "Is there any hope for a couple who started with absolutely nothing and in five years of farming have accumulated 14 head of cattle, a full line of equipment? We rented this 160-acre farm we are now on five years ago. . . . Is it any wonder that I feel desperate, when I think of again facing unemployment? Right now my husband is on the road looking for a place to rent, and for every place there are 40 or more applications." An Iowa woman writes to an Iowa paper, "I was a farmer's wife until this last year. We were unable to get a farm on account of farm hogs." More letters are written each year when the annual reshuffle of farms and tenants takes place. Men think and talk about forming a renters' union in the Corn Belt, but so far none has appeared.

Observers close in at the ringside of the unfolding drama are worried. In central Illinois last summer a country banker told us, "All year long you see them looking for farms. I'll bet you I could go out and find fifty tenants for *any* farm of mine! You see some of them come in here, looking pretty sick because they've got to move. Maybe they've been years on one place, on a good piece of land. It used to be a good farmer

could always get a good farm, but it's not that way any longer. Sure they're doubling up. Where they used to farm 160, now they're farming up to a section, even up in that poor land. It's no longer just in the good land that they're farming so big. . . . It's the machinery that's doing it. They're improving the machinery all the time. It worries me." An editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, returning from observations in the field, writes, "I have listened to a lot of talk, trying to size up attitudes. Not much is said, I find, when a man goes back on his own place. . . . Nor is there much talk when a farm is sold to an enterprising chap who has been a good tenant, or when a father helps his son to buy a place. . . . It's when a landlord throws off a tenant and starts working the land with hired help . . . that voices raise and you see anger on men's faces. Or when the farm is leased to a nearby owner-operator who, say the neighbors, already has 'a God's plenty.' . . . I have been looking into the eyes of these landless men, and I see something there that is pretty sure to snap if they are pushed too far."

## V

The march of mechanization is not limited to corn. It has been sweeping at an accelerated rate over one section or another of the Wheat Belt for fifteen years. In 1932 Edwin Bates described the spread over the Inland Empire of what a leading wheat farmer called "virtually a factory system of production." In his survey for the U. S. Department of Commerce he wrote, "There are two sides to this story. It is easy enough to reconcile the above statement of the wheat rancher with that of the implement dealer who estimates that every time he sells a tractor he drives at least five customers off the farms." Last spring a North Dakota professor wrote an article which he called "Social-Economic Submergence in a Plains State." In it he said, "Two or three men in



Bottineau County are operating forty-five quarter sections of land. This alone has caused the displacement of many small farmers and scores of laborers. It is a most serious situation for the young men and women on farms who are just coming to maturity. Farming no longer has power to absorb them; and after remaining idle parasites on the farmstead for a time, they float into towns and villages, marry, and join the Works Progress Administration forces." Last summer the Director of the North Dakota Public Welfare Board testified before the Tolan Congressional Committee that "A well-to-do farmer in the Red River Valley who has in the past operated 11 quarter sections increased his holdings to 21 quarter sections and forced three families off from the land into town, where they are on relief." *Capper's Farmer* carries news items like one last June, which tells how a "Truck Adds a Farm." The story relates that by loading his tractor on the truck and hitching the rubber-tired combine behind, a farmer travels in 5 hours between his two farms. This "makes it possible for Charles Neuforth to operate the farm where he lives in Barton County, Kansas, and a 320-acre wheat farm in Scott County, Kansas." Thus mechanization of travel speeds the spread of chain farming.

Power farming in important sections of the Cotton Belt is producing effects comparable to those in corn and wheat. The tractorizing off of the Joads is symbolic of what is occurring over large areas in the Southwest. In the Delta of Mississippi and Arkansas too mechanization reduces the dependence of planters on share-croppers, increases the role of migrants in cotton picking, and underlies the unrest which brought 1,200 cotton workers on to the United States highway north of Memphis in January, 1939, as a demonstration against their new insecurity.

Within the past generation fruit and vegetable production has run far on the course of mechanization. It is charac-

terized by large-scale operations, in competition with which small family farmers find survival difficult. Often it is integrated under a single control from seed production to delivery of the product to consumer. Its industrialized character is clearly manifested also on the labor side. "Mass production," a government marketing specialist has written, "has thus brought about what may be called the mechanization of the human element in the industry. The harvesting gangs are called in when wanted just as the tractor and the gang plow are brought out of the sheds when needed. These waves of itinerant labor ebb and flow with the seasons." It is no accident, but a natural response to industrialized conditions, that when agricultural strikes first appear in Ohio they break out on the large-scale truck farms on the marshes of Hardin County, or in New Jersey on the great fruit and potato enterprises of the southern part of that State.

On the muck lands of the Florida Everglades the large-scale pattern of commercial truck farming is being repeated. Land development is in its infancy, the possibilities of expansion tremendous. Already progress there is showing its other side, submerging small farmers who try their fortune beside the large. The same process in the Glades also undermines the family farmers in other parts of the State whose vegetables constitute the main money crop on which they depend. It strikes them from a source so remote that "the little fellow here doesn't know what ails him"—unless perchance he may suspect after he's worked in the packing sheds of the Glades to earn as a laborer the money he could no longer make as a farmer.

Even in the cattle industry similar forces are at work, with mechanization. Pasture improvement, now possible with great disk plows that kill the palmetto, and new cross-breeding of cattle, are giving real value to millions of Florida acres. Now the big and middle-sized cattlemen are beginning to fence great



pastures, enclosing the little men with, say, only 100 head. Taught by experience from time immemorial to believe that, whoever may own the land, "the grass belongs to everyone," the little men have started to cut the fences, just as was done in the Texas fence-cutting wars of the eighties.

## VI

What of it? Why should we be any more disturbed by the mechanization of agriculture than by the mechanization of industry? Some agricultural economists point out that the rate of farm consolidation over any part of the corn belt as large as a State is not yet over 1 or 2 per cent per annum—though in limited areas of course it is greater. If ultimately in some parts farm consolidation, as an economist suggested a decade ago, might remove 75 per cent of our independent farmers and make them wage workers, should we still, they ask, "view with alarm"? Or, like the man who made this prophecy, should we rather find cause for equanimity in a belief "that the level of entrepreneurship . . . is destined to be raised," and that the independent farmer would better "admit himself licked" and accept as his way out the efficiency of managers better than himself? Having watched the advance of the machine over the land during these late years of depression, seeing it throw off farm folk like sawdust from a buzz-saw, I find this optimistic view altogether too easy. This is not because I cling to the farming pattern of an inefficient past, the asperities of which are softened by sentiment and memory. Nor is it because of the tremendous drama of human tragedy being enacted slowly before our eyes on the land around us. There are other reasons, one or two of which can be indicated here.

The efficiencies of the machine are partly real, partly dependent on the set of books you keep. There are those of the enterprising operator who whittles down costs by working his machines to

capacity, on the one hand, and there are those of the nation, on the other. Many items on the two sets of books are the same, but some are not. One item very important on the public books only, is represented by a statement of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics last July: "In general, it may be said that in the areas best adapted to commercial farming there was enough migration away from farms to bring about a reduction in farm population, but in the areas less well adapted to commercial farming there were increases." In other words, we face a growing unbalance between farm people and the land resources which maintain them—more people on poorer land and fewer people on good land. The great economies made by many operators contribute to this result. Unless we can find some way of turning these individual economies to better account, however, their net result on the national set of books will stand as very questionable economy.

Historically, the basic political importance of a wide distribution of land among those who work the soil has been well recognized. A century ago Daniel Webster said of our New England ancestors, "They left behind them the whole feudal policy of the other continent. They were themselves, either from their original condition or from the necessity of their common interest, nearly on a general level in respect to property. Their situation demanded a parcelling out and division of the land, and it may fairly be said that this necessary act *fixed the future frame and form of their government*. . . . The consequence of all these causes has been a great subdivision of the soil and a great equality of condition; the true basis, most certainly, of popular government." In debate on the Homestead Bill in 1862 an Indiana Congressman voiced the traditional American ideal, "Instead of baronial possessions, let us facilitate the increase of independent homesteads. Let us keep the plow in the hands of the owner. Every new home that is estab-



lished, the independent possessor of which cultivates his own freehold, is establishing a new republic within the old, and adding a new and strong pillar to the edifice of the state."

Our independent farming population has much diminished in relative importance over the past century, and there have been serious inroads upon its independence. But it remains true that to-day the working farmers are a great bulwark of democracy and curb upon dictatorship. Small wonder, then, that new sharp shifts in status of farmers cause men deep concern, that they begin to voice dim fears and to speak and to write vaguely of an alternative of "peasants on our farms or revolution on our land"; of "revolt" by men "denied the privilege of making an honest living for [their] family"; of "the rich finding themselves on the shelf"; of diminished incentive for our farm "boys sent out to fight." Small wonder that the chairman of a Corn Belt State Tenancy Commission is "fearful that unless something is done about it within the next decade it will bring about and develop such unrest among our people that it will threaten our democracy."

In the heat of conflicting views and interests, men often debate eloquently over spurious issues, and leap to doubtful remedies. Little clarification is likely to come from discussion framed by the question: "Is the goal of efficiency in agriculture socially desirable?" There is

no point in attacking the machine. Proposals for graduated land taxes, and special taxes on farm machines are of questionable value, certainly unless they are fitted into a broader and more constructive program than their sponsors have yet propounded. They lead to altercations over false issues, and obscure real ones. An editorial in *Agricultural Engineering* for January, 1941, is intended perhaps to heal the smarts of these misdirected conflicts when it proclaims that "foremost among our preparations to prevent the battle of America must be more, not less, machinery for our farms." But need anyone question the patriotism of making more farm machinery?

The biggest operator of farm machines with whom I talked last summer in the Corn Belt was perturbed: If we have war and an unlimited urge to efficient production, what of the displaced farmers? Then what will the farm boys do when they come back after the war? Perhaps he was thinking that no longer can we issue land scrip to soldiers.

The real question is not: Are we for or against more farm machines? It is: How can we distribute the benefits that more machines in agriculture can confer? How can we use them to create, not poverty, fear, and disunity, but well-being, security, and unity among all our people on the land? So long as we leave that question unsolved we are neglecting a sure foundation of our defense.



## LABOR MEDIATORS

BY IRWIN ROSS

A STRIKE breaks out in your town. A thousand workers circle a downtown factory, preventing anyone from entering or leaving. On the second day a clash occurs between a group of strikers and a group of would-be strikebreakers. Two of the more impetuous workers go to jail and three strikebreakers repair to the nearest hospital. Then the storm breaks in the newspapers. The owners cry: "Reds!" The service clubs are up in arms. The newspaper prints agitated editorials appealing to the law-abiding instincts of the strikers. Then, suddenly, all is quiet: on the fifth and sixth days the strike is relegated to the bottom of page twenty. The following morning a settlement is announced. The employers and the union exchange pleasantries. Everybody goes back to work.

You are a little baffled: whence the peace?

The story is simple. On the third day of the strike a slight, mild-mannered man, about sixty years old, rides into town on the sleeper from Washington. He puts up at the second-best hotel, unpacks his bag, and then takes a taxi to the factory office. He presents his card: "Commissioner of Conciliation, U. S. Department of Labor." He is quickly taken in to see the president and is closeted with him for half an hour. Then he strolls round to union headquarters and inclines a sympathetic ear to the strikers' grievances. He listens for another half hour, then: "Let's try to talk this thing out," he urges. "After all, we are all reasonable men."

Three hours later our commissioner has brought the two parties to face each other across a conference table. They glower a bit, direct a few nasty remarks at each other. First, the union tells its side of the story: certain demands touching on wages and hours and seniority, as well as several generalizations on the anti-union bias and the chiseling tactics of the employer. Then the company lawyer, interrupted every now and then by the president of the firm, who is getting more and more restless, launches into his defense: the company is facing an adverse market and can pay only so much without cutting its throat, the union demands are exorbitant and besides, who can bargain with such unreasonable fellows?

The Commissioner of Conciliation nods and smiles, a trifle condescendingly. He lets both parties relax in the comfort of their own righteousness, he doesn't say a word for several moments, then he suddenly addresses himself to the question of seniority. The company lawyer did not mention seniority: does he take it they are willing to concede this point? The lawyer turns to his client; he thinks a bit and then decides to balk. For the next hour the mediator alternately scolds and humors him and at last brings him round.

Next comes the question of wages and hours. The company insists it cannot afford the union demands. The union remains adamant: it will not take its opponents at their word. The mediator, after another hour's wrangling,



sees a solution: he suggests that an impartial accountant go over the firm's books and determine how much it can afford. The employer and his lawyer go into a huddle, then agree. This convinces the mediator of the company's good faith. But now, strangely enough, the union balks. The mediator recesses the meeting and takes the union representatives into another room. He speaks frankly: why the stalling? They hedge. The company will be able to fool even an impartial accountant. Sensing that this is not a sufficient excuse, they suddenly formulate a new set of grievances. The mediator is baffled and adjourns the conference for the day.

Next morning he talks to some of the strikers outside the factory gates. What they tell him is interesting: there is a fierce factional struggle in the union. It has not been reported in the press and was not mentioned to him by either of the principals. Our mediator suddenly understands the stubbornness of the union leaders. They prefer a protracted struggle to a quick settlement; they fear if they give in too easily the opposition will charge a sell-out and will drive them from office at the next election. It is an unusual situation and calls for hastily improvised tactics. He talks to the opposition leaders and speaks bluntly: if their threats hold up a settlement he will have the governor appoint a fact-finding commission, and then the whole nasty internecine struggle will be laid before the public. The opposition does not need much coaxing to agree. Next day the understanding is tactfully conveyed to the union leaders and an accord is quickly consummated. An impartial accountant will determine how much the company can pay.

## II

The pattern of this settlement is repeated in hundreds of industrial disputes each year throughout the country. Seldom does a settlement just "happen"; almost always peace comes at the inter-

vention of a third party, a conciliator or a mediator—the terms are practically synonymous.

Since the establishment of the U. S. Department of Labor in 1913, its Commissioners of Conciliation have handled over twenty thousand cases. The Conciliation Service has a central office in Washington and employs ninety commissioners who are scattered in industrial areas throughout the country. A Commissioner has a sort of roving assignment within his home area; he enters any dispute which he thinks important and which the local authorities seem incapable of settling. He is called in by either the union or the employers; sometimes by neither, in which case he intervenes anyway. Often, however, a Federal mediator will receive a long-distance call from Washington and will fly to a dispute thousands of miles away. There is logic to this crisscross. Speedier settlements result when the mediator knows the industry or the people with whom he has to deal.

In addition to the Federal service, several States, notably New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin, have established mediation agencies. Of these the New York State Board of Mediation has handled the greatest number of cases—more than nine hundred in its brief four-year history—and has a corps of mediators who are among the most experienced in the country. Two municipalities, Newark, New Jersey, and Toledo, Ohio, have established mediation machinery which has been very successful.

In the newspapers the terms mediation and arbitration are often confused. Actually, they have little in common. Mediation is voluntary peace-making; the mediator possesses no compulsory powers; he succeeds merely by force of persuasion. Arbitration, on the other hand, is adjudication. Once the parties agree to be bound by it the arbitrator's award has the force of law. Mediation differs also of course from the work of the National Labor Relations Board, a

quasi-judicial agency which has the power to enforce its rulings. In actual practice, however, mediation and arbitration often shade off into each other. A mediator may be successful in settling many points of a dispute and yet be left with certain issues on which he cannot get the parties to agree. In such a case, particularly if the mediation effort has been long and arduous, he will suggest that the remaining points be arbitrated. On the other hand, during the course of an arbitration hearing sufficient basis of agreement may appear to allow for mediation of the dispute. This very frequently occurs.

A mediator can do much to reconcile warring parties, but there is a definite limit to his effectiveness: he settles specific disputes but makes no pretense of affecting the substratum causes of industrial unrest. Mediation is by no means an economic panacea. Even in a specific case the mediator is limited by the power content of the situation. Where one side or the other possesses preponderant strength he can do little more than induce the weaker party to see the inevitability of surrender. On the other hand, where the employer and the union enjoy equal bargaining power a mediator is more often able to arrange an equitable settlement.

Frequently mediation produces an agreement no different from that which would ultimately result if the issues were decided on the picket line. Mediation is merely a short-cut; it prevents the economic waste of protracted strife. As a consequence, unions are as amenable to mediation as the employers—sometimes more so. Even the so-called left-wing unions, I have frequently been told, willingly co-operate with the government's representative.

There are about two hundred first-rate mediators in the country, most of whom have had years of experience. Because of the confidential nature of their work their names seldom appear in the headlines. There have been some exceptions of course. Edward F. Mc-

Grady, from 1933 to 1937 the assistant Secretary of Labor, possessed considerable talent for self-dramatization and alone of the mediators succeeded in making a nation-wide reputation for himself. McGrady was the prototype of the high-powered salesman: always well-dressed, dynamic, assertive, a slick talker. In time, however, his spreading fame interfered with his usefulness. He shunted around the country by airplane, from one dispute to another, in the early days of the New Deal when green unionists were first tasting the joys of their new-found freedom. Some of McGrady's statements hardly erred on the side of tact and some of his settlements, rightly or wrongly, were considered "sell-outs." After a while, consequently, his arrival in a strike area had less and less of a pacific effect upon the workers. In 1937 he resigned from the Labor Department to assume a twenty-five thousand dollar a year post as vice-president in charge of labor relations of the Radio Corporation of America.

John R. Steelman, as the director of the Conciliation Service of the Labor Department, has achieved a certain degree of national recognition. Harry A. Millis, on the other hand, waited long for headline attention. For years this University of Chicago economics professor—massive and slow-moving, almost Lincolnnesque in appearance, probably the most impressive-looking mediator in the country—had been a successful labor arbitrator and mediator in the Midwest. He served for a time on the first National Labor Relations Board. But it was not until the President appointed him chairman of the NLRB, following the expiration of Warren Madden's term, that his lifelong efforts were attended with widespread acclaim.

### III

Fame may not be the reward of the successful mediator, but a certain artistic satisfaction most assuredly is. For, make no mistake about it, mediation is an art.



It has no exact rules. Its procedures vary with the man, although certain general principles provide the themes on which the individual variations are rung.

The mediator has the psychoanalyst's appreciation of talk. His first effort is always to get the disputants to unburden themselves. It doesn't matter if much of the talk is irrelevant and all of it, after a certain point, fatiguing. Everybody has his say, from the president of the firm to the lowliest employee. The constant flow of words at mediation conferences serves several purposes: it relieves tension, induces a feeling of confidence in the mediator, and reveals unexpected opportunities for compromise.

Lawyers who become mediators serve a difficult apprenticeship. Their minds are trained in logical grooves, and they must learn patience with the wandering and often contradictory thought-patterns of their disputants. The mediator may straightway see the solution of a controversy but he must bide his time. William H. Davis, the former chairman of the New York State Board of Mediation, tells an amusing story of one of his first pacifying efforts. He was mediating a dispute in the fur industry which had to do with seniority rights. Fifteen minutes after the hearing got under way, and before the first principal had concluded his case, Davis interrupted and announced that the whole controversy was the result of a stupid mistake which could easily be rectified. Both parties replied with a shocked silence, and he was eventually forced to withdraw from the case without having secured a settlement.

Once the parties have begun to talk the mediator often produces an effect akin to that of a catalyst. Arthur Meyer, the present chairman of the New York mediation board, explained the process to me: "The mere presence of an outsider, aside from anything he may do or say, will cause a change, and almost certainly a change for the better, in the behavior of the disputing parties. The importance of such a change will be clear if you recognize that the economic

aspects of a dispute never account entirely for the asperities that accompany it. Rudeness, irritation, and the habit of not listening—these are as vexing as the untenable arguments that follow them. Progress is made through the mediator's presence, though that presence has brought nothing more than temperate speech."

I could understand how Meyer makes a very effective catalyst. He is never ruffled, he is always understanding.

His description of the process was supplemented by an interesting experience of another mediator, whose occupational diffidence prevents me from using his name. He spoke of a case of "pure catalysis": "On one occasion after a difficult strike had begun, I brought together the presidents of the union and the employer association. The presidents started to talk. By the end of a quarter of an hour it was clear that progress had been made. By the end of the first hour the rough outlines of a compromise had been blocked out. By the end of the second hour the details had been filled in and the job was done. During the entire two hours I didn't say a single word. Both gentlemen sent me pleasant letters of thanks."

Charles Johnson Post tells a similar story that is even more illuminating. During his younger days Mr. Post spent several years in South American countries. He served in Cuba during the Spanish war, came home to be Assistant Art Editor of *Harper's Magazine* and then went to Bolivia to manage a gold mine. He learned Spanish and became quite conversant with the customs of Latin Americans. After that he returned to the United States and became a reporter, then a lobbyist and then secretary to a Congressman. In 1932 he was offered a job as a mediator. Some time afterward he was sent down to Tampa, Florida, to avert a threatened strike of the Spanish-speaking cigar makers.

When he arrived on the scene Post found a bitter antagonism between the employers and the union that threatened



at any moment to erupt into violence. Nor was his own position very secure, as he soon learned from the lawyers of the employers' association and the union: outsiders were not very welcome in Tampa.

Post braced himself and went to see the members of the employers' association who had gathered for a strategy meeting. He was received with hostility and he vainly cast about for a way to ingratiate himself. At last the oldest member of the association threw a question at him in Spanish: was this his first visit to Tampa? Post, who has a limited Spanish vocabulary but an impeccable accent, replied that he had lived in Tampa forty years before, when as an enlisted man in the Spanish-American War he had camped on Tampa Heights. As a matter of fact, he knew the town well. The employers were a bit taken aback by this, since 1898 predated their own residence in the town. When they regained their composure they started to taunt him again, this time loosing a stream of unprintable Spanish epithets. To every sally Post replied in kind. Before long he found himself accepted as one of the boys.

Having established himself with the employers, Post journeyed to the Labor Temple to see the union. But, knowing the predilections of the people, he decided against a frontal assault. Instead, he casually sought out the janitor; he chatted and drank with him for over an hour. Then he left, having made no effort to see the union officers. Immediately, however, the word went round that a representative of the U. S. Department of Labor was in town and that he could be trusted.

By now supremely confident, Post arranged a conference between the union and the employers' association. For eight days he sat at the head of the table, listening to a babble of Spanish much of which he could not understand. A portly and handsomely mustachioed man, he looked impressive; a jovial one, he lightened the atmosphere

with an occasional witticism. But he could not offer a word of advice. Every evening the conference broke up in violent quarreling; the following morning, when the group reconvened, the point they had been arguing the previous day had miraculously been settled. After the eighth day a contract was duly drawn up and signed. Post, who had done no more than open the conference each morning and adjourn it at night, was effusively thanked for his assistance. Every year now he receives a gift box of cigars at Christmas.

#### IV

These cases, however, are somewhat exceptional. Usually the mediator has to exert himself. Before he can proceed very far he has to cut under the flood of oratory from each side and establish the facts of the case. Once the contestants can agree on these, a settlement is not difficult to secure. One mediator of long experience described his method to me:

"I try to learn all the facts before I meet the parties, the facts regarding the industry and the parties as well as the dispute. I don't disclose what I know, but make the parties tell the particulars. Since they are instructing me, there is no proper place for theories and speeches. I prick each balloon of generalities, but prick it gently, by asking for more facts. The aptness and speed of my responses—born of my prior knowledge—induce confidence in me. I find that you must be polite and appreciative. You must make the parties feel, without saying so, that the dexterity of their exposition has made difficult matter easy to assimilate. By the very modesty of this approach, you will awaken in them the joy of teaching, and they will accept your precocity as a virtue of their own. When the lesson is done, say: 'Let me see whether I understand you. After all, it's rather complicated and I want to be sure that I've caught the main drift!' Then (a little haltingly) I begin a clear and full exposition of the issues. At this point the betting is about even that some-



one will say: 'Mr. X, there's many a chap that hasn't learned as much about this business in a lifetime as you have in an hour,' to which the appropriate smiling reply is: 'Then you gentlemen were certainly not the instructors. Seriously, I want to say a word of thanks for the wholehearted, able, and courteous way in which you have co-operated to help me in this matter.'"

At times, he continued, he was forced to vary this method. "On one occasion I met with the board of a large public service corporation in order to induce them to mediate. A strike was imminent and there was no opportunity to develop the situation gradually. They didn't make it easy for me, though they were entirely polite. I can still see them in a somber circle silently waiting for me to begin. So I said: 'Let me see if I understand your position? I have only heard it fugitively and may be misinformed. I want you to help me by correcting me whenever I am misinformed or insufficiently informed.' And then I proceeded to develop their problem in closely knit form—earnings, labor relations, taxes, everything that bore on it, sympathetically and fully. Not a little of the sensation that my analysis caused would have been dissipated had it been known that I had been awake all night studying the problem and had come to this meeting with the facts at my finger tips, as well informed perhaps for this one moment of time as the directors themselves."

Knowing all the facts is only the beginning of the mediator's task. As quickly as possible he must get at the heart of the controversy. Many of the demands on both sides are always mere surplusage, claims that are established with the expectation that they will be surrendered in the course of bargaining. Sometimes the actual purpose of a strike is not stated at all. In a recent taxi strike in a Midwest city, the mediator was faced with a set of union conditions which were impossible for the employers to accept and which persuasion could

not modify. Inadvertently, however, he discovered that the union was quite willing to compromise if he brought a little pressure to bear. From a casual word dropped by a union official, he learned that the real purpose of the strike was to prevent a collective-bargaining election from being held under peaceful conditions. The union was losing its hold on its adherents and feared defeat at the polls. It therefore declared the strike, hoping that the exuberance of struggle would revive flagging militancy. The walkout had the desired effect. The mediator straightway demanded an election, which the union now willingly agreed to and won. Subsequently he had little trouble in forcing a compromise on the wage issue.

Similarly in a recent building-service strike. The union organized a large office building and sent a letter to the management asking for collective bargaining. The reply was considered unsatisfactory and the workers promptly walked out. For three days the mediator made no progress. Then a newspaper reporter told him that the day before the strike was declared the owners of the building hired a contractor to handle the various service jobs which they had previously managed themselves. The union learned of the new arrangement and feared that the contractor might fire the old employees. In an attempt, therefore, to freeze the situation and prevent any discharges—but without affirming this as their intention—the union leaders had called the strike. Actually, the contractor had every intention of retaining the old employees. When the union was reassured on this point the strike was quickly settled.

Subterfuges are frequently employed when a mediator wants to speed the course of settlement. The only excuse is that of expediency. "Sometimes," one mediator told me, "I can manufacture a desire for an objective which I believe is reasonable and attainable. For example, I happen to be opposed to short contracts. Well, then, after



enough time has been spent and enough that is vexing and wearying has occurred, I will confess to the employer in a moment of unguarded confidence that I am tired. I will add, while suppressing a yawn, that I view with some distaste the prospect of renewing these negotiations before even a year has passed away. It is a tiny drop but it is a potent drug. Taken with a little admiration for the fortitude with which the employer has stood the strain, I have known it to work wonders. Brave men are apprehensive after the first assault and by the second or third iteration I have known them to make a really reasonable offer coupled only with the condition that the period of the proposed contract must be lengthened."

Occasionally a mediator desires to favor one side on a specific point and yet is aware that he will meet with strong if misguided opposition from the other. The result can often be achieved by his directing a withering blast against the favored party. For example, a union desires that the clauses in a contract submitted by them be taken up in order, and that procedure is followed. The employer, obstinately but quite realistically, continues to demand that his answers be considered as a whole and weighed in their entirety. The mediator, after privately warning the employer not to be disconcerted by what is about to happen, waits until near the end of a tedious session and then out of the blue and with sudden asperity asserts that he can no longer endure what he must characterize as the unsatisfactory nature of the employer's answers and demands that the employer place in his hands, for such use as he may elect to make of it, a complete and clear set of replies to the complete and clear set of the union's demands. After the meeting the president of the union whispers to the mediator, "You gave the employers just what was coming to them!" The mediator agrees and everyone is happy.

When all else fails, a little pressure can be effectively applied. Nothing

extreme, just a suggestion that if the parties cannot come to an amicable settlement the mediator will be forced to ask for the appointment of an impartial fact-finding commission. Of course, he adds, the publicity will be embarrassing to all parties, but he has no alternative.

## V

Since the essence of mediation is patience and persuasion, its success is entirely dependent on the personalities of the mediators. A mediator, first of all, must inspire confidence. He must be able to assume, and maintain often under considerable stress, a detached and faintly amused judicial mien. At the same time he has to be able to surrender his reserve at a strategic moment, and become one of the boys. And finally, he must not only appear knowing and experienced, but actually must be so. All these factors are carefully weighed before a man receives an appointment from either the U. S. Conciliation Service or a local agency.

I have met several representative mediators. Two or three serve full time and receive regular salaries; others, particularly members of the New York Mediation Board, are paid twenty-five dollars a day, and expenses, for their periods of active duty. One was a priest, one a former journalist, others were lawyers or retired business men. The priest was Father John P. Boland, the handsome and soft-spoken chairman of the New York State Labor Relations Board. For seventeen years he mediated labor disputes in his native Buffalo. As he willingly admits, the cloth gives him a distinct advantage: respect, and soft words, are readily forthcoming from all parties.

The journalist-turned-mediator, Charles Johnson Post, describes himself as a follower of Henry George, but eschews the tag "single taxer." He has a cordial dislike for the Marxian radicals. However, over the years he has become sufficiently informed of their convolu-



tions to confound any employer who tells him that the union in his plant is run by a pack of reds. Post, who is a voluble man and has a sonorous delivery, sails into him with a stock query: "Reds, you say? What kind of Reds? Are they Communists or Socialists or Socialist Laborites, or are they Trotskyites or Lovestoneites? And if Trotskyites, of what faction? Or perhaps they are anarchists? Perhaps syndicalists?" By this time the employer is completely baffled and is usually ready to admit that his adversaries are not reds after all.

Of the lawyers, William H. Davis is a great hulking red-faced man who would be impressive at any conference table. He is slow to move or speak, but his remarks have a rare cogency. A patent lawyer all his life, he was a little repelled by the unreality of the law—something which lawyers in other specialties do not feel—and welcomed his labor work as putting him in touch with vital and immediate human problems. He wrote the reports of the President's Commissions on Industrial Relations in Sweden and Great Britain.

Sidney A. Wolff at thirty-six is one of the crack labor arbitrators of the American Arbitration Association and has done considerable mediation as well. His youthfulness and slight physique are compensated for by a great shock of prematurely gray hair, which contributes to his judicial appearance and commands proper respect. At a hearing, Wolff maintains the amused air of an indulgent parent, a what's-all-the-fuss-about-boys attitude. At one hearing which I attended, the employer, an exact reproduction of a Gropper capitalist, got terribly upset, jumped up, banged on the table. Wolff patted him back into his seat, murmured a few soothing words, advised him (he was a sick man) to take a pill. The union people were vastly amused, and subsequently, in the interests of reciprocity, Wolff gave them something of a dressing-down.

The business men mediators whom I saw were representatives of a type that

was formerly rare and that now, happily, is becoming more common—the business man with the social conscience. Arthur S. Meyer, courtly and amiable chairman of the New York State Board of Mediation, was for many years vice-president of Schulte's. He had a great deal of experience with business negotiation and always an interest in social problems. Several years ago he suddenly found that business bored him—"one problem was pretty much like another"—and he gladly accepted a position as a member of Mayor LaGuardia's Committee on Industrial Relations. The following year, when the State mediation board was established, the mayor's committee was abolished and Meyer became a member of the new agency. He has had a hand in most of the big strikes that have occurred in New York in the past three years. He impresses disputants by his florid and rather old-fashioned manner, and he calms their frayed tempers by a contagious serenity. He knows all the subtle tricks of insinuating his thoughts into the other fellow's head without his being aware of what is occurring.

Max Meyer, who is the only surviving member of the committee which wrote the first collective bargaining agreement in the ladies' garment industry, in 1911, combines the dignified approach with an ability to shift suddenly to the vernacular of the street. The epithets appear a little anomalous coming from this neatly tailored, hunched little man (he must be in his late sixties), but the method is well calculated to win him a respectful and amenable audience. Another favorite device of his is to delve deeply into the special problems of an industry, believing that the perspective of an outsider might indicate novel solutions. He has had much to do with the establishment of the Millinery Stabilization Commission, which is valiantly trying to put the hard-pressed millinery industry on its feet through close co-operation between union and employers. In line of duty he was once forced to become an expert on the cemetery business, in order to settle a



particularly troublesome strike of grave-diggers.

Occasionally Meyer becomes very friendly with a recalcitrant employer, takes him to dinner at his club and, exploiting all the prerogatives of the host, gives him a paternal lecture on the justification of unionism. He says it works wonders. When all else fails he may use the sit-them-out technic. He will keep his conferences running into the small hours of the morning, until the parties become willing to compromise if only through weariness.

Ben Golden delights in little tricks to get his disputants together. A restaurateur recently fired his salad man on the grounds of incompetence. In due course the matter came for review before Golden, who is named as impartial arbitrator in the union contract. Golden, who believes more harmonious relations are effected if he can mediate rather than arbitrate a dispute, appointed a four-man committee, two representatives of the company and two of the union, to investigate the competence of the salad man. It was of course a cumbersome and ridiculous procedure, as he quickly admitted to me, but he thought that in the course of the committee's observations, and samplings, of the salad man's efforts, they would become friendly enough to settle the question themselves. The method worked.

Golden is a rarity among mediators—he is a former business man with a distinctly left-of-center point of view. He has written, for instance, for *The New Masses* and *Science and Society*. A little pudgy man with a kindly manner, he does not look very impressive. He talks with the slow deliberateness of a judge, but with his curly black hair and colorful bow-tie, he resembles an elderly collegian. He used to be in the ladies' garment industry, first as a retailer and then as a manufacturer. During the twenties he left that calling and occupied himself as a bank director. He always had an extracurricular interest in social problems; with the advent of the depres-

sion he spent two or three years "writing letters to the President on how to solve the crisis." He has long been a friend of Senator Wagner, and when the first national labor board was created he got a job with it. Until 1936 he served in different capacities on the three labor boards that were successively established.

When he left the government service he became a free-lance arbitrator and mediator—one of the few in the field. There are many impartial arbitrators in various industries who receive handsome stipends. They usually confine their services to one particular industry, or else they are lawyers for whom arbitration is a side line. As for mediators, they always operate under the ægis of a governmental body or official. Golden, on the other hand, offers his services to all comers and makes his living entirely by his free-lance efforts. His establishment occupies one floor in an office building on 47th Street in Manhattan. It includes large offices for himself, his partner, and his secretarial staff, as well as a large hearing room that can hold eighty people and one or two anterooms which contain day beds for disputants who tire of the proceedings during all-night sessions.

Golden is impartial arbitrator for the baking industry and a portion of the restaurant industry in New York, and in addition is named as arbitrator in over one hundred individual labor contracts in such fields as shoe and metal manufacturing, the department and chain store business, wholesale and retail food, and the marine industry. Often he is designated as arbitrator in a contract without being informed of the fact until a dispute arises and he gets an agitated telephone call. He seldom turns down a prospective client. He charges anywhere from twenty-five dollars to one thousand dollars for a case, depending on its importance and the time it takes.

He has elaborated his conception of the value of mediation over arbitration to the level of theory: contrary to the opinions of some mediators, he does not



believe that a settlement—any settlement—is the *summum bonum*, but rather a settlement which adjusts wrongs and provides the basis for equitable procedure in the future.

To-day, in the context of the national defense effort, most mediators claim added significance for their work. Uninterrupted production is necessary to meet the external fascist threat. On the other hand, the survival of our de-

mocracy is also dependent on the preservation of labor's rights—foremost among which is the right to strike. This clearly rules out compulsory arbitration, which would prohibit strikes by law. Mediation, on the other hand, permits strikes and at the same time, by limiting their necessity, insures harmonious industrial relations and an accelerated production. It is pre-eminently the democratic way.

## COME SPRING

BY NANCY BICKEL

**C**OME beetles and the little colored bees  
 That flicker over pencil points of grass,  
 Come winds of spring from purple-painted seas,  
 Come silver-throated sounds, and sounds of brass,  
 Come men on street corners with penny bunches  
 Of violets, come women sweeping walks,  
 Come schoolgirls wearing sweaters, carrying lunches,  
 Come children marking walls with colored chalks;  
 Come every kind of quiet, come pale nights  
 That hesitate above the city's blue;  
 Come silence in the woods, come hermit sights  
 Of unicorns soft-stepping in the dew.  
 Walk spring, unlocking this our frozen land,  
 Naked, and with a river in each hand.



## THE WATER'S IN!

BY JUANITA BROOKS

**Y**ou who live in cities and need only turn a tap to have all the clear water you need will wonder at my theme. You have probably accepted water as one of the free gifts of nature, like sunshine or air, or as one of the essentials, like electricity, which comes to you for a small monthly fee. You who live on farms where there is plenty of rainfall will scarcely understand either. But all who live in the arid lands of the West will appreciate the significance of the words, "The water's in!"

In my childhood that shout was the most welcome news we ever heard. We children would gather on the banks of the town canal to watch the water's arrival and to throw in sticks and boards. Some of the most daring would get into the ditch and wait until the first little waves, darting into the low places, licked at their bare toes, then run on again. A few would stand still until it came up above their ankles before they clambered out over the high bank. The water, which meant life to us, seemed almost like a living thing as it crawled down the big ditch, nosing its way along with the slithering motion of a snake.

I look back on a childhood punctuated by long dry spells. Our little town of Bunkerville, in the southernmost corner of Nevada, was surrounded by desert. We had nine months of fine, pleasant weather and three of heat. And when I say heat, I mean the kind that thickens the whites of eggs left in the coop and that makes the lizards, scurrying from the shelter of one little bush to another,

flip over on their backs and blow their toes. Hence water was precious. Even the children knew how precious. As far back as I can remember, the whole routine of my chores was determined by whether or not the water was in the ditch.

When it was, my duty was to fill the barrels from the little stream which ran along the sidewalk. We always had our drinking barrel, swathed in burlap, set under the cottonwood tree to keep cool. It must be filled each morning before six o'clock in the summer and seven in the winter, as those were the hours when the cattle were turned out to drink. The lye barrel had to be filled only once a week, right after wash day. This was to keep the barrel from drying out and falling apart; it also gave plenty of time for the mud to settle. The boiled cottonwood ashes which we added to soften the water could be put in any time.

When the water was out we had to drive all the cattle to the river twice a day. We always milked first so that the calves might go along too. Since the horses could travel faster, they were driven ahead by boys on horseback, while younger children followed the cows. A two-mile trek to the river, and then only water thick with silt, a long walk back to stand in the corral all day and wait for another trip at night.

To supply the home as well as the pigs and chickens, we must use the wagon. Three or four fifty-gallon barrels were loaded into it, some with heads in and corks of whittled cottonwood sticks, some



open-headed ones covered with canvas or oilcloth held secure by an extra hoop to save the splashings.

To what economies were we forced! Water was literally measured by the drop. You must never dip a full cup from the barrel; you should take only a little bit, just what you could drink. If you were handed a full cup you drank what you wanted and gave the rest back for the host to dispose of. Usually he handed it to the next person, or poured it carefully into a bucket kept for waste water, to be given later to the chickens. To throw it out carelessly was a serious breach which always called forth a protest.

The Saturday bath water had an interesting history. Forced to serve more than one person, it must be used to wash out socks or overalls or to wipe up the floor before it was finally poured into the hollow round a discouraged rosebush or young tree.

Of course the inconvenience to which we were put was nothing compared to the fact that our gardens and fields were dry. The whole male population must unite in an effort to get the water in, to repair the ditch or rebuild the dam. The water-master told each what he should bring, brush or rock, and the next morning would see a long train of wagons wending its way to the dam, the topheavy loads of brush balancing along, the wagon boxes of large rocks testing the horses' strength.

The men who worked in the water received a higher wage, or rather a higher credit, for no one was paid. But they figured that if it was worth two dollars and a half to haul brush and rock, it was worth three dollars to wallow in the water all day placing them, the brush in first, weighted down by heavy stones. After a week, or two or three, the dam would be mended and the water would be in again.

Such water as it was! Always muddy, sometimes it seemed fully one-fourth silt. Not for hours did it become clear. Usually we just dipped it up and gave it its time; but we learned that a tablespoon

of milk would separate a flaky, red precipitate, or a bit of the inner pulp of the cactus would settle it quickly without affecting the taste.

Worse than the silt was the mineral dissolved in the water which gave it such a peculiar taste and earned for it the title, "Virgin Bloat." My father ran the mail for twelve years, and it used to amuse us to see the reaction of the passengers when they had their first drink. After the forty-mile ride over the desert in a buckboard, they arrived hot, dusty, and thirsty. Eagerly they reached for the cup; invariably they took one swallow, hesitated, looked round as if they thought someone were playing a trick on them. Some said they weren't thirsty. Others asked what was the matter. Everyone declared that it tasted like a mild dose of Epsom salts.

Time and again a schoolteacher, tempted by the wages paid in Nevada, came to town, stayed a few days, and went back. They usually blamed the water, though I think the September heat and the fall crop of flies and mosquitoes contributed to the decision. But—to mix Pope a little—those who stayed tasted at first with loathing, kept sipping out of pure necessity, and finally drank deep and declared it good. I remember that one teacher thought the mineral in the water was responsible for the fact that his students were extra large and healthy—the mineral and the warm sunshine.

We solved part of our problems later by digging large cisterns to store the water in. Now we always had plenty for culinary use, and it was clear. But it never lost that taste of mineral. And it did not keep our crops from being so often dry.

## II

Our water came to us through a canal six miles long, a canal subject to "breaks." It seems strange that here in the midst of the desert, with scarcely six inches of rainfall a year, the chief danger to our ditch was from hill floods.

Only enough water falls in that region to maintain a scant growth of yucca, cactus, creosote, and rabbit brush, yet we often had sudden storms that sent flash floods down every arroyo and draw. And they played havoc with our ditch.

"It sure does take a lot of preparation to get a rain here," one old man said. "It clouds up every day for a week; it grumbles and growls and rolls, and then clears up again. But when it does come it's a hell-bender." And so it often was, sudden and tumultuous, the water hitting the ground, bouncing back, and running off.

Sometimes when the skies were clear over town, we could see a storm on the mountain to the south. In about an hour a distant roar would tell us the floods were coming. Everyone went out to see them, boys on horseback, people afoot or in wagons. The water would hurry along, covered with a yellow foam which we called "Indian soap," into the ditch, over it, through the streets, across the fields, seeking the river.

In less than an hour it would all be over and nothing to show for it except gullies washed out, mud and rocks in the streets, and strips through the fields covered with silt. But the ditch! It would be riddled and the places between breaks filled. I remember that once the water-master reported that it was broken in fifty-two places.

But most of our trouble was caused by the river. I have no notion why it was ever named "Virgin" in the first place. No name could be less fitting, for not only was it always muddy, but it was full of deceit and treachery. We lived about thirty-five miles above the point where it joined forces with the Colorado—a distance lessened now by the creation of Lake Mead. As the last settlement on its course, we were a sort of climax to its cussedness; we felt the force of all its combined creeks and springs and washes.

I came to know that river as I would a person. Twice each day I waded through it, down and back, to take the cows to the pasture. Most of the time it

was a quiet, meandering stream, completely friendly. I could splash along through it without lifting my dress. Boys could not find a place deep enough to swim; when they lay down, it would scarcely cover them. But at high-water time when the snows far up on its sources melted, or when there was a flood, it was something to be respected and feared, full of quicksand and whirlpools. In its winding course it would gather strength and cut into one bank, only to swing back and slash at the other.

One flood stands out in my memory. It is still spoken of as "The Noah." In the darkness that precedes the dawn someone banged at our door and called, "There's a flood coming; the biggest in history. If you've got any cattle on the river bottom you'd better move them."

Before sunrise the whole town had gathered on the river bank. Wagons were lined up well back on higher ground. Children ran here and there, followed by their mothers' warning voices. Boys on horseback trotted up and down.

Suddenly the cry rang out, "She's a-coming!" People crowded to the edge of the slope, climbed into their wagons and on to the spring seats and, shading their eyes with their hands, looked to the east. Like a great wall fully four feet high it came, black, the front of it like an enormous steam roller in its motion. It stretched across the wide stream bed, the water in front of it a pink trickle. The sandy island where in summer we built castles and towns, the marshy bottoms which sheltered blackbirds, ducks, and mud-hens were completely obliterated, wiped out as a picture might be by one stroke of a gigantic brush. Where before was color and variety was now only a swirling, black blur. The crowd stood speechless until it had passed.

We watched the water move toward the west as far as we could see, then looking up-stream again, we saw one swell come, then another and another, each one raising the water line on the bank. Far out, great waves rolled, carrying trees as lightly as straw and lifting and



ducking the ridge of a barn along. Near the cove where I stood all kinds of flotsam passed: pumpkins, apples, a wooden churn, a limp little calf. Someone up the stream had lost everything, his store of hay and food, his cattle, his home. Well, we shouldn't be hit as hard as that, but we should be without water for a long time.

After a few days the men must ride out looking for cattle embedded in the mud; for the whole river bottom would be one quivering mass into which they sank deeper with every struggle. Some no doubt went under completely and were killed at once, but many were caught like flies on fly-paper, to die of starvation if they were not helped out. My father always came home from these trips exhausted, and as we children took off his shoes or pulled at his chaps he would tell us how many cattle he had saved. Sometimes as many as fifteen were set free in a day.

I remember one cow that I found in the sand just a few yards from the trail I always followed. How could I have missed her for so long? The sand had settled and hardened round her until it was as if she were in a cast, with only her head and neck and the line of her back out. She must have got in soon after the flood had passed, she was in so deep. Now she was reduced to skin and bones, with scarce a spark of life left in her.

Here she was dying of thirst with the water running less than three feet away. I wanted to give her a drink, but I had no dish, not even a hat. My hands would not hold enough. Finally I dipped up a lapful and by hurrying was able to give her several swallows. At the second trip though my gingham dress split, letting the water out in a great spurt round my feet. Perhaps it was just as well not to give her too much at first, I argued. Then I pulled some lucerne from a nearby field.

She did not belong to us, but I gave my father no peace until he got the owner and came down. They would have killed her if I had not coaxed and cried

so. They dug round her with shovels, pried under her with poles, and pulled, one at her head and one at her tail. She was so weak that the owner told me I could have her if I thought I could save her.

For days I carried her food and water. When she still had not got strength enough to stand, father decided to take her home. He brought the wagon down, backed it up to her, dug under the hind wheels until they were up to the hubs, and loaded her on. At home we lifted her to her feet for a while each day by means of straps round her body and pulleys. This gave her a chance to straighten her legs out. By increasing the time she was up each day, we soon had her so that she could stand alone. How proud I was when she became our best milk cow!

Another activity which followed every flood was the hauling of driftwood from the sand knolls in the river bed. This came later, as we must wait until it was safe to go out with wagons. The wood was easier to handle too after it had dried out a little. "There is no great loss without some small gain," for in this barren land wood was scarce, and the floods brought us much of our fuel.

The one immediate task, which overshadowed all others in importance and required the united effort of every man in town, was getting the water back into the ditch. Like ants after their home has been kicked apart, the men toiled to repair the damage, hauling brush and rock and building at the rate of a few yards a day. In the meantime the town would be as dry as the desert round it.

### III

For seventy-four years now this struggle has gone on. The people cannot conquer the river; it cannot shake them from its bank. It is like an endless war wherein first one side and then the other is victorious. The relationship is exactly as it was when the first settlers arrived.

I wish there were some way to know how many loads of brush and rock that stream has taken in the past seventy-four years; the number of man-hours of work that have been spent in it. Six times in my memory we have changed the dam site in the hope of finding one that would be permanent. Times without number it has been washed out. This does not take into account the miles of breakers built to protect the land, breakers which looked formidable enough until a flood washed around them and scooped them out.

It is no wonder that the town has not grown. Twenty families came within the first two years; there are not more than that now. After each major disaster some moved away—either sold their holdings at a sacrifice or pulled up and left them. I remember the Bunkers, the Joneses, the Lees, the Coxes, the Abbotts, and the Earls, to mention only a few. Following a town farewell party, their wagons piled high with household goods, they would set their faces toward some place where they would not have to spend so much time “working water-ditch.”

Hundreds of young people have left, gone away to school or to get work, and failed to come back. Of Uncle Tom's twenty-two who grew up across the street from us only four remain; of my father's ten, not one. Had it not been so this would have been a good-sized town from its own increase. Vital statistics over a ten-year period show an average of nine and three-tenths births and only one death a year.

Bunkerville is not essentially different with regard to population increase from scores of other little towns throughout Utah, Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico. Wherever Mormon colonists were sent out during Brigham Young's time the initial company often contained as many as the land could support, so that many of the towns are no larger to-day than when they were founded. Some day someone may compute the cost of rearing and educating the thousands of young people who have gone out to build

up other sections. From a town as small as this people have filtered throughout the West; some have gone into Eastern cities. A few have achieved national recognition.

Those who have remained have managed to get along; they have built new homes and many of them have cars. The schoolhouses here are surprisingly good for a town so small, and since Nevada pays good wages to teachers, they have been able to maintain a high standard of instruction. When the depression hit the country these people were hardly affected at all. Always poor, they had as much as they ever had. The depression was an advantage to them in fact, for a CCC camp was stationed at Bunkerville for the winter months.

Through the work of this camp water was brought from a mountain spring twelve miles away to a spot on the desert slope where a piece of land was fenced for study under a government project. Later it was brought down within three miles of town, where, with the aid of the Mormon Church, a rock tank was built to serve as a reservoir. From the first the settlers had dreamed of a time when they could have mountain water, when they would no longer have to drink “Virgin Bloat”; now they have mountain water, not in their homes, available by the mere turning of a tap, but stored in a tank at the edge of town. From here they can fill their barrels or haul it to their cisterns. That might seem inconvenient to others, but to them it is so much better than anything they have ever had that they are grateful.

The CCC boys completed another valuable project for them. It really grew out of one of the mountain floods, which this time proved to be a blessing in disguise. They had all been working on the dam. On the very night when they had it finished and the water turned into the ditch, they saw a storm on the mountain. On their way home they were stopped by floods down the washes. Here in an hour all their work was set at



naught, for the full six-mile length of the ditch must be cleaned before water could reach town. This resulted in a project for building spillways from the washes over the ditch, so that the flood waters will pass over and leave the ditch unharmed.

Best of all, electric power has been brought to town from Boulder Dam. For months the townspeople had been preparing, getting their homes wired and their lights installed. They did not know exactly when the power would be turned on. One night Lem Leavitt tried his. Glory be! They went on! He was so excited that he jumped on his old gray mare and galloped through the streets calling at the top of his voice, "The power's on! The power's on!"

In an instant all the coal-oil lamps were scrapped. A new way of life was opened. It was almost pathetic to see the delight of some of those grown old; my grandmother, in her eighty-sixth year, was like a child with a new toy. The lights and radio she could enjoy, but when her children or grandchildren made her gifts of a toaster, a waffle-iron,

a small water heater, and an electric bed pad, she put them all carefully away and never uses them. It is not only that she is a little afraid of what they might do, it is that her life pattern has been so complete without them that she cannot fit them in.

With Highway 91 coming past the door, transportation is no longer a problem. Las Vegas is three hours instead of three days away; even Los Angeles is a market. The problem now is to raise enough to sell. Life is more comfortable. But it is not yet secure. With their water supply for their crops so uncertain, with so much of their time and energy consumed by the river, the townspeople can know no real prosperity.

"We need the river to try us," one old man said. "If we didn't have something like that we might get soft."

Well, it continues to "try" them. Last year the dam went out three times between January and May, and once again in the late summer. To-day, as in 1877, their best fortune is to have the canal full; the best news they hear after a dry spell is still the words, "The water's in."





## WAR AND DISEASE

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

It's an old story of course, recorded of war after war, that disease is more deadly than weapons. The fact was observed in the time of Xerxes invading Greece, of Frederick Barbarossa in Rome, of the Crusades, of the Thirty Years' War, of the struggles following the French Revolution. Germs and hunger apparently had more to do with the defeat of Napoleon than gunpowder and bayonets. In the Crimean War dysentery, cholera, typhus, and other epidemics raked both the Russians and the opposing French and English with such deadly effect that the Charge of the Light Brigade was a mere incident by comparison.

In our continent too and on down to our time disease has continued to outdo artillery as an instrument of war. The losses of the United States Army in the Mexican War (1846-1848) were seven times more numerous from disease than from battle casualties. During the American Civil War (1861-1865) disease killed 186,000 U. S. soldiers and the guns 94,000, a ratio of about two to one. During American participation in the First World War (1917-1919) the competition between the two deadly forces became more nearly balanced, but even so disease with its 58,000 deaths had the edge on guns and gas which accounted for only 50,000 soldiers.

Civilians are an easier prey of disease in time of war, as was demonstrated on the grand scale in 1914-1918. A compilation made by Liebmann Hersch, statistician of the Swiss University of

Geneva, shows that in Europe 12,219,000 civilians died as a result of the First World War—that is to say, the excess of civilian deaths over the normal mortality rate of peacetime reached that tremendous figure, almost equal to the 12,637,000 soldiers who were killed in battle or died of wounds and disease.

Wartime's medical problems are not essentially different from those of peacetime. The same contagions, infections, deficiencies, organic and functional infirmities have to be cared for in both; but under the stress of war their incidence is multiplied, their virulence or extremity accentuated by the added privations, exposures, and anxieties. Even in time of peace the surgeon is called on to care for gunshot wounds and other injuries inflicted by explosives, but in war these occasional problems are magnified, intensified, and complicated by the greater efficiency of organized mass destructiveness. The complete flowering of this concept is total war. It has brought the battle-front into city street and village green; has made the defenseless home, the tradesman's shop, and the churchman's spire familiar subjects of attack; has blurred the distinction between military and civilian elements of the population. In consequence, we find fewer differences between military medicine and civil medicine. Even the quantitative differences fade out of the picture when, as in the 1940 aerial attacks on London, the killed and wounded civilians outnumber the killed and wounded soldiers.



Public health is affected by whatever influences individual health, and this includes a wide range of factors—some environmental, some hereditary, many interacting upon one another. For example, one of the large New York clinics reports that during 1940, with the growing fury of the war in Europe and the increasing preparations of the United States for armed defense, there was a marked increase in the number of hyperthyroid patients coming for treatment. Back in 1932–1935 there was a similar increase, apparently a reflection of the mounting strain imposed on the population by the recurring shocks of the economic depression. However, nervous strain alone is not sufficient to produce hyperthyroid disease. There must be either some constitutional or acquired weakness in the thyroid gland or in its control, or some deficiency in nutrition, or both, to set the stage for emotional excitement to play its decisive role. Cerebral hemorrhage and nephritis attained their highest death rates in the year of American entrance into the First World War, and after 1917 receded to lower mortality levels. Since both diseases are related to high blood pressure, and since high blood pressure is affected by emotional excitement, it is no wonder that this sudden wartime rise took place. On the same basis, mental disorders may increase, but again the extent of the upset is determined by other circumstances of health, both anatomical and emotional. Psychiatry can contribute to the promotion of public health and national morale, especially if it provides tests by which potential neurotics may be identified and classified. Such a service should not only prevent many round pegs from being misfitted into square holes, thus safeguarding the military against the inclusion of elements that would break under strain, but it should also make possible the assignment of many of these to useful posts of service suitable to their temperaments.

Very likely there is no disease which is not accelerated in some degree by the

abnormal conditions imposed by war. A complete review of our subject would encompass the whole of clinical medicine, a task beyond the scope of this paper. There are, however, three fields in which the collaboration of Mars and Death has been most effective in the past, and it is in these that we look for war's greatest immediate threat to health: famine, pestilence, and wounds.

## II

Famine was the Allies' most potent weapon against the Kaiser. By 1918 food was so scarce in Germany and Austria that millions of people were on the verge of physical collapse. Every form of nutritional deficiency disease was represented. Some were believed to be infections: pellagra, for example, which we now know is a direct result of selective starvation. There were in continental Europe millions of cases of the exhausting condition known as "epidemic dropsy." This name was given in India where the disease accompanied the great famine of 1876–1877 and was thought to be catching; but the First World War demonstrated that it was the monotonous diet of thin salty soup, particularly the deficiency of protein, that caused this painful bloating of bellies and swelling of legs as though in mockery of the gnawing hollowness within. Rickets was common, especially in inland communities, notably in Vienna. Shortage of milk and other protective foods resulted in the permanent stunting of children who managed to survive the bitter "winter of turnips." Although the armies were the preferred sector of the population when it came to the allotment of supplies, they had their food privations too. Italians are often taunted for their ignoble rout at Caporetto in October of 1917, but the event becomes less ignoble when we learn that for nine months their army had been existing on drastically reduced rations and hunger was their companion by day and by night.

Against the weapon of war-imposed



famine, defenders have resources now which did not exist twenty-five years ago. The science of nutrition was exceedingly fragmentary then. It was concerned mainly with the energy value of food. Calories was the popular word. Although a beginning had been made in the recognition of what were called accessory food factors, and chemists were discovering that minute quantities of these hidden substances are vital to health, and here and there practical applications of these facts were being tried, this knowledge in 1918 was still largely confined to the laboratories. The word vitamin was not adopted until 1920, when three such substances had been recognized.\* To-day we know at least eight vitamins essential to human life, we know others essential to animal life whose value in human nutrition is strongly indicated, and we know in some detail the functions performed by vitamins in the body and the impairments which result when an essential one is missing. Moreover, we are able to manufacture most of the vitamins by chemical synthesis and need no longer depend on natural foods as sources of supply. Along with this new knowledge of vitamins has come further discovery of the role of calcium, phosphorus, iron, iodine, and other minerals in nutrition. Thus developed the possibility of making concentrates of the accessory food factors and of adding them to less diversified foods—a possibility that may turn out to be as important an addition to the arsenal of war as the submarine or the airplane. For when we find, as recent nutritional research has demonstrated, that deficiency of a single vitamin brings on loss of appetite, loss of weight, intestinal disturbance, tender muscles, fatigue, emotional instability, fear, and indecision, the critical importance of this minute food factor becomes conspicu-

ously apparent. It is no wonder that the British government now requires all bakers within the realm to enrich their flour with Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and calcium.

"There are two kinds of hunger," said Dr. Robert S. Harris, nutritional biochemist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "The hunger of the stomach, or what I call 'hollow hunger,' is not nearly so important as nutritional deficiency, or 'hidden hunger.' *Ersatz* food will readily satisfy hollow hunger and do it very inexpensively. Vitamin and mineral concentrates will satisfy hidden hunger. By combining the two it is possible, very inexpensively, to take care of the nutritional needs of a population."

Nor is this statement merely an opinion, for within recent months Dr. Harris and his group of researchers undertook to produce a synthetic diet that would be both inexpensive in cost and adequate in the factors usually missing from cheap foods. What came out of these studies is two mixtures, each resembling breakfast flakes in appearance.

One mixture has as its base a blend of whole wheat and soya-bean meal, with powdered skim milk, and added vitamins and mineral salts. The other has the same ingredients, except that the cereal base is a blend of oats, corn, wheat, and soya-bean meal. The only vitamin missing is C, and a glass of tomato juice daily will supply that. Dr. Harris reports, from his experiments, that two-thirds of an ounce of either mixture, with the added tomato juice, will care for the daily vitamin, mineral, and protein needs of an individual. Bread, potatoes, or any other cheap carbohydrate food will provide calories and bulk to satisfy "hollow hunger." The actual materials in the mixture cost only \$1.80 per year per person, though commercialization would doubtless add something for selling and other expenses.

While Harris and his colleagues were working out their results at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, another group has been tackling the problem at the California Institute of Technology

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\* The word "vitamine" was coined in 1911 by the Polish scientist Casimir Funk as a name for the anti-beriberi substance which he had extracted from rice polishings. The proposal to alter the term to "vitamin" and apply it to all the accessory food factors was made by the English scientist J. C. Drummond in 1920, and our present usage dates from that time.



on the opposite side of the continent. Headed by Dr. Henry Borsook, professor of biochemistry, the California nutritionists have developed several concentrates as emergency food rations. One is in the form of a candy mint, and three mints per day per person will provide all the vitamin and most of the mineral requirement for a first-class diet. Each mint contains:

Vitamin A, 2,000 international units  
Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> (thiamin), 250 international units  
Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> (riboflavin), 1.4 milligrams  
Nicotinic Acid, 5 milligrams  
Vitamin C, 25 milligrams  
Vitamin D, 200 international units  
Calcium, 170 milligrams  
Iron, 5 milligrams  
Significant amounts of other vitamins of the B complex, including pantothenic acid, biotin, and Vitamin B<sub>6</sub>, all from natural sources

The mints include no protein, but this may be supplied by eating lean meat, cheese, or skim-milk powder; and also some carbohydrate (such as bread) and fat (such as margarine) must be taken to supply calories. The point is that the mints, added to these cheap nitrogenous, starchy, and fat foods, will provide enough accessory factors to make a first-class diet. The cost of the concentrate runs about one dollar for one hundred mints, or three cents per day per person.

A neutral visitor to a military center in one of the occupied lands tells of the present dietary regimen of the German army. There is no difference between the soldiers' mess and the officers' mess. Each is served the same fare which has been carefully designed by nutrition experts and commonly consists of a large bowl of stew and a plate of dark bread. The stew is composed of selected vegetables with a relatively few cubes of meat, and the whole mixture is enriched with added vitamins and minerals and seasoned so tastefully that the visitor found it highly appetizing. Variety is attained by daily changes in the combination of vegetable and meat components, and although the visitor ate three successive meals of stew and bread he found no monotony in the fare.

Reports from England relate that certain vitamins are daily administered to the crews of the Royal Air Force to insure optimum eyesight and also for a general tonic effect. The discovery that vitamins of the B complex, and also possibly Vitamin C, will not only safeguard against certain deficiency diseases but will also tone up the system to a higher level of vigor, endurance, resistance to fatigue, steadiness of nerve, and buoyant health, is perhaps the most important recent finding of nutritional research.

Food concentrates can be used to strengthen the emergency rations of armed forces, to tide over civilian populations in blockaded or beleaguered areas, and also to raise the nutritional level of whole peoples. Although the United States is credited with the highest standard of living in the world, a Department of Agriculture survey indicates that some 45,000,000 of our population are ill-nourished. Only a small percentage may show the frank symptoms of deficiency diseases, but there are millions of latent or sub-clinical cases of pellagra, scurvy, beriberi, rickets, night blindness, keratitis, anemia, and other hidden but debilitating results of selective starvation.

Whether or not the present war will impose famine conditions comparable to those which followed the First World War, lasting in some countries until 1924, no one can predict. It has already produced undernutrition, especially among civilians in conquered lands and occupied territory and among the unfortunates in prison camps; and as the struggle lengthens the food shortage will become more acute. Vitamins and mineral salts can be manufactured only if raw materials for these chemicals are available, and only as technicians can be spared from the manufacture of explosives and other munitions. Moreover, no one can live on vitamins and minerals alone. Whatever our new knowledge and new skills promise, the harshnesses of war almost inevitably make for various degrees of starvation. Men, women, and children may not die



of hunger by the millions, as they did in Russia in the early 1920's, but their physical endurance will be sapped, they will be more open to the invisible carriers of disease, and what was begun by hunger and malnutrition may be finished by pestilence.

### III

The forms of pestilence that are most feared in the present war are influenza, pneumonia, cerebrospinal fever, dysentery, typhus, and malaria. Each took its toll during and after the First World War, some more devastatingly than others, and as I write, in the early weeks of 1941, it is known that each of these diseases is present in Europe, though nowhere in violent epidemic form. It is possible of course that before the terror ends some other disease will flare up and become the great pestilence of the 1940's, as the unexpected influenza was of the last war. A few months ago yellow fever broke out in the Nubian Mountains region of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and if it should get transmitted to Europe the result might be a major calamity. Fortunately we now have a vaccine against yellow fever whose protective value has been demonstrated beyond question, and already large numbers of the military forces engaged in service in the tropics have been inoculated.

Indeed, we are fortunate in other respects also, for against every one of the diseases mentioned we have resources that were not available in 1918. Malaria, it is true, still defies the doctors with its elusive little parasite which seems able to hide out in tissues during a quinine barrage, completely disappearing from the bloodstream and giving a perfect show of defeat, only to come back and strike down its victim with renewed chills and fevers after the quinine has ceased firing. The malaria problem is giving American medical men considerable concern because of the need of concentrating troops in the South where the mild winters and ample grounds afford

ideal conditions for training camps. Sanitary measures to wipe out the malaria-carrying mosquito are being pushed, but what is greatly needed is a specific against the disease. Back in the 1930's the I. G. Farbenindustrie of Germany developed a synthetic chemical which it named atabrin, and which has certain advantages over quinine. But atabrin is costly, its superiority is limited by other factors, and physicians feel that something better is needed if malaria is ever to be conquered. The United States Public Health Service recently assigned one of its crack research teams the task of seeking to synthesize an effective anti-malarial drug, and in other American laboratories similar efforts are under way.

Until a better drug is found or fabricated, quinine will remain an important aid in the treatment of malaria, for, as Dr. L. W. Hackett points out in his *Malaria in Europe*, quinine "can interrupt the acute attack," and "that alone, for the lives and suffering it has saved, will always entitle it to a medal of honor." None of the known anti-malarial drugs has any clear prophylactic value against the protozoa of malaria, and it is this malaria-preventing type of drug that is a principal goal of the present activity of chemists and pharmacologists.

One thing that spurs on the anti-malarial searchers is the magnificent success of sulfanilamide against bacteria. Before the discovery of sulfanilamide, quinine was highly respected. Sometimes it cured, about an equal number of times it missed, but a fifty-fifty chance was regarded as good odds in chemotherapy in the 1920's. Then in 1935 came announcement of sulfanilamide's conquests in a field where drugs had never made any progress—the field of bacterial diseases—and soon it was demonstrated that quinine was a feeble hit-or-miss weapon against the little animals of the malarial infection as compared with sulfanilamide against the little vegetables of streptococcal infection. By alterations in the molecule of sulfa-



nilamide various derivatives have been made, each with qualities specific to some one or more bacterial parasites, with the result that to-day the sulfa-drugs are effective against more than a dozen different diseases.

Cerebrospinal fever (meningitis) is one of them. In the First World War this fever was epidemic in the trenches; it was "camp fever" to prisoners; it broke out among refugees, homeless civilians, wherever human beings were housed under conditions of overcrowding, uncleanness, and privation. Most of the victims died horribly, the mortality rate in places reaching 80 per cent.

Early in the present war cerebrospinal fever began to appear, and recently a British medical officer reported 124 cases treated in a military isolation hospital at Aldershot during the winter of 1939 and spring of 1940. By the use of a sulfanilamide compound known as soluseptasine all but four of the patients were cured, thus reducing the death rate to less than three per cent. And there were severe cases: men writhing in pain, with distorted features, gray lips, rigid muscles, some demented, a few unconscious. One evening a sergeant was brought in "with his fists tightly clenched and elbows so strongly flexed that three orderlies found difficulty in straightening his arms so that an intravenous injection could be given." The injection of the sulfanilamide compound was repeated in the night, and the patient awoke in the morning feeling so improved that when the doctor called he was sitting up in bed. Another dramatic case is that of a soldier who was admitted "practically dead," reports the physician. "He looked like a corpse, and smelt like one. He was pulseless and hardly breathing. His body was covered with large patches or areas of purpura. His veins were so collapsed that it was difficult to gain an entry with the needle, and the blood withdrawn into the syringe was almost black." Two injections of the sulfanilamide compound given within four hours snatched this man from death.

Bacillary dysentery was fairly prevalent in France and other German-occupied territory last autumn, and was sufficiently active in Great Britain to give its medical authorities deep concern. There are various serums prepared from the blood of individuals convalescent from dysentery which have proved helpful in encounters with this pestilence, and it is known that the Medical and Surgical Supply Committee of America has dispatched shipments of these among other materials to England for use in the emergency. But here again sulfanilamide promises additional strategic aid. Recent tests at the Johns Hopkins Hospital show that a new derivative known as sulfanilylguanidine is a specific against both the bacillus of dysentery and the bacillus of typhoid fever. This drug is so new that in January it was not yet on the market, but the Calco Chemical Company has distributed supplies among physicians and surgeons in various parts of the country for further clinical tests.

Pneumonia was a particular scourge of the armed forces in 1918, and killed about one man out of every four stricken. Since then various serums for the treatment of pneumococcal pneumonia have somewhat lowered the death rate, but for the greater worsening of these dread germs we must look again to the sulfa-drugs. Sulfapyridine and sulfathiazole are specifics against pneumococcal pneumonia, and in the more severe cases are used in collaboration with serum treatment. Sulfanilamide alone is effective against streptococcal pneumonia. British soldiers are required to carry sulfapyridine in their first-aid kits, and if a wound or other injury is received the drug is administered immediately as the initial step in treatment.

In influenza the death blow is frequently given by pneumonia, and because of their power against pneumonia bacteria the sulfa-drugs may be of some service in saving influenza patients from this final blow. The drugs apparently have no effect on the influenza germ itself, which is a virus, perhaps the most



widely feared agent of epidemic disease in the current war emergency. Efforts have been made to shape a sulfanilamide derivative into such form that it will neutralize the influenza virus, but without success.

However, progress has come from another direction. A means of making a vaccine has been discovered. The discovery is the result of a fortunate accident in a Rockefeller Foundation laboratory in New York. It happened in November, 1939, while Drs. Frank L. Horsfall and Edwin H. Lennette were experimenting with ferrets infected with influenza. Quite by accident four of the animals became additionally infected with dog distemper, and when a vaccine was processed from the tissues of the ferrets carrying this double infection, it was found that the vaccine conferred an apparent protection against influenza. For when persons were inoculated with this material, their blood rapidly developed anti-influenza antibodies. Repeated tests have been made of this phenomenon, and it has been found that the blood of vaccinated individuals retains the power to neutralize the influenza virus for as long as six months, and perhaps longer. Until a severe epidemic occurs to test the effectiveness of this protection in a serious disease emergency its full value cannot be appraised; but all the laboratory and clinical results thus far are consistently encouraging. Up to January more than 50,000 persons in the United States had been vaccinated, and at the request of British medical authorities several hundred thousand doses of the vaccine were sent to London during the winter.

Another devastating disease often associated with war is typhus fever. There are several kinds, the two most common being murine typhus and European epidemic typhus. Murine is primarily a rat disease, but man is susceptible, and the infection is carried by fleas and other insects from rat to man. This form of typhus is endemic in Mexico, Chile, Algeria, and a few other lands,

mostly tropical. European typhus is more virulent and was especially destructive in Serbia, Poland, and Russia during the 1914-1918 conflict. A human disease, it has no animal reservoir, but is carried by lice from man to man and still lurks in latent form in the Balkans. Another kind, less deadly than European typhus but of interest because it exists in the United States, is Rocky Mountain spotted fever. This is a sheep disease but is transmitted to man by the bite of a tick. Although confined mostly to sheep-raising regions of the Northwest, cases have occurred as far east as Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and within the past five years several patients in those States have died.

Quite recently Dr. Herald Cox, working in the government's Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever Laboratory in Montana, hit upon a technic which is proving highly effective in making typhus vaccine. Earlier experimenters had produced vaccines, but the difficulty of growing the microbe in quantity seriously limited their efforts and output. Dr. Cox used the developing chick embryo in a hen's egg as a culture medium and found that if he opened a small hole in the egg after it had been incubating five or six days, and introduced the infection into the yolk sac, an enormous multiplication of the microbes took place. In this way it became possible to grow pounds of the material in the time and at the cost that had previously produced only meager grams. In 1940 the Lederle Laboratories manufactured a quantity of vaccine by this yolk-sac method, and the American Red Cross supplied several thousand doses for trial in a typhus-infected area of Rumania. Political developments made it impossible for the medical men carrying this vaccine to get into Rumania, but some vaccinations were given in Hungary. It would be interesting to know how the vaccinated ones are faring this spring. Typhus usually gathers its momentum in late winter and early spring, paralleling the period when resistance to disease is



at its lowest level and the louse infestation at its highest.

"The lice and flea population is multiplying," wrote Ritchie Calder in the London weekly *New Statesman and Nation*, reporting on the bomb shelters of London. "In every shelter I've been in during the last six weeks I've heard that hacking 'shelter cough' and the wheezy sleep of the bronchial cases." In these damp, ill-ventilated, poorly heated, overcrowded, underground quarters hundreds of thousands were huddled night after night, sleeping on improvised beds, on the floor, on the concrete stairs. But even the worst of London's shelters are halls of hygiene compared with the prison camps, the refugee camps, the packed ghettos of conquered cities, the concentration pens of the dictators' victims. Here, with scant food, scant clothes, scant housing, and scant hope, millions of human beings have languished through a terrifying winter, soapless and filthy among the multiplying vermin that wait upon war and spread its direst plagues.

It is the dislocation of populations that facilitates what Dr. Hans Zinsser called "the dreadful companionship of pestilence and warfare." The rise of venereal diseases has correlated in past wars with the establishment of training camps, mobilization centers, and other places of concentration of troops. Whether social controls can reduce this in the present war remains to be demonstrated, but brave efforts in that direction have been planned, and medical science is alert with new remedies. And so with all the communicable diseases. The shifting of people from their homes, their transfer to unaccustomed surroundings, whether as soldiers of war or prisoners of war, whether as civilian refugees voluntarily fleeing or civilian hostages forcibly held, mixes disease carriers with disease susceptibles, exposes those who were immune in their old surroundings to new surroundings and new agents against which they are not immune. Add to these physical circumstances the emo-

tional ones created by homesickness, uncertainty, and fear, and you plow a fertile field for the sowing of disease.

#### IV

The means of inflicting wounds have been improved since the final shell of November 11, 1918, was fired. The Paris gun which terrorized the French capital in those pioneering days of big warfare has been replaced by thousands of airplanes dropping bigger and more destructive bombs. Death from bursting shrapnel has been reinforced by crushing death from falling buildings in bombed cities and burning death from fire-scattering incendiary bombs. Whether this war is killing more men per thousand tons of ammunition is not yet computed; but of the men who are picked up wounded it appears that there are fewer fatal infections, fewer amputations, and on the average more rapid recoveries. Many factors contribute to this more favorable outcome.

One factor has been promptness in giving complete surgical attention, a measure facilitated by aircraft. The Germans have immense "stretcher planes," which can carry eight wounded men in horizontal position. These hospital ships of the air swoop down near the scene of battle, take on their cargoes of casualties, and within less than an hour deliver them to a fully equipped base hospital. Twenty-five years ago there were at least four stages in the transfer of the wounded: first to the regimental aid station, thence to the first-aid station, next to the casualty clearing station, and finally to the base hospital—a succession of transfers that consumed hours by ambulance, sometimes days. By means of the airplane the second and third stops in this sequence are eliminated. It is to be hoped that in planning the United States defense program attention is being given this use of aircraft in hospital service. In defending a wide expanse, such as the United States and its newly acquired



bases, many hundreds of stretcher planes may be required.

Another factor in modern wound treatment is greater use of bactericidal agents; for we have antitoxins, toxoids, serums, and germ-killing chemicals which were not available until recently. For example, the bacteriologists have attained a powerful defense against tetanus in the form of a toxoid. Unlike the old antitoxin, which is effective for only a relatively short time after its injection, the toxoid confers an immunity for weeks and perhaps months, and so is being administered to soldiers in advance of battle service. Eighty per cent of the British Expeditionary Force received tetanus toxoid before going to France, and a recent report in the *British Medical Journal* records that in the first year of the present war less than one man out of every 2,000 wounded developed tetanus, to compare with 16 in 1914-1918.

Gas gangrene bacilli, like those of tetanus, are anaerobes, *i.e.* they thrive in the absence of air. Because of this and their high virulence they are especially dangerous in deep wounds. There is no toxoid effective against gas gangrene, but a serum has been successful and there are effective ways of treating the wound to discourage these predatory microbes. The first step is to clean the wound thoroughly. After this a dressing of zinc peroxide has been used in some cases. Another measure recently developed is the packing of the wound with powdered sulfanilamide. Still another treatment for which favorable results are claimed, is exposure of the wound to x-rays.

But fundamental to radiation, packing, dressing, and other measures is the preparatory process generally known by its French name, *débridement*. It came into vogue during 1914-1918—indeed has often been listed as a beneficent contribution of those years of destruction. Actually, as Dr. Justinia Hill recalls in her exciting book *Germs and the Man*, it was Napoleon's surgeon, Dominique Larrey, who more than a century ago

originated this procedure of preliminary surgery "by which the dead and injured tissue is scrupulously removed in order that, as we now know, the anaerobes may have no devitalized cells or foreign matter for a foothold. According to Harvey, this process was discovered again in the World War by Sir Henry Gray. It remains to-day one of the great surgical protections which can be used to help both civilians and the military."

In *débridement* the surgeon not only uses the scalpel to cut out all dead and dying tissue, trimming the flesh to the quick, and enlarging the wound so that all hidden crevices are opened, but he also uses a brush and vigorously scrubs the wound with soapy water and antiseptic. The patient, being under anesthesia, doesn't mind. In fact, in the light of what we now know of the course of wound infections, he has a right to mind, and to object strenuously, if the scrubbing is moderated.

After this drastic toilet the next procedure is to dress the wound, and here again the surgeons have a new technic which is working wonders. It was originated in France in 1918 by a young surgeon in the U. S. Army, Dr. Hiram Winnett Orr, but attracted little attention. Drs. Alexis Carrel and Henry D. Dakin had just developed a method of protecting wounds against infection by irrigating them with a circulating antiseptic solution, a method that required frequent redressing of the wound and long hospitalization. It was an ingenious system for fighting germs, undoubtedly saved thousands of wounded men in base hospitals in France, and was later adopted and has been widely used by surgical centers all over the world.

Dr. Orr's method is in striking contrast. After the initial *débridement* he packs the cleansed wound with a gauze soaked in vaseline, encloses the whole in plaster which soon hardens to rocklike texture, and leaves it to stew in its own juice. There is no sewing up of the wound, no irrigation, no drainage, no



redressing. The whole area is completely immobilized by its rigid plaster coating, and in this state of rest is left to nature's processes of defense and repair.

When he returned to his home in Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1919 Orr continued to use his plaster casts in the treatment of compound fractures and other wounds which came his way in civil practice; but it was not until the Spaniards engaged in their Little World War in 1936-1938 that the Orr technic received extensive trial by outsiders. It came to the attention of a Barcelona surgeon, Dr. J. Trueta, whose city was subjected to air raids of such violence, destructiveness, and frequency that there was no time and few facilities with which to pursue the elaborate method of Carrel-Dakin. In the emergency Dr. Trueta began to follow the procedure which Dr. Orr had outlined in a medical journal, and the early results were so successful that he adopted it as standard practice. Of 1,073 wounded persons treated thus in Barcelona, he lost only six. The plaster-cast technic is now being used in England, and glowing accounts of its effectiveness are appearing in the journals. Apparently it is the complete rest that the wound gets in its rigid jacket that speeds the healing.

There are other healing agencies. Between the moment when a wound is received and the moment when its surface tissues begin to show tensile strength there is a lag period which varies from a few hours to many days. In his presidential address to the American Surgical Association in 1940 Dr. Allen O. Whipple reviewed the current state of medical knowledge in this field. In general, four systemic factors decide the rate of healing: the age of the patient, his protein balance, his vitamin balance, and the state of his circulation.

Age the surgeon cannot alter, but knowing that the tissues of an old person are slower to heal than those of one younger, he may overcome the handicap somewhat by skilful use of the other factors.

Imbalance in circulation, for example, may be corrected through blood transfusion. This is better facilitated to-day than was the case a few years ago, particularly through the use of universal blood plasma and its ready availability at all times through blood banks. It is no longer necessary to delay an operation because the patient is anemic, nor need one watch a wound mark time through a prolonged period of lag brought about by poor circulation. Usually now an adequate circulation can be engineered.

Nor is it strange that wound repair should wait on diet. For it is well known that hemorrhage is caused by lack of Vitamins K and C, that certain tissue substances will not form in the absence of C, and that protein is essential raw material for cellular growth. Dr. A. H. Clark, of Johns Hopkins, first to study the effect of diet on wound healing, found that when the patient was fed a fare rich in protein the lag period disappeared and healing began at once; but when the food was rich in fat the lag period lasted six days. It is now regular practice to feed all wounded patients diets reinforced with vitamins and proteins, with additional plasma transfusions and other direct introductions of protein into the system when necessary. The Merck Institute for Therapeutic Research recently began an intensified study of food relative to wound healing, and in other laboratories the problem is receiving new attention.

The nutritional expert, the chemist, the bacteriologist, and the specialists in many fields thus are collaborating with the surgeon to reduce the death rate from wounds and to shorten the period of convalescence.

## V

Shortening the convalescence is one of medicine's most potent stratagems against war, whose cause is better served by maiming the enemy than by killing. A dead soldier or civilian ceases to be a care, but one who is wounded or ill has to have medical attention, nursing, hos-

pitalization, and other services which occupy the time of the enemy and make his defense more difficult. The art of war might appropriately be defined as the art of spreading disease and other misery. By means of blockade, war imposes starvation and other privations, and by means of gas, bombs, and other projectiles it wounds, exposes, and terrorizes—and impartial nature does the rest.

Can war do more? The possibility of accelerating the spread of epidemics by deliberately releasing microbes has been the subject of discussion in publications devoted to the art of warfare. Many species of disease germs are cultivated in the laboratory for purposes of research, and undoubtedly certain of these could be packed in containers and dropped from airplanes into city streets and public water supplies. A parachute carrying a load of hungry rats might be used to introduce bubonic plague, or infected lice might be scattered as typhus vectors. It could be managed, very likely, but a difficulty about germ warfare is that these "live bullets" are not directional, and an army planning invasion might find its pestilence backfiring.

Disease as it spreads spontaneously is bad enough. A striking example of the intensification of bacterial invasion which comes with war is afforded by tuberculosis. In 1918, after four years of strain, deaths from tuberculosis had increased in practically every nation: by 10 per cent in uninvaded France, by 25 per cent in England and Denmark, by 33 per cent in Spain, by 34 per cent in Czechoslovakia, by 44 per cent in Italy, by 50 per cent in Holland, by 61 per cent in Germany, by 67 per cent in Austria—and in German cities of more than 15,000 population, by nearly 100 per cent. Al-

though the United States was on the other side of the ocean from the battlefields, its tubercular death rate rose by  $1\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. Food, we know, is an important factor in the treatment of this disease, and it used to be thought that climate was also decisive. But recent findings, summarizing the observations of many years, show that by far the greater influence in promoting recovery is rest, physical and mental rest—a thing difficult to get in time of war.

The medical resources of the United States are being mobilized by the National Research Council in the present emergency. All the disease problems threatened by war, including those mentioned in this paper, are being surveyed by specialists, and measures to cope with them are in process of organization. So far as pharmaceuticals and other munitions of medicine are concerned, America is in a better position to-day than was the case in 1917. There are, to be sure, some drugs for which we must look abroad—but very few. The most important perhaps is morphine. We are still dependent on the poppy fields of Yugoslavia, Turkey, and Persia, and to-day hardly a trickle of morphine gets through the blockade. But even before Munich, Surgeon General Parran began to build up a reserve of this drug, so essential in surgery, cancer treatment, and other painful illnesses, and now a full three years' national supply of morphine is held in Washington, in the Treasury vaults formerly used to store gold.

Meanwhile, the synthetic chemists are accelerating their efforts to produce laboratory products that will outclass natural drug products, or at least fortify our pharmacopoeia against the war that threatens.





## WILL DEFENSE END UNEMPLOYMENT?

BY THOMAS J. WOOFER

WASHINGTON is deeply concerned about the ultimate effect of the defense program on unemployment, and experts differ sharply on the subject. If unemployment should virtually disappear then the need for the WPA would be greatly reduced and the efforts of the National Youth Administration and of the Civilian Conservation Corps should be more and more concentrated on preliminary training for defense industries. If, on the other hand, a substantial core of unemployment remains, then the need for these programs with some modifications will continue. How to plan in view of the uncertainty of the course of unemployment over the next few years is a dilemma of the budget-makers. Private organizations concerned with industrial planning are also speculating on the future character of the labor supply. And citizens generally would like to know the answer.

I venture to predict that defense spending alone will not soon absorb all of our idle man power unless the schedule of production is greatly stepped up above the rate in prospect over the next few months, and unless it is accompanied by a boom in civilian production brought on by increased purchasing power. This combination might, by about 1943, reduce unemployment to such levels that unemployment insurance and a limited WPA program would prevent distress. There will, however, be acute shortages of especially trained people in essential occupations.

The principal assumption upon which

this prediction rests is that the war will continue for two or more years as it is now without the involvement of this country to the extent of sending troops or training a larger army than at present contemplated. This would mean that after 1941 new inductions into the armed forces would be offset by returns to civilian life of men who had completed their service. A change in this condition might mean a reduction of two or three million in unemployment. There is now considerable discussion of the possibility of another increase in the armed forces of a million or more, but this cannot, as I write, be counted as a certainty. Also, termination of the war in England's favor would mean a more even tempo for our defense activities, while an indecisive or adverse peace would mean a continuation of our feverish effort.

I assume also that it will be 1943 or later before full plant capacity is attained in this country. (England with a smaller labor force is just now approaching full employment.) Secretary Morgenthau has already intimated that we cannot spend money as rapidly as it has been appropriated and authorized. No matter how much we appropriate or authorize, for a year or two the size of establishments and the number of machines will limit us. No matter how much we determine to aid Britain, our combined effort to arm ourselves and to send over supplies will be subject to this restriction, and such aid as we give for a number of months will be partially at the expense of

forgoing some of our own requirements, thus postponing production for American deliveries and stringing out the defense effort over a longer period, rather than piling employment for British production on top of production for American needs.

## II

Any forecast as to the volume of unemployment involves in addition these questions:

1. How many were unemployed when the defense drive started?
2. How many will go to work in defense industries and to supply the increased demands of defense workers?
3. To what extent will the new work be done by those who were previously unemployed?

The National Industrial Conference Board, one of the most conservative estimators of unemployment, has made the following prediction: Starting with an estimate of 6,650,000 unemployed in October, 1940, they add 350,000 new workers due to population increase up to June, 1941, and subtract an estimated 2,600,000 new jobs due directly and indirectly to defense orders which had been allocated up to November, 1940. They come out with 4,400,000 unemployed in June, 1941, when the results of the 9.5 billion dollars of defense contracts awarded through October, 1940, reach their peak effect on unemployment. The number might be further reduced by increases in civilian production not included in the defense jobs.

This is neat and simple arithmetic, but it brings us back to our first question: How many were unemployed when the defense effort started? The Conference Board estimate assumes that there were 6,650,000 jobless in October, 1940, when the defense effort went into high gear, but other estimators disagree widely, some claiming nearly 9 million for the same month. This is a spread of about 50 per cent. It is only fair, however, to add that the Conference Board figures

check fairly closely with the results of the Census of April, 1940.

Let us turn to the second question: How many jobs will defense industry create? The Conference Board's estimate of 2,600,000 new jobs between October, 1940, and June, 1941, is based on some definite assumptions, which they list as follows:

1. That workers will be available at the proper times and places.

The United States Employment Service has the responsibility for this but excess labor is piled up on the farms and in distressed areas. Again, skilled labor has grown rusty during the long depression and there has not been the demand that brings new recruits up from apprenticeship. The new training program has not yet gone far enough; already there is an acute shortage of skilled men in some industries while of unskilled labor there is an over-supply.

2. That prevailing output per worker will continue.

But manufacturers will naturally make every effort to increase output through efficiencies of management and through the maximum use of labor-saving machinery. It is safe to say that a marked increase in the output of some products can be attained with little increase in the number employed.

3. That there will be adequate equipment and an adequate flow of materials.

But serious bottlenecks exist; there is a shortage of machine tools; there are apprehensions, for example, as to steel capacity and the supply of magnesium for airplane alloys.

4. That essential defense production will not be interrupted by labor difficulties.

But there have been such difficulties already and, human nature being what it is, it is not likely that it will be entirely eliminated short of



dictatorial measures by the government or a stronger spirit of unity in working toward the desired goal.

5. That current civilian production will not be curtailed.

But how certain are we that civilian production will be maintained? Will production for defense be added to normal production and employment or shall we substitute defense production and defer the employment incident to securing everyday needs? Undoubtedly there will be some substitution. It will increase as the pressure to sidetrack automobiles and refrigerators for airplanes and tanks becomes greater.

All of these obstacles will tend to reduce the numbers of employed workers in the earlier stages of effort, though they may string the employment out over a longer period. The estimate of 2,600,000 employed by June, 1941, is therefore probably too high.

### III

Will the new jobs be filled by those who were unemployed in October, 1940? To answer this question we must consider the characteristics, not only of the unemployed, but also of those who are now employed and of those not now in the labor market at all; namely, the housewives, the retired people, and the college and high school students who will curtail their education if sufficiently tempted to enter industry.

Unemployed persons have various handicaps which reduce their chances of absorption into defense industries. They are not a group with uniform characteristics, but show a wide diversity in age, color, and sex, previous training and experience, length of unemployment and loss of skill, and the degree of health and vigor necessary for high-speed industry. Some will therefore be welcomed, but some will not be employed except as a last resort. As employment expands and

more and more of the cream is skimmed from the unemployed pool, the doubtful workers will make up a larger and larger proportion of the remainder and their entry into industry will become progressively more difficult.

One of the largest groups of handicapped workers is made up of inexperienced youth. Because the number of births was greater from 1921 to 1924 than ever before, a larger number of young people were growing up to working age in the latter part of the 1930's than ever before. This increase has been sufficient to swell the working force by well over half a million each year and will reach a peak about 1942. In other words, to keep ahead of unemployment, industry cannot stand still but must expand each year sufficiently to take in a new crop of workers. This is the core of the "youth problem" about which we first began to be concerned during the depression. Various studies of unemployment show consistently that about one-third of those without work are between the ages of 15 and 25.

Seven out of ten of these new workers come from farm and village families with especially high rates of increase in the more isolated and disadvantaged regions of the country. They are therefore handicapped both by their distance from industrial areas and by their lack of specialized training.

Another sizable number of disadvantaged workers are Negroes, who are disproportionately represented in the ranks of the unemployed. Many plants do not hire Negroes and others employ them only in certain processes. Already informed Negro leaders are calling attention to discriminations and wondering just what the role of the Negro in defense is to be. Judging by the experience of 1929, it seems probable that as we approach a full utilization of the labor supply some of the color bars will disappear; but it will never be quite so easy for a Negro to get a job as a white man.

The long-time unemployed also find that their loss of skills and work habits

makes it harder for them to get jobs again. Employment offices report that there was an increasing prejudice on the part of employers, as the depression progressed, against hiring people from the relief rolls. Their preference was for those who had more recently lost their jobs and not yet reached the point of needing public assistance. At present the WPA workers, on the average, have been out of work four years longer than those not on WPA.

Workers over 45 years of age also find it difficult to re-enter industry once they are out. A disproportionately large number of the unemployed are in this age bracket. Although age requirements are being relaxed for some specialized, skilled occupations, the older workers without skill are distinctly disadvantaged. Their best prospects of finding work will be in trades and services stimulated by increased payrolls.

There are a number of other classes of the handicapped unemployed who by reason of health or temperament are not capable of standing the pace of industry. Many of them will get into jobs eventually, but it will be after industry has expanded considerably farther and the bottom of the bucket is reached.

Now consider the manufacturer who has a contract which must be completed in rush time. Who besides the unemployed can do the work? One alternative is to do as much of it as possible by stretching the present labor force. Overtime will be more prevalent, workers now on part-time work will be put on full time, and special effort will be devoted to the discovery of economies and efficiencies and labor-saving devices.

The partially employed who could work full time give a marked elasticity to the present labor force. All during the slack years of the depression many workers have lived on part-time employment sometimes supplemented by a garden and chickens. The 1937 unemployment census enumerated one person partially employed and wishing more work for every two persons fully unemployed. It

has been estimated on this basis that the shift of these people from part-time into full-time employment would mean an additional million and a half man-years of work.

Some actual cases will illustrate how this has already been happening. Mr. X, a stretcher in a shoe factory, worked 15 hours a week throughout most of 1940, but when his firm received a defense contract he was stepped up to 40 hours a week in January, 1941. Mr. Y, who was a worker in a box-car manufacturing concern, worked 14 hours a week in October, 1940, and 24 hours a week in November, 1940, and has worked 40 hours a week since that time. So it has been going throughout the defense industries.

Partial employment is especially prevalent in the farm population. At present agriculture is very much overstaffed with people who remain on the farm for want of a better opportunity. One-half of the farm operators produce almost all the crops which are sold in the market. The other half are farming mainly to produce their own subsistence and to sell a little. Many of these could and will drop out of agriculture without curtailing the present production of crops necessary for the non-farm population.

Another item of excess baggage in agriculture is the unpaid family labor. These people are classed in the estimates as employed rather than unemployed although most of them are not essential to the operation of the farm and would accept a paid job willingly if one were available. These are the boys and girls who grew up in the country in the 1930's and who failed to migrate because of the lack of opportunity. They have remained with their parents, doing odd jobs in exchange for their board.

In view of these facts it has been estimated by the Department of Agriculture that perhaps 3 million workers could shift from farm to factory without interfering with the present flow of farm products to market or without reducing the number of unemployed. Already



considerable numbers are making this transfer, preëmpting some jobs which might otherwise have reduced the number of jobless.

But additional work for those now employed and those partially employed is not the only device which will postpone the employment of those least acceptable to industry. People will be brought into jobs who were not previously seeking work and who were not considered as unemployed. A boss who has lost his secretary will remember a former employee who knows his business and his files but who is now married. He will persuade her to come back to work for a month or two until his rush is over, and she may stay indefinitely.

In some highly skilled processes old people who thought that they had retired are being drawn back. The grinding of lenses is a case in point. This work is so highly specialized and so essential that former lens grinders are being recalled almost regardless of age. Already each month several thousand old people who have been drawing pensions are writing the Social Security Board to discontinue their payments because they are going back to work.

College students will also be tempted to shorten their stay in school when the offers become tempting. All in all, the aggregate number of people living near defense industries who will go to work though not now seeking work will constitute a substantial total.

One family can make several contributions to the labor supply. In a family of four, none of whom was considered unemployed, the father was the only one at work early in 1940. In June the mother went back to her previous occupation as saleswoman, leaving the girl, 18 years of age, to care for the house. In September the girl got a job as a typist, leaving the house to take care of itself; and next June the boy, 16 years old, expects to drop out of high school and get a job.

Our third question—Will the defense work be done by persons previously un-

employed?—must therefore be answered with reservations. Perhaps a fourth of the work will be accomplished by allotting more hours of labor to those now already employed and by bringing into the labor market other people than those who have been considered as unemployed.

#### IV

Since the figure of 4,400,000 unemployed in June, 1940, is based on one of the lower estimates of unemployment at the beginning of the period; since the economic machine will not work so smoothly as to fulfill the assumptions on which the creation of 2,600,000 defense jobs rest; and since not every one of these new jobs will go to the unemployed, it seems safe to predict that defense activities will not alone reduce the rolls of the jobless to the extent indicated by this somewhat optimistic prediction. Only a sharp recovery in production for civilian needs could accomplish this.

Frictions and delays already encountered will probably postpone the work on orders which were placed in 1940 to the extent that, instead of causing the maximum employment in June, 1941, as estimated by the National Industrial Conference Board, the peak will come later in the year, possibly approaching the time of the maximum harvest demand. During these months there will probably be a genuine shortage of farm labor in areas of heavy seasonal demand.

It is useful, however, to carry our speculations considerably farther into the future than the middle of 1941. After the peak has passed in the work on the nine-and-a-half-billion-dollar contracts awarded before November, 1940, employment on these contracts will diminish rapidly, the reduction amounting to about two and a half million jobs by the end of 1941. In addition, the working population will have been increasing at about 50,000 per month. Therefore, in order even to maintain employment at the peak level, without any further reduction in unemployment, new orders will

have to be placed to absorb these 2.5 million workers who will complete old orders, plus 50,000 a month added to the labor force by population increase. This re-employment will not mount as rapidly as the first increases because much of the work in the first months of the program was used for building cantonments and factories which, when once built, can continue to produce without replacement. This means that over a quarter of a million workers employed in building new camps and factories will have to shift to other work in 1941 or become unemployed.

What of the future? Restoration of a semblance of order in the world will remove from us the whip of necessity and we can choose the extent to which we wish to continue defense activities.

They cannot be shut down abruptly. Armament spending is a spree followed by the severest headaches. Sudden cessation of defense industry at anywhere near its peak would throw millions of people back into the breadline and dislocate the whole machinery of production. Defense spending should, however, eventually be reduced to the lowest level consistent with safety, since it is one of the least effective forms of public works

for spreading purchasing power. Such a large proportion of the costs goes into materials and such a small proportion into wages that the unemployed benefit less per dollar spent for defense than for almost any other purpose.

The full use of our man power is in itself an inner line of defense of the nation since it would be a major accomplishment in strengthening morale. Hitler in his tirades against democracy has rightly put his finger on unemployment as a basic symptom of the inefficiency of a free economy. Ways must be found to reach full employment not merely by keeping a large part of the productive population busy in an arms race, but eventually in a normal industry which will contribute to better living.

Thus even in the midst of heroic effort to get men into defense jobs we must plan ahead the devices to get them back into other forms of employment later. With millions absorbed in defense industry, a very large proportion of our economic eggs are in one basket and the subsequent demoralization of labor, if not forestalled, can easily be as serious as the crash of 1930 and far more calamitous than the deflation of war industries in 1920.







# WARS ARE WON BY MACHINE TOOLS

BY TELL BERNA

MR. KNUDSEN has spoken of the "terrible urgency" that faces the manufacturers of this nation. What is this "terrible urgency"?

The terrible urgency is the fact that because of some sudden adverse development in international affairs we may reach for a gun—that isn't there. This nation, devoted to the ways of peace, and sincerely opposed to the use of war as an element in national policy, has reluctantly come to a belated realization that in this modern world it is impossible to meet the stern threat of war successfully *after* it arises. It must be anticipated. Industry is fighting to-day the battle that may engage our armed forces eighteen months from now.

The Army and Navy share the complexity of modern civilization. With the 1903 Springfield rifle used in the last war, our soldiers could shoot 15 shots per minute if they paused to aim between shots. Their successors of to-day have the Garand semi-automatic rifle which can fire 60 accurately aimed shots per minute. The 30-caliber machine gun that fired at the rate of 200 shots per minute with a maximum range of two miles has been superseded by a gun of the same caliber firing at the rate of 500 shots, with a maximum range of three miles. New weapons have been developed, more flexible field guns for tank or anti-aircraft defense, fast 20 mm. guns for use on airplanes, 37 mm. rapid-fire guns for anti-tank use. The 75 mm. gun for use in the field has been largely superseded by the heavier 105

mm. piece and the powerful 155 mm. gun.

We are all dimly aware that the use of such weapons as these involves the expenditure of vast quantities of ammunition and a corresponding increase both in the number of trucks that supply the troops and in the size of the manufacturing plants back of the fighting line. But how many of us realize fully how huge the industrial output must be? Consider, by way of illustration, this single specific fact: To supply the bullets for *one* 50-caliber machine gun at the front, which is actually firing only about 23 minutes out of each hour, *somewhere in some manufacturing plant behind the lines, 24 six-spindle bar machines must run day and night.* Each of these machines is like six lathes built into one, and weighs five tons. In twenty-four hours they will cut up 12 tons of alloy steel bar. The steel bullet core they make is heat-treated, and is then covered with a copper jacket. When this projectile strikes armor plate the copper is melted by the heat of impact and acts as a lubricant so that the steel core will penetrate without shattering. In addition to these 24 machines we must have other machines for the copper jacket, the brass case, and other parts of the cartridge.

The problem of supplying enormous quantities of ammunition is made even more difficult by the high standard of workmanship required and the complexity of this *matériel*. During the World War an anti-aircraft shell was equipped with a fuse whose timing was

determined by a powder train of adjustable length; to-day it carries a clock-type mechanical fuse, which to a layman looks just like the insides of an alarm clock. This mechanism starts automatically when the shell is fired and is accurate to a split second. Reflect that when the shell is fired the spiral rifling in the barrel of the gun imparts so violent a twist that the shell on leaving the muzzle is rotating at a speed of about 16,000 revolutions per minute. Add to that the terrific detonation of the charge that will throw this 12.7 pound shell six miles into the air, and it is hard to understand how any mechanical timing mechanism can withstand the shock. The answer is skill in design, care in the selection of materials, and precision in manufacture.

In addition to guns and projectiles of many sizes and types we must have the necessary—and very intricate—instruments for range finding and the elaborate equipment for communications.

And above all, we must have planes. We have to-day no less than 35 standard types of planes for the different needs of the fighting services, and planes mean engines, landing gear, instruments, more machine guns, more ammunition, equipment for maintenance and repair, and of course more transport. The vigor and skill with which the builders of airplane engines are meeting the demand for enormous expansion of production constitute one of the most brilliant performances in the annals of American industry.

The Navy too presents many mechanical complications. Even a destroyer, one of the smaller fighting units of the fleet, contains a complete power plant, with boilers, oil burners, turbines, and reduction gearing, and all of the control gadgets that go with them, plus generators, pumps, blowers, hoists, and many other motor-driven devices, to say nothing of complete systems for lighting and communications. The destroyer is a complete modern industrial plant in

miniature, plus weapons and quarters for the crew.

The difficulty that we have in conceiving of the complex mechanical needs of a modern fighting force is increased by the fact that very few of these munitions of war are made in time of peace; we see nothing of them and do not realize that they exist. The arsenals of the Ordnance Department are charged with the responsibility of building samples of new weapons, for the purpose of checking the designs and for test in the field, and a good job they've done too, for all we weren't very generous with our appropriations for them in the piping times of peace. But we may count on them for only about ten per cent of our needs in time of national emergency. They are equipped for manufacture only in small lots. The machines required for mass production are for the most part of radically different design and construction. Ninety per cent of this enormous burden must be placed on private industry. And, as Mr. Charles F. Kettering has pointed out in his illuminating article in the *Saturday Evening Post* for January 18, 1941: "Guns aren't windshield wipers."

## II

To most of us a manufacturing plant is a large building. What goes on inside is something of a mystery. Somehow it produces electric refrigerators or radio sets. Actually, the building is the simplest part of the establishment. Many other elements are essential. There must be handling facilities, cranes, conveyors, electric trucks. And there must be machine tools, which may be defined as power-driven machines which shape metal pieces to the desired form and size by cutting the metal or by grinding it. They do to metal by power what the carpenter does in shaping a piece of wood with his hand tools and sandpaper. They range in weight from a hundred pounds to a hundred tons or more; in size from a bench drill as big as a suit case to a mammoth planer-type milling



machine as big as a bungalow. They contain many parts: gears, shafts, cams, bearings, and spindles, each one of carefully selected material, designed with cunning and accurately made to do its work without error and without failure. They are driven by electric motors; sometimes a single machine may have many motors to move the various parts, and the operator controls them through wheels, levers, and pushbuttons, by a mere motion of a hand. They furnish the power—he need furnish only a watchful guiding intelligence. Machine tools are the backbone of the metal-working plant.

But that does not end the list of what is needed. For jigs are needed too, clever devices that fit the part being machined and guide the drill or reamer so that each hole is cut in exactly the right place. We must have also fixtures to hold a piece while it is being machined. Since jigs and fixtures must be adapted to the operation in question and must fit both the piece to be held and the machine tool on which the work is done, they must be specially designed and specially built.

The need for gages for precise measurement presents one of the most difficult problems in our defense effort. These are of many types and sizes. Perhaps the simplest form is the plug gage with a cylinder at each end, each cylinder ground and lapped to a high degree of accuracy. We push this plug gage into a hole that we have drilled and reamed; when the smaller cylinder will enter the hole and the larger end will not we know that the diameter of the hole is between the diameter of the large end and that of the small end; it is within the limits of error allowed. Other types of gages measure distances and internal diameters. The dial-type gage looks at first glance like a watch; moving the stem a tenth of one thousandth of an inch moves the hand about a tenth of an inch; thus tiny errors are thrown into high relief and we can quickly check the accuracy of the work. Other precision-measuring devices make use of optical principles or

use radio amplification in their operation.

We must have gages for each important dimension of each piece that enters into this vast manufacturing program. Gage manufacturers who normally produce \$4,000,000 worth of gages in a year will be called on to produce \$16,000,000 worth in 1941. To gain some conception of the number of gages needed, consider one type of light machine gun, 30-caliber; this gun requires (for 2,800 machining operations) 6,000 *different* gages, or 12,000 gages in all. These are needed to equip the operators at the machines and the inspectors. As gages are used they wear and gradually lose their accuracy. They must therefore be checked against master gages in the tool room at frequent intervals and may need repair. This adds to the need for machine tools, for the gages themselves are made and repaired on machine tools.

The manufacturer of gages requires fine equipment and a substantial percentage of highly skilled workmen, with years of training and experience. Because there are so many segments of this vast undertaking that require men of long training and a high degree of skill, we may well find in this the most serious bottleneck of the entire program.

Another serious limiting factor is the need for skilled supervisors. These men must not only furnish leadership, they must check the flow of materials into their departments and of finished parts out of them, must see that the work is properly allotted to the machines available, must see that all of the mechanical equipment in their care is properly maintained and promptly repaired when that is necessary. Above all, they must have the ingenuity and experience to cope with all sorts of unexpected mechanical difficulties as they arise and keep the flow of finished work going smoothly out of the department. It is because these men are available in large automobile plants that we have turned to them for help on a large part of our defense needs.

Let's follow a foreman for a few hurried moments. He may be called out to a machine because the tools won't "stand up." It may be that the material is too hard to cut—he sends for the metallurgist, who checked it on arrival, and they go into an earnest discussion on that point. Perhaps the trouble is in the material from which the cutting tools are made or in the heat-treatment given them. Perhaps these tools have not been properly ground. The coolant, which pours over the tool and the work to carry away the heat of cutting, may not be just right—a change in coolant sometimes works wonders for reasons that no one fully understands.

Whatever the trouble is, the foreman must find it, with the help of the various experts available, and get that machine back into operation as quickly as possible. Even as he considers this puzzle he feels a tug at his sleeve, and looks round to see his pet aversion, the manager of the production department, who wants to know when he can have "those crankshafts." The foreman restrains his natural impulses and gives him a polite answer. Then he is interrupted by a call to the inspector's department, where finished parts gleam in serried ranks, to be calmly informed that several hundred shafts are a half of a thousandth of one inch over-size. That happens to be a part for which the assembly line has been pleading piteously for two days, and the foreman's blood runs cold.

Before a decision is reached as to whether these parts shall be accepted or reworked the chief engineer and the works manager have been called into the discussion. The clock moves remorselessly on, and the foreman remembers a growing pile of requisitions on his desk, awaiting his hasty signature, and a thousand other important details.

No, the foreman's job is not an easy one; it calls for great resourcefulness and endless patience, and a world of experience.

Every well-operated metal-working

plant is really a collection of highly developed and balanced skills. Designing engineers, metallurgists, cost accountants, production engineers, inspectors, foremen, maintenance men, electrical engineers—all play their parts, just as we must have surgeons, psychiatrists, biologists, and many others to staff a hospital. And we can no more improvise a works manager than we can a surgeon.

Furthermore, since the needs of a nation at war differ from those in time of peace, we shall experience an unprecedented demand for some types of materials—in quantities out of proportion to the capacity that has been developed in this country. We may easily find that there must be a substantial increase in the output of alloy steels of many kinds if the program is not to be delayed when actual production begins in the hundreds of plants that are now being equipped. Industry must have in connection with national defense 1,200 materials for the Army and Navy which have no peacetime counterparts.

There are so many advantages in adapting existing plants to the needs of the defense program instead of building new ones that we must keep this possibility constantly in mind. The use of existing plants avoids the cost of new construction. The men are there; we need not create a housing problem by setting up a new manufacturing community. We can use the buildings, the power plant, the cranes for handling the work, perhaps even some of the machine tools already in place. But we must not overlook the fact that this procedure has very definite limitations.

Every metal-working plant has in balance the various human and mechanical elements needed for a certain product. They are not in balance for a different product. The manufacturer of lawn mowers does not have the proper machine tools for making a rifle. He could use the general-purpose machine tools in his tool room if they are in good condition, and perhaps some of his



drilling machines and grinders, but the rest of his equipment is useless. He has no deep-hole drilling machines at all and would certainly need some rifling machines and a great many new milling machines.

Furthermore, every manufacturing plant works to a certain standard of accuracy. To build lawn-mower parts to extreme limits of accuracy would be pure extravagance. That market does not require a precision product. But a rifle must not fail in the heat of battle; an airplane engine must deliver an unbroken flow of power if the crew are to get back to their base. The manufacturer who turns from an everyday industrial product to the manufacture of airplane engine parts is undertaking a very difficult assignment. Even an automobile plant finds the necessary standards of accuracy very exacting.

Some months ago a manufacturer of airplane engines approached a large automobile company for help in producing engine parts. To show what he needed he arranged an exhibit of over 800 of these parts, with the blueprint of each part to show the material from which it is made and the permissible leeway, or "tolerance," allowed on each dimension. After studying them all day the automotive engineers selected the parts they thought they could produce in a satisfactory way with their equipment. They selected *just two* parts.

Only certain parts of a connecting rod for an automobile engine are machined to accurate dimensions; the surface may be rough in certain unimportant places. But the connecting rod for an airplane engine must be machined all over. Certain critical dimensions are held to errors of not over one or two tenths of a thousandth of an inch. The surfaces are polished; the deepest permissible scratch is eight-millionths of an inch below the surface; for a deeper mark might prove the starting point for a break. The designer cannot simply add to the size and strength of the rod; for weight must be held down to a minimum. To secure

the utmost in power and speed each part of the engine operates under severe stress. Only the finest alloy steel, carefully controlled heat treatment, and machining to the closest possible limits make these engines possible.

Such standards impose an extremely difficult burden on the manufacturers of airplane engines and on hundreds of companies that have undertaken to manufacture parts and accessories for them. And these in turn look to the machine-tool builder for help. Such work cannot be done on old machine tools.

And the result? During the World War an airplane engine was overhauled after 50 hours of flight; to-day this is done only every 600 hours. The Liberty engine was a liquid-cooled 12 cylinder engine and delivered 400 horsepower. To-day the Allison engine, which is also a liquid-cooled 12 cylinder engine, delivers 1,040 horsepower. In many a skirmish in the air a slight advantage in power means victory.

We must bear in mind that unless accuracy has first been built into a machine tool we cannot hope to get accurate work from it. To correct errors resulting from machine operations you have to resort to hand work with scraper and file; and this is not only slow and expensive, it is also exacting work requiring a high degree of mechanical skill and years of experience. The secret of mass production, whether of arms or of the products of peace, is interchangeability of parts, made possible by accurate machine tools and accurate gages, and the reduction of hand work to the absolute minimum.

Accuracy is of course a relative term. Shell bodies, for instance, do not require split-haired accuracy, but parts of airplane engines test the finest modern manufacturing facilities to the utmost.

There are three major elements in the problem which the defense program has brought to the machine-tool builder. First, the need for supplying *enormous quantities* of new machine tools to companies that cannot handle their new

assignments with existing equipment. Second, the need for *new designs* for machine tools, to make possible the mass production of weapons and ammunition normally made in small quantities. Third, the need for *accurate workmanship*, for remember, unless accuracy is built into the machine tool we cannot get accurate work from it. To combine a vast and rapid increase in production with the introduction of new designs, and to do both these things without sacrificing precision of workmanship is an almost superhuman task.

### III

Strictly speaking, the machine-tool industry is a *group* of industries, each making a certain type of machine tool. The art of forming and shaping metal by cutting it may be divided into five fundamental methods:

1. Drilling, or cutting a hole—with which we may group reaming, boring, and tapping.
2. Milling—using a rotating cutter bearing a succession of cutting teeth on its edge like a circular saw.
3. Planing—developing a flat surface by moving the work back and forward under a stationary cutting tool; or shaping, in which the work is stationary and the tool moves back and forward.
4. Grinding—the removal of metal by the use of an abrasive wheel—following the same principle as the grindstone used on the farm.
5. Turning—as on a lathe.

Each of these methods is embodied in a variety of forms, and there are many machine tools in which two or more are combined. Each type of machine tool has become highly developed because of the constant pressure from the user for greater safety and convenience for the operator, faster production, and closer accuracy.

In any metal-working plant we shall find an assortment of machine tools, selected as to type and size, to make the parts required for the product being manufactured. Thus if we imagine ourselves standing in a shop where

Diesel engines are made, we shall note several large planer-type milling machines working on the crank case or base of the engine. These machines tower ten feet into the air. Each has a large cast-iron table, to which the piece to be milled is rigidly bolted and braced. As this table moves under the horizontal rail of the machine two cutters with inserted teeth, turning in a horizontal plane, seem to sweep away the surplus metal in a slow wave of chips, and leave behind them a gleaming, smooth, true surface. Next we see a vertical boring mill at work on another part; a forging of steel that is to become a cylinder of the engine. This boring mill has a rotating table about four feet in diameter, and a cutting tool reaches down from the head on the rail to take a chip from the inside surface of the forging, while another tool mounted on a side head moves downward to cut away the metal on the outside surface.

In the background we see many smaller machines—vertical drilling machines, the big brothers of those we have seen in the hardware store. There are many others; lathes, milling machines, grinders and broaching machines. Perhaps the most spectacular of all is one of the smallest; a grinder that grinds the hole in an injection nozzle, a hole about the size of an ordinary pin. The tiny bit of abrasive that does the work is turning at 40,000 revolutions per minute, driven by a jet of air. The fuel will be sprayed into the cylinder through this hole. The accuracy of this little hole controls the efficiency of the engine.

The normal capacity of the machine-tool industry to produce these various types of machines is in proportion to the peace-time demand. But the defense program requires a different proportion, and the result is a greater demand for certain types of machine tools. Some manufacturers already have orders which will require their full output for over twelve months, others can still accept orders for delivery in three or four months. The builder of one standard



type of machine tool cannot readily produce another type, though both are machine tools. The shoemaker cannot readily make a hat. The lathe builder hasn't the patterns, jigs, or fixtures for milling machines, and his men are not trained in the manufacture of them. Fortunately some machine-tool builders have long built special machinery of various kinds and have developed a very versatile engineering and manufacturing personnel; these concerns are of particular value in the present emergency.

We now come to the basic paradox of the situation: that this industry which makes mass production possible cannot use mass-production methods in its own shops, nor can machine tools be taken from the dealer's shelf, like cans of tomatoes. Machine tools must for the most part be specially built or specially "tooled up" to meet the precise needs of a given job.

A typical transaction begins with the machine-tool salesman discussing with the equipment buyer or the works manager of a customer company a sample and a blueprint of a piece to be made. The salesman is full of questions: How many of these pieces must be produced in an hour? What are the permissible limits of error in the machined surfaces? What is the requirement as to surface finish? Of what metal is the piece to be made—how easily can it be cut? These considerations affect not only the time required for the operation but the type of machine tool used as well. When these and other details are clear he sends his report to the machine-tool builder, whose sales-engineering department prepares an estimate and quotation, embodying in detail their recommendations, not only as to the size and type of machine, but also how the piece will be held during the cut, how fast it will be cut, how many pieces can be produced on the machine by this method, as well as the price and the weight of the machine and the delivery time required. If the customer accepts this quotation he sends his order to the machine-tool builder, in

whose plant many different departments swing into hurried action.

The purchasing agent places orders for the electrical equipment and other accessories required. Out in the engineering department engineers spread fresh paper over their boards in the soft white light of mercury lamps, and set about designing the special attachments and tools that will have to be made for this transaction. The production planning department sends into the shop an order and a blueprint for each different part, and a "time card" for each operation on each part (and there may be several thousand parts).

In due season each department of the factory does its work until the finished machine tool goes into operation on the test floor and produces pieces under actual operating conditions to confirm the sales engineering department's original estimate of production. In many cases the machine-tool builder sends a demonstrator to his customer's plant to explain the machine to the operator who will run it, and to make the final adjustments. In a sense, the machine-tool builder sells not a machine of cast iron and steel, but results; results expressed in so many pieces per hour to certain rigid standards of accuracy.

#### IV

The production of the machine-tool industry in a normal year is worth about \$150,000,000. Like other capital goods industries, it suffers from extreme variations in demand; between 1929 and 1932-33 its annual output shrank abruptly from \$185,000,000 to an average of \$23,500,000. The industry succeeded in gradually rebuilding its production, largely through sales abroad, and by 1939 the volume had risen to \$200,000,000. Then the effect of the United States defense program on American industries resulted in a rapid expansion; shipments for 1940 rose to the total of \$450,000,000. Considering the nature of the product and the difficulty of expanding an industry that requires such

a large proportion of highly skilled men, you can imagine what heroic efforts were required to bring about this increase. Yet the 1941 output will probably be about \$750,000,000—five times the normal figure, nearly four times the 1939 figure, nearly double the 1940 figure. Only the brilliant performance of the airplane-engine industry can compare with this remarkable expansion, and only the energy and resourcefulness of the machine tool industry have enabled the airplane-engine builders to expand as they have.

This expansion has been secured by resorting to every possible expedient—the construction of new plants, the installation of new machine tools (for machine tools are built by machine tools), the training of thousands of men, overtime work, and the sub-contracting of parts, of sub-assemblies, and of complete machines.

Of primary importance is the task of training men. The industry employed about 40,000 men in 1939; now it employs about 85,000. Over half of the men now engaged in building these highly developed and accurate machines probably never set foot in a machine-tool plant before September 1939. How are they taught these new and difficult jobs?

Ever since its inception in this country over a hundred years ago, the machine-tool industry has had apprenticeship courses, intended to develop all-round mechanics. But although thousands of youngsters are now in training as apprentices, so slow a process obviously cannot solve the problem of rapid expansion; for such courses are three or four years long. To meet the immediate need, the industry has trained thousands of men as "learners," or machine operators. In many cases the manufacturer has co-operated with local trade schools to give these men preliminary training.

Here is Jack Learner watching Bill Operator, who runs a knee-type milling machine. As Bill works he shows Jack how to clamp the piece to be milled, how to set the machine for the speeds and feeds desired, and imparts in addi-

tion a great deal of shop lore on a variety of subjects, ranging from the best place to put his lunch box to the correct way to stone a cutting edge. If there is much repetitive work Jack soon understands, and operates the machine himself under Bill's watchful eye. How long a time is required to reach this point in Jack's training depends on the nature of the machine and on many other variables. If Jack is quick he may be doing simple work by himself, on the second shift, in five or six weeks. As he develops skill he gets more difficult work to do; perhaps a dovetail job. There is usually an older man nearby to whom he can turn for counsel; the gang boss and the foreman are helpful. After a year or two he may acquire enough skill to set up an entirely new piece and mill it to the dimensions shown on a blueprint.

Obviously the success of this method has been largely dependent upon the fine co-operation of the experienced men. Nor is Jack Learner necessarily a young man; a very considerable number of men forty-five years old and older have shown remarkable ability in assuming unfamiliar tasks. In the meantime the more experienced men in the shop have been "upgraded" to gang boss, assistant foreman, and foreman, to meet the needs of an expanding plant. The growing need for shop-trained men of executive caliber bids fair to become a problem of constantly increasing difficulty both in machine-tool plants and in the new plants of contractors as the defense program develops.

The problem of meeting the extraordinary demands of 1941 would be less difficult if we could be sure just what machine tools will be required and in what quantity. Unfortunately, it has been impossible to secure an estimate sufficiently accurate to form a basis for policy. The program is being constantly altered and expanded as new developments in Europe produce new needs in America, and the industry in turn must constantly reshape its plan of campaign.



So enormous is the task that lies between the signing of a defense contract and the production of the finished weapons that we may consider that the machine-tool builder is to-day fighting the battle that may engage our armed forces eighteen months from now. As Admiral Stark said, "We can buy anything but yesterday." Time is *not* on our side.

This war is not a war of masses of men, it is a battle of engineering skill involving comparatively limited man power very completely equipped with an appalling variety of mechanized equipment. The battle line is in the factories and homes of England, and we are part of their defense. The machine operator has become a fighting man; this war will be won at the machine.

## ROOM UNDER BOMBARDMENT

BY PHYLLIS ALLFREY

**Q**UICKLY, before the walls split, while they stand  
 Capture this room with a yet fluid hand—  
 Workshop, called living-room, where friends have slept,  
 Argued and eaten, corner crumbs unswept,  
 Chairs threadbare with much use, stamp the mind's eye  
 With a clear shapeliness. The nearing sky  
 Presses far autumn twigs against the glass  
 And beyond window-vision raiders pass.

Entering here, the heart is comforted,  
 But wrung with loss for children who have fled,  
 Young men in stiff strange uniforms, and one  
 A prisoner in despite. Oh, English sun,  
 Which will smile veiled and mocking on this plaster  
 Even when all is rubble of disaster,  
 Linger a little moment and define  
 The colored books, the friendly lamp, the wine  
 Spilt on the rug; for words may be the sole  
 Relic and souvenir of this room whole.  
 Streak the white papers on the desk with light  
 Before the violent darkness which is night.  
 Destroyed, what can restore this room, rebuild  
 The comradeship once sheltered, true friends killed,  
 Children so grown that they are scarce the same,  
 Lost shabbiness, the shadow of a name?

Quickly, before the walls split, leave a mark  
 Of shape and feeling for the broken dark.



# OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL

A STORY

BY JOHN MACLIESH

The author of this story, a Captain in the King's Own Royal Regiment, died on the Libyan Frontier, aged twenty-two, and is buried there in an oasis. The manuscript was found among his papers.—*The Editors.*

FOR what seemed to him a long time he lay in a state of painful throbbing semi-consciousness. A stinging soreness started from behind his eyes and permeated his whole body. At the slightest movement a wrench of pain from his leg made all his nerves shiver.

The sun was shining warmly on his face now. It had been dark when he first opened his eyes. The air was cool. The little breeze that fanned him bore with it a fragrance that was new to him. He did not open his eyes because he was afraid of the light.

Gradually he fell into a sleep of uneasy whispy dreaming, haunted by a feeling of some unknown responsibility unfulfilled, and all the while conscious of his soreness.

After a time another discomfort was added to those that already were afflicting him. At first scarcely noticed, it grew in intensity, until eventually he realized that the sun was blazing hotly on his face and neck. The cool fragrance of the breeze had given place to a choking dusty oppression. After a few feeble efforts to shield himself with his arms and hands he opened his eyes.

The first thing he saw was a big gray bird circling easily above him with scarcely a movement of its wings. From time to time it uttered a dry little croak. He watched it, troubled by some odd

familiarity about it. Not to other birds of its kind, but to something else. Something remembered dimly, and yet elusive, like a turned-away face.

With difficulty he raised himself on his elbow and looked dazedly around. In front of him a succession of low round sand hills curved away smoothly into the hot dimness of the distance. Their outlines danced in the surges of hot air that shimmered across the ground. There was no vegetation. Everything was very still. He gazed for fully a minute and then, with a pitiful expression of incredulity on his face, turned to look round the other way.

He found that he was lying at the foot of a fairly large sand hill, whose long ruffled crest prevented him from seeing for more than a hundred yards. About ten yards from him the wreckage of an airplane lay upside down in the sand, its crumpled fuselage, upturned wheels, and bent propeller forlorn in their silence.

For the moment this sight stirred a dim recollection in his mind, but elusive as a half-remembered name, it slipped through his dull brain, leaving only the picture of an airplane glinting meaninglessly in the sun and casting a shapeless shadow on the sand.

He sighed and lay down again, exhausted by the effort. But it soon became clear to him that he would have to



move. Each minute the sun beat down more fiercely, blazing with the increased glare from the burning sand. About the horizon successive waves of heat were setting into the dull shivering glassiness of mirage. With an effort he started to crawl over to the shade beneath the wreckage. The movement did not hurt his leg as much as he had expected, but each time he made any progress forward the sand slipped from under him, till he could have screamed with exasperation.

When at length he reached the wreckage his head throbbed with pain. He was soaked with sweat. His tongue was dry. The smell of oil that had dripped from the engine into a dark shiny pool, and was being slowly absorbed into the sand around its edges, brought that sour taste that presages sickness into his mouth. Cold prickly perspiration broke out on his forehead. After a few moments of doubtful anticipation he was sick.

Feeling better for it, he crawled away from the patch of oil and made a hollow for himself in the sand with his shoulders and lay back. The sickness had cleared his head. It ached no longer. With the cessation of the pain behind his eyes some of the soreness about his person subsided. He began to look about him with more interest. The ground was littered with things that had fallen from the cockpit. There was a notebook with a pencil tied to it on a piece of string. A pair of splintered goggles. Some gloves. The leather cushion from the pilot's seat. There was a pistol in a leather holster. It was when he leaned over to pull the cushion under his head that he first noticed the pistol.

Up to that moment his mind had been kept so busily occupied with the series of facts with which it had been confronted that he had not considered the possibility of death. Now he found himself wondering almost subconsciously how soon he would be driven by thirst to use the pistol.

As this thought dawned on him a feeling of cold uneasiness started in his stomach and spread through all his body. Death! With his chin rested on his fist, he stared at the thing lying there, cruel, black, efficient, in the sand. How strange it was, he thought, that anything so small should be able to work such a change on a man—to turn him in a flash from a living thing, full of energy and aspiration, into a pale twisted mass of decay.

His overcharged imagination traced the successive stages of his own gradual destruction. The big gray bird would hear the shot and come swiftly down to investigate then, croaking with anticipation and self-righteousness, hasten off to spread the glad news amongst his comrades. He visualized their arrival, at first silent, with only circling shadows on the sand and a faint sound of beating wings. Then, suddenly swooping down, a violent, seething, quarreling mass, pecking, tearing, hopping, and fluttering off to swallow some ghastly tidbit quickly, so as to be able to return, beady-eyed and avid, for more.

He saw them, their banquet over, preening themselves about the pink freshness of his newly uncovered bones, and then flying off heavily, one by one, satisfied and sleepy, leaving the completion of nature's sanitary task to the wind, the sun, and the sand.

It was even possible, he thought, that a beetle or some other small tenant might find a home in his skull and rear a family there.

And now there came back to him, in dreamlike fantasy, pictures he had seen in his childhood, in children's books, of various outlandish creatures living in pumpkins or similar lodgings, garnished for domestic purposes with a chimney. Possibly even thatched. It seemed entirely reasonable that his skull might serve the purpose equally well. Desirable residences must be difficult in those parts to come by. He hoped it would be a beetle. In his youth he had had a great affection for them and for all

small helpless things. He remembered a cockchafer he had kept in a box. He used to take it out for walks on a piece of cotton. There had been bumblebees too that lived in a tin with muslin over the top. He had brewed for their benefit a beverage he remembered calling Nutmegale. . . . Good friends all, they had been, and he liked to think he could be of some use to them still. . . . He found himself wondering where the new tenant would find materials for its improvements and its alterations in this barren place.

And now the path of memory led him finally back into his childhood, down a narrow path roughly trodden by grown-up feet, to a hole in some paling. Clear-cut as a picture it was. He had only to put his two hands on the sides of the hole, to steady himself, and to step through, and there he was. A square little boy in blue rompers again, with a black bullet head.

It was somewhere on the east coast of Scotland. He had lived there in a house with his grandmother while his parents had been abroad in India. He remembered that. The gap in the paling had been down at the bottom of the vegetable garden; through it the little path ran, worn in the grass of a field that led down to, and under, the railway embankment. There was a dark, cool, echoing bridge there, and beyond it the cliffs and the sea.

He remembered that. Rounding the bend, you suddenly saw the sea far below. Choppy little waves casting dazzle stars of fiery sunlight from the crest of one to the crest of another. As you went on round the path a wonderful view of caves unfolded itself behind the shoulder of a grassy mound on which sea pinks trembled in the breeze. The rock in one place had been eaten away, leaving only a thin craggy sort of pier that curved up into a big crooked arch. Around it, and around the cliffs of the bay, the sea swelled and surged lazily, from time to time casting up a spout of spray like a fountain of scattered sunlit snow. Then

the water subsided with widening creamy rings of foam, swung slowly back, and gathering its wrinkled mass, made another languid onslaught.

The voice of the sea he remembered too as if it reached his ears from very far away. It had been a wonderful thing to him, a great sound made up of many smaller ones: The impetuous sigh of the waves churning on the shingle. The cold echoing slap as they beat against the smooth walls of caves. The melancholy oft-repeated cry of a single gull, snatched away and made faint by the wind, then taken up by gulls all round the shore as they rose in white circling masses, flashed in the sun, and settled again—some on the cliffs, some on the waves to be rocked up and down, sideways and down, up and down—and sideways and down.

And now, from the pleasant coma into which memory had lulled him, there came a particular day. A particular sea gull. The sun was shining. In the house a grown-up made whirring sounds on a sewing machine. His sisters played tedious games with dolls under a mulberry tree.

He left them. He left the lot of them and went through that hole in the paling, for the first time in his short life all alone. The currant bushes were a forest. The gorse was a jungle. The rough path trodden in the grassy field was exciting as the road Dick Whittington trod. Through the field he went and under the railway arch. It was out of bounds. It was strictly forbidden, and that was the joy of it and the delight.

Now he was all alone, out on the cliffs. The sea wind ruffled his hair. And to him, over the grass amongst the sea pinks, came Tutu.

Tutu had been a half-witted boy from the village. A shambling, dirty, uncouth boy, always hungry, always looking for something to cook. His eye was beady and furtive. He spoke with an odd little dry croak. So oddly familiar now. . . . In a minute, he thought, I shall see. I shall remember.



Tutu came, doing a shambling dance, calling out something.

"Look . . . look."

There on the cliff side amongst the sea pinks lay a sea gull. It was a very young sea gull, and it lay, its white breast heaving, on a crumpled wing. He had squatted down over it, beside Tutu, half-fascinated, half-horrified. He poked it very gently with a stick, and Tutu crowed with delight. "If I carried it home," he thought, somehow hating Tutu's gurglings, "could they mend it on the sewing machine?"

He dare not pick it up. He was afraid to touch it.

Then Tutu became immensely active and animated. Tutu ran this way and that way, collecting sticks.

"Roast it," he said. "Make a stew. You watch it, see. I'll get a tin."

It was an enchanting idea, yet while it ensnared him it sickened him. He stood with his hands behind him, his stomach stuck well out, as small boys stand all the world over, and stared at the sea gull. Tutu was leaping about down below upon the shingle, looking for his tin. They were usually to be found in numbers abandoned by the worst kind of picnic party.

He found one and came back with it, making those dry little croaking noises. He held it up triumphantly. It still had the picture of peaches clinging to it, fat luscious peaches such as do not grow save in celestial fields.

"Water," he croaked, "water."

He danced off to fetch some.

As his shambling figure disappeared beyond the gorse bushes where a little stream trickled over the grass to fall like a crystal thread down the cliff side and be lost in the ocean, a sudden determination came to the little boy in blue rompers, overcoming even his fear. . . . He bent down and picked up the sea gull in his two hands and held it for a moment. And in that moment fear departed, and he knew pity for the first time; a strange little steady flame was lit in his heart. With hastening footsteps, he did the for-

bidden thing. He went to the cliff's very edge. He dropped the white bird over, into the blue of the morning.

For a second it went down like a stone. Then the miracle happened. It spread out its wings, and the wind caught them and lifted it up and down, and sideways and down, and out to sea.

Tutu returned. At first he was just a gray shadow moving on the grass. He scowled and threatened the boy in blue rompers with a stick. The note of his little dry croak had changed from anticipation to rage.

And it did not matter. Because one had touched the sea gull and found it warm and feathery, and not at all frightening, fear was dead. Tutu wasn't anything. He did not matter. You made a little rush at him and his face changed and he turned, and his large gray figure went shambling off. And there wasn't anything. Only the wind, and the sound of the sea slapping against the caves, and the gulls, rising and falling. Rising and falling. . . .

Old Abdul Al straightened himself from his work amongst the orange trees. His day's work was done. The last tin full of water had been hauled up, limpid clear and cool, from the old round-topped well. It had slopped over, making damp marks on the stone about the well. The ground about his trees was dark too with moisture. Water hung here and there, like silver beads, where it had spilled over on the short harsh grass.

Cheerful and fat was Abdul Al, and dressed in a flowing nightgown of a garment. He was the owner of a patriarchal beard. As he watered and worked he had sung to himself, a song that sounded like yelling. But now he fell silent. Shading his eyes with his hand he looked about him. The evening breeze stirred the date palms. Away down the sandy slope at the edge of the oasis he could see the cluster of square gray houses in the village. The long leaves of the eucalyptus trees rustled faintly. The sun was sinking beyond the sand hills now. The

plowland of the distant plain was bathed in its warm pink light. The fading violet of the dusk was gathering about the fragile outlines of the Judean hills and creeping gradually up the soft blue of the cloudless sky. The air was filled with the scent of the blossoming orange trees. Everything was still.

This was the best hour of all the day, and Abdul Al stood for a moment savoring it, the wind parting his beard. From the village came the shrill sound of boys at play. From his own house in the grove came the shriller note of his wives quarreling. An unseen donkey bemoaned its fate.

Abdul looked round him, suddenly aware of something missing. It was then that he noticed that Yusseff, his son, his last born, who had come out with him to the grove that evening at the hour of the watering, was no longer there.

"Yusseff?" He cocked his head sideways, listening for a reply, but none came. Then he saw that there was a hole in the fencing around the orange grove, through which small feet had made a path that went off over the sand. "So soon," thought Abdul, "he seeks adventure, the little one!" He laughed into the folds of his beard and set out to seek his son. The desert is no place for children, after sunset.

Presently he saw his son's Tom Thumb-like little figure, clad in its black-and-white-striped pillowcase of a smock, plodding along far ahead at the foot of the sand hills. . . . It would be amusing to see where he would go, the little one. Abdul kept his distance, tolerantly following.

Yusseff mounted the slope and stood for a moment, thumb in mouth, watching the sun disappear. He wondered where

it spent the night. When it had gone he started to climb the hill. Perhaps if he reached the top he would see it, a golden penny, lying flat in the sand.

To get to the top was a pioneer effort for him! He had never before ventured so far afield. The fence of the orange grove had always been the boundary to his knowledge of the world. Neither his short legs nor his small feet were fitted to cope with the heavy embrace of the sand.

But get to the top he did. Then he saw something that aroused his curiosity. He advanced toward it. When he was only a few yards away he stopped to stare at the strange motionless figure in the sand. As he did so, a large gray bird that sat as if awaiting a signal gave a croak and withdrew a little way.

Yusseff had a lively contempt for such birds. He picked up a piece of stick and made a sortie at it. It rose and moved off a little way with spread wings and settled again. The child stood for some time, his close-cropped head on one side, his thumb in his mouth, small body swaying slightly as though blown by the wind. His black glistening eyes flickered about trying to take it all in, trying to understand what it meant.

Half frightened he was and yet fascinated. Presently he gathered courage and went closer. Very gently he poked the still figure with his stick.

"Saida!" he said.

The figure stirred. The lips moved framing a word that Yusseff did not understand. "Water. Water."

The child turned, his brief spell of courage ebbing. Now the quiet of the evening was broken up by the voice of Yusseff, calling, calling for his father, as Abdul Al came over the brow of the hill.





# THE INCIDENT IN JAMES STREET

TWENTY-SIX HOURS AS AN AIR RAID WARDEN

BY JOHN STRACHEY

AT FIVE minutes to seven on a Friday evening Ford was getting into his overalls when the Blitz began, noisily. He put on his tin hat and went to the door to have a look out, wondering if he ought to go along to the post without eating his dinner, which was ready.

As he put his head out, a man said "Warden," out of the dark. "Warden," went on the voice irritably, "come and see these dreadful lights. Don't you think you ought to put them out at once?" Ford went down the street a few yards and found a man in a trilby hat pointing toward the trees in Bedford Court. There were the lights all right, two of them behind the trees and, as they watched, three more came slowly drifting and dropping through the higher sky, red, white, and orange. "I'm afraid I can't put *those* lights out," Ford said. "You see, those are flares dropped from German airplanes." "Oh, are they?" said the man; his voice was still censorious. The 'plane droned lower and lower. The guns thumped, spat, and crashed. "Don't you think it rather unwise to stand about without a tin hat just . . ." Ford said. But he failed to complete his sentence. A swish had begun. He dropped like a stone, full length into the gutter.

The man in the trilby hat took no notice whatever, either of the swish or of the disappearance of his interlocutor. He began explaining how he had always said that the "best way to deal with them

'Uns . . .'" Ford, however, listening, his ear very much to the ground, heard the swish end in a thud without a bang. He thought, "D.A. and near." So the war plans of the man in the trilby hat passed, literally, over his head. Ford picked himself up; another swish began. Something in its note seemed to him menacing. He flung open the area gate and had crashed down the steps by the time this swish ended, with what then seemed to be a loud bang (although a little later he was to think of it as having been an almost incredibly small bang). Emerging from the area—he hoped with dignity—he found the man in the trilby hat still explaining his own method of bombing Berlin. He had apparently again not noticed that he had been speaking to the blackout alone. Ford heard, not very loud, but unmistakably, the tinkle of falling glass and the cracking of broken masonry. The man, apparently disgusted at this warden's inattention, remarked, "Well, I must be going on now," and passed into the night.

Ford began to run. He ran in what he thought was the direction of the noises, along Marlow Square, past the sub-post, deciding (probably wrongly) not to go in and report first, but to go straight for the incident. It did not cross his mind that there could be any difficulty in finding it. Nor did there seem to be. He ran into Gage Street, crossed Royal Walk and the top of James Street, which he glanced down. It touched his

consciousness that the outline of its houses, seen in the blackness, looked unfamiliar. But he thought nothing of that. Now he saw a masked torch switched on at the far end of Gage Street. In a moment he found Ivy Rawlings standing over a very small crater, just where the street joined the pavement. They used their torches and saw that a couple of cellars were broken in, but the houses seemed undamaged.

"It was quite a small one, then," Ford said.

A white hat came up. (Mr. Strong on his bicycle.) "Come with me to Royal Walk."

"Is there another incident there?" Ford asked as they walked back to the top of James Street.

Strong said, "Considerable damage reported in Royal Walk, but no crater found yet."

Just then a car came up. Strong said, "Stay and stop the traffic." Ford stood about for a bit.

There was no traffic. He began to sense that they were on the fringe of something. He looked down James Street. He could see nothing at all. Surely even to-night one should be able to see the outline of the rows of houses. The darkness down James Street was, he now realized, something yet again. Thick, like rough woollen curtains. You looked into, or on to, total blankness. He felt that something simply wasn't there. (Nor was it.)

He began to walk down James Street. Immediately he was in another world. People were moving about and coming up. He saw that the houses opposite him were very considerably shattered. He looked farther down the street and saw that there were no houses. He became conscious of the smell. The unmistakable, indescribable incident smell flooded into his nostrils. It is more than a smell really: it is an acute irritation of the nasal passages from the powdered rubble of dissolved houses; it is a raw, brutal smell. He realized that the particular darkness which hung over James

Street was due, not to the moonless night, but to the fact that the whole of this area was still covered by an unsettled dust cloud. Here's the incident all right, he thought.

Before he had got opposite to the part of James Street that did not appear to be there he met Miss Sterling. She pointed at the shattered-looking but still standing houses and said, "There's a good many people in there." Mrs. Morley came up, smooth and undisturbed. She said, "The mobile unit" (a sort of medical advance guard consisting of doctor, nurse, and stretcher bearers) "has just gone in there," pointing to No. 50.

Ford went into this house. The ground and first-floor rooms were more or less all right—nothing more than blown-out window frames and shattered plaster. But up from the first floor the stairs were ankle-deep in rubble. He went up, passing the second-floor rooms. The two top-floor rooms and the top landing were deeply encumbered with debris, rubble, slates, and roof timber. He looked up; there was no roof overhead. There were dark clouds, picked out with momentary sparkles of shell bursts, reflected gun flashes, and an uneasy searchlight waving its futility.

In the first room two men of a stretcher party, a nurse, and another man were bending over a figure lying on a heap of the plaster rubble. Ford saw that it was an injured man. His breathing was violent and labored. They seemed to be trying to get something down his throat through some sort of tube. One of the stretcher bearers saw Ford. Pointing to the back room, he said, "There are two more in there." Ford looked in, cautiously using his torch, supplementing its metal hood with his hand. This room was wrecked. One side of it was heaped halfway up to the ceiling with debris. Several roof timbers lay across it. Ford began to clamber his way into it. He saw something dark lying at his feet. He put the beam of his torch on it and saw that it was a girl.

She lay partly in, partly out of, the



reaped-up debris of plaster and brick, her body perhaps a third buried, like a high bas-relief. She lay in a pleasant attitude, one hand curved behind her head, her legs a little pulled up, to form, with her body, a gentle S shape. He had seen that attitude once before, in the little Museum of Prehistory in the Dordogne; a skeleton of a prehistoric girl of the Mousterian age, from one of the *abris* (they had their *abris* too). Celia had said, "I never knew that a skeleton could be attractive and elegant; that one's bones may be chic after twenty thousand years." Here in the top-floor back of James Street was the same charming position.

Ford hadn't much doubt that she was dead. She looked so small for one thing. He wondered what could have caused fatal injuries. The roof timbers were fairly light and had had only a few feet to fall. With a feeling of intimacy, he took up her unresisting hand and felt for a pulse. To his surprise he felt, or thought he felt, a very feeble beat. He went back to the front room and said, "Is there a doctor here?" One of the stretcher party said, "He's a doctor, but he's busy." He pointed at an oldish man bending over the other casualty. Ford said, "I think the girl in here is alive. Will you come and see?" The doctor gave no sign of having heard, but after a time he came. He ran a hypodermic into the gray, debris-encrusted flesh of her arm—"Just in case," he said. He felt for the pulse but said, "Very improbable." "Where's the injury?" said the doctor. Ford said, "Her head, I think." "The head?" said the doctor as if astonished. Then he ran his fingers over her skull, under her blood-and-rubble-matted hair. But he said nothing. Ford said, "Shall I take her downstairs?" The doctor said, "No." So they left her, lying easily on the debris, looking through the roof at the sky.

## II

When Ford got back to the street he found that Strong had taken over as

"incident officer," and had got the two masked, light-blue lamps burning to mark his position. This is an excellent arrangement by which a light-blue flag is hung out by day and light-blue lamps are lighted at night, to mark the spot where stands the incident officer. The incident officer is responsible for co-ordinating the work of the wardens, the rescue squads, the stretcher parties, the ambulances, and the A.F.S. units (if there is fire). No one who has not experienced a major incident can well conceive of how necessary is this arrangement. This is especially true when, as in this case, an incident occurs with eleven hours of darkness lying ahead, during the whole of which it may be risky to use even a torch. The endless confusion caused by the simple fact that it is usually impossible to recognize people without stopping them and asking who they are; the fact that, as in this case, the geography of one or more streets may have been appreciably changed by the destruction, that the mounds of debris are decidedly hard to climb over, and sometimes almost impossible to carry casualties over; that continuing gunfire and, still more, the swishes and detonations of even quite distant bombs may be having an effect on the nerves of inhabitants of the bombed area, that several distinct organizations, each with its own responsible officers, will be at work—these and other similar factors fully justified, Ford had concluded, the rather rigid and at first sight red-tapey form of organization which had been set up.

Strong told Ford that more wardens were wanted at Lothian Cottages, and at length he found his way there.

He began to be able to see that here too a number of houses had been demolished, and a good many of those still standing were well shattered. He supposed vaguely that this was the result of another bomb, falling close to the one which had evidently come down in James Street. He began climbing across the debris-covered area, and found half a dozen or so rescue men digging hard at a

mound. Fairly strong cries and groans were coming from this mound. He took off his coat and gas mask (keeping his torch hung on its strap round his neck) and put them over the shattered door jamb of the nearest house that was standing. This necessitated a tiresome twenty-yard scramble over the debris. He noticed for the first time that it was now raining steadily. He joined a couple of rescue men who were digging at one particular corner of the mound.

They were not troubling to fill the wicker baskets, but were simply throwing the bricks back with their hands. Ford did likewise. He thought that they must look like a line of gigantic and insane rabbits, furiously digging their burrows into the mound.

The cries and groans went on unnervingly from underneath. Ford began to distinguish one woman's voice saying, "Oh, my God, we're done for, . . . I know we are, I know we are. . . . Why don't you come? Oh, my God, we're done for. . . . Oh, my God, why don't you come?"

Then he noticed a figure which seemed to be neither a rescue man nor a warden nor a stretcher bearer. This figure was dodging about uneasily in order to avoid the stream of flying bricks that they were throwing backward through their legs. The figure began to talk to whoever was in the mound. It said, "That's quite all right, Mrs. Wells. Now *don't* become frightened. We're getting to you *very* rapidly. There is *no* cause for alarm. All will be well." Ford felt certain it must be the Vicar; it was. He saw the dog-collar glint in the light of a torch. Ford thought, "Well, he's a bit in the way, but not much; and it's right and proper he should come out."

Mrs. Wells did not seem to hear the Vicar. At any rate, she took no notice of these well-meant consolations from an outside world of which she could, no doubt, see nothing. Both her cries and groans and the Vicar's assurances that she had nothing to worry about went on monotonously. After half an hour or so

of this the rescue man working next to Ford suddenly shouted into the mound "Shut up—shut up!" The rescue man was not brutal nor callous. He was sweating his guts out to dig down to her. But her groaning and calling had got on his nerves. Mrs. Wells did shut up and so did the Vicar.

They were making the beginnings of a shaft through their end of the mound, and other rescue men to the left of them were sinking another.

Every now and then the gunfire would get heavier, and they would hear an enemy plane, apparently directly overhead. Then the rescue men would all shout "Lights." "Put that light out," and insist on every torch, even the most carefully masked, being put out, so that they had to work on in total blackness. About every ten minutes the rescue men would shout for silence. Everyone would stop. The rescue men who had burrowed deepest would ask the buried people to give their position.

At first there seemed to be two other voices as well as Mrs. Wells'. But the last time there was only one other voice. Gradually the outlines of an unshattered floor, the boards still holding to the joists, began to be revealed in the mound. They all guessed at once that this floor must be held up, if only a foot or so, by something. Only this could account for the fact that there were people alive underneath. For there were many tons of debris on top. Human beings could have survived only if at least one end of this floor was being held up off them, so that a sort of tiny lean-to had been formed. They dug on, trying to reveal the general contours of whatever trace of structure must be there. Before they had succeeded Ford and the two rescue men working next to him abruptly uncovered a man's leg. It stuck out of the debris from the knee down. This leg gave one convulsive kick or twitch and then hung still. It would have been quite useless to attempt to pull on it, since the body to which it was attached was deeply buried. So all they could do was



o go on digging, in general round the eg, but more with deference to the still audible voices than to it.

Gradually the chance-built construction which had kept the buried voices alive became evident. They had unearthed the edge of the unbroken floor along ten feet or so of its length. And, sure enough, a very low cave—not more than six to nine inches high, could be detected under about half its length. A rescue man who appeared to be leading this squad called out, "Jacks!" A couple of men began clambering back over the debris and after a bit came back with two short, strong jacks and some wooden blocks. For some time it was impossible to get a jack, even when fully closed, under the uncovered floor joists. But by means of scrabbling debris from under it this was finally done. Then the jack was cranked open. One corner of the floor shifted a few inches upward. They got blocks under it and, with some trouble, shifted the jack along. They began to raise the floor a little farther. But now the base of the jack itself kept slipping and giving in the shifting debris. The floor rose an inch or so, only to fall back on to the blocks. The rescue men began to feel baffled. The soaking rain was turning the rubble into a disgusting gritty paste which covered them from head to foot. The droning overhead never ceased. One of the rescue men said, "Can't do nothing here—let's go." Another said, "Shut up, you bloody bastard, they'll hear you."

Apparently the suggestion of giving up had not been serious because no one took any further notice of it. They all began digging with their hands again, hoping to find a new point of attack from which the floor could be raised.

After a while the rescue man next to Ford said, "We could get a prop under here." Ford went off to look for a stout bit of debris. He found it almost immediately and came back with it. "Not wanted," he was told. "They're out." Ford saw with amazement that in the, say, one hundred and fifty seconds he

had been away the whole scene had been transformed. The floor had evidently been raised just sufficiently to take all pressure off the buried persons. Two women had either crawled or been pulled out, and there they were on the two stretchers that had been lying waiting for them. The stretcher bearers were giving them cups of tea out of a thermos. Both women seemed quite all right and were talking excitedly. The stretcher bearers picked them up, carried them laboriously over the debris, and out through the entrance into the street.

### III

Ford went to fetch his coat and equipment. He found them soaking wet and disgusting to handle because of the now sticky grit with which everything was covered. Anyhow he was soaked, so he put them on. He now began to wonder just where he was. He imagined that he was now somewhere at the back of James Street. He set off, clambering over the debris. At last he saw, off to his right, more lights moving and heard men calling. He began to realize that he was getting back to James Street and to understand that these were not two devastated areas, but one large area, stretching from the middle of James Street up and back through Lothian Cottages to Leaven Street.

Suddenly conscious of acute fatigue in his knees and ankles, he determined to make for the blue lights of the incident officer, which he now dimly distinguished. He turned half right. But he had not gone five more yards when a void faced him.

He flashed his torch and found himself standing on the extreme lip of a crater. It seemed to be about thirty feet deep. Its sides were vertical. It was much the largest bomb crater that he had ever seen. It was not possible to climb down and up its sides in the darkness. He turned left along its rim, intending to get back into James Street a little lower down.

After about twenty yards of heavy going he realized that he was climbing steadily upward. The black bulk of a house appeared before him; he found himself looking in through the shattered window openings of the first floor. He couldn't make out what street this house, or remains of a house, had stood in. With difficulty he climbed on and found himself descending to the level of the crater's rim again. But another upward slope began. He found that this time he was in fact climbing up a house. This house had indeed lost all structure. There was no trace of remaining separate rooms, staircase, roof, or anything of that sort, but a good many bricks were still upon one another, and whole floors were sticking together, propped up at varying angles like crazy lean-tos, against still standing bits of wall. (He found next morning that this construction of destruction, this deposit of the blast, was itself supported by the house one beyond it from the area of the crater. This second house, or about fifty per cent of it, definitely stood, although there was no part of it which was not shattered.)

He began to clamber, the debris shifting in the dark underneath him. His legs stopped moving. He did not feel exhausted from the waist up. But his legs kept still. So he sat down on the debris and waited. In a few minutes his legs became mobile again. He climbed to the top of the heap and from there got down again quite easily into James Street. He found that the street was blocked between himself and the blue lamps of the incident officer. However, he had no trouble in making his way across the block, and reported.

Strong was still incident officer. Miss Sterling, Mrs. Morley, King, and Miss Ruling, and several other wardens were there. Mrs. Strong arrived with a jug of tea. Ford got a cup of it. He sat down and drank the hot, sticky, sickly brew. It tasted disgusting but was restorative. It was just after half-past eleven at night.

Strong told Ford that he was off duty;

he was to come on again at four in the morning.

He went back to the sub-post, lay down on one of the camp beds, and tried to sleep. But either he was too tired to sleep or he was tired in the wrong way. The sights and sounds of the night passed through his head in procession. He saw again the dead girl and the smashed young man upstairs at No. 50; heard Mrs. Wells cry out for release.

At 3.30 A.M. Miss Sterling called him with a cup of tea. She had one herself. They talked while they drank and Ford, reluctantly, put on the soaked and filthy overalls of his uniform again and pulled at his heavy rubber boots. Miss Sterling told him that Aarons was to come on to the incident with him. Ford said, "Tell him to go straight to the incident officer if I've gone on."

Miss Sterling said, "Oakadidoke," and then added, "Or, as I should say, 'Onkadidonk.'"

Ford began laughing. "What are you laughing at?" she said.

"At the precision of your slang, Miss Sterling."

She said, "Mr. Strong, who also weighs his words, tells me that Oakadidoke is so old-fashioned."

Ford said, "I'm afraid I still say O.K., or, at best, Oke."

"Oh!" said Miss Sterling.

Ford said, "These forms would both be marked '*Obs.*' in the dictionary." As they were overtired they laughed at each other immoderately.

Back in James Street again, they found a squad at work on the house, the remains of which Ford had climbed over. The squad leader explained to Ford what he was doing. A young man in A.R.P. overalls had come down two hours before to report that he had lived in the almost demolished house. His mother slept in the basement and was almost certainly there. Would they dig for her?

It seemed a particularly difficult task to try to get at this basement by sinking the usual shaft vertically down. So the squad leader had decided to get into the



basement of the still partially standing house, No. 31, and then attempt to tunnel through the base of the party wall into the basement of No. 30. This he had now succeeded in doing in two places. He was evidently proud of the job and asked Ford to come through the tunnel and have a look. So Ford went down.

He found that he could just squeeze on hands and knees through the nearer of the two holes that they had knocked in the party wall. He found himself in what must have been the front basement of No. 30. A large part of the house, and much of its furniture, had collapsed inward on itself and shot into the basement like coals through a chute. The room's space was now wedged tight into a kind of morass of house and furniture—like the after-effect of a glacier or avalanche. Into this solid, rigid, yet heterogeneous mass the rescue men had tunneled about three yards. Altogether it was one of the prettiest bits of work Ford had seen. The squad leader had every right to be proud of it.

They had come to a more or less intact settee. "We think she's under that," the squad leader said. Ford concluded that there was no real hope of her being alive.

He wormed his way out of the tunnel again, stayed in the basement of No. 31, and helped push back the debris which was being got out of the two tunnels. The man whose mother it was came back. He had a look at the situation, and said that he knew that there was no hope she was alive. He said, "I drive one of the Council's mortuary vans, so if you get her out let them know at the Town Hall and they'll send me down." He went off.

One of the rescue men said, "Didn't oughter send him on a job like this." Just then the squad leader came out of the tunnel. "We've found her, or at least as much as we're likely to find till all this is shifted. I shall take the men out of the tunnels. I can't let them run risks for corpses."

Ford went back into James Street and

rejoined Aarons, who had taken over Strong's position as incident officer. It was now six o'clock in the morning and the darkness began to give a little. In a quarter of an hour more there was appreciable light. The "all clear" went. The various squads of rescue men worked on steadily; but no more people, either dead or alive, were found.

By 7 o'clock it was light. Ford climbed up to the rim of the crater again. It was not till then that he got a clear grasp of what had really happened. Now he saw that all the damage had been done by one very large bomb which had landed perhaps twenty feet from the back of the houses on this side of James Street. It had fallen directly upon several Anderson shelters which had been built in their backyards. The crater itself was some 100 feet across, and about 30 feet deep, measuring from the top of the rim of the debris, which was itself between 10 and 15 feet above street level. For perhaps another 20 yards from the rim of the crater everything had been leveled to the ground. Beyond that the houses, although shattered, still stood. Many of them, as Ford had found on his night clamber across the devastated area, had debris piled against them up to the level of their first-floor windows. It looked as if they had been washed by some night tide bearing on it the remains of distorted ships, rocks, and sea growths.

The official summary of damage subsequently showed that, in all, nine houses had been totally demolished and eighteen more so badly damaged that they would have to be pulled down. During the next few days they discovered that a good many more houses in the sector were habitable in the basements alone.

Ford came back to the street. Nothing more happened except that from time to time the rescue men would retrieve some clothing, blankets, a shoe, some papers. Ford and Aarons took them and put them on a bedraggled heap in one of the abandoned houses.

At 8 o'clock Mrs. Morley and King came out and relieved Aarons and Ford.

They were told that they were off till 2 o'clock that afternoon. They went back to the post, and this time Ford slept like a log.

#### IV

When Ford got back to the incident at two in the afternoon he noticed that the rescue men seemed moody. They were picking about on the top of the mounds of debris without much apparent purpose. It was raining. One of them came over and sheltered beside Ford in a doorway. He complained that the borough did not provide them with adequate mackintoshes nor with a change of overalls.

"No good catching your death for a lot of stiff," he said, excusing himself for having knocked off.

But just then Ford noticed a change in the atmosphere of the incident. The nearest squad of rescue men had become alert again. Quin, who was again incident officer, came over and told him that they thought that they had heard tapping. Ford asked Quin's permission to join the squad working on the mound formed by the segment of the arc of the crater which impinged on James Street. Quin gave it, kindly taking over Ford's job of receiving salvaged property himself. The two houses which had taken the full force of the blast had stood here. Three or four men had dug out a small cave, almost at the top of the mound. One crawled inside; he called for silence, and again there was stillness while they listened for the sound of life. The rescue man in the cave began shouting down, "All right; stick it. We're coming." Evidently he heard something.

The whole squad began working strongly and fast. One or two men would from time to time get excited and begin to grab at the debris, flinging it aside. But that didn't pay in this case, for it was evident that tons of stuff would have to be moved before they had hope of coming on anyone. Ford took off his equipment and began the usual filling of baskets and the passing of them back

along a chain of hands to be emptied. Every fifteen minutes or so one or other of the rescue men would ask for stillness, would listen for the tapping and would call down. After two or three times some of the rescue men began saying, "Cut it out. Get on with it. You're holding up the work. We haven't much time."

Ford guessed that the rescue men were thinking not only of getting to the buried person, or persons, as quickly as possible, but also of getting the job done before the dark—and the raiders—came back again. But he couldn't conceive that there would be any difficulty about that. The idea of another night and another raid beginning was a remote and repulsive hypothesis—the last night and the last raid seemed only just over. In any case, it was a difficult matter to decide how often it was justifiable to hold up the work in order to get a signal from below. It was necessary to do so from time to time, because by means of such signals alone could they hope to locate the buried persons.

The rescue men were attacking this very large, irregularly shaped mound of debris from three different positions. After a bit one of the parties, working some way away from the cave from which the tapping had first been heard, insisted on silence. He claimed that he could hear a voice as well as tapping. After two or three more bouts of digging, a voice responded several times, and they all got a much better idea of where to dig. It became apparent that the original cave, which had been deepened into the beginning of a shaft, was much too high up the mound. With reluctance the rescue men who had been working up there were induced to come down and join those who were cutting into the side of the mound. It was now half-past three. The rescue man who was deepest into the tunnel began to shout.

"Who are you?" he called. He listened. "What name?" he repeated. He listened. "Bee? Did you say Bee?" "It's a woman," he said, turning his



face upward. "Bee or Lee or Tee, or some such name."

Quin consulted his records of who would have been sleeping in the house. (Each sector kept a record of the occupants of each house for occasions such as this, with, if possible, an up-to-date note of where every person in the sector slept—whether in a public shelter, an Anderson, their own basement, or wherever.)

"There should have been a Miss Lee," Quin said. "That's right," said the rescue man. "That's what she's trying to say."

They worked on, obviously encouraged by knowing now that it was a definite person, whose name they knew, that they were trying to reach.

It was now half-past four. The light was perceptibly weaker. Ford realized that, far from there being plenty of time, it was going to be a race to get her out before the darkness and the fireworks began all over again. After filling and passing down an infinity of baskets, they found that they were uncovering a more or less intact area of flooring. It looked as if the same story as in the case of the Wells' house at Lothian Cottages was to be repeated. If Miss Lee was alive it must surely be because something had held up this flooring and made a tiny lean-to for her. The men working at the bottom of the mound were driving their tunnel well in and getting under this area of flooring.

They dug. At 6.20 the sirens went. "He's back," said the man working next to Ford. The guns began. At first they heard the thud of distant batteries, south of the river; then the sharp note of their familiar local guns, and then the rising and falling drone of the bombers' desynchronized engines. The rescue men took no notice. It was still possible to work fairly effectively without the use of torches. Then they heard a wailing from the mound. It was Miss Lee. She too, imprisoned, had heard the new raid begin. Her shattered nerves gave way. An incoherent, terrified sound,

occasionally crystallizing itself into words, came from her. Ford heard, "It's there again. They'll get us all; they'll get me." The rescue men began to shout back to her, "No, they won't; you're all right; stick it now." But the wailing shouts went on. "Can't you save me? Don't be so slow. Why don't you come?"

"Shan't be ten minutes now," answered the rescue men.

They dug. The light failed. The fact had to be faced that it would be necessary to work on during another night; and not for ten minutes, but for several hours, as far as could be judged. Miss Lee kept up an intermittent, usually inarticulate wail, like an animal.

At half-past six the leader of the squad told the two men working on what was now the face of a tunnel two or three yards long to knock off. They refused. Ford had noticed that rescue men were almost always angry at the idea of being relieved when they thought that they were getting near some buried person. And naturally. Every such attempted rescue involves a scheme or plan, based upon a guess of the buried person's position, the lie of the debris, what is holding it up, and many other factors. It is intolerable to leave before you come to the solution of the riddle.

The squad leader saw that he would have to work on to the end with these same men. He sent for a big tarpaulin from the rescue lorry. This he had stretched, like a sort of rough tent, over the mouth of the tunnel so that torches could be used. The two rescue men and two stretcher bearers who, as they neared Miss Lee, had begun to take an increasing part in the work, got in and around the mouth of the tunnel. Ford also got under the tarpaulin at the back of this group. The tarpaulin was held down at the top by piles of bricks on its corners, but the bottom ends were left loose. They kept it up by letting it rest on their heads as they sat or squatted under it, their steel helmets taking its weight fairly comfortably. The two men at the

end of the tunnel, which was now steadily cutting inward and downward, filled baskets, and the rest of them passed them back. Ford swung them out from under the edge of the tarpaulin into unseen hands. These hands grasped them, took them off, and gave him back empties. Before long George, the rescue man who had forced his way farthest in, called back, "I can touch her hand now." "All right," said one of the stretcher bearers (he was a corporal and in charge of the party), "the doctor says she can have this morphia tablet." They passed down the tiny tablet. "Can you take this in your hand, miss?" George said. Ford could not hear the answer. But George said, "She's got it."

The tarpaulin made a little private torch-lit world of their own, cut off from the rain-soaked, gun-thudding, bomber-droning world outside. They felt safer. Unfortunately it did not seem to help Miss Lee. For her terror of the guns (they heard no bombs, fortunately) seemed to increase. Her wailing became worse. The stretcher party corporal whispered, "The morphia always makes 'em worse to start with."

They worked on. It was seven o'clock. Miss Lee had been buried just twenty-four hours. There was a shout from the outside of "Warden." Ford put his head out of the tarpaulin. "Party here wants to see Miss Lee," said a rescue man.

Ford came out to find a tall, elderly, rather infirm-looking man in a black coat and white-wing collar—a confidential clerk or shopkeeper.

"I am Henry Edward Lee, Miss Lee's father," he said. "Is there any hope that my daughter is alive?"

"But yes," Ford said. "Certainly she's alive. We shall have her out very shortly now. Don't be alarmed. I think I can arrange for you to speak to her now if you like." Henry Lee seemed overcome, but he bowed his head as if in assent.

Ford went back under the tarpaulin and said, "Miss Lee's father is here.

Can we let him come down to speak to her?"

The rescue men said, "Stand back for Miss Lee's father." Ford fetched the old gentleman and they half pushed him into the mouth of the tunnel and about half-way down it. The rescue man at the end said, "Here's your father come to speak to you, miss." "Speak to 'er, Dad."

Henry Lee said, "Is that you, Amy?" but in such a tiny voice that she could not possibly have heard him. "Speak up!" said the rescue men in chorus. "Speak up, Dad, do. She can't 'ear you." This time he did speak a bit louder, but his voice broke. Ford could just hear Miss Lee from below saying, "Is that you, Dad?"

Then they handed the old boy out again. Ford thought that he had probably made a mistake in ever having him in. But, anyhow, it had held the work up only for a couple of minutes.

They dug. Ford began to hear Miss Lee's voice much more clearly. She was saying something about a dog. "Right across my knees," she said. They had evidently got much closer to her now. After a bit Ford bent forward, craning over the back of the stretcher-bearer corporal in front of him to have a look down the length of the tunnel. To his astonishment he found that George and his mate had now cut their way right through to her. For there she was.

Miss Lee sat facing him, in a tiny torch-lit cave, clear of the debris from her waist up. But her legs and the lower part of her body were still deeply covered. She looked to be a slight woman in her early forties, her face and hair covered with the grayish debris. She was perfectly calm now, comforted by the actual presence of her rescuers. She sat there contentedly, and as it were innocently, like a dishevelled child sitting up in bed in its night nursery. George, by lying full length, could get at the debris on her right side; he was slowly filling a basket with it.

There was now enough space in the



actual cave in which Miss Lee sat for George to get down into it beside her. He and she sat there quite peacefully together; she, reassured and happy now that she was in actual physical contact with another human being; he, carefully and gently digging round her legs so as to free them. The conversation went on, Miss Lee talking gently about her life and her job as a seamstress; wondering if she'd be long away from work, and would someone at the hospital tell the firm what had happened? George managed to make a good deal of progress toward freeing her right leg, which was nearest to him, though not without causing her sudden sharp pains at intervals. "That's good, miss, that is," he kept saying, "shows you've got the feeling down your leg."

But he had great difficulty in getting at the debris over her left leg, since to do so he had to reach right over her body. After several not very successful attempts, he said to her, "Could you shift any of it yourself, miss?" Miss Lee began picking quite strongly with her right hand (her left was slightly injured) at the debris over this leg. Ford remembered what intolerable stuff it was to handle with one's bare hands. He took off his right glove and said, "Here's a glove for her; pass it down." They took it, saying, "Glove coming down," and Miss Lee put it on her right hand.

By this time George had got her right leg free and was able to lean over more easily and help her with the left leg. After about another fifteen minutes' work, he announced that this leg too was coming free. The corporal of stretcher bearers called out to his men outside the tarpaulin, "Ready for the doctor."—"Doctor coming down," they answered, and almost at once the end of the tarpaulin was lifted and the trim, mackintoshed figure of the doctor appeared.

"Doctor coming down; all out for the doctor," ordered the Corporal. The doctor made his way down, guided by the hands of the men and, not without difficulty, reached Miss Lee, taking the

place George had left. He began speaking gently and firmly to her. She was scared as he began to examine her legs. "They're broken, Doctor, I know they're broken," she said. "No, no, I don't think they are at all. Let's just see, let's just see." After carefully feeling each leg, he asked for a splint and two triangular bandages. These were passed down to him, and he bandaged her right leg to the splint. "That's all we need do here, Miss Lee," he said. "Now you're coming out," and he wormed his way back down the tunnel.

Ford did not quite see how she was to be got out though. It was clearly impossible to get a stretcher down that narrow, irregular length of tunnel, still less into the cave. But the Corporal called back to his men, "Fetch the Robinson-Healey." In a little while two stretcher bearers appeared with a curious looking white object like an enormous pair of stays, only this stretched the full length of the body. It was made of white tough canvas, reinforced with struts which were either whalebone or some light, pliant wood such as ash. The whole thing bent and rolled up into almost any shape. This ingenious device was passed down the sloping tunnel. George was at his old place beside Miss Lee in the cave. Gently and expertly they slid the Robinson-Healey stretcher under her, strapped her firmly on, and began the still by no means easy process of working the laden stretcher back through the tunnel. Once it was clear they lifted it and Miss Lee together on to an ordinary stretcher. Meanwhile the waiting ambulance was backed close up to the mound. It was just nine o'clock. Miss Lee had been buried twenty-six hours.

While they were doing this Ford came close to the stretcher and looked down at Miss Lee. She was lying there very still but seemed calm and unshocked. He saw that his glove was still on her right hand. He bent down and slipped it off. She took no notice. It was really a perfectly sensible thing to do; the glove

could not possibly have been of any further use to her. And yet afterward Ford couldn't help feeling that he had been mean in taking it back. It was rather too careful a thing to do in the circumstances. But Ford had always particularly hated losing one glove of a pair, as he not infrequently did. So that even after twenty-six hours of the James Street incident the impulse to prevent that occurring was still strong in him. Of all the things that happened in the course of this long incident this lending and recovery of his glove stuck most obstinately in his mind.

The stretcher party picked Miss Lee up, put her in the ambulance, and drove off with her. Ford went up to the doctor and asked him whether she had been badly injured. "Not at all, not at all," he said. "So far as I could ascertain—from the very superficial examination that was all that was possible down there—there is no grave physical injury. No limb is broken and there appears to be nothing else serious the matter with her." Ford and the other wardens felt elation.

He went off duty and slept.

## VI

Two days later he was free to go and see Mrs. Wells and Miss Wells at St. Andrew's Hospital. They let him into the women's air-raided-casualty ward, although it wasn't visiting time, without any fuss. There were ten or a dozen women in bed in a row. Ford had to ask for Mrs. and Miss Wells, for he had scarcely seen their faces amidst the darkness and the debris. He brought them some fruit. Mrs. Wells seemed to want to talk about the incident. "We didn't hear a thing, did we, dear?" she said to her daughter. "We were all three just sitting round the fire when the house began to fall in. Then it went black and we didn't know nothing till we woke up under the debris. I could hear Lily here calling, and Father too. But we couldn't say much because whenever we opened our mouths we choked with the dust.

It was the dust more than the weight that killed Father."

"Did you hear the rescue men working?"

"Of course we did! Weren't they splendid?" she said.

"Did you know they were using their jacks to lift the floor off you? Before they got the jacks they were pretty well stumped, you know." Ford wondered if they had heard what the fed-up rescue man had said. "Did you hear that chap say they might as well go home?" he asked. Mrs. Wells said, "Certainly we did. But of course we knew he didn't mean it. Baffled he was, baffled like." She turned sharply to Ford.

"Were you there?"

"Yes," he said. "I was there."

"Lily," Mrs. Wells said, "do you hear that? He was there digging for us."

Ford asked them if the borough had arranged any place for them to go when they came out. Mrs. Wells said, "Oh, we've had more than a dozen offers from friends to take us in. Don't you worry about that."

Ford said, "I want to find a Miss Lee, who was also dug up. Is she in this hospital?"

Mrs. Wells' face changed. She said, "Ah, Miss Lee—she died yesterday."

This news affected Ford extremely. He had an intense impulse flatly to deny it. It *must* not be true. He turned instinctively to the other women in the ward. They nodded their heads.

"She was along in the end bed there. Went yesterday," they said.

"But why?" he almost shouted. "Why did she die? She seemed all right. Surely she can't have died?"

The ward sister came up. Ford said to her, "Why did Miss Lee die? We dug her up after twenty-six hours. She was perfectly all right. She talked to us just as I'm talking to you. Now you say she's died."

The sister said, "Shock partly, also multiple internal hemorrhage."

Mrs. Wells nodded. "It's my belief it was mostly shock. She seemed all



right when she first came in. Talked to is all. But at night the guns began again. Turned her fair frantic. She was all right in the daytime. But she couldn't stand the guns and the nights. Kept calling out and calling out, she did. And last night she went."

Ford said "good-by" to Mrs. Wells and to Lily. He was too depressed by Miss Lee's death to feel much pleasure even in their preservation, recovery, and staunchness. He went home and told the post. They were all equally depressed.

The incident had now become a business of endless clearings up and sortings out. The job of the wardens was largely to help people to use the well-organized, but complex, services made available to them by the borough, such as having their furniture moved out of shattered houses and stored, free of charge, by the Salvage Department, getting alternative accommodation, reclaiming salvaged possessions, and the like.

Three days later Miss Sterling told Ford that Mrs. Wells had come out of the hospital. She had taken her to the Town Hall to register the death of her husband. Mrs. Wells had said to the Registrar,

"We're all right; we'll come out on top."

The Registrar, evidently a mild man, had said,

"I hope so."

To which Mrs. Wells had replied, "Have some guts, man!"

Ford thought about these words of Mrs. Wells'. Many people would, no doubt, consider them very old-fashioned, not to say jingoistic. They sounded so "British," in the most conventional sense of that term. But Ford could not say that he found them bad taste. They would, no doubt, have been in bad taste if they had been said, even in the slightest degree, for effect; but they had not been. Again Berlin would undoubtedly have regarded it as far more appropriate

on the part of Mrs. Wells if she had been too cowed to speak. Moscow, on the other hand, would have considered it incomparably more correct—more contemporary, as it were—if she had denounced "both camps of imperialist brigands."

Be all that as it may, the fact must be recorded that what she said was, "Have some guts, man."

Mrs. Wells was an obstinate woman. You may drop ton bombs on her; you may kill her dearly loved husband before her eyes; you may bury herself and her daughter under her home; but you do not alter her. For better or for worse, she remains what she has always been—a Londoner.

Miss Sterling said, "Mr. Wells' and Miss Lee's funeral will be the day after to-morrow at 11 o'clock. I think the wardens should be represented. Will you come?"

Two days later they went, in uniform, to the Parish Church, just out of the sector to the south. It had had some incendiaries on it, and the roof had been burnt out. The only usable part was the vestry, so the service was held there. Miss Sterling was a little late because the sirens went just as they were setting out and she had to get another warden to man the sub-post.

When they got there the Vicar had already started the service. He was reading a passage from the Book of Common Prayer. He did not read it very well, but he read it.

"A man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cast down, like a flower: he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. . . . For-as-much-as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto Him the souls of our dear brother and sister here departed, we therefore commend their bodies to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."



## TO AMERICAN BUSINESS MEN

BY T. GRAYDON UPTON

As a banker who has spent some six of the past eight years abroad, in frequent touch with European business men, I have been struck by the extent to which these men underestimated and misunderstood German National Socialism and what it might do to destroy them. As an American who has talked with numerous American business men in recent months, I am impressed with the danger that some of them may make the same mistake that their colleagues in Germany itself, in England, in Holland, and elsewhere in Europe made during the nineteen-thirties. I should like, if I can, to awaken them to this danger. For the similarity between some of their reactions to-day and those of European business men yesterday is disquieting.

In this spring of 1941 there are sharp differences of opinion in the United States over Administration measures which are believed to be necessary for national defense but which carry grave implications for our future economy and way of life. Indeed, many business men feel that a decision to support or oppose such measures involves a matter of nice judgment between the threat to our country of a National Socialist victory, and the threat to our existing social and economic system of an unprecedented concentration of political and economic power in Washington as the defense program brings new controls, new regulations, new interferences with "business as usual." Many of us, in forming such a judgment, are definitely more concerned with domestic political and tax

questions and the possible financial and economic disorganization of the country, than with the repercussions on the United States of a Nazi triumph. Taxes, labor union offensives, priority rulings, dislocations of company activity are close at hand and uncomfortable to the business mind; the Nazis are far away and seem to some of us an almost incredible bogey. Well, there was a time when substantial business men in Berlin and Hamburg and Munich made the same mistake; and there was a later time when their counterparts in London repeated it.

It was in Germany that business men first had to take vital decisions about National Socialism. Indeed, it has been often said that business put Hitler in power, and such figures as Thyssen, Krupp, and well-known financiers are mentioned in this connection. This is an exaggeration, for during Hitler's rise the political role of business men was more one of inertia and ignorance than of active assistance. In the autumn of 1932, however, a situation arose where the political influence of a group of industrial and financial interests was of decisive importance.

At that time, as Goebbels later admitted, the Nazis were at the end of their tether. They had lost heavily in the November elections just past, were seriously in debt, and had no liquid funds for a new campaign. General Schleicher estimated that immediate elections would cause the Nazi representation in the



Reichstag to be cut in half. In addition there were signs of a cyclical business revival which would have still further reduced the vote of the radical parties. Indeed, the Nazi situation was desperate and the menace of a National Socialist regime appeared to be definitely diminishing. Yet during these crucial days important business interests swung their support from one temporary government to another and finally backed the astounding Hitler-Hugenberg-Papen coalition which ushered in the Third Reich and National Socialist domination. Looking back, it seems quite possible that if certain German business men had at that time given less consideration to immediate industrial problems and more to the deeper implications of National Socialism, Hitler never would have ruled Germany.

Since National Socialism included in its platform such disruptive economic and social measures as virulent anti-Semitism and the abolition of interest "slavery," one may well ask why important groups of conservative business men supported Hitler. To claim that such support was due to business causes alone would be an over-simplification. Patriotic and personal motives, as well as the desire for a strong government at almost any cost, played an important role. Over and above these factors, however, many German business men saw in National Socialism an ally against the power of the trade unions, and particularly the communists, who then ranked third among German political parties. For years anti-communism had been one of the main tenets of the Nazi party, and for months brown-shirted S.A. troopers had been fighting the radical and communist sympathizers in the streets.

In addition, business backers of the fatal coalition had confidence in their ability to control the economic and social policies of the government behind the scenes. They thought the National Socialists were ignorant and would be easy to handle. They felt that Hitler

and his friends would be incapable of making changes which would affect the important position of business in the structure of society. As a prominent industrial leader said during the discussion for a coalition government with the Nazis, "If I take a couple of good publicity boys into my company do you think they will control the manufacturing processes?" In this connection, I well remember the usual reply in banking circles when undue alarm was displayed over the ideas expressed in political speeches of the Nazis, "*Hab keine Angst, es wird nicht so heiss gegessen wie gekocht.*" (Don't worry, things won't be eaten as hot as they're cooked.) The wild ideas, the fantastic-sounding promises would be forgotten; these hotheads would be out-manuevered and subjected to conservative control.

What happened? In a few weeks the National Socialists had ousted the numerically more important cabinet members representing landed and industrial interests, and within six months business men were cruelly disillusioned. Books were opened, taxes reassessed, heavy fines imposed, and Nazis put in controlling positions in office and factory. Business became lost in a labyrinth of restrictions and vetoes, of exchange, raw material, and price controls, and inability to employ or discharge labor at will, far beyond that previously imposed by the unions. They were forced to invest in this, and forbidden to spend treasury funds for something else. They found that in order to get delivery of copper tubing they might have to agree privately, and at risk of a heavy fine, to buy useless other material. They might be ordered to utilize their reserves to build a factory for the production of some apparently superfluous product, or by a method which was distinctly unprofitable. For example, Krupp's had to subscribe part of its reserves for a plant for the production of artificial rubber; shares in the Hermann Goering Iron Works for the utilization of unprofitable low-grade ore were forced by the government on



companies important in fabricating or finishing processes. They found themselves in a situation where half of their business correspondence was taken up with seeking clarifications or official permissions.

Yet even these changes were minor inconveniences to the business men in comparison with their loss of power and prestige and their reduction to an inferior social position. Not only did they have little hand in the new economic developments, not only were they forced to seek expensive contact men in party circles, but their whole position in store, office, and factory, as well as in everyday social life, suddenly changed. A factory manager not only had to attend a social evening to bring about a spirit of unity with his employees, but might find himself reported by a day laborer who was a party member for failure to sing the "Horst Wessel Lied," or for having omitted a "Heil Hitler." This, you must understand, took place in a country which never had the democratic traditions of the United States or the friendly paternalism of England. In other words, whatever a business man had had to put up with previously from the labor unions or from a difficult government, at least he had still held the position in his business and in society to which his family background, his hard work, and his accumulated capital entitled him. Now this suddenly disappeared.

Not only was a business man relegated to an inferior table and room in his favorite hotel, and obliged to put up with any unpleasant remarks that a storm trooper in a brown uniform might choose to make, but the control of his own factory, where according to the dictates of leadership of the new type he was theoretically supreme, actually depended upon his relations with the various party officials in charge of co-ordination within the works, and whether his influence with the local party boss was equal to theirs. In addition to this, domestic graft and corruption grew like a rank weed. All the husky street fighters

of National Socialism now in the seats of power considered a share of the loot their reward for victory. In all cases the business man was on the paying end of the line and there was no one except the party to whom he could appeal. In this respect it was a super Huey Long machine on a national scale—which could not be removed from power.

This ascendancy of Nazis over non-Nazis, their power to rule by decree and not by law, their position as the one ruling factor in all aspects of business, private, and social life cannot be overestimated. It was as if the divine rights of kings, popes, and income-tax investigators had suddenly descended on Hans Schmidt, unemployed bootblack.

To-day, in their subjugation to a dictatorship which has become anti-capitalistic and revolutionary and in their relegation to an inferior social position, German business men are suffering more under the Hitler regime than any group in the country, except the Jews. Yet their unfortunate error in judgment has inextricably linked them with the regime they helped to create.

## II

We are all conversant with England's former appeasement policy. We are aware that many vital non-business factors contributed to this policy: the natural love of peace, the attitude of labor (which feared that an armament drive would be used to weaken the unions), the intellectual argument that Germany was entitled to the unification of her minorities, the lack of armaments, and inertia. But it is well to bear in mind too the contribution to this policy of the business mind, for in its recesses were most deeply imbedded the misconceptions of the nature and tactics of National Socialist Germany. It is of value to recollect that the early background and training of Baldwin and Chamberlain were in business, and that business men play a far larger role in the English Parliament than in our Congress.



During the prewar years the English business mind followed three patterns of thought. First, it was concerned with budgetary and foreign-exchange economy as opposed to immediate and heavy armament; second, it thought of National Socialism as essentially a capitalist institution and a bulwark against communism; and third, it assumed that National Socialism was motivated by economic considerations and could be appeased by economic considerations.

The first of these trends of thought will be readily understood by business men anywhere. The English tax burden was already excessive. Increased taxes or inflationary borrowing represented an obvious threat to the economic stability of England. Since the question of armaments was a matter of judgment between external danger on the one hand and economic dislocation on the other, it was not unnatural that the business mind gave more consideration to the domestic evil it knew than to the foreign evil it could only suspect. Also communism was a terrible bogey. The use of the "Bulwark against Communism" argument led business to overlook the fact that National Socialism was hardly capitalistic, but revolutionary in its own way, and that communism could come to Europe only in the trail of a war which Germany alone would initiate.

More important, however, was the interpretation of Nazi Germany by the business mind in terms of economic cause and effect. For years all the English financial and commercial journals published articles on the economic sins of the treaty of Versailles, the relation between German unemployment and armaments, and the importance of a healthy industrial Germany to the well-being of Europe. Even in the spring of 1939—after Munich and only six months before the invasion of Poland—the report of the Federated British Industries asked whether central European states might not have to give up more of their national and political independence in order to achieve

economic co-operation with Germany!

In this development of the English business mentality the deliberate deception of the foreign business mind by Germany played a definite role. Hitler once said, "It gives us also a special secret pleasure to see how people about us are unaware of what is really happening to them."

English business men, because of their practical training in the value of the factual approach, rather than an emotional interpretation, naturally tended to pay little attention to Hitler's speeches and to what appeared to be the general rantings and ravings of National Socialist orators. They were, however, more and more upset by Hitler's frequent statements of peaceful or negative intentions, followed within a short time by warlike and positive action. How could these things be reconciled? That was the job, not only of the Westricks, the Abetz, and the Auhagen—all names that have become well known—but much more so was it the function of the German business men who traveled abroad and who already had wide circles of friends in foreign countries.

In this respect I could not help but compare some of the German business men whom I knew—and often found most congenial—with the so-called "Judas" or guide sheep in a slaughter house. When the trap door is opened these guide sheep, trained and secure in their task, walk automatically down the runway to the slaughter pen, and their victims, accustomed to going along with their own kind, follow after.

When, for example, Herr Braun of Cologne visited his old friend, Mr. Smythe in London, he began the conversation by damning the Nazis and bitterly deprecating their recent excesses, which were due of course to the pressure of internal stress and the necessity of keeping the people satisfied. Herr Braun dined with Mr. Smythe, and in the discussion over the port they analyzed the power of the radical and conservative elements in Germany, until it was mutually decided

that if conditions could be relieved by loans, trade agreements, and expansion to the east without war, the "wild men" such as Himmler, Ribbentrop, Streicher, and Goebbels would disappear and conservative men like Schacht, and perhaps Goering, or the army leaders, would take control and conditions would become easier. I heard many of these arguments; they were most convincing, and more than once I went to bed half persuaded. You must remember that this information concerning Germany and the Nazi program did not come from the lecture platform or from articles in a popular magazine, but as the inside story from old friends who apparently disliked the Nazis as much as did their listeners.

Were these German business men themselves deceived about the strength of domestic forces, or did they just know where their true interests, as Germans, seemed to be? (For, after a few days, they always had to return to Germany.) I do not know. But is it surprising that their explanations were accepted by intelligent and worthy men of affairs rather than the warnings of a reputedly "unstable" person like Churchill or the careless talk of refugees? After all, there was an international sympathy between business men of like interests and parallel social background, based on long-standing business and personal relationship, which often transcended national sympathies and loyalties when the latter were not acute. This was in the natural order of things.

### III

Meanwhile business men on the Continent were making the same mistake. Even in the smaller neutral countries—which had most reason to fear sudden destruction by Germany—I was often surprised to note how few technical safeguards were taken by individual business men against what might happen.

It was of course troublesome and expensive to take such protective steps, and they might not meet all contingencies. It is also certain that what Mr. H. did or

did not do with his money, securities, or the residence of corporations he controlled was of no importance to the fate of his country. His relative lack of action did, however, indicate his faulty judgment of the shape of things to come. As Edmond Taylor has said in *The Strategy of Terror*, "by the middle of August [1939] only bankers and business men continued to believe in peace."

In summary one can say that, beginning in Hamburg and Berlin years ago, and continuing in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, and all other centers of European commercial activity, there was a tragic failure of the business mentality to comprehend the forces, aims, and methods of National Socialism. This was not, as many would have it, because of conflict of individual with national interests—such incidents existed but were relatively unimportant. It was due simply to the inability of men long trained in certain special patterns of thought and action to bridge the gap between normal business conduct and the unprecedented Nazi philosophy and methods. On the one hand were concepts expressed in terms of business, taxes, international markets, and economic pressure, such as we read daily in the financial sections of the press; on the other was a pattern of power, race, a new society, a new relationship of men, and above all, an astounding plan of how this was to be achieved. National Socialist leaders had made a special study of the foreign business mind and deliberately and consistently played up to it; otherwise these two concepts had nothing in common. Unfortunately, although business men occasionally suspected that another concept did exist, the everyday problems of business life had become so complex that rarely did they find time to read about it or investigate it. That was the tragedy of our business contemporaries abroad. They quite failed to comprehend the nature of new forces in the world.

In this failure there is a lesson to us American business men.



Fascism and National Socialism (national manifestations of a similar spirit) have often been interpreted as forms of government favorable to big business. An examination of the experience of business under Fascism in Italy and Germany (and let me recommend Guenter Reimann's book, *The Vampire Economy*) as well as even a theoretical attempt to visualize a Fascist or National Socialist development in this country, will show how fallacious is this pro-business interpretation.

Except after overwhelming defeat in war such a form of government with its radical social philosophies could hardly come to power in the United States unless by the vote. By its very nature it would depend heavily for initial popular backing upon dissatisfied and non-law-abiding elements. Indeed, any serious consideration of the social and racial forces in the United States can lead only to the belief that if such a movement should once develop, regardless of its original leadership, it would soon become a monster of which business would be the first victim—along with all our personal liberties. Yet such a development cannot be separated from the possibility of a Hitler victory in Europe.

The second conclusion we can draw is concerning the direct threat of National Socialist Germany to the United States. Here is a movement which has no parallel in the history of the world. The business men of every country in Europe sought to judge it from their commercial, financial, and industrial background, and failed. German business helped it to power. Dutch and Norwegian business trusted it. French business neglected it. English business appeased it. For ourselves, I am not arguing here whether we should be isolationist, interventionist, or for all aid short of war, but I do ask that we base our decisions on some understanding of the character, the methods, and the world scope of National Socialism, and that we make an effort to inform ourselves of this: that we read, for example, *The Voice of De-*

*struction*, by Rauschnig, or *They Wanted War* by Tolischus.

It is easy, as one remembers those evenings of friendly talk between Germans and Englishmen in London only a few years ago, to imagine how German business emissaries might pull the wool over American eyes if Hitler should win this war. One can almost hear the arguments as the German asks for loans, or for exports of food, or for American purchases of his excellent exports. "The war is over," he says. "More conquests? Why, the idea is ridiculous. Hitler may talk big sometimes to keep the crowds cheering, but what he really wants is to settle down and build an orderly Europe. You and I are business men; let's let bygones be bygones and do business together as we did in the old days. To tell the truth, I'll be glad when all this war nonsense is over and we can build up the structure of international trade again." After a while the American business man wonders if the wild things he has been told were not just exaggerated political propaganda, and if he shouldn't play ball with the Germans. Thus the appeasement would begin.

We cannot learn too soon or too well that National Socialism is not motivated by business or economics, by profit or loss, by capital or markets. It is a phenomenon not dreamed of in our philosophy. We cannot appease it or work with it. We can only submit or resist it. Where or how we business men choose to meet it, I do not know. It may be in the weeks to come, it may be later in South America, it may be at the door of our homes; but the meeting is certain. By its own admission it is a revolutionary force which is constantly expanding and the nature of which makes further attempt at expansion inevitable.

In every major country of Europe business has played a vital role in preparing its own destruction. By ignorance, or by insufficient co-operation with the often precipitate and ill-advised, but inevitable, liberal forces of democratic government, it has aided a reaction

which has dispossessed and destroyed it. By its failure to rise above "the business outlook" and comprehend the deceptive tactics and terrible scope of National Socialism, it has been bombed and annihilated in the office and in the home.

We business men of America are desperately anxious to avoid such catastrophe. But we can do so only if in thought and action we deliberately give first place not to business factors, but to social progress within our democratic structure. We can do so only if we lay aside normal business considerations and realize that Nazi Germany is the most

sinister and powerful social, economic, and military threat this country has ever faced, and that the question as to our role in the war is a strategic question to be answered in accordance with this consideration and this alone.

This means that drastic action for national defense must precede all questions of profit margins, of competitive business interests, and of production of non-war materials.

If we, as American business men, are unwilling or incapable of realizing these things the coming decade will inexorably visit upon us the fate of our European contemporaries.

## THE WIND AND STARS

BY JESSE STUART

**T**HE wind and stars are not substantial food.  
 There's something in their substance of deceit.  
 The wind will whet an appetite for mood;  
 The star's a toy that lures you after it.  
 Walk in the wind and meet it face to face  
 And hear it whisper magic to your ears,  
 And in one moment there is not a trace  
 That it has come and left your eyes in tears.  
 On winter night you climb a frozen hill  
 And stand upon the highest jut of stone;  
 You'll find a sky of stars is higher still.  
 And you will stand beneath them all alone.  
 All you can do is write a song for them  
 With moods of unsubstantial wind within it;  
 Know wind and stars are both a fragile dream  
 That lives with you through every fragile minute.





## One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

**B**EFORE sitting down to draft a preamble to the constitution of a world federation of democracies, uniting free people under one banner, I decided I would mosey over to the trailer park at the edge of town and ask some of the campers whether they favored any such idea as union. It's all very well to believe in internationalism, but it's even better to find out whether somebody else at a distance believes in it—because that's what makes it internationalism.

The trailer park is an ideal place in which to talk over big affairs with people from far away. In the first place, all your traveling is done for you—the people of Pennsylvania and Oregon and Indiana are right there in one big lot, waiting for you. In the second place, trailer people have time to think about life and to live it and to discuss it. Very few of them have any place they *must* go to in the morning, as to an office, and after they have breakfasted and emptied the sink bucket and tidied up and watered the geranium, they can subside in a folding chair in the sun and begin to think. In some respects a trailer park is a utopian society, for it consists of persons each of whom is occupying the same amount of space in the community, and none of whom is working very hard at anything in particular, and all of whom are engaged in perfecting the art of living; and although trailer society, like every other society I have ever examined, has its little caste system, economically it is rather a success: every day is a holiday and every night is bingo.

At any rate I decided I would ask a few American tourists what they thought about union. Even in a trailer park it is not exactly easy to walk up to a stranger and say: "Good morning, do you think

the remaining democracies of the world should unite?" but in my experience with nomads I have found them ready for what comes and possessed of a rather candid interest in oddities of all sorts—and I have never minded being thought a little queer.

The park, situated in a grove of cabbage palms, was in its mid-morning doldrums when I entered it to begin my investigations. The trailers were moored evenly in long streets, their silver tops gleaming in the sun. Many of the occupants had left for the day, to attend a nearby pageant which had the compelling charm of being absolutely free. In the social hall a victrola revolved with a daytime drowsiness, and through the open door I could see about twenty couples maneuvering around the floor with not much gaiety but with a vast content. Past the busy shuffleboard pavilion a man strolled with a Maltese cat in leash, using a little white dog as a lead pony. Under every trailer, in the deep shade, dangled the hose connections through which life drained. Neighborliness pervaded the streets, and the faint memory of fried eggs. I passed a small building which said "Garden Club" on the door; and in fact almost every trailer had some sort of tiny landscape triumph—a nasturtium edged with clam shells or a carved pickaninny fishing in a parched pool. Several of the trailer wives were busy in the open-air laundry over the tubs and ironing boards. And at the far end of the park, where tall Australian pines cast their lengthy and luxuriant shade across a weed-grown avenue, a mocking bird sat on a bough and ran over a few scales. This was a peaceful place, this camp—a Garden of Eden on wheels, capable of picking its own

latitudes and following the gentle weather round the year, a haven in which every occupant had brought his life into focus by compressing it into the minimum space, a miracle of internal arrangement plus mobility.

Streets in the park were numbered, and on Third Street I found Henry Lynd polishing his front door. (Trailer people are inveterate housekeepers, and their standards are high. It is my opinion that trailers appeal particularly to persons of a neat turn of mind because a trailer gives a man a better outlet than the average fixed home, which is apt to be somewhat sprawling and which lacks the unity and coherence so dear to orderly natures.) Mr. Lynd was surprised to see me. "I just want to ask you," I said, "whether you would be in favor of a union between the United States, Great Britain, and such other self-governing peoples as were able and willing to join."

Mr. Lynd stopped polishing and stared at me with a shy, accusing look. His lips quivered. "Why . . . yes, I would," he said.

"You think it's a good idea to unite, really?"

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Lynd.

I was hoping that he would enlarge upon the subject and I tried to lead back into it from different angles, but all he said was "Yes." It became clear to me as I worked on Mr. Lynd that, although he was a federalist by instinct, he didn't want to have to tell a stranger why, and considered it his privilege not to have to. Which seemed fair enough. So we got talking along broader lines and he told me he was from Michigan, near Lansing, and that the Florida plates on his car were because he had a child in school here, and you had to buy plates, then you could send a child to school. He said the park was fine: cost him and his family two dollars a week for the three of them, which included washrooms, five kilowatts a week for the plug-in, and dancing. I thanked Mr. Lynd and left, and he returned to polishing his green job. The score was 1-0, favor of the United

States of the World. I went on to Fifth Street over near the railroad.

There I spied a man from Michigan and a man from Pennsylvania, sitting together under one canopy. I joined and made it three. "Gentlemen," I said, "if it's all the same to you, I want to ask whether you favor the United States forming a union with Great Britain and other free nations."

"Hell, no!" said Michigan, who had a firm chin and the look of a man who could handle himself without the help of any federation of powers. "The British Empire is the smartest bunch of diplomats in the world, and every time we've been mixed up with 'em they've outsmarted us and we've had to take the little end of it. We might want to form a union with them, but before they got through they'd have everything and we'd have nothing."

Pennsylvania nodded.

"Listen," continued Michigan, "why should we trust England? What did she do in the last war? We won it for her, and then the agreement was that Germany wasn't to rearm, and England sat there, thirty miles away across the Channel, and let Germany build the biggest fighting machine in all history. Why should I want to join England? It would be the same story all over again."

"That the way you feel too?" I asked Pennsylvania.

"Sure," he said, "but I say we ought to give all possible aid to Britain. We got to help her all we can, to protect ourselves. But not by sending men—not one soldier, no, sir."

"You can't trust 'em around the corner," growled Michigan impatiently. "We can't understand Europe over here anyway. Too many wheels within wheels. But it doesn't make any difference—this war is going to crack up in the Balkans, like it always does."

"No union for you gentlemen, then?" I said.

They shook their heads and I left. Score 2-1, favor of isolation.

On Eighth Street I saw an Iowa tag.



The owner, a tall, spare, inhospitable man, was slowly rubbing petroleum jelly on the walls of his curious home. He was not glad to see me, but I asked my question.

"Union with England?" he sneered. "It's damn near that now, isn't it?"

"Well, sort of," I apologized. "But not really—not a real union."

"We have to keep helping them fellers every twenty years or so. What's the good? There's no end to it."

"Well, what *are* we going to do?" I asked.

"Keep what money we got right here. Germany ain't goin' to make a landing in this country."

"No union for you, then?" I said.

"Nah," he replied.

"Where you going from here?" I asked.

"Key West," he said, wiping off some jelly with a rag.

With the score 3-1 and the sun high in the sky, I continued up Eighth Street to Vaughn Avenue, where I sighted an amiable little man in comfortable shoes. He was relaxing near the doorstep of his Vagabond Coach, basking in a patch of shade formed by a small cabbage palm and a large electric-light pole. He wore a yachting cap. Under the trailer was a big wash tub with the name "Repe" painted on it.

"Good morning, Captain Repe!" I said, easing myself down on the rear bumper of his Chevrolet and turning on my question. The captain of the Vagabond regarded me with amazement and pleasure.

"Unite with other democratic countries?" he began rapidly. "You bet we better. It's the only sensible thing to do. It's our chance. I believe that people who believe in free government should get together on it, permanent, same as our States. That guy in Germany is going places. Something's got to be done. It's like a sore thumb; the more Germany gets, the more she takes. Of course eventually the whole thing will crack. Bound to. Germany can't police the

entire world. But when? That's the question. We can't afford to sit around and wait. A man like Hitler has guts—you got to admire him no matter how much you despise what he does. We got to have guts too. We got to show that democratic countries mean business." He paused, and shifted knees.

I said: "Of course lots of people are against the idea of a world federation—I've been asking people in the park."

"Well," said Mr. Repe, in a confidential tone, "a lot of these people, you ask 'em a big question like that and they'll try to find out what *you* think about it so they can agree with you, but me, anybody asks me anything I tell him exactly what I think. I come in for a lot of kidding around here, on account of this cap. Everybody calls me Cap. I'm one of the oldtimers in this park, but plenty of people don't know any other name for me but Cap."

"Are you a seafaring man?" I inquired.

"Naw. It's just a cap."

"Well, it's a good one," I said, getting up to go. "And I appreciate this interview and hope that some day we shall see the world united, with freedom and justice for all."

Score was now 3-2 against it.

The next man I asked was an elderly fellow from Indiana. He seemed staggered by the question, and looked as though he were about to cry. "You better ask my son-in-law, not me," he said sorrowfully. "He's just around the other side of the trailer."

I found the son-in-law applying black paint to the trim, using a small brush. Before he started to answer my question he put aside his brush, closed the can, and sat down on a box in the center of his garden between the petunia and the calendula. "Yes," he said, "we must combine forces. Democracy cannot continue to exist in Europe without the aid of democracy here. I give Hitler better than a fifty per cent chance to win this war, and I can't see how there would be any self-government left anywhere if Hitler wins. A lot of people will tell you

they don't care about Europeans and that we Americans have no stake in it, but I think we have. If Hitler wins we lose our world markets, and our standard of living goes down. We'll eat of course, but what will it be like?"

The father-in-law had crept shyly around and was listening proudly to his son's discourse, openly admiring his ability to put things like that into words—that stuff about world markets and everything. Wonderful to be able to express yourself and answer questions! I thanked them. The score was now tied, 3-3, and the morning was almost gone. The next man would decide whether the free people of the globe were to blunder along in narrow nationalistic groups, always at sixes and sevens, interminably at war, wasting their strength and dissipating their resources, or would join hands and establish a bold new planetary society in which all men of good will could live full and fruitful lives. In this tight spot, and with the weight of my responsibility hanging round my neck like a chain, it was my incredible good fortune to encounter, a few yards from his factory-built Trail-A-Home, Mr. John Kohlmann, retired, formerly of the North Bergen, N. J., police force. Mr. Kohlmann had the agreeable relaxed look of a man who has spent much of his

life spying on felons and footpads and who has at last given it up and turned his face to the sun. When I cautiously asked him if he would approve a federation of democracies, Mr. Kohlmann replied: "Sure!" in a hearty voice.

"You would?" I murmured, dazed.

"Sure, sure," he said.

"Why would you?" I asked, feebly trying to maintain a detached position, but thinking to myself, union wins, 4-3.

"Why? Because suppose we get licked, it's gonna be tough. That's why."

"Exactly," I said. "If we get licked, it's gonna be tough. Say," I continued, when a sudden thought struck me, "I used to live right across the river from North Bergen."

"Where?" asked Mr. Kohlmann, brightening.

"West Thirteenth Street, Manhattan."

"No kid, did ya?" said Mr. Kohlmann, enthusiastically.



"You're damn tootin' I did," I said.

"Well what d'ya know," he said, shaking his head. "It's a small world."

I came back home and sat down to work on my preamble. But it was easy work, and seemed to write itself. "We, the people of this small world," I began, "in order to form a more perfect union and before things get too tough . . ."







## *The Easy Chair*

### WHAT TO TELL THE YOUNG

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

ONE of the clichés which my generation has tended to believe holds that intellectual estates cannot be bequeathed, that one generation cannot communicate to its successor whatever wisdom it may have distilled from its experience. The proposition is denied by every parent's instinctive effort to instruct his children, and all of us are now repudiating it as we try to answer a question which young people are asking. For a phase of antagonism between two generations has ended and the young have decided that, whatever we may be or have failed to be, we can, as ex-soldiers, say something to soldiers. Humility has grown on both generations since the war came on. Questions that would have been defiant a few months ago are asked humbly now, and answers we might have made defensively or arrogantly have become a matter of desperate honesty. We have at least this importance for our sons, nephews, employees, and pupils, that we have been down this road before them. What is there to say about it?

Early last winter a friend and I attended a mass meeting at an ancient college, a meeting called by the faculty to express enthusiasm for American aid to the British—and, therefore, it was clear to young and old alike, to advocate taking the risk of war. There were undergraduates in the hall who kept interrupting the speakers with jeers, boos, and shouted epithets which all meant "warmonger." Outside the hall

other undergraduates walked a picket line carrying placards which proclaimed that they would not sacrifice their lives to the passions and mistakes of their elders, and still others in cheering sections derided what they called their elders' panic and hysteria. We had to cross that picket line and both of us knew that the young men were at least right in this: that we were asking them to risk their lives in a war which, very likely, would not endanger ours. My friend was silent for a while but presently began to denounce the undergraduates in terms which, you will remember, a good many applied to the younger generation six months ago. The young were soft, selfish, shallow, ignorant of citizenship, undisciplined, beguiled, a social danger, and in a final word, yellow.

I listened with troubled sympathy, for we were old friends and also we were veterans of the other war. My service in it was obscure and altogether inglorious: I served seventeen months in the Army, doing what I was told to do, doing it, I think, as well as I could but risking my life no more than I should have risked it if there had been no war. My friend's service, however, was different. There are two wound-chevrons on the uniform blouse in his attic, and some day his grandchildren will find some old trinkets which an antiquarian will identify for them as a Distinguished Service Cross and a Croix de Guerre with palms. . . . And, walking away

from that harassed meeting, we passed college buildings which both of us had good reason to remember. In one of them, in May, 1916, I answered the crusading (or warmongering) son of a crusading ex-President with a refusal to go to Plattsburg phrased in the most inflaming words I could find for the occasion; I was, I told that Roosevelt, too proud to fight. In another building, in February, 1917, a professor who is still alive denounced my friend and me by name before the class we sat in as, in his oddly inharmonious epithets, pro-Germans and yellow-bellied pacifists. We had attended, you see, some meetings of an organization which announced that it did not want to be stampeded into war, did not want Reason to be suffocated by Hysteria, and so would try to analyze what was going on. In still another college building, in March, 1917, as members of that organization we were rotten-egged by classmates. Half a mile away was a private house where, late one April night, we went as representatives of a more orthodox undergraduate society, to wake a better-loved professor from sleep and tell him that the President had asked for a declaration of war. And about four miles away was the office where, in the third week of April, 1917, we enlisted in the United States Army.

Any significance our experience may have for our heirs must pivot on those weeks in March and April of 1917. In those weeks we changed our minds, reversed our stands, found stronger reasons, or, if you like, succumbed to mass pressure and the hysteria of war. I am not sure that the last explanation would provide the sorriest reason. If the mass mind and the war fever sucked us in, they attached us to a common purpose of our countrymen which the succeeding years have proved was the right one. Whereas the position we abandoned, or if you like, betrayed, was proved by the inexorable development of events to have been false. I think of one man who did not betray it and has remained its devout

exemplar through the years. He was only a little older than we but he was one of our professors, and I remember his pleasure in mid-April when a show of hands demonstrated that practically all our class would be gone by the end of the week. He was pleased because, he said, he could get off to Washington so much earlier and watch what was happening. He has been watching ever since with the best instruments that can be focused from his position, and what he has written shows that, however vigilant, he has seen little or nothing right. I remember a party we gave for him when he went back to England in 1922; his position had been maintained and now his one anxiety was to be home in time to take part in the English Revolution—which might be over before his boat could dock. It had not even started when, some years later, he began a series of visits to America to instruct the young, publish his books, and maintain his position. Year by year and book by book he has maintained it, with special reference to the future of British foreign policy and of the Russian state. When I take those books down from my shelves now I can see how consistently his unbetrayed position has been wrong about the actual events that have occurred. Maybe we betrayed him in 1917, but we have been right oftener than he in what has followed, and judgment sharpens with his latest book. He, who has been watching the English these twenty-four years, says that they are fighting now for socialism. Winston Churchill, who is leading them, says they are fighting for survival. Whether Churchill or the professor is right about the future, it is clear to me that Churchill has named the stronger motive for his soldiers, and for the young men whom we are training to be ours. I should not care to offer any reason to any young man except that one—that he must fight for survival. I think there was no sound reason for us to fight in 1917 except that we had to fight for survival. Men must fight in order that their society may survive.



A battle, I wrote in this column in August, 1937, "focuses the searching spotlight of war on the process by which men move toward a desired end. War is a concentrated action of men, a social action in quintessence with . . . many of the accessory and inconsequent factors weakened or removed altogether." In the same column I called war the last argument as well of republics as of kings. There comes a point where one accepts that simple truth; the friend I have mentioned and I reached it, together with millions of our countrymen, in April, 1917. After twenty-four years it is hard to describe, especially to a generation born since that month, the position we either betrayed or forsook as untenable. I was standing for the sacred Individual, the self-determination of personal destiny, the "philosophical anarchy" which was to burn with a brilliant marsh-gas flame in American literature a few years later. My friend was standing for Reason against the unreason of war. Looking back over twenty-three years of a post-war world becoming a pre-war world, I know that there was intelligence in those ideas, even a kind of nobility, much youthful generosity, and the heart-breaking illusion and folly that must yield in the end to the inexorable realities of human experience. The trouble with the sacred Individual is that he has no significance except as he can acquire it from others, from the social whole. The trouble with Reason is that it becomes meaningless at the exact point where it refuses to act. The trouble with unwillingness to use the last argument of republics is that it means suicide when kings are willing to use their last argument. The trouble with social hope is that it is impotent when unsupported by the will to use the quintessential social weapon.

There are events, there must be judgment of them, and finally one comes up against a choice. My generation reached the point of choice in April, 1917. There was a social goal in view and there was no longer any social means

of achieving it except war. We could choose to fight or we could choose to surrender the goal. We chose war. In 1941 we regret many mistaken decisions but we do not regret that decision or believe that it was mistaken. It was the right one. Bedrock fact of experience.

I hear the young talk about books and plays and moving pictures and I note another fact. They are swift in condemnation, as we once were, of melodrama and sentimentality. We have lived to be not quite so sure. We have seen too much. The unmotivated catastrophe has happened to us or to our friends—or the *deus ex machina* has delivered us from it. Surely, to solve a problem of literature with a suicide or a marriage or an accidental death is but a poor, cheap subterfuge—and yet many of our friends and relatives have solved their problems with suicide or marriage or a death. The tear which literature sheds over a dying child is surely a meretricious effect won by an illicit instrument—but not to us, who have seen children die and know that parents mourn them. The foreclosed mortgage, unmotivated cruelty or self-sacrifice, revenge or virtue betrayed or human destiny turning on chance—they are false in literature, but we have been there, the thing has happened to us. . . . One comes to adding simple sums and learning that platitudes are true. A war I did nothing to bring about, a young relative protests, changes my reasonable expectation, deprives me of my ambition in violation of the promise made me, makes impossible the career I had planned. Yes. The villain races with the lighted torch, the heroine casts herself for virtue's sake over the cliff, the bride dies on her wedding morning. It has happened. My own ambition became impossible in April, 1917, and the career I wanted was closed to me. The war I had done nothing to bring about did that; or, if you like, my voluntary choice did it. It happened to millions of others too. Some hundreds of

thousands got only death or what was worse, a lifetime of dependence, suffering, blindness, disfigurement, or desperate regret.

Would you send me out to die? When the time comes, yes. And why not? We wish that young men could live out their term of years, fulfill as much as might be of themselves, and sign their names finally at the bottom of a full page. It is better to live out your life than to die in battle young. It would be better, that is, if the sacred Individual counted by himself against his kind, or if Reason could avert wars altogether. But the platitudes are true and the cost assessed against any life, one man's or his generation's, is the price set on it by events. At any moment any man may be called on to give or refuse a surgeon permission to perform on his wife, his child, or himself an operation whose outcome is in doubt. He must take that life in his hands and make his choice, and once more an American generation is called on to risk its life in a war whose outcome is in doubt. The chance for anyone is precarious but he must take it. He may be killed or, surviving, he may live a cripple, forfeit his ambition, lose his career, and find no meaning left in life. Too bad, but there is nothing to be done about it. What happens if he does not take the chance? In what terms will there be ambition, career, or individual significance if the United States goes down?

In what has happened to us since November 11, 1918, there is much to repent and regret, but we did not need the oncoming of the second war to prove that we were right in fighting the first. The world we have had to live in is as you know it, but it has been preferable to the world we should have had if we had not won the first war. Our mistake was not in fighting that war but in refusing to take the responsibility for the peace. We refused responsibility on two grounds:

that the instrument through which it might be exercised was imperfect and that there was danger in exercising it at all. When the young now ask us what, in the light of eternity, we can say for ourselves, we must acknowledge that we betrayed them there. They may now determine how much better the imperfect instrument might have been than none at all, and how safe the course we chose instead has proved to be. Today's agony and despair would have been less if we had chosen otherwise and might have been prevented. So in a more terrible world, with less chance of success, with the risk greater, the number has come up again, and our heirs must face war and the responsibility for what is to follow it. The sum of their inheritance is this: our mistaken choice was not the war but the peace. We made our mistake. It need not be repeated.

The old send the young out to die, and our heirs now face that savage or tranquil irony as we faced it twenty-four years ago. It was an easy cynicism when we began to march down streets where crowds cheered us from the curbs. "Next time," we said with the swagger of men in uniform, "I'll stand on the curb and wish I were young enough to go." Ironically enough, that also proves to have been a platitude. Scant of breath, slack-muscled, growing old, we wish we could be fighting men again, if only to take a chance on repairing our old mistake. Another platitude reminds us that regret is futile, and not for us only but for our heirs. Like us before them, they have reached the place where it is futile to regret what might have been, since there is left only what is and what may be. Death and disaster hang on the choice, and very likely the end of the United States, and it may well be the end of civilization . . . and also the chance of victory. It has happened before.













